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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 1.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 27, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

IL BALLO *in Maschera, alias* the *Masked Ball*, was a great success, as produced at the Academy of Music, on Thursday last. The scene being laid in Boston, the production of this opera afforded a capital opportunity for those who have never visited that city to become acquainted with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, though we are inclined to believe that they have somewhat changed since the period at which the action is supposed to take place, it being before the glorious Declaration of Independence. A Count figures as Governor of Boston in the opera; we reckon this is incorrect, as we are unable to find account of it in the history of the United States. "Count Richard" appears to be a very good sort of fellow with the exception of one little failing; he is in love with "Amelia," the wife of "Reinhart," his secretary. "Amelia" is a very nice young lady, but she also has a failing—she is in love with "Count Richard." "Samuel" and "Tom," are enemies of the Count, and are waiting their opportunity to finish him. This is all explained in the beginning of the first act. It appears that "Ulrica," a colored lady, has settled in Boston, and is doing a roaring business in telling fortunes, advertising "to reveal the past, present and future events of life, such as lawsuits, travel by sea or land, lost or stolen goods, hidden treasures, absent friends or relatives and all affairs of business in general." A Judge comes in and asks the Governor to have this old swindler arrested. It appears that they didn't allow pretended fortune-tellers quite such license in Boston as is granted them in San Francisco. "Oscar," "Count Richard's" page sticks up for the fortune-teller, like a foolish boy, and the Count determines, like a foolish Governor, to disguise himself and visit "Ulrica" to ascertain whether she gives people the worth of their money or not. While "Count Richard" is at the fortune-teller's, "Amelia" comes to consult her; she wants to be cured of her love for the Count. "Ulrica" tells her to go to the gallows outside the city and pick a flower which grows at the foot and make it into a cooling draught. After "Amelia" has paid her five dollars and gone away, "Count Richard" has his fortune told. "Ulrica" tells him that he will be killed by the first man he shakes hands with, and "Reinhart" coming in just then, the Count shakes hands with him and tells "Ulrica" she's an old humbug, for "Reinhart" is his best friend and so is his wife, and if she knew anything about telling fortunes she'd have known that he was the governor, and that he had decided, if she didn't clear out of Boston, to send her to the county jail. In the beginning of the second act, "Amelia" comes into a field where the gallows stands, to look for the plant "Ulrica" told her to get. There is a bit of hemp hanging to the gallows, but that isn't the plant she wants, though it might, perhaps, have been a species of hem(p)lock. Just as she is looking about for the flower, "Count Richard" comes in, sees the gallows and the gal as he's in love with. She takes him for a ghost at first, but he proves he isn't; a most improper love scene follows, considering she's a married lady, and she tells him she loves him and can't help it. "Reinhart" rushes in to tell the Count that "Tom" and "Samuel" are waiting to kill him. "Amelia" puts down her veil. We could not see what avail the piece of white net Sconcia had could be to conceal her face; if her husband had been at all acquainted with her he could have easily seen through such a flimsy disguise. The Count tells "Reinhart" he's very much obliged to him, and in an extremely cool manner asks him to see the lady back to town, says he doesn't mind trusting him with her and makes him promise not to speak to her. "Reinhart" says he will treat her with the utmost politeness, and "Count Richard" shows his confidence in him by leaving him to take care of his own wife. "Tom" and "Samuel" come in, and "Tom" wants to have a look at "Amelia;" "Reinhart" says he won't have the lady insulted, he has promised "Count Richard" he will look after her, and he intends to do so; he fights with "Tom," "Amelia" drops her veil, and "Reinhart" thinks he has seen that face before. This puts a stop to the fight. "Reinhart" tells "Amelia" that he'll keep his promise and see her safe back to town. Thus endeth the second act. In the third act the first scene is "Reinhart's" study. He is having a *tête-a-tête* with "Amelia;" he asks her if she doesn't think she's a nice sort of woman. She says she didn't mean any harm. She is afraid to tell him she only went out by moonlight to pick flowers, and "Count Richard" happened to come along; she doesn't think she can play any such story as that on her husband, so she concludes that the best thing she can do is to die. She tells "Reinhart" that if he'll let her just step into the next room to kiss her baby she'll come back and have her throat cut like a lamb. "Reinhart" doesn't want to be hard on her, he therefore consents. While she is kissing the baby, "Sam" and "Tom" come in, and "Reinhart" tells them he's in with them in their plan to finish the Governor. Three slips of paper with the names of "Tom," "Sam" and "Reinhart" written on them, are put in a flower-vase, and "Amelia" coming in she is made to draw one out. Of course she draws the one with "Reinhart" on it—he's drafted. She rather guesses what's the matter and writes a note to "Count Richard," telling him not to be present at a masked ball to which he has invited her and her husband, as some one intends to kill him. She does not sign her name to this, and "Count Richard" isn't scared at it. The ball takes place, "Amelia" finds the Count, and begs him to get away or he will get stuck; he says he doesn't care; he's so much stuck after her that he doesn't care what happens. He tells her, however, that she is so charming, that in case he should be tempted to make a widow of her or commit any other impropriety, he has determined to send her and her husband to England. Just as he tells her this her husband comes in between her and the Count, and sticks a bowie knife into the latter. "Count Richard" tells "Reinhart" it's all a mistake, and "Reinhart" is of course very sorry he didn't tell him so before. The Count dies and the curtain falls, and it is to be hoped that "Reinhart" and "Amelia" lived happily together ever afterwards, that "Reinhart" loved "Amelia," rating her affection for him higher than before, thus ameliorating her affliction at the death of "Count Richard." Every one will of course now have a clear idea of the plot of the opera, and we need only add that every one should hear it performed; it is again to be produced at the Academy of Music to-night. To wish for a better "Amelia" than Signorina Sconcia, would be unconscionable, the "Count Richard" of Sbriglia, is brilliant in the extreme; the appearance of that delightful contralto, Miss Adelaide Phillips, as "Oscar," the page, formed in itself a page in the musical history of this city; the "Reinhart" of Signor Orlandini will cause him for the future to reign as a favorite in the hearts of the public; the applause gained by Madame Fleury as the sorceress made her exclaim like Dan Setchell, "My cup of happiness is full, and the saucer is overflowing," and the chorus received such marks of approbation from the audience, for the perfect manner in which they performed their parts, that they could say "if the audience don't *encore* us in choruses it's not because they don't think we deserve it." Now, one word for the new-comer, and we shall have done the *Masked Ball* pretty thoroughly. Signor Geralamo Fossati has so thoroughly melodious a voice that the Generalissimo of the opera force at the Academy will have no need to change his bass, but can, in spite of masked batteries, by the production of such operas as the *Masked Ball* in an equal style of excellence, fight it out on this line all the summer, and we shall be happy if we soon have opportunity to give our readers a summary of the incidents of another new opera.

WE had a very nice earthquake at twenty-five minutes to three o'clock on Wednesday morning. As a general thing our earthquakes have been no great shakes, but this one appeared as if it were in earnest. It was by no means a tame earthquake that one might stroke. If all earthquakes were as innocent as those we have been in the habit of experiencing and they could be trained, they might be of use in waking heavy sleepers in good time in the morning, but the one which woke the city up on Wednesday, was a little too rough for that business. We are accustomed to treat earthquakes in San Francisco as very light matters, but there is no doubt that mother earth is in a bad condition, and the unhealthy state of her interior may perhaps, some day, make itself evident by an eruption on the surface somewhere near Mount Diablo. Mother earth is bound to die of an earthquake some day, and she is none the better for the shaking up she had on Wednesday; it no doubt made another hole in her and let loose some of the fire inside to rush in a new direction and play the mischief with her. These spasmodic jerks of our sluggish, inert orb are premonitory of the period when it will be changed into a glowing mass of flame and rush through space. The earth is now like Prometheus, bound fast, with the vulture, Science, gnawing at its vitals, rending its form and preparing it for the final breaking up. "There shall be earthquakes in divers places." One last Wednesday; that makes *another*.

We observe a notice in the *Call*, headed "Hibernia Greens. Attention!" That is a nice title for an Irish regiment. "Brussels Sprouts" would be a good name for a German company.

THE editor of the San Jose *Mercury* appears to have but a poor idea of the qualifications necessary for a man to instruct the public, assuming for that purpose the position of editor of a newspaper. A correspondent writes, asking him to publish correctly the motto on the State seal of Virginia, with a true translation of it, he having seen it published in newspapers in three different ways. The editor of the *Mercury* replies:

"We do not deem it essential that a man should understand Dog Latin, Chinese or Choctaw, to be able to edit a newspaper with passable ability. A little common sense, some impudence, a fair sprinkling of general knowledge, and a good pair of scissors, comprise the chief stock in trade."

He then, with the most self-satisfied air, *boasts* of his ignorance of Latin. Having done this, we should think the best thing this editor could have done would have been to tell his correspondent to apply for information to some one who was capable of giving it; but no, instead of taking the trouble to look in *Webster's Unabridged*, where he could have found the Latin quotations most frequently occurring in English books translated for the benefit of ignorant people, he prefers to give a false translation of his own, and thus mislead his correspondent, who, honestly wishing for information, applied for it to one who had set himself up as qualified to teach the ignorant. He says:

"The literal meaning of the words are *sic*, thus; *semper*, ever or always *tyrannis*, tyranny. A fair translation of the sentence would be, "ever thus with tyranny."

Tyrannis is not the Latin for "tyranny," but the ablative case of *tyrannus*, a tyrant, and signifies "with tyrants." We are sorry to see this "editor," who sneers at the "dead languages" as utterly beneath his notice, expose his ignorance of the construction of his own language by saying: "The literal meaning of the words *are*." The *first* qualification for an editor is, or should be, a decent education; but alas, in California "editors" can get along even without that. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

THE Mariposa *Gazette* says:

"General McDowell has consented that the *Echo de Pacifique* may be published again if it will be careful to say nothing of American politics. It will be issued as the *Independent*."

The Mariposa *Gazette* makes a great mistake; there is no necessity to curb the liberty of the press to such an extent as this would imply. Gen. McDowell has *not* stipulated that the *Echo de Pacifique* should express no opinions on the politics of the country in which it is published; he has simply warned the proprietors of the penalty which will follow the publication of matter giving aid and encouragement to treason.

RATHER a puzzling paragraph appeared in the *Alta* on Friday. After stating that the San Francisco Benevolent Association request cast off clothing to be sent to them, it concludes:

"There is much need of all articles of clothing, from a coat down. It frequently happens that persons apply for relief and are so shabbily dressed that the restaurant-keepers refuse to let them enter to get a meal."

Is it possible that the S. F. B. A., dress men who are too shabby to be able to get a meal without paying for it in advance, and then send them forth to "spar" for their meals, to "wrestle" beefsteaks out of confiding restaurant keepers on the strength of their good clothes! We trust not, yet how can the statement that "restaurant keepers refuse to let them have a meal" refer to anything but a credit arrangement. Surely if they "plank" the cash they can get their board.

"CHARLES" advertises that he was "formerly book-keeper for the largest house in San Francisco." Let's see; which is the largest house? Oh, the Russ House of course. Yes, "Charles" used to keep books for the Russ House, and now he says he "desires to engage his services in some commercial department." We presume it will be more satisfactory to "Charles," if *some one else* wishes to engage his services.

How very careful people should be in using the English language, one is so liable to be misunderstood. We once knew of an unpleasant report arising that Bishop ——— was in love with his washerwoman, from a person's saying that "on the last occasion he saw him he appeared wrapped up in his lawn dress!

"INCENDIARISM is ripe in Marysville."—*Alta*.

We suppose it is the fruit of incendinrism that is "ripe." Why wasn't it nipped in the bud? Our San Francisco firemen don't allow incendiarism to "ripen" here.

A CERTAIN firm on Battery street have for some time had an advertisement in the papers, stating that they have "Wide duck 34 inch to 72 inch wide" for sale. At first glance we thought the advertisement referred to Wild duck, but we fancy, now, that it is a sort of canvass back duck.

TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED.

Ensign Harcourt Lowther, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen's Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude: points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and instals himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more and more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whose parties, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become avenged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ENTANGLEMENTS IN THE WEB.

Harcourt Lowther, calling at the stuccoed mansion in time for Mrs. Tredethlyn's afternoon tea, found a dark and dashing young lady comfortably established in a luxurious amber damask nest against a background of amber curtain, whose glowing tints were extremely becoming to the young lady's clear complexion. The two ladies were quite alone, though Maude declared gaily that she had had crowds of people that afternoon.

"You generally come so late, Mr. Lowther," she said. "Those were the Dudley Boltons whom you met going out—nice people, fresh from the wolds of Yorkshire, quite new to town, people who come once in ten years or so, when there's an International Exhibition, or something of that kind. Isn't it strange that people *can* be so civilized living in the depths of the country—read the last novel—see the last great picture—because you see, now-a-days, great pictures jog about the country like popular prime ministers, and if Mahomet can't go to the mountain in Trafalgar Square, the mountain goes to meet Mahomet in his provincial town. But I want to introduce you to Miss Desmond, the daughter of the late Colonel Desmond, papa's oldest friend. Julia, dear, Mr. Lowther has heard me talk of you perpetually, and you have heard a good deal of him," Mrs. Tredethlyn blushed a little as she said this, "so I expect you to be intensely intimate immediately."

This introduction took place towards the close of June, nearly a month after the Oaks day; and during the time that had elapsed since that event, Harcourt Lowther, in his character of Mephistopheles, had found Faust what is popularly called a very troublesome customer. Francis Tredethlyn had a secret, and so far it had been a secret which Mr. Lowther could neither penetrate nor turn to his own use.

Yes, this simple-minded Cornishman, whose confiding candor had revealed every feeling, and every shade of feeling, to his baneful companion, had his secret now, and seemed to know very well how to keep it.

There were days on which he had business which took him a little way out of town; and Harcourt Lowther, pumping never so wisely, could pump no further information out of the secret depths of his friend's mind. He had even proposed to accompany Francis on these mysterious excursions, but his friendly offers had been met by a point-blank refusal. He had ventured a little playful *badinage;* he had gone so far as to make an occasional insinuation; but Francis had repelled his hints with the fiery indignation of a man whose tenderest and noblest feelings are involved in the subject of his friend's *persiflage.*

"I know you get plenty of pleasant little witticisms of that kind out of those flimsy-covered books Mr. Jeffs supplies you with, but hadn't you better keep them for Mrs. de Rothsay's next evening party? They tell so much better amongst people who understand the French phrases you're so fond of using. Some of your best things might as well be Greek, so far as I am concerned," Francis said, coolly.

Mephistopheles shrugged his shoulders in mild deprecation of his pupil's impertinence. Faust was positively beginning to acquire the tone of good society. He was learning to be insolent.

Harcourt Lowther left no stone unturned in his endeavors to discover the Cornishman's secret, but unluckily there were not many stones to turn: and when Mr. Lowther had pumped Francis, and pumped Francis's valet, who could give no clue whatever to his master's conduct, there remained nothing more to be done: unless, indeed, Mr. Lowther had cared to resort to the private inquiry system, and employ a shabby genteel person at three or four guineas a week to track the footsteps of Francis. But this was a plan to which Harcourt Lowther could only have resorted in the most desperate extremity. If possible, he wanted to do dirty work *without* soiling his fingers. The private inquiry system would have been a dangerous kind of machinery to put into motion—dangerous even if successful—utterly fatal in the case of failure; and it was just possible that the shabby genteel person might do his spiriting awkwardly, and make his watchfulness sufficiently intrusive to arouse suspicion, and bring impetuous Francis Tredethlyn down upon him in an avalanche of manly rage.

"Pshaw!" thought Mr. Lowther, after a meditative and leisurely review of his position. "It is only a matter of so much time. '*Point de zèle,*' said Talleyrand; but he only meant, don't be in a hurry. Your zealous diplomatist may be a very valuable person, provided he knows how to keep the secret of his earnestness; but your impatient diplomatist is a certain failure. Yet there are people who *will* gather their fruit before it is ripe. When your true diplomatist comes to an awkward knot in the airy network of his scheme, the best thing he can do is to sit down quietly before the web until some accidental hand unravels the entanglement. Chance is the unfailing friend of the schemer, but the goddess is very capricious in her visiting routine, and there are stupid creatures who won't wait for a morning call. Luckily, I am not one of them. I can afford to be patient. Maude is an angel; the Stuccoville dinners and the Stuccoville wines are excellent; and for the rest I do pretty well. Ecarté is a most agreeable game; especially when one plays with a man who is half his time so absent-minded as to forget to mark the king. Yes, dear Francis, I can afford to wait for the lucky accident which is to put me in possession of the clue to those little trips of yours, in hansom cabs which you prefer to pick up for yourself: thereby depriving your valet of any help to be derived by an examination of the number of the vehicle, and a subsequent chat with the driver."

Harcourt Lowther came very frequently to Mrs. Tredethlyn's drawing-rooms, now that she was to be found always accompanied by her darling Julia, and entirely unembarrassed by his visits. He did not always come at the orthodox hour, but would make his appearance between eleven and twelve o'clock on a hopelessly rainy morning, with a new book, or a roll of music, or something delightfully hideous in the way of jelly-fish for Maude's aquarium, or the last fashion in ferns or orchids for Maude's conservatories; and the back of Mrs. Tredethlyn's house broke out into ferneries and conservatories wherever the ingenuity of a fashionable builder could find an excuse for carrying out Mrs. Tredethlyn's graceful ideas, and swelling Mr. Tredethlyn's little account.

Mr. Lowther had contrived to make himself the friend of the house, so there was always some very plausible excuse for visits at unorthodox hours, and pleasant dawdling in Maude's pretty morning-room; and Stuccoville, furtively observant behind rose-colored curtains in opposite houses, took note of Mr. Lowther's morning calls, and kept a sharp account of the period that elapsed between his entrances and exits; and all this time nothing could be more delicately deferential, more tenderly respectful, than Harcourt Lowther's manner to his friend's wife. By no hazardous phrase, by not so much as a furtive glance, a half-suppressed sigh, had he awakened Maude to a perception of possible danger in this pleasant intimacy with the man who had once been her affianced husband. No poisonous breath from the schemer's false lips had tarnished the purity of this bright young soul; but Stuccoville had taken alarm already, and—in confidential converse in cosy corners of ottomans, under the shadow of tall vases of exotics, or statuary taking a thorn out of its foot, or riding on a mythological monster, or with a caduceus poised lightly on its arm and tiny pinions in its helm—declared Mrs. Tredethlyn's conduct to be "Positively appalling, my dear; and that absurd west-country dolt of a husband continues as blind as ever; and now she has taken a companion, my love. You remember the companion in *Vanity Fair;* that delightful Becky calls her a sheep-dog; and you recollect Madame de Marneffe's companion in that horrible novel of Balzac's, which my tiresome Georgiana found the other morning at the bottom of a cupboard, in which her brother Charles keeps his cricketing shoes and fishing-tackle, and was discovered by the governess sitting on the ground positively devouring the book, and when questioned, said it was *Télémaque;* but as I was about to tell you, my dear, with regard to Mrs. T—— and Mr. H. L——;" and so the little mole-hill gathered size, and gradually grew into a mountain.

Harcourt Lowther and Mrs. Tredethlyn's darling Julia were not slow to arrive at a very friendly understanding. One morning spent in Miss Desmond's society was quite sufficient to show so subtle an observer as Harcourt the real state of that young lady's feelings with regard to her patroness. Indeed, Julia did not take much trouble to conceal her sentiments. Gay and animated one minute, darkly brooding the next, very often captious and contradictory, sharply ironical, or sternly defiant, she was in all things the very reverse of the paid companion who sets her employer's caprices against the amount of her salary, and gratefully accepts any pleasure or advantages that fall in her way. Maude's natural forbearance was exaggerated by a remorseful consciousness that all the luxuries and gaieties of her life were so many blessings which she had in a manner stolen from Julia, and her tenderness towards Miss Desmond was unbounded. But there were times when the Irish girl rebelled even against this tenderness.

"Do you think my poverty is an open wound, that you approach it so shrinkingly?" she exclaimed, impatiently, one day when Maude had broken down in a delicate periphrasis, in which she tried to offer to pay her friend's milliner's bill without wounding her friend's pride. "Why don't you say at once, 'My husband has thirty thousand a year, and a twenty-pound note more or less is ineffably unimportant to me—while *you* must go bareheaded if your pride revolts against dirty tulle and tumbled flowers?' Pay me my salary, Mrs. Tredethlyn, when it becomes due, and do not force your favors upon me: for I come of a proud race, who are slow to perceive the difference between an unwelcome favor and an uncalled-for insult. As for the unmade silk dresses which you have tried so delicately to force upon me, under the pretence that the colors are unbecoming to your complexion, you can parade your wealth and generosity by presenting them to your maid. I am *voué au noir* henceforward; and when you are tired of seeing my shabby-genteel black *moiré* and Limrick lace in some obscure corner of your rooms, you have only to give me a hint, and I will spend the evening in my own apartment."

It was not often that Miss Desmond indulged in such a speech as this, or perhaps ever remorseful Maude could scarcely have endured her companionship. She sometimes made herself very agreeable during those idle rainy mornings in which Maude and Harcourt Lowther practised the old *concertante* duets for flute and piano, or dawdled amongst the delicate ferns with the crack-jaw names in the little fernery that opened out of the boudoir; or devised gorgeously incomprehensible illuminations for an obscure verse in Malachi. Miss Desmond could never be charming, for the power to charm is a gift *sui generis*, and does not necessarily go along with versatile accomplishments or intellectual superiority; but she could be an amusing and agreeable companion when ever she pleased to exhibit herself in the character, and she did so please very frequently; for it is so so much less trouble to be agreeable than to be disagreeable, that the most persevering sulker is apt to give way under the weary burden of his own temper. But let Julia Desmond be ever so vivacious, or ever so delightful, Harcourt Lowther never lost sight of one fact—and that was the fact of Julia's unappeased hatred of Mrs. Tredethlyn. Stuccoville, which was omniscient of everything, knew that Francis Tredethlyn had

been engaged to Julia, and had jilted her in order to marry Maude; and from Stuccoville Harcourt Lowther obtained the clue to the Irish girl's feelings.

"A little genuine feminine malice might be rather a useful element, if I can set it working unconsciously for my benefit. Your amateur's assistance is generally a dismal failure, but I really think this Miss Desmond might help me. She is so very clever—and so intensely spiteful."

So one morning when Harcourt Lowther happened to find Julia alone in the morning-room, he took the opportunity of being quite confidential upon the subject of Mr. Tredethlyn's dissipation.

"He dined from home yesterday? and the day before? Ah, to be sure, I dined with him the day before," said Mr. Lowther, with a deprecating sigh. He did not attempt to conceal the fact of his own participation in Francis Tredethlyn's pleasures; but he contrived in the most subtle manner to make it understood that he accompanied Francis in the character of a guardian angel, a protecting spirit in modern costume, with an arresting hand forever extended to snatch the sinner from the verge of the precipice. Miss Desmond shrugged her shoulders disdainfully.

"I don't think Mrs. Tredethlyn values her husband's society sufficiently to feel his neglect very keenly," she said; "she seems perfectly happy."

"Yes, it was quite true; Maude seemed very happy, though her husband spent the best part of his time away from home, and was gloomy and ill at ease in her society. Harcourt Lowther's hints had done their work, and the breach was very wide between husband and wife. Francis believed that his presence was odious to Maude. Maude imagined that home pleasures and simple domestic enjoyments were tame and insipid for Francis. And it had all been so easily done! Harcourt had only to make a few careless speeches about his friend.

"You see, my dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, a man of our dear Frank's temperament requires outdoor amusements—hunting and shooting, and racing, and all their agreeable concomitants in the way of uproarious dinners. A man with Frank's animal spirits must have more boisterous pleasures than can be procured in a drawing-room, however charming—or amongst women, however delightful. There are some men who do *not* care for the society of ladies; very excellent fellows in their way, but men in whose minds poetry and music, beautiful scenery, exquisite sentiments, grand ideas, are all classed under one head as 'doosid bores.' You know the style of man who calls everything except his horse and his dog a 'doosid bore.' I don't say Tredethlyn is *quite* that sort of a man, but he is not a domestic animal."

Mr. Lowther—sitting amongst a chaos of feminine litter, snipping out painted birds and flowers with a pair of fairy-like scissors for Maude's *potchitomanie*, looked the very incarnation of all that is domestic and devoted to the fair sex. Perhaps he fully estimated the advantage of the contrast between his own character and that of the men he had been describing. Mrs. Tredethlyn gave a little sigh.

"And Frank *used* to be so very domestic, and so dotingly fond of *Floss*," she said, looking pensively at a mouse-colored Skye terrier, whose cold nose reposed in the pink palm of her pretty hand. "However, we contrive to do very well without him, don't we, Flossy Possy? and we shouldn't care if he went to all the races in that dreadful calendar, and never, never came to his own house at all, should we, Flossy Possy?"

Harcourt Lowther, looking up furtively from the covert of his auburn eyelashes, snipped a bird into mincemeat, and tightened his mouth until the thin lips were scarcely visible.

"That nonsense sounds rather like pique," he thought. "Can she care for the fellow? A handsome boor, who would scarcely know the difference between Beethoven's 'Moonlight' and 'Rule, Britannia!'—can she have the faintest sentiment of affection for such a man as that, when—"

Mr. Lowther's self-esteem finished the sentence—

"When she knows me, and can contrast my infinite graces and accomplishments with the boor's defects."

But Mr. Lowther, looking at his position in all its aspects, could not do otherwise than perceive that the provincial rust was gradually wearing off the farmer's son, and that Francis Tredethlyn was learning to hold his own amongst men who had played cricket in the Eton meads, and paced the grand old cloisters and quadrangles of Oxford and Cambridge. Association is the best schoolmaster; and even in Bohemia a man who is blessed with a fair amount of intelligence must learn something.

There were times when Harcourt Lowther frowned darkly as he brooded over his cards, and began to think that the game was not such an easy one to win, after all. But he played patiently notwithstanding: and, true to his faith in the saving help of Chance, he waited for the goddess to look over his shoulder, and point with her inspired finger to the trump which should win him the final trick.

(To be continued.)

Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army, who sent a letter to a little girl at home, closing with, "May heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

TULOOM.

BY the coast of Yucatan,
As untenanted of man
As a castle under ban,
By a doom,
For the deeds of bloody hours,
Overgrown with tropic bowers,
Stand the Teocallis towers
Of Tuloom.

One of these is fair to sight,
Where it pinnacles a height,
And the breakers blossom white
As they boom
And split beneath the walls,
And an ocean murmur falls
Through the melancholy halls
Of Tuloom.

On the summit as you stand,
All the ocean and the land
Stretch away on either hand;
But the plume
Of the palm is overhead,
And the grass beneath your tread
Is the monumental bed
Of Tuloom—

All the grandeur of the woods,
And the greatness of the floods,
And the sky that overbroods,
Dress a tomb,
Where the stucco drops away,
And the bat avoids the day,
In the chambers of decay
In Tuloom.

They are battlements of death;
When the breezes hold their breath,
Down a hundred feet beneath,
In a flume
Of the sea, as still as glass,
You can see the flashes pass
By the promontory mass
Of Tuloom.

Towards the forest is displayed,
On the terrace a façade
With devices overlaid,
And the bloom
Of the vine of sculpture led
O'er the soffit overhead
Was a fancy of the dead
Of Tuloom.

There are corridors, and there,
From the terrace, goes a stair,
And the way is broad and fair
To the room
Where the inner altar stands
And the mortar's tempered sands
Bear the print of human hands
In Tuloom.

O'er the sunny ocean swell
The canoas running well
Towards the isle of Cozume,
Cleave the spume—
On the run, and never halt
Where the shimmer from the salt
Makes a twinkle in the vault
Of Tuloom.

When the night is wild and dark,
And a war is in the park,
And the lightning, to its mark,
Cuts the gloom,
All the region, on the sight,
Rushes upward from the night,
In thunder-crash of light
O'er Tuloom.

Oh, could such a flash recall
All the flamens to their hall,
All the idols on the wall,
In the fume
Of the Indian sacrifice,
All the lifted hands and eyes,
All the laughters and the cries
Of Tuloom—

All the kings in feathered pride,
All the people like a tide,
And the voices of the bride
And the groom!
But alas! the prickly pear,
And the owlets of the air,
And the lizards make a lair
Of Tuloom.

We are tenants on the strand
Of the same mysterious land—
Must the shores that we command
Reassume
Their primeval forest hum,
And the future pilgrim come
Unto monuments as dumb
As Tuloom?

'Tis a secret of the clime,
And a mystery sublime,
Too obscure in coming time
To presume;
But the snake, amid the grass,
Hisses at us as we pass,
And we sigh, alas! alas!
In Tuloom. [*Erastus W. Ellsworth.*

Bowing Themselves into Submission.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* gives the following amusing account of the manner in which the obsequious rebel officials tried to surrender Kinston, N. C., to the Federal army:

The rebels had hardly got out of sight, when a white flag was seen emerging from the edge of the town, situated on a terrace about a mile from the bridge. As it came nearer it proved to be a party of city officials who came to pass under the yoke. They advanced with great solemnity, three walking abreast, and two following in a buggy. As they turned through an opening in the line of works and came on to the level space forming the approaches to the bridge, they stopped and bowed profoundly. One of the party removed his hat, and having bent himself into what he considered a becoming attitude, he maintained it, constantly eyeing our men in front of him and on either flank along the bank, and bowing with his hat and hand, as if any relaxation of profound respect would draw a shower of bullets.

For a couple of minutes no one said a word, and meantime the party in the buggy joined the bowing party in line, and all together made a profound bow, with their hands on their hearts, as Mr. Pickwick is represented in the plates—only it was curious to observe how a little excitement disqualified them from judging of the exact locality of that member; either this or they wished to indicate that they surrendered without fear, and that their hearts were not in their mouths at all events.

"Who are you?" at last broke from one of our party.

"The Mayor of the town," was the reply.

"What do you want?"

"To surrender it, *provided* we can obtain protection for the citizens and their property."

"Protection's played out," chimed in fifty soldiers.

Five hands dropped from five different parts of their official bodies, the hatless person covered his head, and our men went on building the raft and repairing the bridge.

In the city of H—— there resides a worthy deacon, blessed or cursed with a tall, gaunt figure, also hands of enormous dimensions. He was strictly pious, never failing to ask a blessing, not on when his own family dined, but also at the servants' meals. One one occasion he employed a male servant, who was entirely ignorant of the deacon's religious propensities. He made his appearance shortly before the dining hour, and as soon as the bell sounded, the servant started for the table, and without ceremony commenced devouring the good things. The deacon was horrified, and extended his hand, saying: "Pause, young man, pause!" The young man raised his eyes significantly to the deacon's upraised hand, and replied: "Yes, and pretty good size paws, too, I should say!"

A loquacious gentleman finding himself a passenger in a stage-coach with a prim and taciturn maiden lady of some forty winters, endeavored in vain to engage in conversation. At length night came: as nothing was said, both fell asleep. The stage finally stopped and the driver announced to he lady that she had arrived at her place of destination. Her fellow passenger being awakened at the same time, thought that he would exchange a word at leaving, and addressed her: "Madam, as we shall never again, probably, sleep together, I bid you a very respectful farewell." A scream, and silence reigned again.

Racy.—Those who have laughed over the story of the old gent who persisted in remaining in the hansom cab while the horse was kicking away the dashboard, because it was a "Pateut Safety," will appreciate the following: In one of the too frequent steam-boat races on one of the American rivers, when the cry was raised for two more barrels of resin for the furnaces and a man to sit on the safety-valve, a timid person offered himself immediately for the post, and was accepted. His reason was, that in case of an explosion, he was sure to be safe, if he were on the safety-valve!

The late Rev. Rowland Hill, a cautious Divine, understood human nature well. His chapel having been infested by pickpockets, he took occasion to remind the congregation that there was an all seeing Providence, to whom no secrets are hid. "But, lest," he added, "there may be any present who are insensible to such reflections, I beg leave to state that there are also Bow street officers on the lookout."

Dr. Chalmers, when at College, dutifully wrote letters to his mother every week. Upon receiving her letter the old lady would adjust her glasses and reading the superscription of the package from the post office, carefully put it away, remarking, "I ken our Tammy's weel when he writes. Whenever he comes home he'll read it for me."

Considerate.—A witch, being at the stake to be burnt, saw her son there, and desired him to give her some drink. "No, mother," said he, "it would do you wrong, for the *drier* you are the better you will burn."

A VERY GRAND DUCHY.

SCHWEINFETT, capital of the Grand-Duchy of Wurstenberg, is a small town lying out of the usual track of our travelling countrymen, and offering no possible attraction to sight-seers. The only Englishmen who visit it are Queen's messengers and private friends of the British minister. Politically, it is an important nucleus of intrigues and movements; the Schweinfetter *Weekly Journal* is the organ of the genuine German party; at Schweinfett are constant meetings of that party, attended by Prussian and Austrian emissaries, who take down the proceedings in short-hand, and telegraph them to their governments. Much pressure is exercised on the Grand-Duke of Wurstenberg to make him withdraw his protection from the newspaper and its party. But the grand-duke, eccentric in other ways, is doubly so in the eyes of his fellow-princes as an advocate of perfect liberty. The result is, that the very name of Schweinfett communicates an odor like that of lucifer-matches, to the nostrils of neighboring potentates. The people of Wurstenberg care little either way. So long as the opera goes on, and the military bands perform in front of the palace, they of the capital are contented. The square in fron of the palace is kept free, by general consent, from political manifestations, and the inhabitants of it cause the obnoxious papers to be delivered at their back doors. What happens in the market-place is indifferent to the grand-duke.

Nothing happens there in the way of commerce. The town is supported by the court, and does not seek more vulgar customers. The sleepy streets only wake up when carriages of the aristocracy drive through them, and certain shops do not open their doors to any customers who are not provided with a regular introduction. As the whole town consists of the palace square and five or six streets besides the market-place, there is no difficulty in finding your way; but the loyal inhabitants have stuck up at every corner a hand pointing "To the Palace," with much the same aspirations as the Empress Catherine when she planted her guide-post labelled "The Way to Constantinople." Of course the simple citizens are not admitted to the exclusive privileges. But at every ball and every grand dinner there is a gallery for lookers-on, and tickets may be had for asking.

"The society here," said Sir Hercules Fitzgig, British Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Wurstenberg, on the first day of my visit to him, "is considered very good, and is fenced about with many restrictions. No family is admitted without due proofs of its pedigree, which must be examined and reported on by the crown lawyers. No family, any member of which has been in any profession but the army, or has made money in any way that can be called legitimate trading, can be admitted without long formalities and a perfect process of purification. Every family must have had at least two generations. No one may have his teeth drawn by any but the court dentist. I spare you the further recital. You will find a copy of the laws, as approved by the grand-duke, in one of my private despatches at the Foreign Office."

"When we're in," I said, "I shall ask our foreign secretary to let me see them."

"Well, you see that we are very exclusive, and we pride ourselves on the purity of our blood. This, however, has not prevented many great scandals. At the present moment the very core of society is split up into camps—the Wasch-Mugdorff faction and the Perkenstein faction. The origin of the quarrel is very trivial, but the two factions hate each other to the death. Anything you can say to a lady of one faction against the ladies of the other, is the surest road to that lady's favor. I will tell you the histories of the ladies."

"Let me get well up in their names."

"You will have no difficulty in doing that. You are to hand the Countess Perkenstein to dinner to-day, therefore you must avoid all mention of the bath you have just come from, as her husband lost all her money there, and didn't shoot himself. The factious hang together like clans, and so you must not talk of English politics, because that might be a reflection on the young Baroness Hohlezahn, who took a violent fit of Anglomania in order to catch one of my attachés, and failed. You must not breathe a syllable about the clause of legitimate trading, as that would be fatal to M. de Pott, who made money in business, and was only admitted to this court because he proved that his trading had been not legitimate. You must avoid these things particularly. On the other hand, you may cut the whole Wasch-Mugdorff faction to shreds; beginning with the chief of it. Every sarcasm you can expend on her will be delicious to the Perkenstein. You may have heard of Madame Wasch-Mugdorff; she is the original of the story of the lady who, having been divorced three times, was put down to whist with her three former husbands. Here you have a capital game before you, and I wish I were near enough to hear you avail yourself of it; but I shall have to put you at the other end of the table."

"I'll tell you afterwards what I said."

"Oh, there'll be no need of that, la Perkenstein herself will repeat every word of it. The next in the faction is Madame Faulenzer, whose husband eloped with an opera-singer, but was forgiven. Then comes the Countess Schnabeloffsky, wife of a former Russian minister, who was sent to Siberia, but returned in less time than it takes for the single journey. You may ask Madame Perkenstein what is the first stage to Siberia, and whether she thinks some people get any further. She will understand if you don't, and if you want the choicest piece of gossip that has ever circulated, she will probably tell it you."

"Any more?"

"Plenty more, though these form the triumvirate (or should it be triummulicrate?) of that faction, and it is safer confining yourself to the leaders. However, you may allude casually to orders of merit, because Baron Strudelwitz got an order by promising the servant who was always sent out with them a goodish bribe if he would bring him one, and of course the servant plagued his superiors till the order was duly conferred on the baron. You may talk of shooting, because Count Prudelwitz has a keeper to fire at the same time as himself, and swear that his master's shot was successful. These two gentlemen are the great allies of the three principal ladies, and perhaps at her next divorce Madame Wasch-Mugdorff will marry one of them."

Armed with this information, I descended into the drawing-room a little before dinner-time, and began to scrutinize the guests as they assembled. The host himself had not made his appearance, and I heard Lady Fitzgig apologize for his absence to every fresh arrival. At last the number was complete; but no Sir Hercules. I had marked out two ladies who must, I imagined, be the heads of the two factions, from the grand curtseys they swept to each other, and the overdone affability with which they entered in conversation. I made my way to Lady Fitzgig and stated my conjecture.

"You have guessed right," she said, and was evidently pleased with my penetration.

"But where is Sir Hercules, to present me?" I asked; "and which of the two is my destined companion?"

"I will introduce you," answered the hostess. "Sir Hercules is detained by most urgent business. A supplement to the *Journal de Schweinfett* has just come out with a most incendiary attack on the King of Prussia, and Sir Hercules has to write a despatch on the subject, to be sent this evening. It is fully expected that Prussian troops will be marched into the grand-duchy before the day is over." All this was conveyed in a mysterious whisper, and then Lady Fitzgig took me up to my partner. As is usually the case in introductions, I heard my own name very distinctly; all I caught of hers was Madame la Comtesse.

I was received rather stiffly, but I attributed this to the exclusive feeling of the Schweinfett society, and the dislike of strangers which I believe exists in so many of the small German capitals. The importance of these small places is so completely cast in the shade by France and England, that Frenchmen and Englishmen are snubbed as the only means of protesting against the size and prominence of their countries. However, I was determined not to heed any such trivial matters, and as at this moment Sir Hercules came in very hurriedly, and handed in one of the ladies to dinner without even looking round him, I gave my arm, and we followed.

The place assigned me was at Lady Fitzgig's end of the table. I could just see Sir Hercules behind a shrubbery of leaves and flowers, and the distant glance I had of him showed that he was perturbed in spirit. The lady who was by my side had noticed it also, and she murmured sarcastically, "Sire Ercule est distrait."

"Evidently, madame," I replied, "it seems there is a likelihood of political disturbance."

"Ah bah! we make nothing of that here; we are accustomed to threats of intervention every week. And, after all, how little you English must care for the petty quarrels of a diminutive state like ours."

All this was said with manifest intention, and I began to see that my guess at the reason of the lady's stiffness was correct. So I began some phrase about political importance being merely relative, when I was interrupted by a voice in my ear, and my host's own servant said, in low tones, "Sir Hercules regrets that his absence till the last moment prevented him from introducing you himself to Madame la Comtesse." Sir Hercules was looking at me from the end of the table while his message was being delivered. I looked across at the rival leader, who was seated exactly opposite, and I confess I was puzzled.

The countess by my side noticed my perplexity, and had caught part of the sentence. "Sire Ercule apologizes?" she asked.

"So it seems," I replied, "though I can't tell why."

"It is very necessary. Don't you know that it is contrary to all etiquette for a gentleman to be presented by a lady?"

This, then, was the cause of the stiffness, and this made Sir Hercules so distressed. Poor old fellow! To think that he should have been so thoroughly saturated with the etiquette of a small German court during the twenty years of his embassy!

"What do you say about English politics?" asked the lady, after an embarrassing pause.

"That, madame, is a subject on which I never talk," I said, decidedly, though I was not a little surprised at her introduction of it. "I will take you further afield. What do you say to Russia?"

"Ah, you allude to the Poles, of course; I might have seen where your sympathies would lead you. And who does not sympathize with such gallantry? Why you yourselves, who generally judge all things by success, you, whom Napoleon called a nation of shopkeepers, and who think nothing legitimate but trade—is not that true, that you think nothing legitimate but trade?"

This voluntary allusion to trade, which I was told to avoid so strictly, puzzled me more than ever. Is this woman so offended at my being introduced by the lady of the house that she is sacrificing her own faction in order to gratify her spite upon me? If so, the best thing I can do is to ingratiate myself with her by showing my knowledge, and ridiculing the opposite party.

"Your own words contradict you there, madame. We show our unselfishness by sympathizing with such a hopeless cause. Remember the overwhelming force of the Russians; remember," I continued, more loudly, for she was about to interrupt me, "the weapons they employ against their victims—arrests, imprisonments, the stick, the knout, Siberia. You know what Siberia is, madame? We have always been told that few who go there return; can you tell us a different story? Perhaps you know what is the first stage to Siberia?"

Our rival opposite made an hysterical movement, from which I saw that the shot had told on her. But my countess was not yet reconciled. Instead of telling me the choicest piece of gossip that had ever circulated, she looked offended, and I began to suspect that the piece of gossip in question could not be safely told on a first acquaintance.

"If you will let me give you a piece of advice," said my neighbor, in a low and confidential voice, "you will not speak of such things at a large dinner-party. How do you know who is on the other side of you? English people do not recognize the old code of honor, but it is very strictly enforced here, and you might be involved in a serious quarrel. Some of our gentlemen are dead shots."

"Yes," I replied, with a ringing laugh, "but some of them never shoot without a keeper." There was a sensation near us, and another hysterical movement from our rival.

"I see you are incorrigible," said the countess, with an uneasy motion, which I interpreted as meaning that my last remarks had been rather too loud, and that I was drawing too much attention on our colloquy. I therefore lowered my voice, and asked if she went much to the opera?

"Twice a week," she replied.

"Did not you lose a valuable singer a few years ago?"

"We never lose valuable singers. The grand-duke will always pay the highest sums to retain them; and as they know that they are appreciated here, they remain."

"I thought this one left because she was a little too much appreciated, and that her travelling companion returned without her."

"I do not quite catch your allusion. In the summer most of our singers leave, and they generally recruit themselves at the baths. The doctors have always sent me to Kesselbad, but I greatly prefer Carlsbad, or some of the really aristocratic places. Kesselbad is a miserable place, I think. Have you ever been there?"

"I don't quite catch the name," I replied, in turn. "Do you like Baden, or Homburg?"

"How can you ask me? I detest all places given up to gambling. It is so degrading. It lowers the whole tone of the place. Our husbands get in bad ways: our society is spoilt; nothing but the outcasts of all the great capitals are to be found there, and Kesselbad is the worst of all. At other tables you may think you have some chance of winning, that the play is fair, and you may abandon yourself to the excitement; but no respectable person plays at Kesselbad, and be must be a fool indeed who can't resist the temptation."

How hard she is on her husband, I thought. She has never forgiven him the loss of her money; however, I can turn the subject in a way that will suit her better. "The only game that I approve of," I said, in a low voice, "is whist."

"Sir!" said the countess, looking round at me.

"Especially when one plays with people whom one knows," I continued.

"Sir!" said the countess again.

"Some ladies, I know, will never play except with their husbands for partners, and I daresay they are wise."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked the countess.

"The meaning is simply, madame, that if you look across the table, you will see a lady who might have a variety of such partners, and would be sure of having one of them every time of cutting afresh." And, as I said this, I looked round at my partner with a meaning smile, expecting to find that my last remark had installed me fully in her favor.

I had only just noticed that instead of this she looked furious, and was gasping for breath, when the large folding-doors in the middle of the room were flung open, and a new guest came in. He was not announced, and nobody rose to receive

him, but the footmen formed in a double line to let him pass, and silence fell at once on the company. The new comer was dressed in a snuff-brown morning coat, and had a brown wide-awake in his hand. An easy-chair was wheeled up for him a little distance from the table, and he sat down without speaking.

"I can't see you all," he said at length. "Take away those flower-pots. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—why, you've got thirty people at table; a grand dinner; no one told me of it. Who let me in and didn't tell me?"

One of the footmen came forward with profuse bows, and admitted that he was guilty.

"Then just you go round to the palace and get me a uniform, sword, shako and tunic, and bring it as quick as you can. I shan't feel at ease in this brilliant company till I am properly equipped." So saying, he lolled back in his chair, and stretched out his legs so as to contradict his assertion of not feeling at ease.

The conduct of the new comer, the respect of the footmen and the despatch of one to the palace, gradually enlightened me. This oddly-dressed, eccentric personage must be the grand-duke himself; while, from the company not having risen at his entrance, he must be taken to be *incog.* Everybody who answered him spoke to him as Monsieur le Comte, and he chatted familiarly enough with all the guests in his neighborhood. There was a give and take in the conversation which struck me particularly, and which at times made me doubtful if the new-comer was the grand duke in person. But the arrival of the uniform left no room for uncertainty. Three footmen marched in with the dignity of grenadiers; the one carried a brass helmet, the second a sword, and the third a short coatee blazing with orders. At a sign from Sir Hercules the whole staff of lacqueys formed an impenetrable fence, behind which the change of dress was effected. When the footmen retired I saw the unceremonious intruder standing stiff and haughty by the side of his arm-chair, his brass helmet on his head, and his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. The company rose instantly, and bowed or curtseyed as low as the table would let them. Sir Hercules himself left his seat, and, bending low before the grand-duke, thanked him for the honor of his visit. The grand-duke waved his hand graciously, took off his helmet, and sat down, whisking his sword cleverly out of his own way.

"Well, are we going to war with Prussia, milord baronet? Will England send a fleet to support us? You have always told me that England respects the liberty of the press; will she fight for it?"

Sir Hercules dallied with his golden chain, and, smiling, put the question by. "There is one difficulty in the way of naval support, your highness."

"Ah, and what is that?"

"Simply, that your highness's grand-duchy is very far inland, and the only navigable river in it is almost too narrow for a jolly-boat."

"That never struck me. I think I shall suspend the freedom of the press till we get a seaboard. And so you think England will do nothing to help us. 'Perfide Albion! Du stolzes England, schame dich!' as the man sings in the opera. Isn't that an Englishman at the other end of the table? I don't know his face; he has never been presented to me."

"I was going to solicit an audience for that purpose tomorrow," said Hercules, promptly. "Your highness exercised your usual penetration; he is an Englishman, but he has only lately arrived in the dominions of your highness."

A sudden twinkle shot over the grand-duke's face, and I could see he meditated some mischief. "Only just arrived! He is doubtless a stranger to our court and our ways, to our scandals and our factions. Well, if he stays here any time, he will be able to learn them—especially under your instructions, Sir Hercules." The company looked daggers at the English minister, and he made a deprecating bow. "At present we are too much occupied with other things; we have a serious time before us; we must bid farewell to scandal, and prepare for troubles and trials on a large scale." The company breathed freely, preferring troubles and trials on a large scale to the open revelation of its secrets.

But the mischievous glance had not died out of the grand-duke's eyes; it was only lurking in the background. He was lulling the suspicion of the guests to sleep, in order to burst like a bomb-shell over their heads.

"Perhaps," he continued, seemingly addressing though not looking at me, "you will have an opportunity of seeing this country in a state of war! invaded by an overwhelming superior, its people flying from their houses, its towns in flames, its fields wasted. Such was the fate of Prussia herself at the beginning of the century; why may not Prussia retaliate it on us who have no means of escaping it? You may all well look grave at this picture," he said to the guests at the table, who were all smiling and feeling reassured at their own escape, "but such may be the fate in store for us. You would not have us flinch from the combat; no, we, too, must take up the gage flung down, and we must emulate the deeds of our ancestry. We must arm in defence of our hearths and homes. All, all of us must shoulder the musket"—and here he wheeled round suddenly to the right—"you will have to spare us your keeper, M. de Prudelwitz."

The company looked aghast while the grand-duke leaned back in his chair and chuckled. I was beginning to laugh too, but was checked by a warning glance from Sir Hercules.

"Ah, that's what we must come to if England won't help us. But, in the meantime, Prudelwitz, you had better take the Englishman out shooting, and show him what bags we can make up. Not that I have given up all hope of support from England yet, in spite of what Sir Hercules says. Diplomatists are always unwilling to hold out hopes which they know can't be gratified; but people who have studied English politics know England attaches the greatest importance to the integrity of the small States of Germany. Is not that your opinion, Madame de Hohlezahn?"

This time half the table laughed and the other half looked confused. It was plain the grand-duke was going through the calendar, and as no one could reply to him his victims must grin and bear it.

"We must send an embassy to the House of Commons and ask for its help. Whom shall we send? Strudelwitz I have no doubt would go, it would be a splendid diplomatic opening for him, and they would probably give him the Order of the Bath. Or there's Fauelenzer, he's certain to be listened to, for the last papers say that all the London world is listening to the new German singer."

"Your highness treats your future ambassadors too hardly," Sir Hercules ventured to interpose.

"Do you think so? Why, I fancied myself very mild to them, considering what they have to suffer in other countries when they fail. The person of an ambassador is sacred in foreign countries, but in his own he is liable to any disgrace; his profession ceases to be sacred, and has no more protection than any other legitimate trade—eh, M. de Pott? If ambassadors were sacred their wives ought to be, and yet we have heard of ladies being sent to Siberia, or at least accomplishing the first stage of that journey."

"Has your highness never heard of the English Siberia?" asked the last victim, who, as only a settler, could afford to be more courageous than the residents.

"Never," said the grand-duke.

"Let me tell your highness that it is far worse than our Russian Siberia, of which, as your highness knows, I have the right to speak. All ranks are liable to be sent there, and there is no appeal against the sentence of banishment."

"No half-way house?" began the duke.

"No, your highness," pursued the lady, unflinchingly; "the journey has nothing to enliven it, the return is uncertain and painful, and the name of the English Siberia is Coventry."

The duke retired from the conflict. "Ah," he said, "I know the name; but I prefer Kesselbad. Were you at Kesselbad this summer, Madame Perkenstein?"

I did not dare to look at my partner, but to my surprise I heard her laughing at this down-right attack. It spoke well for the hardihood of the court ladies at Schweinfett that they could laugh when the turn came to them, and do their best to disguise their sufferings.

"Many people lost their money again, I am told. Fortunately, no cases of suicide. That must be a comfort to the wives and families. It is bad enough to lose money, eh? especially when it is not our own, but life as well, that would be too bitter."

My companion was still laughing, and the grand-duke leant forwards, looking at her so pointedly that I wondered what more he was going to ask her. I thought she had been baited quite enough, and she had borne it so good humoredly, that she ought to be spared.

To my horror, the grand-duke said to her: "Have you been playing whist lately, Madame de Wasch-Mugdorff? When did you see your husbands last?"

"I look at the lady, and the duke, and Sir Hercules, and the whole truth flashed upon me. Lady Fitzgig had presented me to the wrong person!

This was the secret of our cross-questions and crooked answers; this was what Sir Hercules endeavored to convey by his message; this was what I had so obstinately refused to see, in spite of all my opportunities. Was ever mortal man in such a mess? No wonder the countess was furious and Sir Hercules perplexed. No wonder the Perkeinstein had been laughing at all my sarcasms, and I had taken her laughter for hysterical movements. I would have given anything for any means of escape. If the earth had opened at our feet and swallowed the Countess Wasch-Mugdorff, I would willingly have paid the bills she left behind her. Englishman as I was, I would have sacrificed the liberty of the press and all constitutional forms of government for an immediate Prussian invasion.

None came in answer to my prayers. I saw the grand-duke moving in his chair, adjusting his sword-belt, and feeling for his helmet. He was about to leave after saying all the unpleasant things he could think of, and his departure would be the signal of my immolation. I was beginning to despair of Providence, when help came from an unexpected quarter. At Schweinfett, as in many other German towns, a procession of drummers goes round in the evening, and beats an excruciating tattoo. While I was racking my brains for a means of delivery, this abominable noise struck up under the window, and for once in my life I blessed it instead of cursing. I hit on an expedient at once; I sprang to my feet with a face of terror, and shrieked out, "The Prussian drums!"

Not a soul of the company but knew the old familiar sound; yet alarm is so contagious that not one of them stopped to think; all sprang up and rushed towards the window, and I bolted like a shot through a side doorway. There was fortunately a night train. I did not stop till I got to London. The report I spread of the occupation of Schweinfett by a Prussian army had not that depressing effect upon Consols which was intended.—*All the Year Round.*

(For the Californian.)

THE DEAD CHILD.

Oh, broken flower!
Now art thou blooming in a heavenly bower,
Twined like a tendril on some saint's pure bosom;
Exquisite blossom!

Oh, wounded bird!
Angels are listening where thy voice is heard,
Free and unfettered soars thy happy wing
In fadeless Spring!

Oh, precious gem!
Of such is Christ's eternal diadem;
Would that its rays a beacon light might be
Guiding to thee!

Oh, for the calm
That fills the fold where sleeps the gathered lamb!
Oh, for the pastures green, the valleys sweet
Where rest the little feet!

Oh, for the angel-guide
That bore thee swiftly o'er life's troubled tide!
Oh, to be wafted to Eternity
Like unto thee!

EMILIE LAWSON.

THEATRICALS AT THE EAST.

IN speaking of the Keans, "Ariel," the writer of the Dramatic Feuilleton in the New York *Leader*, says:

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean began their engagement at the Broadway to a medium-sized audience—not near as large as Owens drew at old prices. Although Mr. and Mrs. Kean will not create a *furor*, they fully vindicate their claims to the leading position on the British stage, and will be warmly received when they return to play their farewell engagement here in the Fall."

He also says that the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World* and *News* have done them full justice in every respect, and have been more partial than critical. "Ariel" commends warmly that excellent young actor, Mr. Cathcart.

Wallack reopened with the drama of the *Bosom Friends* on the 8th, to a good house.

A number of the members of the dramatic profession assembled in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, on Monday evening, April 17th, to do honor to the memory of our lamented President. John Gilbert was chosen chairman. A resolution was passed to wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

The theatrical profession at Philadelphia met on the 21st of April, to express their feelings relative to the national calamity. Mr. J. B. Roberts presided.

At Baltimore the members of the theatrical profession met on the 17th of April, for the purpose of denouncing the assassin of President Lincoln. Mr. S. O. Dubois was appointed chairman, and resolutions were passed.

The Boston theatres were closed for four nights, commencing on the 15th and ending on the 19th.

The theatres at Chicago were closed till the 20th, and a meeting of the Dramatic Association called. Speeches were made by Mr. J. H. McVicker, Mr. A. B. Brady and others.

The theatres at the East, as a rule, reopened on Wednesday evening, April 26th, after a cessation of operations from the 14th. Barnum's Museum reopened on the 20th, and gave a dramatic performance, judging from the house, this early movement was not approved by the people. The Varieties, following Barnum's example, opened on the 21st.

The Philadelphia theatres reopened on the 24th of April. Mrs. D. P. Bowers commenced an engagement at the new Chestnut Theatre, Philadelphia, April 24th, in *Camille*, to a crowded house. *East Lynne* was to be the next production.

At the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, April 24th, Miss Charlotte Thompson commenced a brief engagement, opening with a play by George Marlowe, called *Rich and Poor. The Streets of New York* will shortly be revived at this house.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Florence had possession of the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, April 20th, when two dramas, *Born to Good Luck* and *The Young Actress*, were enacted to excellent houses.

Miss Fanny B. Price offered $500 for a new play of five acts in New York. She commenced an engagement at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 22d inst.

The Front street theatre, Baltimore, opened on the 24th of April, with Miss Lotta as "the star," in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Lotta as "Topsy."

Miss Leo Hudson was to have commenced an engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 17th of April, but did not appear until the Thursday following. She was to perform three nights, to be succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Couldock.

Cotton and Murphy's (staple names as well as articles) minstrels appeared at Music Hall, New Haven, Connecticut, April 22d.

WHAT GOTTSCHALK SAYS.—Gottschalk, the renowned Pianist and Composer, after a careful and thorough examination of Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes, says:

"I have examined, with *great care*, Mr. Wm. B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianofortes, and it is my opinion that they are very superior instruments. I have especially remarked their thorough workmanship, and the power, purity, richness and *equality* of their tone. I recommend, therefore, these instruments to the public in general, and doubt not of their success. L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

OUR lady readers will bear in mind that Taaffe & Co., have recently added to their immense stock a large invoice of silks, poplins, merinos, muslin and mourning goods of the latest styles, which they are now offering at reduced prices.

WE call the attention of our lady readers to Mrs. Read's advertisement in to-day's parpe.

THE DEATH-BED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low—
As in her heart the waves of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied:
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

ADVENTURES OF A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ONE of my most vivid recollections of Russian adventure relates to a journey, during which I endured some of the most painful, I may say dangerous, hours of my life, owing to my driver being drunk, of which fact I was utterly ignorant when we started from the posthouse. The night was clear, and the moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky: but the weather was intensely cold, in fact, the centre of the road was as hard as a sheet of ice, and, consequently, I travelled rapidly, while on each side of me the snow was many feet deep. I was alone, and had very recently enjoyed a cup of hot tea, to which had been added a dash of cognac; and having lighted my pipe, I jumped into my sledge warm and comfortable—so warm and cosy, in fact, that I soon fell into a sound and undisturbed slumber, to which the smooth and rapid progress of my sledge greatly contributed, when all at once I was aroused from my home dreams by a tremendous crash—to find myself, sledge and horses firmly fixed, indeed half buried, in the snow. To rub my eyes, jump from the carriage, heavily fur-clad as I was, and to plunge up to my thighs in the snow (for there had been a recent thaw, and the snow was soft on the road-sides,) and at the same time to recollect that I was unarmed and alone in the centre of an unfathomable Russian pine forest, at two A. M., with my despatches in the sledge, and no help at hand, was the work of a moment. In the next instant I was startled by a human howl, of such intensity that I verily believe no hungry pack of wolves in the forest could have rivalled it; and at the same time I discovered that my postillion was in fierce combat with one of the tallest and most powerful men I ever beheld, while a dozen other wretches of the same type were howling and screeching and rushing to the scene of action. By the bright light of the moon I was also enabled to observe in the road track before me about a score of sledges heavily laden, each drawn by one small horse, and carrying merchandise; while two lay floundering in the snow on the opposite side of the road, against which we had driven and got the worst of it. All these untoward events occurred in far less time than I have told them. Before I proceed, however, it may be as well to remark that while every word I write is fact, an order did exist, and probably still exists, in Russia, which commands that everything and every person—man and beast—shall make way for those who travel with a "Potaragena," or authority for courier horses, or, in other words, all official persons. But the wretched serf, my postillion, though not too drunk to keep his seat while his little horses kept the road at a gallop, was far too drunk to see the impossibility of passing anything but a flock of crows in the narrow lane between two high banks of snow. Therefore, as I subsequently discovered, although every human effort had been made on his blowing his horn to permit us to pass, it was all in vain. But he was in no state to reason: moreover he probably saw double, which naturally widened the wayside. Thus, driving furiously, he upset the hindermost sledge, at the same time, in Russian fashion, lashing the driver with his whip; but the second shock was too great even for my heavy sledge, and thus we became fixed, horses and carriage, fast in the deep snow. Happily, most happily, reason came to my aid, and a moment's thought sufficed to convince me of the dangerous position in which I found myself, and that discretion surely was far better than valor. It was quite evident that my driver was at fault; and had I attempted to take his part, or made any effort to defend him, my own life as well as the despatches, would have been perilled. Heavily, therefore, as I was clad—observing that blows had already passed between him and the athletic Russian I have named—I made a rush at the former, wrenched the upiifted whip from his hand seized him firmly by the throat, and throwing him backwards on the snow, I broke the whip in two, and stood with outstretched arms calmly before him. Meanwhile, the whole troop of sledge drivers had gathered around us, evidently showering threats and imprecations on our heads, which unpleasant language I happily did not understand; at the same time uttering the most diabolical howls I ever heard before or since. Bitter cold as was the night, the perspiration poured down my forehead, and if I did not experience absolute fear—and it occurs to me that I did—why, I most assuredly uttered an inward prayer for Heaven's protection, feeling that the odds were twenty to one that I should perish like a dog, or be murdered far away from all I loved on earth, in the dense pine solitude. It was by no means a pleasant position in which to find one's self. I do assure you gentlemen who live at home at ease. Indeed, had I ventured, without the aid of a Tom Sayers or two, to strike a blow, or make the slightest effort to defend my drunken friend, then cooling himself in the snow, with the thermometer 29 deg. below zero, the fate of both of us would have been vastly unpleasant, for I never beheld such brutal anger, nay, ferocity, as that which the moonlight permitted me to discover on the dirty faces of the leader and his followers, as by offers of money, attempted smiles, which must have looked like grins, and general affability of demeanor, I endeavore to appease them.

At this moment the postillion rose from his sprawling position on the snow; luckily, I had possessed myself of the whip, for, making a rush at the leaders, he cut their slight cord-traces, and vaulting on to one of the animals' backs, tried to make off, whether to escape for assistance or leave me to my fate I know not: but thought, rapid as lightning, soon told me that if left alone I must perish in the snow, even if I escaped a worse fate. Once more, then, (recollect he was intoxicated, and a lighter man than myself) I threw him on the snow. At this moment how great was my happiness, when a travelling Pole, who spoke German, rode up in the midst of the fray, coming from the direction towards which I was travelling! No glimpse of a distant sail to the wrecked sailor on a raft, no alms to the half-starved beggar, was ever more welcome than the appearance of that bearded Jew. I never look upon the race without thinking of him, and could scarcely refuse to accept a bill, even though it were to be discounted at sixty per cent., were I again to meet him. He immediately came to my aid, and it is to his help, as much as the calm demeanor which Providence permitted me to assume in the hour of danger, that in all probability I am indebted for the privilege of being alive to tell this tale. Suffice it to say that, after considerable parley, great humiliation, and politeness on my part, some forbearance and considerable vociferation on that of my enemies, peace was made, and the leader seemed at length to be convinced that I had had no share in the upsetting of his sledges or their contents, which lay scattered on the snow; and I must do him the justice to admit that when thus convinced, he contented himself with liberal indulgence in savage threats and oaths, which he launched at the head of my driver, but which were to be put into practical execution on some future day. He then called his men together, and, after herculean efforts, they extracted my half-buried sledge and horses from the snow, dragged it past the caravan, and sent me on my way rejoicing.

I have in no manner exaggerated the simple facts of what occurred to me on that never-to-be-forgotten night or rather, early morning. I have, indeed, scarcely told of half my sufferings; though to those accustomed to travel on the pleasant highways and byways of our safe and civilized island it may appear as a dream or a fiction.

Having given half a dozen roubles to the Polish Jew, with which donation he appeared greatly elated, and a dozen or more to the merchant and his serfs—who were immediately as desirous to kiss my feet as they had been previously been eager to break my head—I remounted my sledge, helped the miserable animal in human form, my postillion, to take his place before me, and away we went again as fast as if a pack of wolves had been on our track. In fact, I cared not how fast we went so that we left the horrible forest far behind us, and reached the next posthouse in safety.

Clear of the forest, I returned the broken whip to my driver, and thanking Providence for my safe deliverance, I pursued my way rejoicing.

True, I had still much to fear, for I was literally in a vapor bath. The perspiration streamed from my head to my feet; but I dared not cast aside my heavy furs, for the night was intensely cold, and had I done so I might have been frozen to death—scarcely a pleasant sequel to an escape from murder. However, we happily soon reached the next posthouse, and instead of saying a word in anger, I paid my postillion double the usual donation, doubtless to his great surprise and satisfaction: fresh horses were harnessed speedily to my sledge, my only object being to get forward, and it was evident my new driver had been informed of my liberality, for the little horses actually flew.

I have frequently since thought, in calmer moments, what might have been the sequel had the heavy cudgel of the leader of the caravan chanced to have fallen on the head instead of the shoulder of my postillion. Possibly I should have been robbed, and then left to my fate in that dreary forest to watch over his corpse till daylight returned; or I might have perished myself: or, surviving the perils of the night, might have been denounced as the murderer of my companion. Nor would the accusation have appeared by any means improbable, for ere serfdom ceased in Russia, colonels and even sub-lieutenants in the army and clerks in public officers, were wont at times to hit their imagined inferiors over the head very hardly if aught displeased them, as I shall hereafter demonstrate.

A Russian official travelling, as I was travelling, with dispatches, on his arrival at Petersburg, which city I reached without further mishap, would instantly have reported the whole story most minutely, and perhaps with considerable exaggeration, to his superiors (if he believed he had any) or the authorities; the postillion would probably have been subject to the knout, and then sent for change of air to Siberia, while his wife and family were left to starve at home. For what? For having just swallowed that which many pleasant gentlemen do swallow nightly over a cheerful fireside in a snug arm-chair previously to turning into a four-poster—just one glass of Racci, instead of brandy or gin and water. True, he was very imprudent, and ought to have taken it on his arrival instead of his departure; but sixteen versts on a Russian winter's night on the outside of a sledge might be some excuse for this little indiscretion. Faith, I would myself have given a sovereign for a glass of steaming cognac and water, as I sat perspiring in my sledge. So I forgot and forgave him, in a spirit of Christian forbearance. Yet I fear he would have been considerably licked by a Russian traveller, as a forerunner of the knout to be received from the authorities, without an effort to retaliate, poor wretch! inasmuch as, at the period to which I allude, no Russian traveller of any position considered it necessary to waste words on those who were rarely regarded (though men with hearts to feel, and souls to be saved) otherwise than as mere beasts of burden. Thus, in the mute language of the amiable and aristocratic Russian, a whack over the head from a thick stick simply meant "Drive faster!" or a kick from a thick boot served for the query, "Why did you not stop sooner?" However, English gentlemen and officers of high and low degree are happily brought up in a different manner; consequently, save to my selected friends in the City of the Czar, I never told the tale of that fearful night, the memory of which is not the less engraven on my mind; and all I hope is, that the poor fellow who shared with me those bitter hours in the snow still lives and drives, taking more care as to the time and measure of his potations—though I greatly fear me, or I read badly the face of man, he was marked out for the vengeance of that athletic merchant whose goods and chattels he had scattered on the snow.

In corroboration of the physical liberty, if I may so term it, appropriated to themselves by Russian swells, or such as considered themselves to be important personages in the eyes of their neighbors, I shall here give an anecdote, every word of which is true, though to my English readers it may appear almost an impossible occurrence in a civilized country; nevertheless, I believe all the actors in the little drama still live and travel, and I cannot do better than relate it in the words of one from whose lips I heard it.

Some few years since, a courteous, kind, and talented Russian of high rank held the post of diplomatic minister at Rome. During his sojourn there, which was of some years' duration, he had become acquainted with an artist of considerable celebrity, whose sketches of the environs of Rome, and Rome itself, greatly pleased him. Thus it was that, when about to proceed to Petersburg, the Russian suggested that his friend the artist should accompany him on his leave of absence, and take some Russian views. The artist, who shall be nameless, very willingly accepted the invitation, and doubtless looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to the profits as well as to the change. So, one fine morning, patron and painter left the Pontifical City far behind them, and journeyed on pleasantly towards that of the Czar of all the Russias. Having passed the Niemen, and reached Kovno, the worthy diplomatic prince, or baron, as might be, remarked that in a few versts, which probably meant a hundred—for distance is thus lightly alluded to in Russia—they should arrive at a posthouse, in the neighborhood of which he had a property, to which he would gladly pay a flying visit, "And," he added, "as you must be greatly fatigued, a good night's rest, while I am absent, will be doubtless most acceptable, and refresh your limbs after so many days and nights' confinement in a carriage." "Indeed it will," replied the artist, and thus the matter was decided.

On arriving at the posthouse the worthy postmaster regretted that he had no bed to offer but his own, but that was entirely at his Excellency's or his friend's disposal, as, indeed, were all the house and its contents; and with this assurance the noble diplomatist proceeded on a brief visit to his possessions, and the tired but happy artist was soon sound asleep between the landlord's sheets, dreaming doubtless of the fair lands of Italy and of his good fortune. While the postmaster, who was gladdened by the knowledge that he would receive no end of roubles for his courtesy, and who was "in physic," as they say, having imbibed a dose of castor oil, wrapped himself up warmly and stretched himself on the top of a warm stove in an outhouse—a Russian custom—and was soon as sound asleep as the artist. The night was one of those Northern nights when no traveller is desirous of being long detained

for the change of horses; and a Russian colonel is by no means the most patient man in the world under such circumstances.

However, it unfortunately occurred that an officer of some rank, with his stars and ribbons, was on the road that night, and about two A. M. halted at the posthouse, and angrily called for fresh horses, as well as for the presence of the postmaster. Twenty minutes having elapsed without the appearance of either, he at length jumped from his carriage, and furiously entered the house.

"Where are the horses? and where is the postmaster?" cried the enraged soldier, addressing a miserable serf who stood trembling in the doorway; who assured the traveller that horses would soon be forthcoming, and that he had roused the postillions, but his master he could not find.

"Not find him? not find the wretch?" exclaimed the furious colonel. "Where is he gone? which is his room? show it to me immediately."

"This is his room, Excellency," said the trembling serf, opening a door at hand.

"This is his room, is it? I will teach him that this is not the manner to treat an officer of the imperial army. Here, you pig, bring me a light."

A light being brought, the offended traveller beheld, as he imagined, the postmaster in calm repose while he was kept waiting for his horses.

Without a moment's hesitation he rushed to the bedside, and seeing, as he believed, the unfortunate postmaster snug in bed, dragged him therefrom by the neck, and, ere he had discovered his error, immediately chastised the poor artist, as he stood in his shirt, with a heavy whip, notwithstanding his cries and shrieks, and diavolos, maledítos, struggles, vociferations in his native language. In the midst of this cruel and unmanly assault the postmaster entered the room, with terror depicted on his countenance, and offered every possible apology, stating that his absence was caused by severe indisposition, together with the fact of his having given up his bed to the traveller, and removed his own quarters to an outhouse.

Whether his apologies were accepted by the infuriated brute who disgraced the uniform he wore, or not, I never heard. Suffice it to say that this model officer and gentleman departed on his way, possibly rather elated than otherwise at having cruelly belabored an unoffending foreign traveller.

The feelings of the minister, however, were of a very different nature when he returned to the posthouse, and found his poor suffering, belabored friend writhing under the combined effects of pain, anger, and humiliation. No assurances on his part, however, that he would bring matters before the Emperor, in the hope of putting an end to such cruel proceedings; no entreaties that the artist would accompany him to Petersburg, where he might obtain redress, and procure medical advice, would avail. Not a yard further would the belabored traveller proceed.

"No, indeed, no," he protested; "had I known that you were bringing me from the Eternal City to this infernal den of savages, never would I have left fair Italy. I fully acquit your Excellency of any knowledge that the Emperor of Russia permitted his uniform to be worn by men such as he who has so cruellly assaulted me; but I have seen quite enough of the Czar's dominions, and I have no desire to learn more either of the country or its inhabitants; and thus they parted.

This little incident is only one among hundreds of a similar nature which daily occurred on Russian highways. Happily, under the present sovereign, civilization marches with giant strides.

The True Gentleman.—He is above a mean thing. He invades no secrets in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He takes selfish advantage of no man's mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes into possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter in at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred. He possesses no privacies of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notices to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted, himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no office, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open and manly. He connot descend to scurrility. Billingsgate slang does not lie in his track. From all profane and wanton words his lips are chaste. Of a woman, and to her, he speaks with decency and respect. In short, whatever he judges honorable he practices toward every man.

At a dinner party in France a toast was given, "The land we live in." "With all my soul," responded an Irishman, "here's to poor ould Ireland!"

EXTRACTS FROM EMERSON.

COMPENSATION.

HUMAN labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe. The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that everything has its price—and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained, and that it is impossible to get anything without its price—is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state—do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand, the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns everything to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm; but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached, cast down their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors:

> "Winds blow and waters roll
> Strength to the brave, and power and deity,
> Yet in themselves are nothing."

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men, until he has suffered from the one, and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone, and acquire habits of self help; and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

LOVE.

Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.

The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heyday of the blood seems to require that, in order to portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid should confess to be true to their throbbing experience, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savor of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And, therefore, I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the Court and Parliament of Love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. It matters not, therefore, whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period will lose some of its later; he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that, by patience and the Muses' aid, we may attain to that inward view of the law which shall describe a truth ever young and beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye, at whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is, that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope and not in history. For each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not, to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain stain of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which made the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and moan. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life the remembrances of budding joy, and cover every beloved name. Everything is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, if seen as experience. Details are melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. In the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and place—dwell care, and canker, and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But grief cleaves to names, and persons, and the partial interests of to day and yesterday.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door; but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child disposing her satchel; he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but alone distances him; and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school-girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad faced, good-natured shop-boy. In the village they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing-school, and when the singing-school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By and by that boy wants a wife; and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores as incident to scholars and great men.

SPIRITUAL LAWS.

Nature will not have us fret and fume. She does not like our benevolence or our learning much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the caucus, or the bank, or the Abolition-convention, or the Temperance-meeting, or the Transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us, "So hot? my little sir."

We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs intermeddle, and have things in our own way, until the sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love should make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday-schools, and churches, and panper societies are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive. Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient to us country folk, and we do not think any good will come of it. We have not dollars: merchants have; let them give them. Farmers will give corn; poets will sing; women will sew; laborers will lend a hand; the children will bring flowers. And why drag this dead weight of a Sunday-school over the whole Christendom? It is natural and beautiful that childhood should inquire, and maturity should teach; but it is time enough to answer questions when they are asked. Do not shut up the young people against their will in a pew, and force the children to ask them questions for an hour against their will.

NOTICE

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

POPULAR SOUTHERN DELUSIONS.

IT is said that when Davis and his party read the proclamation of President Johnson, offering a reward for their capture, they burst into tears. The petticoat episode had already prepared the world for any womanish exhibition on their part, but a truer theory of this sudden and humiliating outburst, is found in the further statement that they expected banishment would be their greatest punishment. The proclamation was a sudden and significant blow to their hopes. Whether they were guilty or not of complicity with Lincoln's assassination, there was something terribly in earnest in this manifesto, which these politicians, bred to a contemptible estimate of the powers of a republican government, and of the spirit of the North, never contemplated. It was the last and most bitter awakening from a series of popular delusions in which the South have for half a century implicitly trusted. Lawless, self-willed and arrogant, governed by a code of ethics of which fillibustering, repudiation and lynching were the natural fruits, we have no doubt that they sincerely believed that they could wage war against the Government, and be subject only to the mortification of a defeat without personal responsibility. The Government seemed to them an institution as fickle and lawless as themselves; they could dissolve their union with it as easily as they could bolt from a political convention; they could carry measures thereiu by fraud or bullying as readily as they could govern a primary election. The idea of there being an eternal principle behind this abused polity, or that it had accumulated a tremendous conservative force through long years of trial, was something they never dreamed of; and their awakening to the truth has been gradual, and only through long suffering and humiliation. One by one they have been obliged to resign their popular fallacies. One by one they have given up those beliefs in their own superiority which the North for so long had half-generously, half-meanly yielded to them. They believed in their martial excellence and they have been out-generaled. They believed in their political pre-eminence and they have been out-statesmaned. They trusted in their financial superiority, and saw their currency depreciate in their own hands, while cotton, the capital that it represeuted, fell iuto the hauds of their enemies. They believed that Europe would interfere for the sake of this precious commodity, and they were cruelly disappointed. They believed that their slaves would fight for them, and have lived to see them guiding the Union armies. They believed that massacres and barbarity would check negro enlistments—and found ten regiments where there had been one. They believed in a division of the North, and lived to see it become "Abolitionized," and to return by an overwhelming majority the objectionable Chief Magistrate. They believed that the assassination of this man would paralyze the North and overthrow the Government. They have lived to see it more firmly strengthened, to find their friends discomfited, and the sympathy of the whole civilized world alienated from their cause. They believed that stratagem and flight would save them, and covered themselves with derision and ridicule. Is it any wonder that we find them, at this last moment, believing that a mild admonition and dismissal from the country is all the punishment which an indignant and betrayed Government can possibly extend to the traitor and assassin, and bursting into tears at the cruel disappointment. Believing still in their political sagacity, they have offered remedies by which the wounded commonwealth is to be healed. They might excite our laughter at these blunders but for our disgust at their treachery; we could feel pity for their ignorance but for indiguation at their crime.

THE SHERMAN GUARD will give their First Anniversary Ball on the evening of June 18th. The social status of the members of this company warrants us in saying that their festival will be one of the most pleasant reunions of the season. So, ladies, "Atteution!" and "Dress up!" as they say in the ranks.

THE San Francisco Amateurs' first dramatic entertainment on Thursday evening last, was a success, and a favorable augury for those which are to follow. We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation.

BLOT.

MONSIEUR BLOT's Cooking Academy in New York seems to have been a decided success. First families have sent their daughters to him to learn how to cook. Uppertendom has besieged his doors for tuition in culinary mysteries. The carriages of Petroleum and Shoddy have blocked up the street. At first it would seem that for once it had become fashionable for ladies to acquire useful knowledge; that ornament had giveu way to utility; that music, Italian, French and embroidery had giveu precedence to domestic skill and virtues. Alas, M. Blot teaches only fashionable cookery! His system requires a pleutiful larder, a full purse, and the latest style of a range. He does not tell how Love in a cottage may make tough mutton edible, (except figuratively,) nor how long a cold knuckle of ham may be made attractive.

Yet we can readily imagine how M. Blot opens a delightful vista to those young girls who have been prevented through circumstances or natural incapacity from acquiring merely ornamental accomplishments. Angelina, whose voice is somewhat thin, and whose execution is imperfect, may nevertheless excel in au *omelet souffle*. Maria, who does not dance gracefully, may attain eminence for her *bouillon*. The *pate de fois gras* of Sophronia may atone for her deficiencies in French. And what will be the result of these new accomplishments. Millionaires, bankers, and indeed all eligible *partis*, are mainly accessible through the stomach; it is only your poets, romancers, visionary and shiftless fellows, who are not, and such are not worth catching. Many men who are insensible to the charms of beauty and *esprit*, who take up a book when a piano is opened, can be led captive by an enticing dish. The girls who have worked profitless slippers, who have danced vainly at evening parties, or have patiently sat as wall-flowers, need no longer despair. Educated by the artful Blot, they find solace in the composition of some dish by which they revenge themselves for former slights. The lukewarm suitor is invited to dinner; Cupid's deadliest shaft lurks beneath the dish cover. He partakes, he demands explanation; he is told "it is Maria's"! Can anybody doubt what is the post-prandial sequel to this, or to what lengths a man might not go toward a proposal under the influence of a perfect digestion and French cooking?

We have been betrayed by a pardonable enthusiasm, perhaps, a little away from the original intention of this article, and are content to leave the suppositious incident sketched in the last paragraph in the hands of some future novelist, who will add this new charm to the list of his heroine's accomplishments, who is of course to appear in the opening chapter as superintending a *pate* over the kitchen fire, instead of the conventional situations at the piano or easel. Our purpose was to urge M. Blot to come to this country or to send one of his professors to open a Cooking Academy for California Young Ladies. As the tastes of the community are peculiar, mere graduates of the New York Academy will not suit. The subject must be studied here, under proper rules and regulations. If we are obliged to trust to Gazlay to take care of our literature in the East with his *Pacific Monthly*, let us, in Heaven's name, be independent in regard to our dinners, and order them at home.

We could recount many reasons for a Californian Cooking Academy. We are all proverbially good eaters. In no other country are the pleasures of the table as generously or as generally indulged. Nature has bountifully furnished us with material, but in the manner of using it, as in other things, we are vastly behind older civilization. The country that has produced six epicureau varieties of fish, has as yet provided no method of properly cooking them. We confess with shame that steaks are still openly fried, in the interior, and shudder to think of M. Blot in connection with the esculent bean and crisp bacon of the mining regions. But with a Cooking Academy, what a change might be ours. With our wives and daughters educated under the teachings of Blot, perhaps this country is destined to be again saved by the influence of tender woman. Who knows but that the coarseness and profanity of the miner's cabin will disappear, with his black coffee, his yellow salaratus bread and his indigestible bacon. Milder and more refined communities may spring from the ruins of broken and discarded frying-pans. Purer customs and gentler courtesies will come in with anchovy and claret sauces. Domestic felicity will be strengthened and increased; the fatal freedom of California society will be checked, and the sphere of woman will be removed from the hotel parlor and public street to the private kitchen. Husbands will not seek in restaurants the pleasures which their own tables will afford them. By all means let us have Blot!

A "SNARE FOR THE FEET OF THE WICKED."—Details of the assassination prove that Booth's leg was broken in his fall on the stage, which was effected by the folds of the national flag catching his spur as he leaped from the box. It would seem as if at the moment when human will was paralyzed by the suddenness of the calamity, the symbol of the Nation resented the insult, and casting the traitor at its feet inflicted that injury which hastened his capture.

CALIFORNIA CONCEITS.

COMMUNITIES, like individuals, when isolated and forced to occupy an independent position are apt to become self-saturated. The little country village that lies away from the railroad or highway, whose postal facilities are limited, very often acquires a morbid sensitiveness and an undue self-consciousness. The townspeople naturally seek out each other when abroad, and are apt to discuss and compare the great world outside from their village viewpoint. We see something of this tendency in our own young State. Separated by miles of ocean and desert from the older civilizations, California is in danger of becoming too Californian. That sentiment which the injudicious and generous praise of transient visitors has kindled is continually fanned by the fulsome and persistent puffery of the local press. We have laid claim to most of the honors and nearly all of the generals of the war. The pioneers of the country are glorified in daily paragraphs; the movements of Californians abroad are duly chronicled to the minutest details by Eastern correspondents, and reported to California readers. We are obliged to hear how Mr. Smith of Dogtown looked on Broadway, or we are expected to be struck dumb with the astounding intelligence that Judge Jones of Jonesville is stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. When any of these distinguished gentlemen return, a flourish of newspaper trumpets announces the gratifying intelligence. We are not told in as many words, but it is dimly suggested by this same medium that the Atlantic States and Europe have been honored by their visits. If there be a momentary cessation of the compliments which we have so generously received from our Eastern brethren, we are led to suppose that they are growing envious of us. If they differ from us in opinion, it is because they don't understand us. Our Senator brow-beats Congress; our newspaper correspondents have dictated to the Administration.

And what is the result of this prodigious egotism. Mr. Smith projects a visit home. He is followed to his ship by admiring acquaintances, and the usual local paragraph about our respected friend visiting the scenes of his youth, is published the morning of his departure. Mr. S., with his two or three hundred fellow-passengers, arrive in New York. No paragraphist announces their arrival, their identity is instantly swamped in the circling vortex of a million men. They are jostled every day by thousands as wise, as rich, as polite as themselves. Very soon the novelty of their outward habits and opinions is worn away, and the great human waves of the metropolis roll over them as unceremoniously as over the indistinctive pebbles in the beach. They are disappointed and disgusted, and return here perhaps sooner than they intended, to point another patriotic moral for the paragraphist. No doubt that immigration and emigration will in time do away with this foolish sentiment, and the original cosmopolitan character of our people will check the spreading of such mischievous principles, but in the meantime we must only deplore the ignorance and folly that persists in this systematic self laudation.

A COURTEOUS ENGLISHMAN.—The publishers of *Littell's Living Age* have received a letter from one of the Southern Aid Society in England, acknowledging a receipt of the *Narrative of Privations and Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers, while Prisoners of War in the hands of the Rebel Authorities*, in the following words:

Cross Hill, Feb. 2, 1865.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received a pamphlet printed by you, which cost me 8*d*. Whatever the sufferings of the Federal officers and privates may be, they deserved it all, and ten times more, for fighting in such an unholy and uncalled-for war. The Confederate States had as much right to secede as the United States had to declare themselves independent of England. It is absolute nonsense to affirm that the Federals are fighting to abolish slavery. The Federal Officers and Soldiers have made war on the Confederates, *and their wives and children*, more like Goths, and Vandals, and Savages, than civilized beings. They have committed murders and other atrocities, and destroyed private property in a way unheard of in modern times, and not sanctioned by the laws of warfare. I hope the just vengeance of Heaven will shortly overtaken a country tainted with so many crimes, and that those who you call "Rebels," but whom I consider among the most noble, heroic, and unselfish nations of ancient or modern times, may obtain their just rights, and establish their independence.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
C. F. CLARKE.

THE CALIFORNIAN, to-day, enters the second year of its existence. The fact that it has lived thus long—that it has passed through a period usually the most critical in the life of a journal—without having to abandon any of its claims to literary superiority, or without forfeiting its self-respect, is the highest compliment that can be paid to the paper and its patrons, and the securest promise that can be made for its success in the future.

THE leaders of the Mexican colonization enterprise were arrested on Thursday, for an alleged attempt to seize the steamer *Colon*, for the purpose of converting her into a privateer.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE first performance of *Norma* by Maguire's opera troupe was given to a very enthusiastic audience on Saturday evening last. The opera was well presented, although the *role* of "Norma" required more force than the *prima donna* was able to give it. Miss Phillips' "Adelgisa" was excellently sung and acted. On Monday night *Trovatore* was capitally rendered. It was one of the best performances of the season—certainly the best performance of this particular opera vouchsafed to Californians for many years. *Il Ballo in Maschera* was given for the first time in California on Thursday night. For a first performance the opera went off very smoothly. The music is graceful and spirited, very Verdi-ish, with one or two striking and original airs. The page's song exquisitely sung by Miss Phillips, a duet between "Ricardo" (Sbriglia) and "Amelia," (Sconcia) and the waltz in the last scene were the most marked features, and provoked hearty applause. The new basso did not appear to very fair advantage. The opera was finely placed upon the stage; the properties were liberal; the costumes were rich and elegant. We cannot praise the choruses of this troupe too highly, not merely for their artistic ability, but for the rapidity with which they acquire the music of new operas, with so few rehearsals. The opera is to be repeated to-night.

At the Metropolitan, *Faust*, by the Bianchi troupe, drew large audiences on Friday and Saturday of last week. People are beginning to show a better appreciation of Gounod's delicious music; the moresimple and quiet portions of the opera are applauded. The tenderly beautiful spinning song, "The King of Thule," the jewel song, the flower song, and all of the exquisite introductiou, are steadily growing in favor. Brambilla's conception of "Marguerite" was excellent; *Norma* was given on Mouday evening. Brambilla sings artistic taste and judgment.

Gottschalk's concerts and *matinées* during the past week have not drawn very large audiences, in spite of some new features of the programmes. Nevertheless, those who did hear him seemed to appreciate thoroughly his inimitable skill and genius. A *Presto* from Beethoven's Grand Sonata (*opus* 47) for piano and violiu, a fantasia on the *corno di bassetto*. by Mr. Drescher, and some paraphrases on *Faust* by Gottschalk were the uew and interesting selections. Miss Lucy Simons and Mr. Leach were the vocalists. On Friday evening Mr. Gottschalk gave his last evening concert, and last performance but one, previous to his trip in the interior. The grand marches in *Faust* and *Tannhauser*, arranged for six pianos by Mr. Gottschalk, and played by Messrs. Kuehne, G. Scott, R. Schumacher, L. Schmidt, Muzio and Gottschalk, were the great attractions. A "Grand Gala Family Matinee" is given this afternoon.

(For the Californian.)

HOW I WENT TO THE GREAT RACE BETWEEN LODI AND NORFOLK.

THERE can be no use in my writing any account whatever of the great race, because that matter has already been atteuded to in the daily papers. Therefore, I will simply describe to you *how* I went to the race. But before I begin, I would like to tell you about Homestead—Benj. W. Homestead, of the Incidental Hotel. [I do not wish to be too severe, though, and so I use fictitious names, to prevent your finding out who it is I refer to, and where his place of business is.]

It will ease my mind to tell you about him. You know Homestead, clerk at the Incideutal Hotel, and you know he has the reputation of being chatty, and sociable, and accommodating—a man, in fact, eminently fitted to make a guest feel more at home in the hotel thau in his own house with his own wife, and his own mother, and his wife's mother, and her various friends and relatives, and all the other little comforts that go to make married life a blessing, and create what is known as "Sweet Home," and which is so deservedly popular—I mean among people who have not tried it. You know Homestead as that kind of a man. Therefore, you would not suppose that attractive exterior of his, and that smiling visage, and that seductive tongue capable of dark and mysterious crimes.

Very well, I will ask you to listen to a plain, unprejudiced statement of facts:

On or about the 21st of the pretent month, it became apparent to me that the forthcoming race between *Norfolk* and *Lodi* was awakening extraordinary atteution all over the Pacific coast, aud even far away in the Atlantic States. I saw that if I failed to see this race I might live a century, perhaps, without ever having an opportunity to see its equal. I went at once to a livery stable—the man said his teams had all been engaged a week before I called. I got the same answer at all the other livery stables, except one. They told me there that they had a nice dray, almost new, and a part of a horse—they said part of a horse because a good deal of him was gone, in the way of a tail, and one ear and a portion of the other, aud his upper lip, and one eye; and, inasmuch as his teeth were exposed, and he had a villainous cast in his remaining eye, these defects, added to his damaged ears and departed tail, gave him an extremely "gallus" and unprepossessing aspect—but they only asked two hundred aud forty dollars for the turn-out for the day.

I resisted the yearuing I felt to hire this unique establishment.

Then they said they had a capacious riding-horse left, but all the seats on him except one had been engaged; they said he was an unusually long horse, and he could seat seven very comfortably; and that he was very gentle, and would not kick up behind; and that one of the choicest places on him for observation was still vacant, and I could have it for nineteen dollars—and so on and so on; and while the passenger agent was talking, he was busy measuring off a space of nine inches for me pretty high up on the commodious animal's neck.

It seemed to me that the prospect of going to the races was beginning to assume a very "neck-or-nothiug" condition, but nevertheless I steadfastly refused the supercargo's offer, and he sold the vacancy to a politician who was used to being on the fence and would naturally consider a seat astride a horse's neck in the light of a pleasant variety.

I then walked thoughtfully down to the Incidental, turning over in my mind various impossible expedieuts for getting out to the Ocean Race-Course. I thought of the horse-cars and the steam-cars, but without relief, for neither of these conveyances could carry me within four miles of the place. At the hotel I met the abandoned Homestead, and as uearly as I can recollect, the following conversation ensued:

"Ah, Mark, you're the very man I was looking for. Take a drink?"

I cannot be positive, but it is my impression that I either stated that I would, or else signified assent by a scarcely perceptible eagerness of manner common to me under circumstances of this nature.

While we were drinking, Homestead remarked, with considerable vivacity:

"Yes, I was just looking for you. I am goiug out to the great race on Tuesday, and I've a vacancy and want company. I'd like to have you go along with me if you will."

I set my glass dowu with a suddenness and decision unusual with me on such occasions, and seiziug his hand, I wrung it with heartfelt warmth and cordiality. It is humiliating to me to reflect, now, that at that moment I even shed some tears of gratitude, and felt them coursing down the backbone of my nose and dripping from the end of it.

Never mind the remainder of the conversation—suffice it that I was charged to be at the Incidental punctually at ten o'clock ou Tuesday morning, and that I promised to do so.

Well, at the appointed time, I *was* there. That is, I was as near as I could get—I was on the outskirts of a crowd that occupied all the pavement outside and filled the office inside. Youug Smith, of Buncombe and Brimstone, approached me with an air of superiority, aud remarked lauguidly that he guessed he would go to the races. He dropped his airs, though, very suddenly, and came dowu to my level when I told him *I* was going to the races also. He said he thought all the conveyances in town had been secured a week ago. I assumed a crushing demeanor of wealthy indifference, and remarked, rather patronizingly, that I had seen greater races—in Europe and other places—and did not care about seeing this one, but theu Homestead had insisted so on my going with him that—

"The very devil!" says young Smith, "give us your hand! we're *compangyongs dew vo-yaj!*" (he affects the French, does young Smith,)—"*I'm* going with Homestead, too, my boy!"

We grew cordial in a moment, and went around, arm-in-arm, patroniziug the balance of the crowd. But somehow, every man we accosted silenced our batteries as I had silenced young Smith's in the first place—they were all going with Homestead. I tell you candidly, and in all seriousness, that when I came to find out that there were a hundred and fifty men there, all going to the races, and all going with Homestead, I began to think it was—was—singular, at the very least, not to say exceedingly strange.

But I am tired of this infamous subject—I am tired of this disgraceful narrative, and I shall not finish it.

However, as I have gone this far, I *wil l* quote from a conversation that occurred in front of the hotel at ten o'clock. The degraded Homestead stepped out at the door, and bowed, and smiled his hated smile, and said, blandly:

"Ah, you are all here, I see. I am glad you are so punctual, for there is nothing that worries me so much when I am going on a little trip like this for recreation, as to be delayed. Well, boys, time presses—let's make a start."

"I guess we're all ready, Mr. Homestead," said one gentleman, "but—but how are you going?"

The depraved Homestead smiled, as if he were going to say something very smart, and then, "Oh," says he, "I'M GOING TO WALK!"

I have made a plain, simple statement of the facts connected with this outrage, and they can be snbstantiated by every man who was present upon that occasion. I will uow drop this subject forever.

MARK TWAIN.

THEATRICAL TALK.

THE *Babes in the Wood* held possession of the stage at Maguire's Opera House during the early part of the week, and crowded the house every night. This a capital play and it was admirably acted. Mr. Dan Setchell, as "Mr. Beetle," of course kept the audience laughing during the whole time he was on the stage. Mrs. Saunders as "the female Beetle" was wouderfully funny. The "babes," "Frank" and "Blanche Rushton," were very well represented by Mr. Frank Mayo and Mrs. Sophie Edwin, and quite enlisted the sympathies of the audience. Mr. Aldrich's "Lord Lazenby," was a fine piece of actiug, this clever actor displaying his versatility by playing the part of a good old man as skilfully as he does that of a villain.

On Thursday night the Washington Hose Company No. 1 took a benefit. The house was crammed full, of course, but this is now the rule. Mr. Dan Setchell delighted all present by his famous impersonation of "Captain Cuttle" in *Dombey and Son*. Last night the management managed to squeeze in a new farce for the benefit of those who go every night to see Mr. Dan Setchell and like to see him in something new. The richly humorous character of "Guy Goodluck," in *John Jones*, was received with no less favor than Mr. Setchell's other impersonations. *John Jones* was sandwiched between *Ici on parle Francais* and 1000 *Milliners Wanted*. which pieces huudreds who had seen them wished to see again. *Do You Know Jones?* is to be put on shortly and the night following *John Jones* will be played, so that everybody may become acquainted with "Jones." Those who *don't* know Jones should by all means go and see *John Jones*. This afternoou the *Babes in the Wood* will be played for the benefit of the children in San Francisco, and those who go early enough to get a seat will see the funniest "Beetle" they ever saw in their lives. To-night Mr. Dan Setchell will appear in three pieces, namely: *Rough Diamond*, *John Jones* aud the *Kiss in the Dark*, and will, no doubt, if pressed to do so, speak a piece.

Just as soon as people get a little tired of old pieces, which from present appearances will not be as long as Mr. Dan Setchell plays in them, Mr. Maguire intends to produce novelties of home mauufacture in the shape of productions of our local dramatists. He has several accepted plays in his hands, awaiting a lull in the storm which is now breaking in "showers of applause," (as the *Alta* critic says,) thunders of approbation, and "torrents of approbation," (as another says,) on the head of the reigning favorite, Mr. Dan Setchell. First, by right of seniority, stands *Enoch Arden*, by the author of *Assessments*. etc. The next in order, as received, is, I think, *The Silver Cord*, a dramatization of Shirley Brookes' novel of that name, by a gentleman long connected with the city press. If his play is as good as some poetry he has written, it is bound to be an immense success, and I rather fancy it will. Last because written last, not because least, is a play entitled *The Palmetto*, or *The Depth of Woman's Heart*, a sensation drama by the gentleman whose last work of that kind, *The Magnolia*, or *Angel of the Swamp*, had such a highly successful run. In the event of a foreign war and non-intercourse with England and France, our theatre can go ahead the same as usual. California can not only produce big squashes and pumpkins, but dramas enough without going abroad for them. Our home manufactured plays are going to turn out some pumpkins, or a great error of judgment is made by

TOUCHSTONE.

A correspondent of THE CALIFORNIAN, whose style its readers will probably recognize, sends us the following:

A VOICE FOR SETCHELL.

My voice is for Setchell. What with a long season of sensational, snuffling dramatic bosh, and tragedy bosh, and electioneering bosh, and a painful depression in stocks that was anything but bosh, the people were settling down into a fatal melancholy, and growing prematurely old—succumbing to imaginary miseries and learning to wear the habit of unhappiness like a garment—when Captain Cuttle Setchell appeared in the midst of the gloom, and broke the deadly charm with a wave of his enchanted hook and the spell of his talismanic words, "*Awahs! awahs! awahs!*" And since that night all the powers of dreariness combined have not been able to expel the spirit of cheerfulness he invoked. Therefore, my voice is still for Setchell. I have experienced more real pleasure, and more physical benefit, from laughing naturally and unconfinedly at his funny personations and extempore speeches than I have from all the operas and tragedies I have endured, and all the blue mass pills I have swallowed in six months. As a comedian, this man is the best the coast has seen, and is above criticism; and therefore one feels at liberty to laugh at any effort of his which seems funny, without stopping to undergo that demoralizing process of first considering whether some other great comedian, somewhere else, hasn't done the same thing a shade funnier, some time or other, years ago.

Mr. Setchell has established his reputation here, and a powerful verdict has been rendered in his favor. All who have seen good acting, and know what they are doing, endorse this verdict. True, I have heard one man say he was not as good as Burton in "Captain Cuttle," and another that he had seen better actors in *A Regular Fix*, but then I attached no great importance to the opinions of these critics, because the first named (judging by the date of Burton's death) could not have been above thirteen years of age when that renowned actor appeared for the last time upon any earthly stage, and the other was reared and educated in Little Rock, Arkansas, and therefore has not had as good an opportunity of forming a correct dramatic taste as if he had resided in London all his life. At least, such is my opinion, though I do not insist upon it.

One reason why I do not weaken before these two critics, is because every time Mr. Setchell plays, crowds flock to hear him, and no matter what he plays those crowds invariably laugh and applaud extravagantly. That kind of criticism can always be relied upon as sound, and not only sound but honest.

X.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST FAREWELL.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

DEAR ROSE! it is my present intention
Of my health for a moment to sing:
The Army of France of triumphant,
And I—have an arm in a sling,
Besides the decided advantage
We have gained in the brilliant attack,
We have taken plenty of plunder,
And I have two shots in the back!

I am now in the hospital, where
I soon shall have ended my pains;
I send you ten francs—its the money
That purchased my mortal remains.
It is fitting that Rose should receive it,
Whose lover has vanished from earth;
It will lessen my grief at departing,
To know she has all I am worth!

My dog, pray do not neglect him,
And do not permit him to learn
His master has gone on a journey
From which he will never return!
O, could he but see me a corporal,
How madly he'd caper and dance—
And how the poor fellow would sorrow
To hear of my fatal mischance.

Adieu—my dear Rose! it were idle
At my final departure to grieve:
I am joining a regiment, dearest,
That never grants tickets of leave!
So everything round me is turning,
Ah, me! it will shortly be over,
I have taken my traveling orders—
Farewell—and remember your lover!

CHARLES LAMB, HIS FRIENDS AND BOOKS.

[THE following extracts are from an article in the *Dublin Monthly Magazine*, and present some of the quaintest selections of the quaint and charming "Elia":]

HONE had described, and pleasantly described, the memoirs of Captain Starkey, "a fine uncut copy of which was *penes me*," (a favorite expression of Lamb's,) and which in a few numbers after brought out some of that delightful "drollery" which, besides good as any official essay of Elia, furnishes a bit of biography really valuable. From it we find that both he and his sister went to a school where Starkey had been usher about a year before they came to it—a room that looked into "a discolored, dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetterlane into Bartlett's Building." Heaven knows what languages were taught there. I am sure that neither my sister nor myself brought any out of it but a little of our native English."

Bird and Cook, he says, were the masters. Bird had "that peculiar mild tone—especially when he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent, but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and solemnity." He then described the ferrule—"that almost obsolete weapon now," and "the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness with which its strokes were applied. To make him more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns formerly in use with school-masters, the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering." This is in Lamb's most delightful vein. So, too, with other incidents of the school. "Our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks;" and the theatrical *Cato*, a reminisence of which was supplied by Mary Lamb. "She describes the cast of the characters even now with relish. "Martha," by the handsome Edgar Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa, and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings; "Lucia," by Master Walker, whose sister was her particular friend; "Cato," by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by a head than his two sons in the scene," etc. This is charming, and in Lamb's freest, gayest manner. The whole paper should have been in *Elia*, just before the "Christ's Hospital."

Later on he furnishes a little ramble, "*In re* Squirrels," beginning: "Be it remembered that C. L. comes here and represents his relations," asking, "What is gone with the cages, with the climbing squirrel, and bells to them, which were formerly the indispensable appendage to the outside of a tinman's show, and were, in fact, the only live signs? One, we believe, still hangs out on Holborn; but they are fast vanishing with the good old modes of our ancestors."

A correspondent, Tim Tims, gossiping about the ass, brings out Lamb again to plead for this suffering servant. Nature did prudently "in furnishing him with a tegument impervious to ordinary stripes . . . . His back offers no mark to a puny foeman. To a common whip or switch his side presents an absolute insensibility . . . . His jerkin is well fortified. . . . Contemplating this natural safeguard, his fortified exterior, it is with pain I view the sleek, foppish, combined, and curried person of this animal as he is transmuted and disnaturalized at watering places, etc., where they affect to make a palfrey of him. Fie on all such sophisticating. It will never do, Master Groom! Something of his honest shaggy exterior will peep up in spite of you—his good, rough, native pineapple coating."

Pineapple coating! How truly after Lamb's mind, the deceit in suggesting an agreeable image, which, on a second's reflection, shows as quite a different idea. Nothing, too, is more remarkable in him than his airy and special "etc."

But, surpassing these specimens is a little scene in the second volume, which shows us Lamb himself in one of his best attitudes, at a stall: "Rummaging over the contents of an old stall, at a half book, half old iron shop, in 94, Alley, leading from Warden street to Soho, yesterday, I lit upon a ragged duodecimo, which had been the strange delight of my infancy. . . . The price demanded was sixpence, which the owner (a little squab duodecimo of a character himself) enforced with the assurance that his own mother should not have it for a farthing less. On my demurring to this extraordinary assertion, the dirty little vender re-enforced his assertion with a sort of oath, which seemed more than the occasion demanded; 'and now (said he) I have put my soul to it.' Pressed by so solemn an asseveration, I could no longer resist a demand which seemed to set me, however unworthy, upon a level with his dearest relations; and, depositing a tester, I bore away the tattered prize in triumph." It turned out a delusion, but he thought it would have been a treat for "friend Hone." Another instance of Lamb's tender delicacy, as he knew Hone had been already pleased at being called "friend" by him.

He is again "brought out" by an allusion to Sir Jeffrey Dunstan, whom he had met and seen at his dwelling. "A strong odor of burnt bones, I remember, blending with the scent of horse-flesh reeking into dog's meat, and only relieved a little by the breathings of a few brick-kilns, made up the atmosphere." This is one of Lamb's wonderful "gatherings" of oddness; and even the quaint position of the word "I remember," is worth, of study. "If a few boys followed him," he goes on, "it seemed rather from habit than in expectation of fun. . . . What faults he had I know not. I have heard something of a peccadillo or so. But some little deviations from the precise line of rectitude might have been winked at in so tortuous and stigmatic a frame."

Every lover of Elia, and every reader of Lamb's life, will be prepared to associate with his house at Islington some of the most delightful evenings that could be conceived. Such would be accepted as the best human exemplar of the "Noctes Cænæque Divum." We would hardly be prepared to hear that those charming nights had "degenerated" into a sort of show place, where empty heads and "impertinents" came to stare, because many were eager to get admission, and to say that they had spent "an evening with the Lambs." Further, that the host himself was a stupid, unentertaining sort of man; and his sister used to "bustle and pother about like a gentle housewife, to make everybody comfortable;" but that "you might as well have been in the apartments of any other clerk of the India House, for anything you heard that was deserving of note or recollection."* With the common run of people he was odd, extravagant, grotesque and unnatural; as Hazlitt said, "always on a par with his company, whether high or low." But to see the *true* man, we should see him with one or two dear friends, when, we are told, he was perfectly natural, and made no violent puns or strange speeches. Strangers, therefore, generally took away with them an impression as of something odd and buffooning, and even disagreeable.

One of his most delightful letters is to this Mr. Patmore: "Dear P.," it ran, "I am so poorly. I have been to a funeral, where I made a pun, to the consternation of the rest of the mourners. And we had wine. I can't describe to you the howl which his widow set up at proper intervals. . . . O I am so poorly. I *waked* it at my cousin's, the book-binder, who is now with God; or if he is not, it's no fault of mine.

"We hope the French wines do not disagree with Mrs. Patmore. By the way, I like her. . . . Faugh! how sick I am! not of the world but of the widow's stout.

"She's sworn under £6,000; but I think she perjured herself. . . . 'No shrimps!' (That's in answer to Mary's question about how her soles are to be done.) . . . What you mean by *poste restante* God knows. Do you mean I must pay the postage? . . . Procter has got a wen growing out of the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence." These are only scraps out of a most wonderful letter full of a boisterous and delightful extravagance.

From the same source we learn some traits of Lamb really characteristic—how, when he boarded with a sort of "save-all," Mrs. Leisham, at Enfield, who "screwed" every penny out of him that boarding could screw, she, on settling day, made a charge of sixpence for the extra sugar that Wordsworth put in his tea. How he told of his embarrassment when a poetical youth in the country, corresponding with him, enclosed his miniature; and above all, what seems to be a genuine trait of his nature and habits: a friend would come in, not opportunely, and find Lamb, as in "The *Fraser* Sketch," with his folio "tilted up" before him, revelling in, say Sir Thomas Browne or old Davenant: it would be a friend whom he would be really glad to see; yet it was an interruption; he would have preferred going on with Sir Thomas Browne; and his anxiety to disguise any appearance of this "unwelcome" made him fidgety, and bustling, and unnaturally hospitable. This is quite conceivable. A *cento* of stories was submitted to him in MSS.; and his marginalia are very pleasant. Thus: "'Pleasurable.' No word is good that is awkward to spell."

"'Looking like a heifer' I fear would do in prose. . . . . I should prefer 'garlanded with flowers, as for a sacrifice,' and cut the cow altogether." "'Apathetic.' Vile word." "'Mechanically.' Faugh! insensibly—involuntarily—in-any-thingly, but mechanically!" "'Re-action' is vile slang." "'Physical.' Vile word."

When he got with Haydon, the luckless painter of a "broad canvas," some one said they were like a pair of boys. The boisterous scene told in Haydon's diary, and told with such animation, of the simple comptroller of stamps, who had corresponded with Wordsworth, and who met him, unluckily, when Lamb was present, is admirable. The comptroller asked the poet the wonderful question, "Don't you think, sir, Newton was a great genius?" when Lamb rose, and taking up a candle, said, politely, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" Then, at every remark of the poor comptroller, chaunted—

"Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on."

Quite in the same way is his humorous treatment of the poet whose friend had submitted some newly-published verses to his inspection. He was to meet the gentleman at dinner, and the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful drollery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lamb, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of *Paradise Lost*, "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pillaged. This seems to be one of the best stories about Lamb, and the situation one in which he would have revelled.

A lady once bored him a good deal—"Such a charming man! I know him! Bless him!" To her, Charles, after repetition of this encomium, "I know him," "Well, I don't—but d—n him at a hazard." The "dipping" story, as illustrative of Lamb's stammer, is well known. "I am to be d-d-dipped," he said to the bathing men. "All right, sir," and he was plunged forthwith. He came up gasping "I am to be di-di-ppe-d," and he went down again. The third time he got it out—"only once." To some one, talking of matter-of-fact men, he announced gravely, "Now I am a matter-of-lie man." So, too, his taking his pipe out of his mouth to ask a disputant, "Did he mean to contend that a thief was not a good man?" So, too, his calling Voltaire a very good Messiah—for the French. So, too, his judgment on clever women. Mrs. Mulbald he pronounced the "only endurable clever woman he ever knew." A domestic talk with Miss Lamb, on his asking a friend: "Charles, who is Mr. Pitman?" "A clerk in the India House." "Then why ask him and give up the others—older friends?" "Pitman," said Charles, "was always civil. When the smoking club at Don Saltero was broken up he offered me all the ornaments and apparatus, which I declined, and therefore I asked him here to-night. I never could bear to give pain. Have I not been called the gentle-hearted Charles when I was young, and shall I now derogate?"

We can almost hear him gravely arguing this point.

His puns must, we may fancy, have been the least agreeable phase of his wit. "I'll Lamb-pun him," however, is truly characteristic; besides we should hear the voice, the struggle for utterance, and see the face, and the bright eye and smile. Good, too, were the puns after Swift's manner—deriving the name of the Man-t-chou Tartars, from their cannibal habits; and that of the Chinese Celtes, from sell-tcas.

IF you present yourself as a subject to a Chinese portrait-painter, you are asked the preliminary question: "How you likey? You likey handsome, or you likey likey?" You naturally reply that you wish the portrait to be like you; but woe betide you if, after that announcement, you object to the picture on the score of its ugliness. It is said that a sitter once venturing to do so, the aggrieved artist turned round to the collected audience, and with upraised hands exclaimed in expostulatory tones: "Suppose no have handsome, how can?" Great was the sympathy evinced for the aggrieved artist, and overwhelming the confusion of the caricatured sitter.

*Patmore.

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ap22-tf

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and For the City and County of San Francisco

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; *vs.* MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; *vs.* AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

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THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

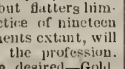
Having removed from 617 Clay street

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

DR. LIBBEY,



WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. dc10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660.000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROSENFIELD, Actuary.

mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

no19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28-tf 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augustare Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood,* and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

(For the Californian.)

TAMALPAIS.

NORTHWARD he lies from our home in the town;
Over the ribbon of water that flings
A silver ruffle about his brown
Harsh hem in its tremulous eddyings.
Old Tamalpais! he looks so grave,
With his brow in the cloud and his chin in the wave.

Grand old monitor! proud in his might!
Silent and watchful, guarding us well,
Is it his eye that is piercing the night,
Or a giddy star that he caught as it fell?
Old fellow, 'tis fitting and meet that you are
In imperial majesty crowned with a star!

He is so old that his wrinkled hide
Is gray as a frown on the rough, mad sea;
But his might is alive, and the hurricanes glide
Not easily by him; he scatters the glee
Of the wild, roving winds; you may know when he wakes
In a laugh, for the echoing earth fairly quakes.

Broad banners of mist thread in through the Gate,
And gather about him as cold as a shroud;
But little he cares, for his bare, hoary pate
Is capped with the sunlight far over the cloud.
Brave Tamalpais! he looks so grand,
Bluffing the ocean off, guarding the land!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 27th, 1865.

(For the Californian.)

IVY.

(HEDERA HELIX.)

THE Ivy was well known to the Greeks and Romans, and there are many mythological and traditional allusions to it in the writings of the Greek and Roman authors. Its Greek names were *kissos* and *kittos*, from *Kissus* or *Cissus*, the name of a boy whom Bacchus is said to have changed into ivy. By the Romans it was called *Hedra*, which name has been adopted by modern botanists. In old French its name was *Hierre*. The Ivy was dedicated by the ancients to Bacchus, whose statue is generally found crowned with a wreath of its leaves; and as the favorite plant of the god of wine, its praises have been sung by almost all poets, whether ancient or modern. Many reasons are given for the consecration to Bacchus of this plant. Some poets say that it was because the ivy has the effect of dissipating the fumes of wine; others because it was once his favorite youth Cissus; and others because it is said that the ivy, if planted in vineyards, will destroy the vines, and that it was thus doing an acceptable service to that plant to tear it up and wreath it into chaplets and garlands. The most probable, however, seems to be that the vine is found at Nyssa, the reputed birth-place of Bacchus, and in no other part of India. It is related that when Alexander's army, after their conquest of Babylon, arrived at this mountain and found it covered with laurel and ivy, they were so transported with joy, (especially when they recognized the latter plant, which is a native of Thebes,) that they tore the ivy up by the roots, and, twining it round their heads, bust forth into hymns to Bacchus and prayers for their native country.

Not only Bacchus, who Pliny tells us was the first who wore a crown, but Silenus was crowned with ivy; and the golden-berried kind before the transformation of Daphne into a laurel, was worn by Apollo and after him by poets. Pope, however, does not seem to allow this, and he gives the plant expressly to critics:

> "Immortal Vida, on whose honor'd brow
> The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow."

The priests of the Greeks presented a wreath of ivy to newly-married persons, as a symbol of the closeness of the tie which ought to bind them together, and Ptolemy Philopater, king of Egypt, ordered all the Jews who had abjured their religion to be branded with an ivy leaf. Numerous allusions to this plant occur in Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid and nearly all the ancient and modern poets, but few have given a more just description of it than Spenser, in the following lines:

> "Emongst the rest, the clambering yvie grew,
> Knitting his wanton arms with grasping hold,
> Lest that the poplar happely should rew
> Her brother's strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
> With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
> And paint with pallid green her buds of gold."

We are indebted to the ivy for the picturesque beauty it throws around every object to which it attaches itself. No architectural ornament, however classical; no tracery, however light and elegant, can vie in graceful effect with this "wild tapestry." But not only is the eye indebted to it, the imagination also shares in the obligation for the touching imagery it supplies. Springing wherever there is ruin and decay, it decks indiscriminately "the loftiest height" and "the humblest grave," and with such exquisite grace that we doubt whether Adam, to whom his fair consort, (according to the poet,) assigned the task of directing "the clasping ivy where to climb" could have twined it more tastefully. Besides decorating the ruined remains of feudal and monastic splendor, there is not a more beautiful and characteristic feature of forest scenery than this trailing plant. Everywhere it may be seen covering the ground with its natural mosaic, and climbing the tallest trees, especially such as are dead or dying, (for which it has a decided preference,) round which it throws its verdant garlands, as if to hide the traces of decay. Once arrived at their summit, where further support is denied, it is necessitated to assume more independence of character, and it then makes an effort to sustain itself; to effect which its slight, flexible stems become short and woody; in this position its leaf also undergoes a change—from being lobed it becomes heart-shaped. Ingratitude has sometimes been represented by the ivy, as when it attaches itself to a young tree it confines the stem and consequently prevents the free circulation of the sap. A French writer has repelled this calumny. The ivy appears to him to be the emblem of eternal friendship. He says: "Nothing is able to separate the ivy from the tree around which it has once entwined itself; it clothes the object with its own foliage in that inclement season when its black boughs are covered with hoar frost; the companion of its destinies, it falls when the tree is cut down. Death itself does not detach it, but it continues to decorate with its constant verdure the dry trunks it had chosen as its support. Clare says:

> "The ivy shuns the city walls,
> Where busy, clamorous crowds intrude,
> And climbs the desolated halls
> In silent solitude;
> The time-worn arch, the fallen dome,
> Are roots for its eternal home."

And another poet asks:

> Hast thou e'er seen the ivy clinging
> Round fragments broken and decay'd,
> As if its mantling wreaths 't were flinging
> To hide the breaches Time had made?

But we love it best as the emblem of friendship, and we rejoice to see the ivied oak or

> "Aged elm in ivy bound."

And we are sure that none will deny its claim to this symbol, since it yields shelter to some of the smaller birds. Wordsworth tells us how they harbor 'mid its foliage:

> ——"From behind the roof
> Rose the slim ash and mossy sycamore,
> Blending their diverse foliage with the green
> Of ivy, flourishing and thick that clasped
> The huge round chimneys, harbor of delight
> For wren and red-breast, where they sit and sing
> Their slender ditties when the trees are bare."

The constancy of the ivy has rendered it a favorite device for seals, some of the best of which are a sprig of ivy, with the motto: "I die where I attach myself;" and a fallen tree still covered with ivy, with the words: "Even ruin cannot separate us." The ivy is the badge of the clan Gordon.

There is no evergreen capable of being applied to so many uses as the ivy; no garden plot, large or small, can dispense with it, and when trained on wire trellises they are very ornamental for either out or indoor decoration, for vases, hanging baskets, etc. They have no rival for their hardiness and beauty of foliage, requiring less care and attention than any other plant.

For edgings of beds, and planting where nothing else will grow, the ivy will flourish and form one of the most interesting features in the place. The ivy, when planted in good soil and kept moist, will attain a large size and become very luxuriant. Plants of it are now in existence whose main stem measures twenty inches in diameter. There are nearly one hundred varieties of all sizes and form of leaf, with every shade of color, some of them most beautifully variegated from white-and-gold to the deepest green.

IRIS.

BRYANT'S ODE ON LINCOLN.

[AT the funeral obsequies of President Lincoln in New York, the Rev. Dr. Osgood read and the multitude sang the following beautiful ode composed for the occasion by William Cullen Bryant:]

OH, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We hear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have received from A. Roman & Co., the following new books:

The Matchmaker. By Beatrice Reynolds. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co.

The assertion on the title page of this book that Beatrice Reynolds is also author of *Charles Auchester* and *Counterparts*, is a most extravagant bit of mendacity. Miss Elizabeth Shephard, who is the recognized authoress of *Charles Auchester*, is dead, and there is not the faintest similarity in style between *The Matchmaker* and the writings of the late Mrs. Shephard. Of itself, *The Matchmaker* out-Braddons Miss Braddon in those peculiar situation which are that lady's *forte*, and shrinks from no enormity in the pardonable intention of thrilling the reader. The book will probably have a quick sale among the large class who admire sensation stories.

Essays by R. W. Emerson. First and second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A blue-and-gold reprint of the first and second series of Mr. Emerson's well-known essays, complete in one volume. A very convenient and portable shape. It contains the celebrated essays on "Compensation," "Self-Reliance," "Spiritual Laws," "Love," etc. We have made liberal extracts in another column.

Southern Generals—Who they are and What they have Done. New York: Charles Richardson, 540 Broadway.

The compilation of this work is attributed to Pollard, although no authorship appears on the title page. It is written from a Southern view-point, and the biographies seem to have been compiled chiefly from Southern journals. As there is nothing in the individual history of many of these men to entitle them to any immortality beyond the ephemeral pages of a newspaper, the book is a work of supererogation. Mr. Pollard might attract more attention by adding to his volume and to his title page of the "Southern Generals, Who they are and What they have Done," the information "What will be done with them," a question, we fancy, more interesting to the surviving heroes than their abstract claims to immortality. We give below an extract from a letter of General Lee to his son, written in 1852, somewhat remarkable, as he commends as an example to his boy the conduct of a Connecticut Puritan:

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day"—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said, that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the house could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let me and your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

"Your affectionate father,

"R. E. LEE.

"To G. W. CUSTIS LEE."

The Hillyers and the Burtons—A Story of Two Families. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The scene of this novel is laid partly in Australia. The heroine is a young girl who, from a heroic sense of duty, devotes herself to her brother and rather slights her lover. Mr. Kingsley's style would be pleasant but for his alternate affectations of jocularity, superiority and occasional obtrusive familiarity. He has not the ease of a gentleman. An American and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Nalder) are introduced as *companions du voyage*, and we are told that the sea breeze had a bracing effect on the lady. "On that magnificent American woman it had a bracing effect; it put new roses into her face, and made her stand firmer on her marine continuations—had I been speaking of an English Duchess I should have said her sea legs." This is rather cheap humor, but no doubt it goes very far with the English reader. The husband, who is from Chicago, expresses himself in this remarkable manner, "that Ostrellyan gels were as a jenule rule whimsical young cusses." This may be Mr. Kingsley's idea of a Western accent, but we submit that "*gells*" sounds more like Mrs. Poyser than Mrs. Nalder. However, the main idea of making an American speak grotesque English is attained. We doubt very much if any intelligent English readers will to-day endorse the following somewhat ambiguous statement, which seems to have been written at a time when McClellan was an English idol:

"Having relieved his heart by so much of the dear old prairie talk, and seeing Mr. Crompton was anxious and distressed, he began to speak in diplomatic American—absolutely perfect English, slightly Frenchified in style, and spoken a little through the nose; English which, under the present Presidency, seems to be going out of fashion, as Webster's English gives way to Lincoln's, and McClellan's to Grant's."

☞ THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning. A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

BOOK-KEEPING.

All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

PRINTING ! PRINTING ! !
H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,
NO. 522 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fe4-tf

J. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25-tf

VANDALL, CARR & CO.,
BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 410 CLAY STREET,
(North side, between Sansome and Battery.

☞ Particular attention paid to the printing of Briefs and Records. fe11-tf

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS
RELIEVING AND
PAIN STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.
THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. de17-3m

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent.	per day	on a $50	note.
Two cents	"	$100	"
Ten "	"	$500	"
20 "	"	$1,000	"
$1 "	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
JUNE 13th!
OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!
SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE ! ! !

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON TUESDAY, - - - - JUNE 13TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship
GOLDEN RULE,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR in July.

For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
my20 Up stairs, San Francisco.

HOOGS & MADISON
HAVE REMOVED
TO NO. 316 MONTGOMERY STREET,
First door South of the Eureka Theatre.
Between California and Pine streets.
ap29-1m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

DR. H. A. BENTON,
Electro-Magnetic Physician,
OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:
Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.
Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

ALAMEDA PARK HOTEL.

THIS new and elegant House will be opened for the reception of guests, on SATURDAY, the 18th instant. It is situated on the Alameda Encinal, within three minutes' walk of the San Leandro Railway, and three miles from the end of the wharf, between which and the foot of Broadway, steamers ply at frequent intervals during the day. The hotel can be reached by boat and rail, in forty minutes from Montgomery street. The location is in the midst of a dense grove, and, as a suburban resort, cannot be surpassed for beauty and healthfulness.

This hotel is splendidly fitted up with all the modern improvements, and in every respect will be conducted as a first class public house.

The proprietor would call especial attention of families to the attractiveness of this locality, so accessible, and yet retired, and free from the turmoil of the city.

Bowling Alleys, Billiard rooms, and all of the leading journals of the day will be at the disposal of visitors, while the sportsman can find an abundance of wild game in the vicinity of the hotel.

By a strict attention to business the proprietor hopes to merit the public patronage.
Terms easy.
fe18-tf FRANK JOHNSON.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
de17-5m NEW YORK.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
Has fully established the superiority of
Redding's Russia Salve
Over all other preparations
FOR THE CURE OF
Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,
AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE
is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,
With the most astonishing success in curing
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of
The Throat, Lungs and Chest,
INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of
PULMONARY COMPLAINTS
has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.
In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of *"I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK,"* and *"H. WISTAR, M. D."*

WISTAR'S BALSAM of WILD CHERRY
Is for sale by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf San Francisco.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
de31-3m

AN ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

[The eruption of Vesuvius which occurred in May 1855, was thus described by an eye witness :]

On the morning of the 7th, the crater at the very summit, fired, as it were, two heavy cannonades ; and after sending forth lightning, flames and stones, broke up altogether. In the middle of the cone ten craters have been formed, and from these the lava pours forth like a river, and runs on the side of the Cavello as far as the Minatore. Here four other craters have been formed, which throw up bitumen in the manner of pyramids, and resemble gigantic exhibitions of fireworks. The whole of the summit of the crater is therefore like a sponge, and must inevitably fall in. The thin crust trembles under your feet. You may see the stones dance with the tremulous movement; the part immediately round the crater looks like the sides of a heated copper boiler. Such is a true statement of what is going on on the summit.

There are reports of an opening towards Pompeii which is not unlikely, and of another towards Resina, but I have not been up for some days, as the danger is now very great. Before I write again I shall make the attempt. Last night I went to the scene of most stirring interest, after an interval of two days. The whole length of this usually quiet road was like a fair, and such was the throng of carriages which were moving on in three lines, that it was with difficulty we ever arrived at our destination. As we approached the menaced neighborhood, the inhabitants were removing their goods, and on a bridge in the middle of the little township of Cercolo (through which in the winter time thunders down from the summit of Vesuvius one of those mountain rivers so well known in Italy,) stood a company of sappers.

Creeping under this solid, handsome bridge into the bed of the river, we went up in face of the lava which was now coming rapidly down. Here again were sappers raising mounds on either side, to divert the ruin from some private grounds, and keep the lava in one straight course. The smoke which rose over the heads of the multitudes told us we were close on the spot, and climbing up the bank and walking along the top, we looked down on this mighty mass of fire. How changed the neighborhood in two days ! Where I walked on Sunday night was now a sea of fire. The side road by which I had come down into the main stream from Pollena and Massi di Somme was now full of blackened coke. The houses on the borders of the village had fallen—in one thirty poor people lived ; a small chapel was swallowed up, a gentleman s villa, and a sad extent of vineyard and garden ground.

On the other side of the great lava bed another stream was branching off to San Sebastiano. We had hoped to have crossed it, and ascended to the cascade again, but it was no longer possible ; for, as one says speaking of a marshy country in the winter, the lava was out. The fire here had begun to enter the burial ground of the little town, but was diverted from its course by a wall. On the opposite side of the stream were the king and all the royal family. The banks on either side were thronged with curious and anxious multitudes, whose faces were lighted up with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and with the more resplendent flame of the rapidly descending lava. Since the morning it had moved a mile. It was like a vast river of glowing coke.

As it moved on, the tens of thousands of lumps rolled and tumbled one over the other, crackling, grinding and grating ; and when, from the very face of it, a large lump fell off, the appearance was that of an iron furnace when the iron is being drawn. To make the resemblance more complete, at such times men darted forwards with long poles, taken from the neighboring vineyards, and pulled out great masses of lava, in which they embedded money for sale. What struck me at first, and still strikes me as the most majestic feature in the whole scene, is the slow, silent, irresistible motion of that fiery flood. Active almighty power without an effort ! Sweeping everything before it, overcoming every obstacle, growing up against intervening walls or houses, and devouring them bodily, and then marching on in the same silent, unrelenting, irresistible manner as before.

There was a spot beneath my feet where a wall of mason work had been built to break the violence of the winter floods ; to this spot all eyes were directed. The fiery river would fall over it in an hour ; as yet it was distant from it seventy yards, perhaps. Gradually it rose in height, and swelled out its vast proportions, and then vast masses fell off and rolled forward ; then it swelled again as fresh matter came pressing down behind, and so it broke, and on it rolled again and again till it had arrived at the very edge. There was a general buzz and murmur of voices. The royal family stood opposite to me, intermingled with the crowd, looking on with intense anxiety.

At last it broke, not hurriedly, still with a certain show of majesty. At first a few small lumps fell down ; then poured over a pure liquid of metal, like thick treacle, clinging sometimes mass to mass, from its glutinous character, and last of all tumbled over gigantic lumps of scoriæ. Then on it moved once more in its silent, regular course, swelling up and spreading over the vineyards on either side ; and now there was a rush for the road which traverses this lava-bed. Houses and the bridge bordered the road, the carriages had all been ordered off, and the bridge was being broken down—we were cut off completely. The sentinels would not let us pass, and struck us and drove us back ; but we forced our way, and then found too surely that it was impossible to get on.

The bridge was half demolished, and by the light of the torches we could see the soldiers above working away with the pick and the axe. We had therefore to retrace our steps, and making a long circuit through the open country and over walls, came round to the top of the bridge. "Run," said the sentinels, "or you will be too late." We crossed the narrow parapet which was still remaining, and soon afterwards down went the whole fabric. In this way it is hoped that the lava will be diverted from the townships of St. Sebastiano, Massi di Somme and Pollena, which stand on either side, and have as yet only suffered partially. Cercolo, through which, however, the stream is rolling, will be sacrificed.

So grand and so destructive an eruption has not been known for many years, and even now we cannot tell how or when it will terminate. The mountain is literally seamed with lava, and many fear a violent explosion as the final scene of the tragedy.

Courtship in Denmark.—A traveler tells the subjoined story : In Denmark, where the men have not yet thought of selling their name for a woman's dowry, every marriage is what nature and morality pronounce that it ought to be everywhere—a marriage of inclination. The young man whose position is not yet secured, does not, the more for that, renounce a union with a girl whose charms and innocence are her only capital. After having made—almost always in the presence of the lady's parents—the mutual avowal of their inclination, the young man announces his matrimonial intentions, and solicits the favor of a betrothal. The parents accept, and from that moment the lovers are left completely at liberty. They go the theatre, or out walking, unaccompanied ; they are constantly together, and wait as patiently as they can for the time when the church shall bless their union. It is a very rare case, indeed, that the betrothed abuses the privilege allowed him. A man would be justly considered indelicate, if, after intimate acquaintance with a respectable girl, his affianced wife, he ran after other "flirtations," as the Americans phrase it. Nevertheless, it must be confessed, there *are* men sufficiently careless of public opinion, and light enough, to make an amusement of these preliminaries to wedlock, which they have the boldness to say they prefer to wedlock. One old bachelor in Copenhagen was said to have been betrothed the ominous number of thirteen times. Another faithless female turtle-dove, somewhat advanced in life, was spoken of in indignant terms, because she broke off her engagement after a courtship of eighteen years. Just at the moment of a definite union, she had the audacity to ask for a little longer time for reflection. Subsequently, she married quite a boy, without relations, advice or experience, whom she caught in his budding affections, as you take a young magpie from the nest. When she expected some manifestation of the wrath and resentment of her former sweetheart, she was not a little surprised to see him come to church and remain to witness the matrimonial rite. He pressed her hand more warmly than ever, and betrayed his secret thoughts by whispering : "Oh ! my dear madam, you don't know what a service you have rendered me !" To which the bride replied with equal emotion : "Ah, Henrick ! I love this lad because he reminds me of what you were twenty years ago."

Battle-Fields.—"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, "among the affecting little things one is always seeing on these battle-fields, now, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of empty ammunition boxes ; and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle ; and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of a bursted shell, in which strange pot it was planted ? Wasn't that peace growing out of war ? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever-advancing world. Nature covers even the battle-grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign ; and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind."

Negro Science.—A contraband explains how bloodhounds sent in pursuit of fugitives may be thrown off the track : "If dem hounds gets closer into you, why just get a long pole and hop about twenty feet if you kin. You do dis four or five times, and whenever you light why just put some pepper in de holes what your heels make, and when de hounds come dey lose dar scent, and den dey goes snuffin' roun', and bymeby dey snuffles up dat ar pepper into dar nostrils, and den dey'll go chee ! chee ! chee ! and dat'll be de last dem dogs can do dat day."

The Confederacy not to be Subjugated.—The Richmond *Dispatch* of March 8th said : "There are some facts worth considering by those who imagine that such a country as the Southern Confederacy can be readily subjugated if it is determined to be free. What has the enemy done already that the end is at hand ? There have been four years of war, and such war as has rarely been seen on this planet. In April, 1861, Mr Lincoln called for 75,000 men. In May of the same year, he called for 64,000. From July to December, he called for 500,000. In July, 1862, he called for 300,000 ; in August, 1862, for 300,000 ; in 1863, he drafted 300,000 ; in 1864, 300,000 more. With his last call and draft, this will make about two millions and a half of men called out to quell 'a gigantic riot.' What has been accomplished by the two millions summoned to the field before the present call ? With the headquarters and heart of the rebellion at Richmond, only 120 miles from Washington, the Federal metropolis and base, and half the way affording water facilities for transportation, seven different commanders have led immense armies, armed and equipped with every appliance of war that the wealth of the United States could purchase, and yet this outpost of the rebellion still stands unconquered and defiant. The march of Sherman through a portion of our vast territory is nothing more than a track of a ship on the ocean. The waves close around as it recedes, and bear no permanent trace of its progress. The capture of our seaports is no more than occurred in the first Revolution ; and instead of being a matter of glorification to the United States, it is the Confederacy which has reason to exult that, for four years, without a navy, it has been able to hold those seaside villages against a naval Power which boasts that it has 700 ships-of-war."

Women and Tobacco.—There are many women, wives particularly, who make tobacco a source of a large measure of family unhappiness. They are everlastingly railing against smoking, continually getting at sword's points with every male friend and relative, and gaining nothing by it but a grim defiance, which discovers the fact that in the long run a man's will is equally as strong as a woman's when he once sets out upon a subject with the preconceived determination of having his own way. Then there is the nervous woman who faints at the smell of tobacco smoke, and can detect a smoker a mile off ; and the particular creature who is afraid of the house and the furniture becoming impregnated with the vapor. These unphilosophical wives rush to the extremity of driving the smoker from home to indulge elsewhere in his failing for the obnoxious "weed." All this is a very grave error, and if the little wives knew how much unhappiness might (if it has not already) result from this very proceeding, they would reflect twice before resorting to such petty tyranny. Let the smoker have some cosy little nook to himself where he can puff as much as he pleases, without being constantly tormented about it until fault finding becomes a bore and a dread to him ; let it be sacred to cigars and meerschaums, spittoons and pipes, of whatever description. He has an equal right to home and the privileges the proprietorship should ensure him. You will find that he will not fall into that unpleasant trick of keeping late hours so frequently, and neglecting to spend his leisure hours at his own fireside.—*Household Monthly.*

Convenient Facts to Know.—Windows may be kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge. Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., may be prevented by throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot. Pigeons are hatched in 18 days ; chickens, 21 ; turkeys, 26 ; ducks and geese, 30. A cement which is a good protection against weather, water, and fire to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, in two and half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt. Put it on with a brush like paint. Common cut-nails, or screws, are easily driven into hard wood, if rubbed with a little soap, hard or soft. To remove iron stains, the iron is first dissolved by a solution of oxalic acid in water. The oxalate of iron thus produced, which, unlike iron rust, is soluble, is readily removed by washing or soaking. Ink spots (tanogallate of iron) upon the printed leaves of books are removed in the same way ; but the lamp-black of the printer's ink is not at all affected. If fresh, such spots may be wholly effaced ; if old and dry, a very little remain. To get rid of bed-bugs, wash the bedstead with salt and water, filling the cracks they frequent with salt, and you may look in vain for them. Salt seems inimical to bed-bugs, and they will not trail through it. It is preferable to all "ointments," and the buyer requires no certificate as to its genuineness.

What was the Rubicon ? It was a generous red wine, a favorite with the Romans. Cæsar used to be a regular bottle-stopper ; so, as there were perpetual requests to him to "pass the rubicon," his doing it of his own accord was marked as a red-letter day in the Roman calendar. The dinner-table cry was afterwards shortened into "Pass the ruby," and in this abbreviated form it has been handed down to our own time.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will he despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

JUNE 3! - - - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will he conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
mh25 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.
ju25

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always he called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street,*
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

REGENERATING Extract of Millefleurs!

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANSES
—AND—
BEAUTIFIES
THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, $1 per bottle; six for $5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

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HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
ja25-tf Agents, San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
—IN—
Fine Clothing
—AND—
GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,
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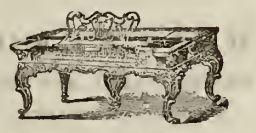
THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



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New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

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A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. ap29-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

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Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late eat INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS
Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

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SAN FRANCISCO

☞ Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
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Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

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No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS,
BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

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OVERSTOCKED! AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

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Furniture.

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Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

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TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
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LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

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On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.
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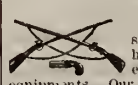

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Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

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KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

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At Reduced Prices,

300 Calico Dress Patterns, at $1 50 each.
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500 Calico Dress Patterns, at $2 each.
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5,000 yards Dress Goods, at 37 1-2c per yard.
4,000 yards Dress Goods, at 50 cents per yard.

Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percalos, Cambrics, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
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And a large assortment of new and desirable MOURNING GOODS, comprising 4-4 and 6-4 very fine Black Alpacas, English and French Bombazines, Black Byzantines, Tamise and Empress Cloths, Love and Crape Veils, Mourning Shawls, Crape Collars and sets, at reduced prices.

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2,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 50 per yard.
3,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at 75 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at $1 per yard.
8,000 yds from $1 25 per yard to $8.

And a large assortment of new Chene Silks, Rep and Moires, which they offer at very low prices.

4,000 pairs Ladies' White Cotton Hose, at 25c per pair.
500 dozen from $5 to $7 per dozen.

Also, a full assortment of English, German and Balbriggan Hose and half Hose, Ladies', Misses and Boys' Merino Vests, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

100 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $1 37 1-2 per dozen.
125 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $2 50 per doz.
250 Linen Sets, Embroidered, at 37 1 2 cents.

Also, a full line of Embroidered Bands, Edgings and Insertings, at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 cases 4-4 fine Water Twist Muslin, at 20 cents per yd.
5 cases 4-4 best New York Mills, at 30 cents per yd.
35 cases of all the other standard brands, such as Hope, Lonsdale, White Rock, Androscoggin, Wauhegan, and Wamsutta, which we will offer at prices to suit the times.
8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
9-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 50 cents per yard.
10-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 55 cents per yard.
3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 4-4 Irish Linens, (very heavy,) at 50 cents per yard.
1,000 yards 8-4 Bleached Table Linen, at $1 per yard.

And a very superior lot of real Barnsley Table Linen, at reduced prices.

2,000 yards Domet's Flannel, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 yards Shaker Flannel, at 37 1-2 cents per yard.
3,000 yards All Wool Shaker Flannel, at 45 cents per yard.

Also, a large and varied assortment of Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Piano Covers, Lace Curtains, Quilts and Blankets, all of which are offered at reduced prices.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST QUALITY OF KID GLOVES.

100 dozen Misses', at $1 25 per pair.
500 dozen Ladies', at $1 50 per pair.
200 doz. Gents', (double stitched,) at $1 50 per pair.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,
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Engagement of the Celebrated Comedian,
MR. DAN SETCHELL,
SUPPORTED BY
THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, May 27th, 1865,
Dan Setchell !
IN
ROUGH DIAMOND,
JOHN JONES,
AND
KISS IN THE DARK.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, May 27th,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
The Play of
Babes in the Wood.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7 ; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,

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(*OVER MRS. WHEELER'S,*)

INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

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This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

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It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

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BUST,
Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

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Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1865.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,

Pine street, near Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
J. H. WARWICK.....Stage Manager.

ON SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 27th,
MAGUIRE'S
Italian Opera Troupe

Will appear for the second time in Verdi's Grand Opera of

Un Ballo en Maschera !

Amelia.....Signorina Olivia Sconcia.
Edgar.....Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Ricardo.....Signor Giovanni Sbrigha.
Renato.....Signor D. Orlandini.
Samuel, (first appearance)....Sig: Gerolamo Fossati.
Tom.....Mr. John De Haga.
Sylvano.....Mons Charles.
Ulrica.....Mmme Fleury.

The scene of the Drama is in Boston and its environs. The time is in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

ANTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

Seats can be secured two days in advance.

Books of the Operas can be purchased at the Box Office.

Dress and Family Circle.....$1 00
Orchestra Seats.....$1 00
Gallery.....50 cents
Private Boxes.....$10 and $5
Reserved Seats.....$1 50

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ARE OFFERING. AT THEIR RETAIL STORE,
GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS IN
Gentlemen's Ladies', and Children's Undergarments, in
MERINO, SILK AND COTTON,

Consisting in part of

100 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 per pair.
200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 25 per pr.
80 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 50 per pr.
75 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $2 per pair.
200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, from $2 50 to $5.
1000 doz Gent's Cotton Half Hose, $3 per doz.
500 doz Gent's Cotton Hose, $3 50 to $7

ALSO,

Ladies' Cotton, Merino, Lisle Thread and Balbriggan Hose —all at package prices.
Children's do do at package prices.
Gent's Linen and Cotton Shirts.
Pocket Handkerchiefs, in Linen and Silk.
Cravats, Neck Ties, Gloves, etc.

Upon examination these goods will all be found FROM 20 TO 50 PER CENT. LESS than such goods are usually sold.

Terms Cash, and only ONE PRICE ASKED.

9 *MONTGOMERY STREET.*
my20-1tc LICK HOUSE.

REDUCED PRICES!

TAAFFE & CO.

WILL CONTINUE TO SELL AT
REDUCED PRICES!
THEIR EXTENSIVE STOCK
OF
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Rich Black, Colored and Plain DRESS SILKS. Poplins, Winseys, Linseys, Mohairs, Alpaccas, Merinos DeBages, DeLaines, Travelling Dress Goods, etc.

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings; Linen Sheetings and Shirtings; Table, Damasks, Napkins, Towels and Toweling.

Jackonets, Swiss, Mull and Nainsook Muslins, In Plain Plaid and Striped, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Table and Piano Covers.

Blankets, Flannels, Quilts, Cloth Cloakings, etc.

Mourning Goods, in Bombazines, Alpaccas, Empress and Ottoman Cloth, Merinos, Silks, Challys, Prints, Ginghams, etc.

Also, French, English and American Prints, Ginghams, etc.

Purchasers will please to examine their stock before buying elsewhere, as they are offering great inducements.

9 *MONTGOMERY STREET.*
my20-1t LICK HOUSE.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE

"Sherman Guard."

TO BE GIVEN

AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1865.

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Gov. F. F. Low,
Hon. C. Cole,
Hon. D. C. McRuer,
Brig. Gen. J. Hewston, Jr.,
Major Andrews,
Col. F. G. E. Tittel,
Col. C. L. Taylor,
R. G. Sneath,
H. M. Newhall,
Samuel Brannan,
D. Scannell,
Maj. Gen. Irwin McDowell,
Brig. Gen. George Wright,
Col. Joseph Wood,
Col. J. W. McKenzie,
Col. M. C. Smith,
Col. A. J. Jackson,
William Sherman,
William Shew,
J. M. Johnson,
William G. Badger,
Col. Charles James.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Captain S. Barker,
Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,
Serg't F. Ahell,
Lieut. S. A. Rounds,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
W. A. Stuart.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Capt. S. Barker,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
W. J. Newton,
Lieut. A. T. Ruthrauff,
Serg't F. A. Hoogs,
C. P. LeBreton.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,
Serg't F. Ahell,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
John J. Mountain,
John Peunycook.

Tickets, $2. To be had of members, or at the door.
Music by Sander's Full Band, fifteen pieces. my27

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR

OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Exective Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 21 of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hanscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE,

NOS. 727 AND 729 MARKET STREET.

We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

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415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

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SAN FRANCISCO.

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 2.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 3, 1865.

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- Answers to Correspondents.—By "Mark Twain."
- Pearls of Progress.—By "Antediluvian."
- Presented at Court.—By "Z."
- Lunacy in Business Circles.—By "Vox Populi."
- The Hazel.—By "Iris."
- California a Place of Exile.—By "Vaga."

POETRY—ORIGINAL:
- Hereafter.—By Ina D. Coolbrith.
- A Legend of the Blue-Birds.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.
- The Tale of a Pony—A True Story. By "Bret."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EDITORIALS:
- English Literary Curiosities.
- Gazlay's "Pacific Monthly."
- Musical Matters.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XXX.

MISCELLANY:
- Interesting Selected Articles.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

WE see it stated that the yearly income of the poet Longfellow is $14,000 a year. We trust that he will not hang up his tuneful lyre and turn his *Pegasus* out to grass in consequence of this. Times are rather changed since King George II. said: "If heohles will be boets they must sdarve." Poetry has become such a saleable article that every one who can make two lines rhyme goes to work to manufacture it. There is very little *new* poetry now-a-days. It is most of it shoddy stuff. The manufacture of shoddy poetry is similar to the manufacture of shoddy clothing. The shoddy poet reads all the volumes of poetry he can lay his hands on, and grinding the poetical ideas up together in his brain, produces quite a respectable looking web, which he passes off as new cloth. Other poetasters, who have not the industry of the shoddy poet, will take a number of poems, and cutting a piece from each, join the parts together so skilfully that they fancy no one will be able to discover the seams, and then they pass off their patchwork for "original poetry." Oh, that these wretched turners, twisters, and distorters of the works of true poets, would apply their misdirected genius to the far more useful occupation of turning, mending and repairing—breeches instead of poems. The income which real poets of the present day derive from their literary labor, is a plain proof that "neglected geniuses" are not a reproach to the 19th century. Good poetry now sells with as much certainty as good mutton and beef, though, of course, it takes longer to introduce it to the market.

How wonderful are the workings of Fate! Now and again is the dark veil of the future drawn aside to afford to the vision of some favored mortal a glimpse of things yet to come to pass; and, filled with the spirit of prophecy, he opens his mouth and speaks, or commits his prophetic utterances to writing that they may be surely handed down to the future generations whom they concern. Often these wonderful written prophecies do not come to light until they have been accomplished—then they are discovered in secret drawers, nailed on the covers of boxes and in other extraordinary places. A case of this kind has recently occurred. We notice in the Sandwich Islands correspondence of the *Bulletin*, a statement to the effect that Queen Emma, the widow of the late king, is about to go to England. When we were in the Sandwich Islands, a short time ago, a Kanaka woman presented us with a cigar box of antique form which she stated to have been the property of the celebrated navigator, Captain Cook. It had descended to her as an heir-loom from her great-grandfather, who was the Cagliostro of the Hawiian Isles; he was a personal friend of Captain Cook, and foretold his death three days before it happened, repeating to him a line in the Kanaka tongue, which, as that language is not generally understood in this city, we translate for the benefit of our readers. The signification of the words used on the occasion is: "Three risings of the great fire, and a cook will be cooked." The great navigator gave no heed to this warning, and the particulars of his sad end are well known to all. On his death, the cigar box to which we have made reference fell into the hands of the great prophet of the Sandwich Isles, and was much prized by him. On examining this box more carefully than we had hitherto done, we found to our astonishment, under a piece of brown paper which had been caused to adhere to the inner portion of the lid by the use of some resinous gum, a thin slip of paper, yellow with age, on which were inscribed a number of closely-written sentences in the Kanaka tongue. The paper bore the date of the 5th of July in the year following that in which the great circumnavigator was killed. It was with a feeling of awe we deciphered these characters, traced by a prophetic hand long since mouldering in the dust. Wonderful to relate, these sentences embody a prophecy which is now in course of fulfilment and has immediate reference to the visit of Queen Emma to England. We prefer, instead of giving a bald, literal translation of the prophetic verse, to preserve the spirit of it while presenting it in English verse:

> "When a 1 and an 8 and a 6 and a 5
> Come together, then murderous slaughter shall thrive;
> When high Sandwich upper-crust Bull-beef shall see,
> Then and not until then shall Ham be set free."

It is evident that the "1 and an 8 and a 6 and a 5" make up the year we are now in, namely, 1865. The murderous slaughter happily now almost ended did thrive at the beginning of this year. The meeting of "high Sandwich upper-crust" with "Bull-beef" refers in the most unmistakable manner to the visit of Queen Emma—the very highest of the upper crust of Sandwich Island society—to the land of the beef-eating John Bulls. The freeing of "ham" by the temporary removal of the upper crust of the sandwich (Islands), plainly refers to the emancipation of the negro, the race of Ham. The prophecy is not yet fully explained, but time will make it clear. Our idea of the meaning of the visit of Queen Emma to England being connected with the emancipation and happiness of the negro race, is, that the question of "What shall we do with the negroes?" will be eventually solved by their exportation from this continent and final settlement in the Hawiian Islands. This *may* be an erroneous view, but we risk nothing in stating that Mr. Synge, the British Commissioner who accompanies Queen Emma, could, were he so disposed, lay before the United States Government a statement of what passed between himself and King Kamehameha which could not fail to prove interesting when taken in connection with the probable future of the African race. While we are, of course, delighted at having by a fortunate chance discovered this remarkable prophecy, we are deeply grieved that it should during such a length of time have remained in our possession unknown to us. It is, in our opinion, one of the most curious and interesting discoveries of the age, and is fully as authentic and reliable as the prophecies regarding the United States which have been recently discovered in all parts of the world.

THE Emperor Napoleon, having become an author, his fair wife, Empress Eugenie, took it into her head that she would like to see how books are printed. She accordingly paid a visit to a printing office at Clichy, and, it is said, set up a stickful of type. What a nice arrangement it would be, if Louis Napoleon should ever, like his illustrious uncle, be sent into retirement, for him to write books while Eugenie set them up. There's no knowing what may happen; she would find it quite an interesting amusement to learn the printing business, and her knowledge might be useful some day. One never knows what will happen in France. It would be sad to see an Empress at the galleys, an Emperor's form locked up in quod. Such an event would be subversive of all rules, and of course if it happened we should turn our rules to show our grief. The *bourgeois* element may rise in Paris and overcome the minions of Imperialism. We trust not. We hope Eugenie will never be reduced to sticking type for a living, but may live and die an Empress, and an imposing stone reared over her grave impress upon all who view it the affection the French people bore for her. There may be some faults in the composition of the Empress Eugenie, as no doubt there were when she set a stickfull of type at Clichy, but we are not without many proofs that she is a good and estimable woman, and the interest she has shown in the printing craft makes us all the more willing to except her from any dislike we may entertain for the craft of her husband.

THE *Call* says it has been shown a silver spoon which came from the Shenandoah! What an extraordinary curiosity! It has "Sea King" engraved on the handle. The *Call* tells a very pretty story as to how it happens to be in San Francisco: "It was 'nipped' by Captain S. J. Gilman of this city, while a prisoner on board the *Shenandoah* last November." It then tells us that "Captain Gilman was well treated by the Pirate Captain Waddell." Was he, indeed? And in return Captain Gilman stole his spoon! Captain Gilman is a cool customer; he "hath a nipping and an eager air." He ought to be made to fork over that spoon, or the first thing we know, Captain Waddell will get hold of a copy of the *Call*, read where his spoon is, and come and bombard San Francisco. We forgot to mention that Captain Waddell nipped Captain Gilman's schooner and burned it; however, that was no excuse for his conduct in stealing—nipping, we mean—Captain Waddell's spoon.

WE notice the following remarkable birth chronicled in an up-country newspaper:

"At North Fork, Trinity county, May 23d, the wife of Harmon Schlomer, of triplets—sons—all Union."

"All Union!" Siamese triplets! How very extraordinary. Harmon appears very proud of the consequence of his harmonious union. Trinity county is a fit place for triplets to be produced. We wonder how Harmon would feel if, after this remarkable birth, his wife should triple it next time. Harmon's Union motto is not *E pluribus unum*, but *ex uno plures*, or *tria juncta in uno*. Success to the trinity of Trinity Union boys. May it prove a pluri-buster.

WE gave up considerable space last week to the argument of *Il Ballo in Maschera*. We cannot afford so much this week; we will therefore do *Martha* up in short metre:

Lady Harriet finds Court dreary,
Drawing-rooms and levees weary,
And suddenly she takes a fancy
To go off with her maid, Miss Nancy,
To Richmond, where
Is held a fair,
Where maidens work desiring;
Each year repair,
For farmers there,
Their dairy-maids are hiring.
Her cousin, Sir Tristan, the fair Harriet
Takes with her, for fear into trouble she'll get,
To protect her and Nancy from countrymen rough,
But Sir Tristan turns out a most miserable muff.
Now at Richmond fair, by chance it befell,
Were two nice young farmers—one called Lionel,
The other one Plunkett—who'd come there to see
About hiring girls to work in their dairy;
After looking about, they found none that would please,
When Lionel suddenly cried, "*That's* the cheese!"
No sooner on Harriet he clapped his eyes,
Than he instantly thought that she was just the size;
Then Harriet and Nancy hired out just for fun,
But, alas! when their bargain they wanted undone,
They found 'twas good earnest what they thought a joke,
And legal agreements not easily broke.
In vain t' escape and run away,
The poor young ladies tried,
They were popped into a wagon,
And forced to take a ride.
When they got to the ranch, what a fix they were in!
The farmers immediately set them to spin;
But Martha and Betsey, as they their girls call,
They find useless—in fact, they'll do nothing at all.
After keeping the girls up till past twelve at night,
Plunkett gets a candle and gives them a light,
To see to undress by and get into bed,
And finally into their room pops his head,
To tell them he quite expects they'll look alive,
And have breakfast for him and his brother at five.
Soon as the farmers to bed have gone,
Out of their room came these maids forlorn,
Repenting most thoroughly playing such tricks,
And getting themselves into such a bad fix.
Hark! At the window's heard a tapping!
What is it? Is't spirit rapping?
No. Sir Tristan, who's not such a muff after all,
At the risk of his neck, climbing over a wall,
Now climbs in the window, and tells them that he
Has made all arrangements for setting them free.
Of course the young ladies are willing to slope,
So out of the window they quickly elope;
A carriage and four's waiting outside the gate,
And Tristan drives off at a dence of a rate,
Just as Lionel, Plunkett and all on the farm,
Come rushing to see what has caused the alarm,
Which has set the dogs barking as if they were mad,
The loss they discover makes both very sad,
Their two pretty misses they suddenly miss,
And neither as yet's had so much as a kiss.
But, cut the story short I must,
All the op'ra 'll see, I trust.
Lady Harriet goes out hunting,
Lionel she meets, and he,
Being in love most deeply, swears that
She his own dear wife shall be.
Such a vow must needs alarm her,
Lady Harriet wed a farmer!
Goodness gracious!!
How audacious!!!
She says he must mistaken be,
But Lionel turns out to be
The only son of the Lord Derby.
Lady Harriet learns it. Hey day!
What a change it makes in my lady!
Then she's willing to marry him—quite;
But young Lord Derby treats her right,
When he finds she's really smitten.
He, in his turn, gives her the mitten.
Lady Harriet hits on a plan
By which she knows this nice young man
May be made to love her as much as before,
He knew he was rich—it will catch him, sure:
She reproduces the scene of the fair,
And dresses herself as a peasant,
Just as she did before at Richmond, where
The consequence proved so unpleasant.
When Lionel sees her as Martha once more,
He loves her, if anything, more than before,
And the end of the matter turns out very well,
Lady Harriet's married to young Lionel,
While her maid and young Plunkett, who mutually fancy
Each other, become one, so Plunkett and Nancy,
As well as the Lord and the Lady, get married,
And the maids from the fair whom the two farmers carried,
Though they ran from their masters, now hire for life,
For each of the maids is at length made a wife.

WE notice an advertisement offering for sale: "A well-located butcher shop, long established and doing a clever business." There's evidently a typographical error here—it should be a "cleaver" business; that is, a good business in chops.

THE Secessionists in California are rapidly hitching on to the Union wagon, and will probably, for the future, keep within the traces without giving Gen. McDowell the trouble of putting any more of them in Alcatraces.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED.

Ensign Harcourt Lowther, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen s Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude; points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and installs himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more and more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whose parties, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become aveuged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

Harcourt Lowther continues his daily visits to the house of Tredethlyn, and is constantly poisoning the wife's mind by noting the husband's absence and inventing excuses for him with the mock morality of a "Joseph Surface. Tredethlyn has a secret which calls him frequently from town during the day, which excites Lowther's curiosity, but his efforts to discover it are fruitless. The greater portion of Tredethlyn's time, however, is spent in the old way, with cards, at the race-track, and in dissipation, under Lowther's guidance.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TWO ANTIPHOLI.

It was while the schemer was waiting that an event occurred which had some influence upon the current of his life.

His elder brother, heir to all that Robert Lowther, of Lowther Hall, Hampshire, had to leave, and expectant heir to the more important possessions of a very wealthy maiden aunt, returned unexpectedly from Belgium, where he had been established for some time as a member of the *Corps Diplomatique*, and dropped unannounced into Mr. Lowther's lodging while that gentleman was lounging over his breakfast.

The meeting between the two brothers was not remarkable for its enthusiasm. Roderick Lowther strolled lazily into the room, dropped into an easy chair, and indulged in a long leisurely stretch and a loud yawn before he addressed his astonished relative.

"Didn't expect to see me yet awhile, did you, old boy? Been travelling all night, and feel as if my bones were not so much bones as rheumatism—some fellow says something like that in a book, doesn't he? Came over in the *Baron Osy;* very bad passage, jolting and tumbling about all night, waves mountains high, as people say in books. So you've cut the line, dear boy, and are living on the proceeds of your commission. I suppose? The warrior blood of the Lowthers who fought at Bosworth and Flodden seems to have lost a little of its fiery quality in filtering through three centuries of country gentlemen. There was a Lowther who distinguished himself at bloody Malplaquet, by-the-by, and another was with young General Wolfe on the heights of Quebec. But we've done with all that now-a-days. We are peacefully disposed, and sell out on the earliest opportunity; and we steal a march on our beloved brother, and come home on the quiet to cultivate our maiden aunt."

"That's a lie," replied Harcourt, very coolly. "I haven't been near her since I came home."

"What did you come home for, then?" asked the other. "*You came for something.*"

The two men looked at each other. They were very much alike. There was the same steelly light in the blue eyes, the same tight contraction of the thin lips. The elder looked at the younger with a glance of shrewd inquiry. The younger looked back sulky defiance.

"Come," said the traveller, after a second leisurely stretch, and a second prolonged yawn, "what is it, then, the little game? Say, my friend. You didn't sell out of her Majesty's service without a motive, and you didn't come home without a motive. By Jove! you never did anything without a motive. You are a schemer, my dear Harcourt. The schemer is born, and not made, and he must obey his instincts. Dear boy, I know your organization, and in these days of physiological science no man can keep himself quite dark. "Iago" would have been a failure if "Othello" had studied his Lavater. Be candid, Harcourt, and tell me what noble vessel, laden with the spoils of a new Peru, flaunts her white sails upon the wind, and invites the attention of the pirate."

"You are so deuced confiding yourself, that you've a right to demand another fellow's confidence," Harcourt responded, moodily. "When I want your help, I'll tell you my secrets. That has been *your* way of managing matters, I believe."

"My Harcourt bears malice!" exclaimed Roderick. "Antipholus of Ephesus reproaches Antipholus of Syracuse. Dear boy, I suppose, it's our misfortune to be too much alike. Perhaps, if you won't give me your confidence, you will at least oblige me with a chop. There was an atmosphere of smoky chimneys and warm train oil on board the *Baron* which incapacitated me for breakfast."

Mr. Lowther the elder possessed himself of the teapot, and appropriated his brother's breakfast-cup, while Harcourt rang the bell, and gave an order for additional rolls and chops.

"I didn't know you were coming to England," Mr. Lowther the younger said, after a pause, in which he had stared moodily at his brother.

"I suppose not," answered the other: "and I can't say that the heartiness of your welcome is very encouraging to the returning prodigal. However, as I have not been in these dominions for the last three years or more, and as my father and I are not the best friends—there's nothing so economical for a parent as a long-standing quarrel with all his children, by the way—I shall look to you, my dear Harcourt, for any friendly offices I may require. I have three months' leave of absence, and I have not—*le sou*. I come to England to recuperate, as brother Jonathan has it. I want to get on the blind side of my beloved aunt to the tune of a few hundreds; and I want to marry an heiress."

"Oh," said Harcourt, thoughtfully, "you want to marry an heiress?"

"Yes: can you help me to do it?"

"I think not."

"Humph! perhaps if I could make it worth your while to assist me, you'd tell another story. However, you can introduce me to some nice people, I suppose?"

Harcourt nodded, moodily.

"And I must look up my own old set. Not that I know many people, for I lived such a hide-and-seek sort of a life when I was in England. Can you get me rooms in this house? We can economize, you know. I left my portmanteaus on board the *Baron*. I suppose there's a boots, or a somebody of the scout species appertaining to this establishment, who can take a cab, and fetch them for me?"

Thus unceremoniously did Antipholus of Syracuse establish himself in the abode of his ungracious brother. Frankenstein, pursued by the monster of his creation, could scarcely have seemed more ill at ease than Harcourt Lowther under the infliction of his brother's society. Was it that these men were too much alike? Did Harcourt think that the keen eyes of his brother would follow every thread in the intricate network of his scheme, and the subtle brain of his brother would apply itself to plotting against him?

But the coolness so apparent in Harcourt's reception of the returning wanderer made no impression whatever on that gentleman. Roderick Lowther stretched his long legs upon his brother's hearth-rug, and smoked his brother's cigars, with a serene indifference as to his brother's feelings.

"If you dine anywhere to-day you can take me with you," he said, blandly; "and to-morrow I'll introduce you to a splendid set of fellows at the 'Traveller's.' You haven't thought of an heiress yet, I suppose?"

"No."

"Ah, you'll hit upon something in that way presently, I daresay, if you run your mind's eye over your visiting list. I'm in no hurry. Three months is a small eternity in these days of railroads and photography."

"And you really would marry?" said Harcourt, again very thoughtfully.

"Really would? Of course I would, if I could get the chance of making an advantageous match, and propitiate my aunt Dorothea by the sacrifice. You know how bent the prudent old lady has always been on my making a great marriage, and restoring the forgotten glories of the Lowthers. Yes, Harcourt, I come prepared for victory, and I trust to your brotherly friendship to help me to see and conquer."

"Humph! By-the-by, I suppose you have heard nothing of—"

"Not a word," answered Roderick, rather hastily; "I know what you're going to talk about, and as that's rather an unpleasant subject to me, we may as well agree to avoid it. I wrote a letter, candid, explanatory and so forth; promising to do what I considered my duty. I don't profess to be a generous man, and I freely acknowledge that I'm a very poor one; so the modest annual sum, which I considered my duty, was——well, *very modest!* However, the letter was unanswered. People drop through, you see," concluded Mr. Lowther the elder, blowing away a slender puff of blue vapor, as if he had been blowing away a troublesome subject; "and when people do, of their own election, drop through, I can't see that it's any fellow's duty to dig them up again. *You* haven't heard anything, I suppose?"

"Not a word."

"Fortunate for you! Sometimes that sort of person fastens on to one's relations. However, as I observed before, we'll agree to avoid the subject. Suppose we discuss your affairs?"

"I had much rather we did not."

"Of course, dear boy; but as I am candidly disposed myself, I don't mean to be kept in the dark by the most saturnine of brothers whoever sulked in the face of an amiable relative. *You* used to be engaged to an heiress—something in the Moorgate street line—Australian merchandise, wasn't it? a Miss Hillersdon, or Hillary, eh, dear boy? There used to be something of that sort on the cards, I believe?"

"There used to be, but there has ceased to be for the last twelve months. Will that do for you?"

"Ah, Miss Hillersdon—of Hillary—has jilted you, I suppose?"

"She has."

"And the man she has married—"

"Is my very good friend, the happy possessor of a charming wife and a large fortune, and the man at whose house I dine to-day."

"Oh!" exclaimed Roderick Lowther, lengthening the ejaculation to its extremest capacity of extension—"oh, I think I begin to understand your policy. Miss Hillary has married a rich man, and you are intimate with the husband and *au mieux* with the wife. The husband is a sickly fellow—consumptive—apoplectic, eh, dear boy?"

"The husband is something over six feet high, and has the shoulders of a lifeguardsman; and, if it were not for his dissipated habits, might live to be ninety."

"Ah, if it were not for his dissipated habits. And you are his intimate friend? My dear Harcourt, what a very transparent game you are playing! and what a consummate fool you must be if you supposed that I shouldn't see through it! Why not a bond of union between us—all for one and one for all, like Dumas's musketeers? Help me to find an heiress, and I'll help you *auprés de* Mrs. —— what's the lady's name, by-the-by?"

Harcourt Lowther allowed this last piece of information to be screwed out of him, and parted with it as grudgingly as he had parted with the rest. It is not a pleasant thing, when you are playing a very difficult game with the odds against you, to have an inconvenient brother swooping down upon you and insisting on looking over your hand.

There was no affection between these two brothers; the likeness which they bore to each other, morally as well as physically, seemed to have a blighting influence upon their relations. They knew each other, and they distrusted each other. Perhaps it would have been scarcely too much to say they hated each other.

But they went out to dinner together nevertheless, and Harcourt smilingly introduced his brother to Mrs. Tredethlyn and Miss Desmond. They had plenty of time to grow quite intimate in the drawing-room while they were waiting for Francis, who came in, flushed with a hurried toilet, at ten

minutes to eight. He had been absent upon one of his mysterious excursions a little way out of town.

Roderick Lowther was received very graciously by the two ladies, and cordially welcomed by Mr. Tredethlyn. Harcourt, watching his brother ensconced in a nook of Maude's favorite ottoman, and discoursing at his ease upon Belgian notabilities, was troubled by dark misgivings of danger.

"I must find the fellow a quarry for himself," he thought, "or he'll be trying to stalk my game. He asks me to introduce him to an eligible *parti* as coolly as if life were a five-act comedy, with the traditional heiress always waiting to fall a prey to the traditional adventurer. An heiress! in these days of marvellous commercial successes there must be such things as heiresses. But the question is where to look for them."

One of Mr. Tredethlyn's pompous retainers opened the drawing-room door at this moment, and announced:

"Mr. and Miss Grunderson."

"Egad!" thought Harcourt Lowther, "there's the solution of my difficulty. Why not Miss Grunderson? Miss Grunderson is an heiress, or ought to be, if there is stability in any part of the commercial universe."

A young lady with a very rosy face, a young lady decidedly inclined to that quality which in the fair sex is elegantly entitled *embonpoint*, a young lady who was surrounded by surging flounces of pink aerophane, dotted about with more pink rose-buds and larger full-blown roses than were ever worn by any young lady with a judicious recollection of the sweeps on May-day, bounced into the room, and bounced up to Mrs. Tredethlyn; while an elderly gentleman, who was evidently the young lady's papa, beamed mildly at the company across an enormous expanse of embroidered shirt-front and black waistcoat.

But in the network that Harcourt Lowther has woven Miss Grunderson is destined to be considerably entangled, and deserves to be introduced more ceremoniously in a fresh chapter.

(To be continued.)

Piracy.—Piracy was, in early times, a favorite and fashionable pursuit. One of the most celebrated pirates of the Northern seas was a princess, Alvilda, the daughter of a Gothic king, who, according to the legend, embraced the occupation of a sea-rover, to relieve herself from a marriage which was sought to be imposed upon her, contrary to her inclination, with Alf, a Danish Prince. She habited herself in male costume, and selected as her rowers and crew a band of Amazonian damsels, who assumed the same attire. Touching at a strange port in one of her first cruises, she met an association of male pirates, who were bewailing the death of their leader, and, captivated by the gallant bearing of the heroine, they chose her as their chief. Thus reinforced, she became so formidable in her depredations, that her former suitor was sent to encounter her, and a fierce contest ensued at sea, in which, after vigorously repulsing for a time his warlike assaults, Alf at length boarded her bark, and, having slain numbers of her crew, she became his prisoner. The princess wore a casque which concealed her face; he raised it, and recognizing his former fair one, she fainted in his arms, and on his again offering her his hand she became his bride. A lawless spirit of piracy was created in the reign of Elizabeth by the very men, "the marines of England," who overthrew the Armada, and who, in their retaliatory reprisals upon Spain, acquired the name of "The Sea-hawks." Although the silent waters kept secret many of their deeds, we blush while we acknowledge that to them may be traced the origin of negro slavery, and many of their descendants became planters and slave-dealers. The French applied the term *flibustier*, which was adopted from our word "free-booter," and which has been since corrupted into "filli-buster," to the sea-robber of the West Indian seas. The appellation "buccaneer," by which a celebrated class of pirates was known, is of curious derivation: The American Indians had taught the early colonists a mode of curing the flesh of cattle, which, when cured, they called *boucan;* this the French settlers converted into the verb "boucaner," to dry red without salt; and this food becoming the usual sea provision of those depradators, they obtained the name of buccaneers. The subjects of Christian powers having been permitted and even encouraged to pursue their piratical inroads on Spanish trade, combined with the natural jealousies of states, may, perhaps, account for those same powers having so long endured the atrocities of an organized and it may even be called a legalized system of piracy by the barbarians of the Northern African shores. Even Great Britain, to the disgrace of our ancestors, entered into formal treaties with them, and our national connivance was constantly purchased by presents from their Deys of barbs and Arabian horses to our sovereigns.

In the "Hospital of Incurables," at Naples, there is at present an old woman who is suffering from a strange disease. Every day she eats at least five pounds of roast meat, seventy eggs, several loaves, and other food, of course including a good quantity of macaroni. When attempts are made to reduce her diet, she raves like a mad woman. She has what William Burch would pronounce rather a "healthy appetite," for an "incurable."

POLITENESS, INSULAR AND CONTINENTAL.

[The following extracts are from an article under the above title in *London Society*:]

THE ETIQUETTE OF BALLS.

At French balls, it *is* allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our strict exigence of a presentation. In good society, *nobody* is supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. *Any* gentlemen, therefore, present is supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissable partner for any lady. At any rate—says *The Habits*—if a gentleman in France comes up to a lady and asks her to dance, she must not reply, as a celebrated English beauty once did at the Tuileries: "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," by which she acquired the reputation of very bad breeding.

Invitations to a ball should be sent out at least a fortnight beforehand, to give time for the preparation of the ladies' dresses. Too brief an invitation looks as if the party invited were merely a stop-gap, an after-thought to fill up the vacancy caused by other refusals, or even as if they were not wished to come. When an invitation cannot be accepted, it should be declined with thanks and expressions of regret at the earliest possible opportunity.

The host and hostess ought to contrive that every lady, young or not young, plain or pretty, be asked to dance. Youngsters, ambitious of making their way in society, will render good service in the matter of wall flowers.

Dance as other people dance; neither better nor worse.

After dancing, you may not lead a lady to any other seat than that which she occupied before.

Do not delay asking a lady to dance until the orchestra has already struck up.

Never remain at a ball till daylight, unless you wish to be painfully undeceived in respect to both good looks and dress. You do not take leave of your hosts on quitting a ball, but call or drop a card within a fortnight afterwards. It is quite enough for the entertainers to undergo the fatigue of receiving. The quietest way of quitting is the best. *Apropos* to which, and what to avoid, take the following:

A German lady, who had been to Paris—what circles she frequented, I cannot specify—was making a call on a friend in Frankfort. Wishing to show that she had profited by her travels, when she rose to take leave, she hunted about the room for her pocket-handkerchief, without paying attention to anybody present, but upsetting tables and smashing one or two China ornaments.

"Good heavens, madame, what are you about?" cried the lady of the house.

"I am leaving the room, madame, *a la Francaise.*"

AMATEUR MUSIC.

If you are asked to sing or play, either do it at once, without requiring to be pressed, or don't do it all. Be very cautious about doing it. In the first place, be sure that you *can* do it. It is painful to see a young gentleman looking up to the ceiling for the remainder of the words of the song, or feeling for them in his hair, and not finding them; it is provoking to hear a pianist break down in a passage through defective memory or execution. Secondly, be sure of your style, especially in accustomed circles. What is considered very fine in one set, may be thought very commonplace in another. What is relished in London, may not suit Paris; what is applauded in Berlin, may be coldly listened to by Italian ears.

While music is being executed—whether in the good or the bad sense of the word—talking is not polite; humming the air is a nuisance to others; beating time is absurd, because you will mostly beat it wrong; and exaggerated applause and admiration ridiculous. The last demonstration has been carried in Paris to a degree which it would be difficult to surpass. A certain pianist had ladies in his pay, at the rate of twenty-five francs per concert, whose duty was to faint with delight at his inimitable performance. One evening, however, a lady, paid to faint, deserted her post by falling asleep. Reckoning on the fainting of this female to interrupt the finale of a concerto, the pianist started his allegro at a speed impossible for human fingers to continue. But no fainting came to his relief. What could he do in that calamity? He did what the lady ought to have done, and fainted himself; people crowded round him; they carried him out of the room. The fainteress, waking, really fainted through vexation at having forgotten to faint.

PERILS OF THE DEMI-MONDE.

The above are errors occurring in respectable society, in The World, Le Monde; there are others to be warned against. The *Demi-Monde* is a bottomless pitfall.

However hard up a young man abroad—say in Paris—may be for means of amusing his after-dinner hours, it is an error for him to suppose that he will come to anything but grief by associating with the persons known as lorettes. It is impossible to ignore the existence of a class which has furnished a heroine to her Majesty's and other musical theatres; better is it to speak the truth about them. The *Dame aux Camellias* of Dumas' novel, and the *Traviata* of Verdi's opera, are as unlike real nature as the mermaid or the sphynx. *Filles de Marbre*, Hearts of Stone, is the aptest title ever applied to them.

The author of *La Nouvelle Babylon* informs us that there are not two lorettes in Paris. There is but one—her sketched by Gavarni—the same countenance, the same spirit. Of this type there are innumerable duplicates, as like to each other as the herrings in a barrel. The only way of distinguishing them, morally, would be to ticket them No. 1, No. 2, up to No. 1001.

With the experience of age united to the audacity of youth, the lorette, ever greedy after her prey, is mistress of herself on the field of battle; on her forehead you read the word "Defiance." Woe be to the man who loves her; she will ruin him with unsparing determination. Woe be to him who offends her; she will not wait long for her revenge.

"Are you expert with the small sword?" a lorette inquired of a young man who was warmly attached to her.

"Tolerably. But why?"

"You must quarrel with the Marquis de C., and kill him."

"But why should I quarrel with him? I don't even know him."

"You will fight him; if not, adieu!"

Not long afterwards, a couple of hackney carriages, at daybreak, rolled silently over the snowy road, and stealthily entered the Bois de Boulogne.

Two men got out of them, each accompanied by a couple of friends. They crossed swords, at first with great circumspection, each studying his adversary's mode of fence Suddenly the arm of one darted to its full length, like a projectile. The Marquis de C. clapped his hand to his heart, and uttered a stifled cry. He tottered, set one step backwards, and fell with his whole weight into his second's arms. He gazed on his vanquisher with glassy eyes, and asked: "I never saw you before last night; why have you killed me?"

"Because that woman would have it so."

This is not an imaginary anecdote. Out of nine duels fought in Paris, eight are sure to be for a lorette; and she mostly has something to do with the ninth.

The Confusion of Tongues.—A writer in *Chambers' Journal* says: "A worthy pair of very untravelled Britons came over lately to see the sights of Paris; and while doing the lions conscientiously they arrived in front of the Chamber of Deputies, on which is engraved in large letters, 'Corps Legislatif.' 'What place is that, my dear?' inquired the lady. 'That,' replied her husband, 'is Corps'——beginning to read, and pronouncing the word 'corpse.' 'Ah,' interrupted she, 'come away! That must be the Morgue, where the dead bodies are. I would not go in for the world!' In Germany curious misunderstandings take place, and, on the part of the natives, are even more prevalent than in France, for the following reason: A Frenchman, unless absolutely forced to do it, will seldom try to speak a foreign language. He is much too fond of his own, thoroughly convinced of its triumphant superiority to every other language under the sun, to willingly lend his lips to any barbarian utterance. A German, on the contray, loves to speak foreign tongues, especially English, even if he knows but half a dozen words of it. I remember once having to consult a good little German doctor, who was extremely proud of his knowledge of our language. Now, his German I understood perfectly, but his English was a great mystery. My daughter had a bad cough, and I requested him to prescribe for her. 'De Fraulein,' he said, after some consideration, 'must drink de milk of geese; de milk of geese will be very goot for the Fraulein.' 'Well, doctor,' I said, trying to keep my countenance, 'I daresay it would be very good, but I'm afraid it would be very difficult to procure.' 'No, no, no; not diffeecolt at all. You do say to de geese to come, and de people dey do bring de geese to your door, and dey do milk dem, and it cost ver leetle moneys, and it is excellent for de chest.' What the man meant I could not imagine. The more he continued to extol the virtues of the 'milk of geese,' the more mystified did I become. At length his meaning flashed upon me. In German, *geiss* is a goat, and *geiss milch* is goat's milk; so the worthy doctor imagined that of the latter words, 'milk of geese' was a most classic rendering. In German, the verb *bekommen* means to get or to receive. One day a lady asked an English-speaking German what would be the best method of ascending one of the Seven Mountains. 'Oh,' he replied, 'it is very easy. You do go in de train from Bonn, and you do cross de Rhine at Konigswinter, and den you do all become donkeys!' An advertisement of these said animals, for the benefit of English tourists, was couched in the following terms: 'Pious donkeys can be hired here.' In German, the word *fromm*, when applied to a person, means pious; when to an animal, tame, gentle. Hence arose the ludicrous blunder."

A new lady violinist has appeared at Milan. She is a Signora Arditi, a sister of the well-known orchestra director.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All letters for this department should be addressed to Mr. Mark Twain, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it. Courting Etiquette, Distressed Lovers, of either sex, and Struggling Young Authors, as yet "unbeknowu" to Fame, will receive especial attention]

Discarded Lover—"I loved and still love, the beautiful Edwitha Howard, and intended to marry her. Yet during my temporary absence at Benicia, last week, alas! she married Joues. Is my happiness to be thus blasted for life? Have I no redress?"

Of course you have. All the law, written and unwritten, is on your side. The *intention* and not the *act* constitutes crime—in other words, coustitutes the *deed*. If you call your bosom friend a fool, and *intend* it for an insult, it *is* an insult; but if you do it playfully, and meaning no insult, it is *not* an insult. If you discharge a pistol *accidentally*, and kill a man, you can go free, for you have done no murder—but if you try to kill a man, and manifestly *intend* to kill him, but fail utterly to do it, the law still holds that the *intention* constituted the crime, and you are guilty of murder. Ergo, if you had married Edwitha *accidentally*, and without really *intending* to do it, you would not actually be married to her at all, because the *act* of marriage could not be complete without the *intention*. And, ergo, in the strict spirit of the law, since you deliberately *intended* to marry Edwitha, and didn't do it, you *are* married to her all the same—because, as I said before, the *intention* constitutes the crime. It is as clear as day that Edwitha is your wife, and your redress lies in taking a club and mutilating Jones with it as much as you can. Any man has a right to protect his own wife from the advances of other men. But you have another alternative—you were married to Edwitha *first*, because of your deliberate intention, and now you can prosecute her for bigamy, in subsequently marrying Joues. But there is another phase in this complicated case: You *intended* to marry Edwitha, and consequently, according to law, she is your wife—there is no getting around that—but she didn't marry you, and if she *never intended* to marry you *you are not her husband*, of course. Ergo, in marrying Jones, she was guilty of bigamy, because she was the wife of another man at the time—which is all very well as far as it goes—but then, don't you see, she had no other *husband* when she married Jones, and consequently she was *not* guilty of bigamy. Now according to this view of the case, Jones married a *spinster*, who was a *widow* at the same time and another man's *wife* at the same time, and yet who had no *husband* and *never had one*, and never had any *intention* of getting married, and therefore, of course, *never had* been married; and by the same reasoning you are a *bachelor*, because you have never been any one's *husband*, and a *married man* because you have a wife living, and to all intents and purposes a *widower*, because you have been deprived of that wife, and a consummate *ass* for going off to Benicia in the first place, while things were so mixed. And by this time I have got myself so tangled up in the intricacies of this extraordinary case that I shall have to give up any further attempt to advise you—I might get confused and fail to make myself understood. I think I could take up the argument where I left off, and by following it closely awhile, perhaps I could prove to your satisfaction, either that you never existed at all, or that you are dead, now, and consequently don't need the faithless Edwitha—I think I could do that, if it would afford you any comfort.

Mr. Mark Twain—Sir: I wish to call your attention to a matter which has come to my notice frequently, but before doing so, I may remark, *en passant*, that I don't see why your parents should have called you Mark Twain; had they known your *ardent* nature, they would doubtless have named you Water-less Twain. However, *Mark* what I am about to call your attention to, and I do so knowing you to be "capable and honest" in your inquiries after truth, and that you can fathom the mysteries of Love. Now I want to know why, (and this is the object of my enquiry,) a man should proclaim his love in large gilt letters over his door and in his windows. Why does he do so? You may have noticed in the Russ House Block, one door south of the hotel entrance an inscription thus: "I Love Land." Now if this refers to real estate he should not say "love;" he should say "like." Very true, in speaking of one's native soil, we say, "Yes, my native land I love thee," but I am satisfied that even if you could suppose this inscription had any remote reference to a birthplace, it does not mean a ruuch or eligibly-situated town site. Why does he do it? why does he?

Yours, without prejudice, Nomme de Plume.

Now, did it never strike this sprightly Frenchman that he could have gone in there and asked the man himself "why he does it," as easily as he could write to me on the subject? But no matter—this is just about the weight of the important questions usually asked of editors and answered in the "Correspondents' Column;" sometimes a man asks how to spell a difficult word—when he might as well have looked in the dictionary; or he asks who discovered America—when he might have consulted history; or he asks who in the mischief Cain's wife was—when a moment's reflection would have satisfied him that nobody knows and nobody cares—at least, except himself. The Frenchman's little joke is good, though, for doubtless "Quarter-less twain," *would* sound like "Water-less twain," if uttered between two powerful brandy punches. But as to why the man in question loves land—I cannot imagine, unless his constitution resembles mine, and he don't love water.

Arabella.—No, neither Mr. Dan Setchell nor Mr. Gottschalk are married. Perhaps it will interest you to know that they are both uncommonly anxious to marry, however. And perhaps it will interest you still more to know that in case they do marry, they will doubtless wed females; I hazard this, because, in discussing the question of marrying, they have uniformly expressed a preference for your sex. I answer your inquiries concerning Miss Adelaide Phillips in the order in which they occur, by number, as follows: I. No. II. Yes. III. Perhaps. IV. "Scasely."

Persecuted Unfortunate.—You say you owe six months' board, and you have no money to pay it with, and your land lord keeps harrassing you about it, and you have made all the excuses and explanations possible, and now you are at a loss what to say to him in future. Well, it is a delicate matter to offer advice in a case like this, but your distress impels me to make a suggestion, at least, since I cannot venture to do more. When he next importunes you, how would it do to take him impressively by the hand and ask, with simulated emotion, "*Monsieur Jean, votre chien, comme se porte-il?*" Doubtless that is very bad French, but you'll find that it will answer just as well as the unadulterated article.

Arthur Augustus.—No, you are wrong; that is the proper way to throw a brickbat or a tomahawk, but it doesn't answer so well for a boquet—you will hurt somebody if you keep it up. Turn your nosegay upside down, take it by the stems, and toss it with an upward sweep—did you ever pitch quoits?—that is the idea. The practice of recklessly heaving immense solid boquets, of the general size and weight of prize cabbages, from the dizzy altitude of the galleries, is dangerous and very reprehensible. Now, night before last, at the Academy of Music, just after Signorina Sconcia had finished that exquisite melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," one of these floral pile-drivers came cleaving down through the atmosphere of applause, and if she hadn't deployed suddenly to the right, it would have driven her into the floor like a shingle-nail. Of course that boquet was well-meant, but how would you have liked to have been the target? A sincere compliment is always grateful to a lady, so long as you don't try to knock her down with it.

(For the Californian.)

HAZEL.

(CORYLUS AVELLANA.)

THE first mention that we find of the Hazel is in the Bible, in Genesis, xxx., 37. The hazel-nut was known both to the Greeks and Romans; the latter, especially, frequently mention it. The filbert is said to have been brought originally from Pontus, whence it was called by the Romans, *Nux Pontica*. The Hazel, or *Nux Avellana*, we are told by Virgil, in the *Georgics*, was considered by the Romans to be as injurious to the vines, on account of its spreading roots, as the goat was for its propensity to browse on the young shoots; and the keepers of the vineyards used to sacrifice the goat to Bacchus, and roast its entrails on hazel spits. Corylus is said to be derived from Korus, a helmet, the fruit appearing as if covered with a bonnet; and, according to others, from the Greek word *Karun*, a nut. Avellana is named from Avellino, a city in Naples, where these nuts were extensively cultivated, and were called *Nux Avellana*. Hazel is from the Anglo-Saxon word *Hæsil*. In the dark ages, the hazel was valued for its supposed divining powers. Evelyn says that the "venerable and sacred fabric of Glastonburg, founded by Joseph of Arimathea, is storied to have been first composed of a few hazel rods, interwoven about a few stakes driven into the ground."

The nut has been cultivated for its fruit since the time of the Romans, who, according to Sir William Temple, called Scotland, *Caledonia*, from Cal-Dun, the hill of hazel. On the continent, the hazel is grown in large quantities in Spain and in some parts of Italy; the fruit from the former country is celebrated throughout Europe. The situation for the growth of the hazel in perfection is on hill-sides, in reddish brown mold, but, like most other hardy shrubs, will grow in any common soil where there is not stagnant water. When trained to a single stem it makes a beautiful tree, being one of the first to flower in the spring, with its long pendulous catkins and pretty foliage. The Troubadors and old French romance writers have scarcely a song that does not allude to the hazel bush or hazel-nut. Our own poets have also been lavish on the same theme. Cowley mentions that the hazel is the favorite resort of the squirrel:

——"Upon whose nutty top
A squirrel sits, and wants no other shade
Than what by his own spreading tail is made;
He culls the soundest, dext'rously picks out
The kernels sweet, and throws the shells about."

Thompson, in his "Spring," describes birds as building

——"Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,"

and in his "Autumn," the lover searching for "the clustering nuts" for his fair one, and where he finds them:

——"Amid the secret shade;
And where they burnish on the topmost bough
With active vigor crushes down the tree;
Or shakes them ripe from resigning husk,
A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown."

Gray, in his "Shepherds' Week," alludes to the magic powers supposed to be possessed by the hazel-nut:

"Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This, with the loudest bounce me sore amazed;
That, with a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow."

From this custom of burning nuts in this manner on All-Hollow's Eve, that day (the 31st of October) has received in some parts of the country, the vulgar appellation of Nut-crack Night. Burns alludes to this in his "Halloween:"

"Among the bonny winding banks
Where Doon rins wimpling, clear,
Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks
An' shook the Carrick spear—
Some merry, friendly, countra folks
Together did convene,
To burn their nuts, an' pou their stocks
And haud their Halloween
Fu' blythe that night."

The following pretty lines on this subject were printed in a collection of poems printed at Dublin in 1801:

"These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view;
The ill-matched couple fret and fume,
And thus in strife themselves consume;
Or from each other wildly start,
And with a noise forever part.
But see the happy, happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness, while they burn,
Still to each other kindly turn;
And as the vital sparks decay,
Together quietly sink away;
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last."

Burns leads us down many a hazelly path, where "twin nuts cluster thick," and we almost hear:

"The little birdies blythely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazel hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy."

Shakspeare, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, says: "Kate, like the hazel twig, is straight and slender, and brown in hue as hazel-nuts and sweeter than the kernels."

Dryden asks:

"Why sit we not beneath the graceful shade
Which hazels, intermingled with elms, have made?"

There was a time when men were not united by any common tie, when the mother would deprive her son of the wild fruit with which he wished to appease his hunger, and if misfortune united them for a moment, the sudden sight of an oak laden with acorns, or a beech covered with beech-mast, rendered them enemies. At that period, the earth was filled with horror; there was no law, no religion, no language; man was utterly ignorant of his nature—his reason slept, and he was often seen more cruel than the ferocious beasts whose frightful howling he imitated.

According to ancient mythology the gods had pity on the human race. Apollo and Mercury exchanged presents and came down upon the earth. The god of harmony received from the son of Maia a tortoise-shell, of which he made a lyre, and gave in return a branch of hazel, which had the power of making virtue beloved and of reuniting hearts divided by hatred and envy. Thus armed the two sons of Jupiter presented themselves to men. Apollo first sang that eternal wisdom which had created the universe; he told how the elements were produced, and how every part of nature was united by the sweet bonds of love, and finally he taught men they should appease the anger of the gods by adoration and praise. At his voice, pale and trembling mothers were seen advancing with their little children in their arms, hunger was suspended, and thirst for vengeance fled from every heart. Then Mercury touched mankind with the wand Apollo had given him. He loosened their tongues and taught them to express their thoughts by words; he afterwards told them that union made strength, and that nothing could be derived from the earth without mutual labors. Filial piety and patriotic love were brought into action by his eloquence to unite the human race, and commerce he made the bond of the world. His last thought was the most sublime, for it was consecrated to the gods, and he told mankind that they might become equal with the gods by deeds of love and beneficence. Ornamented with two light wings, and serpents entwining themselves around it, the hazel wand presented to the god of eloquence by the god of harmony is still, under the name of Mercury's wand, the symbol of peace, commerce and reconcilliation. Iris.

We have had no dispatches from the East during the week.

(For the Californian.)

A LEGEND OF THE BLUE-BIRDS.

WITH having seen it brace its little wings
Upon the verge of Winter and the Spring;
With having seen it floating in the mists
That bind the wounded Spring from Winter's roughness;
With having found it often in the gloom
Of some wild forest; (for a hollow tree
Is all its tomb, and lichen is its pall;)
With having thought upon the floating bird,
The verge of snows, and flowers, and of the tomb,
The woody-tomb and lichen—for all this:
It is no legend I have gleaned from books,
It is no marvel coming from the seas
And the far isles, sung by the singing winds;
But only this that I have gathered from dreams,
With dreaming of the matter: So I find,
For fleeing early that sweet budding south
And floating northward, (since the times are cold,
And white the field for snowy drift and sleet,
And white the hollow arches of the wood,)
The harm of chilliness and the fright of cold
Hath driven the winged wanderer nigher the sun,
Nigher for warmth's sake; the numb bird is caught,
Is tangled, floating, seeking the sun's warmth
Among the heaven's blueness, and the cloud
Hath lost a part of blueness, for the bird
Hath caught a tuft of blueness on its wings
For having flung its wings among the mists
In sport and joy, of warmth. Lo! there was spray
Of sunlight beating at the eastern verges
Of the cloud-gardens in flaky-seas of gold.
A dream hath woven the story.

So the bird,
For having wandered all among the blue
Of God's own heaven, bears the badge of light,
The banner of angels, all upon its wings,
And on its bosom tintings of the cloud,
The bluest blueness of the gardens of heaven,
Where bloom the stars, where spring the founts of dew.

So hath the delicate bird its color caught.
And was it God that drew the creature up,
Nearer himself, through many mists and vapors;
Nearer himself, that the numb bird was blent?

Come, little bird! and dip thy wings in skies
As fair as ours, and let thy bosom cleave
The clear blue ripples of our drifting clouds.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

(For the Californian.)

LUNACY IN BUSINESS CIRCLES.

WE cull the following amazing extracts from the *Weekly Stock Circular*, of this city:

"The financial condition of certain companies is now, and has been for two months past, much less flattering than the public were led to believe, and their net earnings for thirty or sixty days hence will be absolutely required to *liquidate obligations incurred in the payment of dividends* to stockholders. A different policy must prevail hereafter, or the public will have no confidence in the future management of these companies. Heavy losses have been sustained by many dealers, and *they seem now fully conscious of the folly and insecurity of blindly entrusting their interests to the hands of others, whose incapacity, dishonesty or impudence, unwatched or unguarded against, may at any time involve them in ruin.* There has been, unquestionably, a radical defect in this business somewhere, and we may take it for granted that any board of trustees or directors that shuns the light of full and free investigation, and refuses to parties interested such disclosures as are necessary to a correct and proper understanding of the affairs of the corporation whose servants they are, deserve no confidence, and are actuated by sinister motives."

* * * * * * *

"The Yellow Jacket mine looks well, and the average yield is 200 tons per day, *but the debt is* $130,000. *The last dividend ought to have been applied to the debt of the Company.*"

* * * * * * *

"The indebtedness of the Savage Company *upon the payment of their May dividend*, exceeded $80,000, and *at this time their liabilities amount to* $100,000. This latter does *not* include obligations to be incurred in the completion of the new hoisting works."

If this style of doing business does not imply either lunacy—or imbecility—on the part of mining companies as well as buyers and sellers at large of mining stocks, what does it imply? It will scarcely be considered wisdom for a mining company that desires public confidence to hide its movements from the light of day, nor is it a proof of the intelligence of the public to buy mining property of the actual worth of which they have no more idea than they have of the value of real estate in the moon. Is it not more charitable to suppose that all parties concerned are afflicted with that least respectable and mildest form of insanity called imbecility? It is customary to call our system of stock dealing "gambling"—but it is a slander upon the intelligence of the sporting fraternity. Your legitimate gambler bets his money only when the specie to pay his winnings is in full view—nor is he verdant enough to walk blindfold into the great Yellow Jacket Faro Bank or the great Savage Faro Bank, where all is silence and mystery, and nothing in sight, and bet on a list of extremely Desperate Chances—or if he should happen to do it once, would he ever happen to do it again, after experience had taught him that the money he placed on the ace would be gently confiscated to pay the man who won on the king the night before? Hardly. It is foolish to try to confer a bogus dignity upon this absurd stock dealing, by claiming for it either the intelligence or fairness of respectable gambling.

We were informed by a broker the other day, that a magnificent "bearing" operation in Yellow Jacket was ruined by the unexpected arrival of an order for a hundred feet of the stock from New York. Let our friend rest easy; that kind of meddlesome interference on the part of New York will cease just as soon as New York, by being cruelly deceived several times, gets thoroughly enlightened as to our unique style of doing business. New York has suddenly rushed her capital into our Washoe stocks with great enthusiasm—but let us keep cool—when she comes to "know us well" and appreciate the merits of our system, her depression and panic will probably be in inverse proportion to her former enthusiasm.

In the Eastern States, the law compels banks, railway companies and other corporations which are entrusted with the people's money, to make quarterly statements of their affairs in the minutest detail, and these are published in full in the newspapers. Would that method help our case any? In our opinion, it would. For instance: If the Yellow Jacket had published a statement a few weeks ago, as follows: "We are in debt *a hundred and thirty thousand dollars*, but nevertheless *we declare a dividend of seventy-five dollars a foot*," the reader would have probably concluded that either the Yellow Jacket was an ass or else it had made up its mind that he was one? But he would have been benefited—he would have been saved—because he would not have paid two thousand dollars a foot for Yellow Jacket and felt the misery of seeing it decline to twelve hundred—(at which figure, doubtless, he has since been seized with panic agonies and sold out.)

And if the Savage had said publicly, "*We owe eighty thousand dollars*, but the value of our stock will not suffer in consequence; the marvellous sagacity of our Board of Trustees has discovered to them a plan by which a fine large dividend may be paid just as usual—which is simply to *borrow the money*"—what would he have thought of that? Doubtless he would have said, "I admire 'cheek'—I adore sagacity; but this is altogether too dazzling." And he would have sold out, then, at six hundred dollars less on the foot than he paid for his stock—not because he believed for a moment that the Savage mine was worked out; but because he was satisfied that even if the mine yielded solid silver bars by the ton there would still be no security for his money in the hands of a secret tribunal of trustees who could create immense debts without his consent, and "cook" dividends without his knowledge, and then emerge from their dim obscurity and buy his stock for a song after they had got him thoroughly scared.

Let the reader peruse those extracts from the *Stock Circular* again, and convince himself, if possible, that the Yellow Jacket and the Savage companies would have declared their recent dividends if custom compelled them to publish quarterly statements of their affairs. Would those stunning revelations of the Challar Company made some months ago ever have seen the light in a quarterly statement?—would the transactions themselves ever have been ventured upon except in the dark? Let him recall that Esmeralda concern where the Secretary and the Superintendent, by means of impenetrable mystery in its management, swindled the public for months and months before they were detected. And also call to mind the various "Stories of Promising Mines" which have been published from time to time in the daily papers, and read with such absorbing interest by the community. If we chose, we could mention several prominent companies on the Comstock lead who have never declared a dividend, and never failed to levy an assessment every forty-five days since we can remember. Assessments enough have been levied upon one of the smallest of these mines to sink a shaft from here to China, and "hard-finish" and paper it from top to bottom; yet that concern has always been as silent as the grave, and no outsider knows to this day whether the mine they are prospecting is a limestone mine, or a grindstone mine, or a brimstone mine; but, arguing from the results attained, no man has any right to suspect that it is a silver mine, anyhow. Do these companies ever intend to make a showing? *Could* they be persuaded to open their mysterious books and publish the damning details of five years of squandered assessments? Not readily.

Our own capitalists here are taking their money out of Washoe mines that pay seventy-five dollars a ton and putting it into California gold mines that pay ten dollars. But they can watch it in the latter case, and see that it pays a profit, because they own the whole concern individually, while in the former case they are at the mercy of closeted and irresponsible trustees. How does this fact speak for our system? And how far will it go toward persuading Eastern capitalists to invest in Washoe mines? Rather let us confess that the system is rotten to the core, and can be productive of nothing but periodical panics, and ruin and disaster to all save—the Trustees.

A quarterly statement of the affairs of the great mining companies, published in a full and comprehensive form, is the only plan of salvation that offers for those who deal in Washoe's staple, and the sooner law or the public clamor shall enforce this reform, the better it will be for all concerned. This matter was urged some eight or nine months ago, in one of the daily papers of this city, and for a while the subject was discussed with considerable interest by the public, and several companies, who had by extraordinary moral exertions attained to a degree of honesty above the average, began to frame quarterly statements, and even gave public notice of the day upon which they would be published; but no more startling revelations happening to turn up for a while, and the interest dying out in consequence, the matter was finally dropped. However, the community will agitate this subject every now and then, until it becomes familiar to their ears and their lips, and at last, like all reforms that are permitted to be talked about and freely examined by everybody, it will be adopted some day.

VOX POPULI.

(For the Californian.)

HEREAFTER.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

I READ how earth and heaven should pass away,
And how a new world should supplant the old;
And of those jasper walls, with gates of pearl,
Encompassing a city of pure gold;

Wherein no grief might come, nor night be known,
Nor need of sun and moon to rise and set,
For Christ should be the radiance thereof,
And the glory of the Lord should lighten it;

And laid the Book aside, and bowed my head—
Thinking of all the sorrow which we know:
The fond, familiar faces, year by year,
That fade from us, although we love them so;

The treasured hopes which lie like precious gems
Scattered and lost amid the roadside dust,
With all the wrecked believings of our youth,
Its broken promises—its shattered trust;

And wondered, if with this our mortal garb,
We laid aside the memories and loves
Which hallow it; nor ever, 'mid the ways
Of that fair world through which the spirit roves,

Sought wistfully within the shining throng
Of angels, for some well-beloved face,
Which failing us, straightway a gloom would fall
E'en in the brightness of the Holy Place?

Or, if that One whose name is Love could bind
Once more the links of love's dissevered chain,
And all the scattered jewels of our lives
Be gathered, and restored to us again?

Ah, me! but knowing each its secret grief,
Our hearts do shape, dear Lord! some fond conceit,
To meet its sweet fulfillment when we lay
Our crosses, meekly, at the Savior's feet;

And reaching through our tears, we fain would rend
The veil of that dim land to which we go,
And pierce the mystery of the parted soul,
Whose true hereafter only Thou dost know.

INA D. COOLBRITH.

LOCAL ITEMS IN BRIEF.—The examination of the public schools passed off with success, showing care and ability on the part of the teachers. . . The National Fast Day was generally observed, stores and places of business being closed. . . A full-grown bear, being moved from Gilbert's Museum, broke loose, and promenaded some distance on Montgomery, Sutter and Kearny streets, on Thursday afternoon, clearing those thoroughfares in short time. He finally took refuge in a stable, where he was captured. . . On Thursday morning a fire broke out on Jackson street near Drumm, among some old frame shells. Thirty buildings were burned, the inmates, in many cases, having scarcely time to escape. After a hard battle, the fire was confined to the lower half of the blocks between Davis and Drumm streets. The loss will amount to $45,000 or $50,000. The body of Samuel McCarty, a steamboat fireman, was found, the legs and right hand entirely consumed. He had gone to bed intoxicated. . . The meeting on Thursday night to express sympathy with the Liberal party of Mexico, and in favor of the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, was large and enthusiastic. Resolutions were adopted, expressing sympathy with struggling Mexico, demanding the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine, and asking the co-operation of citizens in the interior and elsewhere.

SUMMARY OF "ONLY A CLOD."—The subscription list of THE CALIFORNIAN having greatly increased since the period when we commenced publishing Miss Braddon's new novel, "Only a Clod," we give in the present number a summary of the story as far as published, for the benefit of the more recent subscribers to our paper.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MORNING CALL.—On the 1st instant the San Francisco *Morning Call* entered its eighteenth volume. A thoroughly independent, clever and piquant journal, its present prosperous condition is the natural result of its merits.

HELP THE POOR.—From various causes, the San Francisco Benevolent Association have their hands full, and appeal to the public for old garments, to meet the immediate wants of the destitute who throng their office. We trust their appeal will meet a ready response.

THE STORY OF M. MATHIEU MARTINEL.

[The following is related of a French officer, M. Mathieu Martinel, adjutant of the First Cuirassiers :]

IN 1820 there was a fire in the barracks at Strasburg, and nine soldiers were lying sick and helpless above a room containing a barrel of gunpowder and a thousand cartridges. Every one was escaping, but Martinel persuaded a few men to return into the barracks with him, and hurried up the stairs through smoke and flame that turned back his companions. He came alone to the door of a room close to that which contained the powder, but found it locked. Catching up a bench, he beat the door in, and was met by such a burst of fire as had almost driven him away; but just as he was about to descend, he thought that, when the flames reached the powder, the nine sick men must infallibly be blown up, and, returning to the charge, he dashed forward, with eyes shut, through the midst, and with face, hands, hair and clothes singed and burnt, he made his way to the magazine in time to tear away, and throw to a distance from the powder, the mass of paper in which the cartridges were packed, which was just about to ignite, and appearing at the window, with loud shouts for water, thus showed the possibility of penetrating to the magazine, and floods of water were at once directed to it, so as to drench the powder, and thus save the men.

This same Martinel had shortly before thrown himself into the river Ill, without waiting to undress, to rescue a soldier who had fallen in, so near a water-mill that there was hardly a chance of life for either. Swimming straight towards the mill-dam, Martinel grasped the post of the sluice with one arm, and with the other tried to arrest the course of the drowning man, who was borne by a rapid current towards the mill-wheel; and was already so far beneath the surface that Martinel could not reach him without letting go of the post. Grasping the inanimate body, he actually allowed himself to be carried under the mill-wheel, without losing his hold, and came up immediately after on the other side, still able to bring the man to land in time for his suspended animation to be restored.

Seventeen years afterwards, when the regiment was at Paris, there was, on the night of the 14th of June, 1837, during the illumination at the wedding-festival of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, one of those frightful crushes that sometimes occur in an ill-regulated crowd, when there is some obstruction in their way, and there is nothing but a horrible blind struggling and trampling, violent and fatal because of its very hopelessness and bewilderment. The crowd were trying to leave the Champ de Mars, where great numbers had been witnessing some magnificent fireworks, and had blocked up the passage leading out by the Military College. A woman fell down in a fainting fit, others stumbled over her, and thus formed an obstruction, which, being unknown to those in the rear, did not prevent them from forcing forward the persons in front, so that they too were pushed and trodden into one frightful, struggling, suffocating mass of living and dying men, women, and children, increasing every moment.

M. Martinel was passing, on his way to his quarters, when, hearing the tumult, he ran to the gate from the other side, and meeting the crowd, tried by shouts and entreaties to persuade them to give back, but the hindmost could not hear him, and the more frightened they grew the more they tried to hurry home, and so made the heap worse and worse, and in the midst an illuminated yew-tree, in a pot, was upset, and further barred the way. Martinel, with imminent danger to himself, dragged out one or two persons; but finding his single efforts almost useless among such numbers, he ran to the barracks, sounded to horse, and, without waiting till his men could be got together, hurried off again on foot with a few of his comrades, and dashed back into the crowd, struggling as vehemently to penetrate to the scene of danger as many would have done to get away from it.

Private Spenlee alone kept up with him, and, coming to the dreadful heap, these two labored to free the passage, lift up the living, and remove the dead. First he dragged out an old man in a fainting fit, then a young soldier, next a boy, a woman, a little girl—he carried them to freer air, and came back the next moment, though often so nearly pulled down by the frantic struggles of the terrified, stifled creatures, that he was each moment in the utmost peril of being trampled to to death. He carried out nine persons one by one; Spenlée brought out a man and a child; and his brother officers, coming up, took their share. One lieutenant, with a girl in a swoon in his arms, caused a boy to be put upon his back, and under this double burden was pushing against the crowd for half an hour, till at length he fell, and was all but killed.

A troop of cuirassiers had by this time mounted, and through the Champ de Mars came slowly along step by step, their horses moving as gently and cautiously as if they knew their work. Everywhere, as they advanced, little children were held up to them out of the throng to be saved, and many of their chargers were loaded with the little creatures, perched before and behind the kind soldier. With wonderful patience and forbearance, they managed to insert themselves and their horses first in single file, then two by two, then more abreast, like a wedge, into the press, until at last they formed a wall, cutting off the crowd behind from the mass in the gateway, and thus preventing the encumbrance from increasing. The people came to their senses, and went off to other gates, and the crowd diminishing, it became possible to lift up the many unhappy creatures who lay stifling or crushed in the heap. They were carried into the barracks, the cuirassiers hurried to bring their mattresses to lay them on in the hall, brought them water linen, all they could want, and were as tender to them as sisters of charity, till they were taken to the hospitals or to their homes. Martinel, who was the moving spirit in this gallant rescue, received in the following year one of M. Monthyon's prizes for the greatest acts of virtue that could be brought to light.

THE STOLEN GIPSY GIRL.

A NUMBER of years ago, two little girls, each about the age of five or six years, disappeared about one and the same time from the houses of their respective parents, who lived at separate and distant points in the south of France. The cause for the disappearance of these children was the same in both cases: namely, the dread of domestic correction for some trifling fault. Marguerite Cogordan, one of the girls, was taken away from the town of Valensole by a band of gipsies, who met the child at a fair there, and found her not unwilling to go with them. For nearly twenty years, Marguerite Cogordan lived with the gipsies, passing with them from place to place, but always retaining an indistinct recollection of her native spot, though she had forgot its name. Her longings to return to her parents, and her imperfect remembrances, were treated by those around her as the ravings of insanity.

At length Marguerite left the company of gipsies, and got into service with a judge of the town of Carcassone, also in the south of France. To her new master the girl disclosed the wandering reminiscences that preyed on her mind respecting her home and friends. The judge pitied the young woman, and paid every attention to her statements, with the view of discovering her relatives for her. At length it struck him that her descriptions of scenery applied to the district of the Lower Alps, and he addressed letters to a chief magistrate of Digne, the chief town of the department. The party addressed knew of no case where a girl had disappeared from Digne, but he chanced to remember that the name of Cogordan was not an uncommon one in the little neighboring town of Valensole, and wrote to Carcassone, stating this fact to Marguerite's master, and adding that her description of the scene of her birth applied perfectly to Valensole.

Upon receipt of this information, the judge set out with Marguerite Cogordan for Valensole, and at once found a family there, which had sustained the loss of a child, suiting Marguerite every way in name and age. But a strange circumstance overthrew the poor girl's hopes. The parents, while admitting that they had once lost their child, declared at the same time that they had long since recovered her, and produced a young woman whom they called their daughter. The unfortunate Marguerite was rejected by the parents; they looked coldly on her, and repulsed the testimonies of her affection. This cruel and unexpected disavowal threw the poor young woman into a violent fever. This warmth of feeling smote upon the hearts of the parents. They began to doubt, and, finally, opened their arms to the new-comer, declaring their belief that she was their own—their real child.

Hitherto the false Marguerite had held her peace, or, at least, had made no confession to explain the mystery. But being now closely interrogated, she avowed that her name was Baptistine Bartelet, and that she was the daughter of a fisherman at Marseilles. She had left her home, she stated, when a child, and had been picked up by a blind fiddler, with whom she had travelled for several years up and down the country. Passing one day through Valensoles, three years after the disappearance of Marguerite Cogordan, the parents of that girl had seen her, believed they recognized her to be their daughter, and had claimed her as such. Fearing to be sent back to a home where she had been ill used, she had given countenance to the deception, and had kept her real name secret. She remained with the Cogordans, and custom had at length made her feel as if she were truly in her own home. Once, indeed, she had tried to find service somewhere else, but she had been brought back.

This disclosure made Margnerite Cogordan happy, and she now lives with her long-lost parents.

The hat was passed around in a certain New York congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way, had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted his hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then looking toward the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor: "I thank God that I got my hat back from this congregation."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE ABROAD.

At the funeral of President Lincoln the following German Societies were represented, numbering more than a thousand singers: Liederkranz, Teutonia, Saengerrunde, Colonia, Concordia, Euphonia, Frohsinn, Fidelia, Germania, Harmonia, Der Helvetia, Loreley, Liedertafel, Liedertafel Williamsburg, Liedertafel der Vereingten Social Reformer, Lyra Maenner Chor, Mozart Verein, Orpheus, Quartet Club Hoboken, Rheinische Saengerbund, Saengerbund Williamsburg, Schillerbund, Saengerrunde Jersey City, Social Reform Gesang Verein, Social Reform Liedertafel, Sing Academie, Uhland Bund, Social Maenner Chor, Quartet Club Williamsburg, Beethoven Maenner Chor, Schwaebishe Saengerbund, Melomanen, Arminia Maenner Chor. Under the direction of Mr. A. Paur, the conductor of the Liederkranz Schubert's "Chorus of the Spirits," and the "Chorus of the Pilgrims," from *Tannhaueser*, were sung, and while passing the hearse the "Dead March," from Hiller's *Saul*, arranged for brass instruments by Mr. Paur, was performed. The whole was an imposing and touching tribute paid by the German singers to our lamented President.

An operatta in one act, called *Les Memoires de Fanchette*, words by M. Néreé Desares, music by Count Gabrielli, has been produced at the Lyrique, Paris. The word *mémoires* in this connection means memories. The story is founded on an incident in the life of Dufresny, the great grandson of Henry IV. and Jeanne d'Albret, who, notwithstanding the bounties he received from Louis XIV., was, in consequence of his expensive habits, often without a *sou*. According to Le Sage, he was at one time so much in debt, and had so little chance of ever getting out of his difficulties, that on his laundress presenting her "memoire," and badgering him for money, he proposed himself *pour solde de compte*, was accepted, and married her.

Herr Wachtel, the German tenor, has achieved a success at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. He sang in "Il Trovatore, and created a great excitement in the air, "Di quella pira"—giving out the high C three times with tremendous force and resonance. Of M'lle Fricci s "Leonora," the *Times* says: "Without any pretensions to genius, this lady, by earnest endeavor and studied correctness, genuine ability as a vocalist, zeal and intelligence as an actress, has earned for herself a legitimate position. To attain the first rank lies scarcely within her means; but for whatever character M'lle Fricci is announced, from "Valentine," in the *Huguenot*, to "Leonora," in the *Trovatore*, her name, in the absence of 'stars' of the first magnitude, must always be more or less welcome."

The Handel and Haydn Festival.—*Dwight's Journal of Music* says: "The chorus will number about six hundred voices, and the orchestra one hundred instruments, including nearly all of the old "Germanians" and the best musicians in New York. The Festival opens on the 23d of May, with Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," than which nothing can be more appropriate to the times, and will end on the following Sunday evening with the "Messiah," Oratorios ("Israel in Egypt," "Elijah," "The Creation,") and grand concerts of orchestral and vocal music will occupy the days and evenings interveniug."

Schulhoff, the eminent pianist, was recently invited to play before a very eminent personage in Paris. The artist was glad of the opportunity of doing so, and entered the gaily-lighted salons radiant with the expectation of having an audience who could appreciate his delicate and sentimental *morceaux*. Imagine, then, his horror when he found that he was to be assisted in the musical department by the notorious tavern vocalist, Teresa. Schulhoff very properly declined to enter into competition with this virago, and bowed himself out.

A new composer—M. Achille Graffigna—has made his appearance, whose opera of *La Duchessa di San Giuliano* has been played with moderate success. The libretto is spoken of as perfectly frightful, and there is evidently a disposition to say the same of the music. As it is, says the New York *Weekly Review*, the composer is reported to have shown a rather burglarious preference for the works of Donizetti and Verdi. M. Graffigna is one of the chefs d'orchestra attached to the Theatre Italien.

The customary annual rumor that Rossini is engaged on a new opera has again taken wing. It is rather later than usual this year, but we are always glad to meet an old friend...The name of a female imitator of Offenbach is Susanne Lagier, who has written an opera, *Jupiter and Leda*, in the peculiar style of the Grand Mogul of burlesque. In this opera the swan kisses "Leda" on the stage and then rises towards the sky; an accommodating variation from the myth.—*N. Y. Review.*

For the Californian.)

CALIFORNIA A PLACE OF EXILE.

HOMESICKNESS is a disease of more consistency in our Pacific coast life, probably, than anywhere else in the United States. Amerieans are reported a roving race, and change habitation or elimate with less effort than any other nation of civilization. At the same time, the reason of this facility of self-exile rests mainly on the fact that the home of nativity is visited oftener in this country by the pilgrim of fortune, the prodigal sons or the enterprising emigrant, than would be praeticable in Europe. When Tom goes out to Kansas or Minnesota in the Spring, he bids his mother adieu with a sense of confidenee in a speedy return the next winter, and there is nothing of desolation in an absence which may be bridged over by a day or two of railroad discomfort. And when Mary leaves her mother in Boston and seeks her home on an Illinois prairie, she knows very well that her visits to the parent nest will be often and satisfaetory enough to remove whatever abruptness there exists in the dissolution of filial and parental ties. The young midshipman who boasts in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* that his home is wherever the American flag floats above him, can make the assertion with more ease, when he reflects that no spot having any specially dear nature to him need remain unvisited for years. To the native inhabitants of the Atlantic States, there is something inexplicable in a grief that has for its foundation mere absence from one's native village and childhood's associations. When Bridget, after a long day of toil, seeks the post office, and returning empty-handed, sits down in her kitchen and buries her face in her hands, crooning forth her lyrics of Celtic woe, her American mistress may wish to console her, but her sympathy is a creature more of artifice than nature. She has not passed a month for years, probably, without visiting or being visited by some blood relation, and her heart has not been trained to the sense of desolation, "for years, forever to part" from everything that clusters around childhood and its friends. But place the continent between her and her attachments; let her depend on the steamer or overland mail for her budget of gossip; and let the years glide on without family gatherings or family feasts, and the iron will enter her soul. There will be one subject never alluded to without a sigh, and the day of sorrow will take its place in the monthly calendar with punctual rigidity. Her children grow up around her and give her the second idea of home, but her pride is dashed with the regret that she cannot exhibit her jewels to the good people far away in some New England valley, and give the youth of her darlings the benefit of the same associations which left so warm an impress upon her own heart. There will times come, when she has allowed her mind to dwell imprudently long upon the subject, that her grief will be hysterieal. The rose tree at her door bears buds far purer, perhaps, far more perfect than any she ever gathered at home; but they cannot please her; the air may contrast soothingly with the bluster of an Atlantic winter, but one day of that raw weather would be worth a month of sunshine and exile. Fortunate she is if her sojourn here has brought wealth and leisure. The busy packing up, the noisy wonder of the children, and the embarkation on the sullen steamer become *quasi* pleasures which only forerun the grand one of "*Domum, dulce, dulce domum.*"

But to the poor man's wife, to the desolate widow, or the wearied school-mistress there is no relief. The Pacific and Atlantic are obstacles which no longing can overcome. The pilgrimage is not one of duty but of pleasure, and the scrip must be well filled or the end is not gained. In all her attempts at money-getting or money-saving, there is a sense of absurd improbability in any idea of laying by enough to "go home on." The mutterings of her heart form a constant accompaniment of a sort of minor key sadness, and "Hame, hame, hame fain wad I be," whistles itself in the sea breezes, peals from the church bells, and clatters on the wheels of the droning hacks as they roll steamerward.

I speak of women as being fit exponents of nostalgic sadness. It is perhaps they who feel most keenly the dreary miles that they have wandered from the cradle and hearth of protective parents and family circle. But they are not alone in their griefs. The stories of old miners about companions who would die of nothing but homesick despair at their forlorn condition, have a rude ethos about them which delineates the terrible result of too long and too highly strung sensibility in that direction. But the comforts of life, the luxuries even, cannot suffice to balance that which every man must now and then be granted, or he will be unhappy—a glimpse of home, a mother or a sister's kiss, or a father's cheery greeting. That ballad so popular at melodeon performances, "Rock me to sleep," has nothing very glowing in either music or words, and yet the crude sentiment which it shadows forth has given it a tender nestling place in the heart of every gold-seeker on the Slope. I often fancy that the strains in the prison scene of *Trovatore*, have their meed of admiration on some similar ground.

Watch a crowd of men such as can be seen nowhere but in California, as they loiter around the cheaper hotels. Each individual has somewhere a little network of social relations from which he has rent himself, either to satisfy his pecuniary ambition, or to gratify a restless whim; and each countenance is a patent index of an aching sense of its owner's solitary condition. Those men possess probably a more than average amount of companionability. At home, over the country store counter, at the post office door, or at the corn-husking, they are grateful to the eye, and their talk is worth hearing, and their flashes of wit have doubtless set many a country tavern table in a roar. But here, their laughter is like a single cymbal clashing upon stone, guiltless of anything sonorous or musical; and the wit is swallowed up in stale sarcasms upon steamer sufferings or anathemas upon their own folly in rambling. They are not pleasant at all for the Epicurean in physiognomy to study. They leave an impression of dissatisfaction mingled with something hostile, desperate, and suicidal. Truly, it is not good for man to be morally or mentally alone.

But this democracy of travellers does not monopolize all that there is of the *dementia solitudinis*. Our dissipated classes show the disease in perhaps more indirect but not the less unmistakable forms. There is many a young man who fancies that he is peopling his crowded city solitude with visions that repair the absence of the angels of flesh and blood who should be standing sentinel over him, when he is tarrying over the wine cup and conjuring up merely grinning imps and sneering demons. He wakes to a sense of the horrors of his meretricious world, and has no refuge where he can be certain of what he needs. Society does not court any one: it must be wooed and won by cautious and careful methods; and deliberation of that character ill consorts with the disposition of the urban Arab. There is no court to whose jurisdiction he will submit; there is no jury which he will not challenge, save that of the old household, which has so often condemned his faults and as often recommended him to merey. But the judge is not on the bench, and the jury can never be empanuelled. He must perform the duties of both, and still sit in the box as criminal. He judges himself without merey, and finding the criminal an old offender, plunges him still deeper into social wickedness.

Were it possible to fold the Atlantic edge of the continent over upon the Pacific by some moral upheaval of the globe, how much happiness would be consummated! How many hearts that will never again feel each others' beatings would be brought together into one blissful pulsation! *Nulla vestigia retrorsum* is the painful decree of fate to many a man and woman whose feet will grow weary long before they can travel back to kin and country. The telegraph gives us a sort of intellectual connection with our eastern brethren, but the sensibilities are too delicate for electricity to transport. How the clever operator would smile as you handed him a tender message to forward: and, indeed, what space could one find for affectionate adjectives when limited to "ten words, names included."

We are all suffering with the complaint of Ulysses. The physician advises impossibly expensive remedies. We must be cured by some general treatmen. Since the homesick Mahomet cannot go to the mountain, let us have the mountain removed to him by some great act of railroad faith. Ye transportation kings who rule in such matters, hasten your surveys, and set your laboring subjects at their tasks: sell your stock with ability; lobby generous appropriations through Congress—your lavish corruption will be viewed with lenient feelings, if success but crown the result; let no pure-minded patriot pick flaws in your plans or fight your mighty monopoly. Let us have a railroad before it is too late to bless many of our aged friends with a swift sight of what has lingered so long unsatisfied in their life. The "sweet day of return" is a pleasure which we cannot slight, and we will, assuredly, never look the iron horse in the mouth, should you favor us promptly with so magnificent a gift.

Morality will begin to show new life among us. The disappointed will be relieved of half their load, while the prosperous will have their pleasures immeasurably heightened. With the first train that reaches the Golden City there will come a gush of hearty feeling into California such as will make the Pacific pulse rise until all bad blood is cleansed from the popular veins, and Hypochondria and her sisters will be known no more forever.

VAGO.

AT the first representation of "La Flute Enchantée," in Paris this season, two ladies of the court, who were seated in a private box, talked so loud that even the orchestra began to manifest evidences of impatience. They paid no attention to the fact and continued the annoyance. Presently a lady, who occupied the adjoining box, came to their *loge*, and, getting the usher to open the door, said to them: "Excuse me, mesdames, but I love Mozart, and I have come from the country expressly to hear him." She then slammed the door, leaving the offenders agape with astonishment, and the neighbors amused. It was Rosa Bonheur.

RAILLERY is the lightning of calumny.

GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA.

[THE composer of *Faust* has written a new comic opera entitled *The Mock Doctor*, of which the London *Examiner* says:

AT Covent Garden, happy in the Christmas success of an attractive pantomime, the English Opera Company has just been importing from Paris what will be one of its stock operas as long as it remains a company, Moliere's *Le Médécin Malgré Lui*, with M. Gounod's apt and delightful musical touches. They are very charming, and the humor of Moliere shines even through the obscuring dullness of two interposed librettists. We never have understood, and we shall never understand, the pains that seems to be taken at opera houses to prevent good music and good literature from coming together. There must be a notion that, as they are next of kin, marriage between them is immoral; for sometimes, as in this case, extraordinary pains seems to have been taken to keep them apart.

The play, with its interspersed music, is given to us as the *Mock Doctor*, and under that very name we have Moliere's play Englished by Fielding, as great a humorist as himself. Fielding's *Mock Doctor*, as a "ballad farce," which was acted at Drury Lane in 1733, with interspersed songs, (just as it is now acted. only with better music and worse words, at Covent Garden,) has credit in theatrical tradition as the first play in which—in the great room over St. John's Gate—Garriek performed in London. Nothing would have been simpler, easier, cheaper or better than to have taken Fielding's version of Moliere, omitting only the words for music originally introduced into that, and substituting those required by the new music of M. Gounod. Less trouble than has been taken to produce dialogue miserably spoilt, would have made this *Mock Doctor* perfect at all points, one of the most thoroughly delightful entertainments of our stage. As it is, we have, in an English version of the French libretto, the good flesh of Moliere's shrewd, simple prose fishified by Mr. Kenney into what we suppose that gentleman to consider elegant verse.

We strongly advise the management of the English opera at Covent Garden to ameliorate the sad condition of the libretto of the *Mock Doctor*, and promote to the office of translator of Moliere, Henry Fielding, *vice* C. L. Kenney, resigned. As it is, however, the incidents being all repeated and even the dialogue reproduced, though in a wishy-washy way, there is enough of the ghost of Moliere in the spoken libretto to make it more pleasant than one half the stuff that the ill-fed play-goer is content to swallow for his entertainment. And wherever M. Gounod strikes in, Moliere seems to live again, and Louis XIV. himself to be sitting in state behind us, although M. Gounod wrote the music only seven years ago.

The music is quaint and piquant; exquisitely dramatic, where—as in the opening quarrel between "Sganarelle" and his wife, it touches "Martine's" back with the cudgel, and plays into her strain of wrath—it is following the spirit of Moliére's dialogue. And when the little entertainments that Moliére introduced into his plays by a company of musicians or otherwise are to be represented, we can't help fancying that we hear Lulli revived, and that "les petits violons du roi" are in the Covent Garden orchestra. "Fais nous rire, Baptiste," Moliére used to say to Lulli, and M. Gounod provokes laughter and smiles while he delights the ear with melody that, genuine as it is, probably was not written without a little previous study of the music of Lulli, Charpentier and Cambert. Then, too, the piece has the advantage of Mr. A. Harris's genius for stage management. Well arranged little troops are poured on the stage, in old pastoral groups, to blend song and dance in that most exquisite finale of woodcutters resting from labor, and woodcutters' wives bringing them victual and companionship, which blends in unison tenors and basses with sopranos and trebles, interweaving them both with a third theme in a minor key.

The melody of that finale recurs with admirable effect at the close of the opera. "Lucinda's" lover appears bright with ribbons when he comes as chief singer in the entertainment of musicians, and the musicians carry antique instruments as if from the old family chest of viols, trebles, tenor and bass, guitar sort, viol da gamba sort, rebeck, theorbo, or whatever other antique instrument there be. Every morsel of the music is delicate in itself, and deliciously in character with the work to which it is wedded. It is well sung, too, at Covent Garden. Every part seems to be duly valued by its representative, Mr. Corri making much of "Sganarelle;" Miss Poole of "Martine;" Mr. Aynsley Cook of "Geronte;" Mr. Dussek of "Valere;" indeed, there is not a part ill sung. The entertainment would be pretty nearly faultless if it were but purged of the Mock Poet, and Moliere were left to speak for himself through Fielding's English.

MAN may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man.

Repentance is the spring of virtue.

Virtue does not give talents, but it supplies their place. Talents neither give virtue nor supply the place of it.

He who finds pleasure in vice, and pain in virtue, is a novice both in the one and the other.

NOTICE

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

GAZLAY'S PACIFIC MONTHLY.

WHO Mr. Gazlay is, and why he should produce a *Pacific Monthly*, are questions that suggest themselves to every one who turns over the leaves of his periodical. If he were a myth—and, in the absence of any individual flavor in his periodical, the supposition is a fair one—we submit that the publisher might have found a more euphonious title, or at least one less gaseous in its suggestions. If, on the other hand, this alleged Gazlay is really co-existant with his magazine, we come no nearer to a satisfactory conclusion. That he should produce a single number is not of itself objectionable; that he should feel impelled to issue a periodical of this quality at stated and regular intervals, is a matter which concerns every Californian, and can only be accounted for by supposing that this gentleman's recollection of California is simply a singular instance of Panama fever developed in a new and appalling form.

We do not mean to argue the question whether it is necessary or not that an expositor of California's literary and mineral resources should be published in New York. Mr. Gazlay has settled that it is. This question disposed of, the trifling consideration of selecting a conductor is of secondary importance, and we are rather inclined to believe that perfect consistency demanded Mr. Gazlay's elevation to that important position. Our present object is to show the manner in which California is represented, by its self-constituted journal.

Its principal contributor is Dr. Bellows. The position which this gentleman occupies in its pages is perhaps only parallelled by that which Edward Everett once held in the columns of the New York *Ledger*. Like the panegyrist of Washington, Dr. Bellows is actuated by a laudable motive. As the President of the Sanitary Commission, he is anxious to advance the interests of everything which bears the name of the State whose bounty has contributed so liberally to his Commission. We question, however, whether a thoughtful consideration of his duties as director of a charitable organization would not have kept him from supporting a periodical so antagonistic to its principles, and capable of producing a degree of enervation and depression which no cordial in the stores of the San. Com. can alleviate. One merit of Dr. Bellows is, that he writes about California, whether fairly or not—a subject on which Mr. Gazlay's contributors are usually reticent, and always incorrect. The May number contains, with Dr. Bellows' letter, an article on the Sierra Madre, and another on Virginia City. By a stretch of fancy, the article on the "Progress of Civilization in Siam" might be considered as a geographical approximation to California topics, or as embracing generally the social progress of the West. Occasionally, Rev. S. B. Bell, late of Oakland, combines with Dr. Bellows in lending a clerical jauntiness to the *Monthly*, but both these gentlemen being actually engaged with interests at home, their contributions are apt to be retrospective in character, their reminiscences not always accurate, and their writings touch upon subjects which in this fast country have been for six months forgotten. In this quality Mr. Gazlay excels: he reproduces as a picture of to-day the San Francisco of 1860; his statements possess the value of antiquity to the California reader, and next to a file of old newspapers, we know of nothing so mournfully suggestive as the perusal of his descriptions. He talks familiarly of people who are dead and past, and with that sad persistency which is one of the peculiarities of garrulous old age, he does not seem to conceive that the world has progressed since he has stopped growing. Sometimes, fortified by Eastern papers, he patches new facts to his old recollections, affording a most incongruous medley.

But in the calm seclusion of the editorial sanctum does Mr. Gazlay particularly shine. In this penetralia most of those respectable old jokes which have done duty for the last half century are clothed anew and again sent forth on their dreary pilgrimage. Occasionally, with a conscientious regard to business, some illegitimate bantling of California's late humorist, Phœnix, is taken in and decently cared for. We protest against this unhallowed resurrection of defunct *facetiæ*. A certain law governs the motions of all wandering witticisms; their return can be as accurately computed as that of the comets, and neither Mr. Gazlay nor any other person has a right to infringe that law. The reader must not suppose that the entire editorial labor falls upon Mr. Gazlay. Those familiar correspondents and "old friends," who still haunt the editor's sanctum of the cheap monthlies, are found here. Mr. Gazlay greets them with Californian familiarity. "Welcome, George Cooper, welcome," is at once gushing and explicit. The reviews are characterized by the like spontaneous cheer and exuberance. Books are spoken of as abounding in "soul-elevating thoughts," "ingeniously plotted," "emanations of first-class minds lit up by fires of awe-commanding genius." In short, Mr. Gazlay's *Pacific Monthly*, to borrow one of his own criticisms, is like "the gleaming of a naked sword or the flash of mountain lightning." Whether or not these peculiar features are Californian, we leave the reader to judge.

ENGLISH LITERARY COURTESIES AND CURIOSITIES.

IN spite of blockade runners and *Alabamas*, it has always been a favorite hypothesis of loyal men that, while the aristocracy of England were inimical to the success of Northern arms, the deep, honest heart of the English people throbbed responsive to their own. The general character of these imaginary responses may be gathered from the following extracts, which we have taken from a review in an English magazine, of the popular pantomimes of the past season. It serves to show the kind of rhetoric with which the children of the middle classes are regaled during the Christmas holidays, the historic truths which Young England sucked in with its sugar candy and oranges, and a brief "abstract and chronicle" of the opinions of respectable tallow-chandlers, green-grocers and haberdashers on American affairs.

Our first extract is a comparatively mild one; it is from the pantomime of *St. George and the Dragon*, being the expression of one of those good fairies whose business it is to review passing events, and who is responsible for the following oracular utterance:

> America still keeps up her civil strife,
> Reckless of the wanton sacrifice of life.
> Abe Lincoln, too, as was generally expected,
> Has, by a large majority, as President been re-elected.
> Let's hope he'll adopt some more pacific plan,
> And prove to be a wiser, if not a sadder man.

But this is simply a *Times'* editorial set to rhyme, without being improved by succint and concise expressions. The next extract is much more original and striking. The pantomime is called *Dame Durden*, and among other personified nationalities, introduces America (?) who thus expresses herself:

> From Southern port I've issued forth,
> You don't know me, and make that admission,
> Peace would have come if we'd had recognition.
> Yet the time will come when, hand in hand,
> The South shall have a voice in ruling her land,
> Come, Britannia, own you are to blame,
> Let recognition come soon to save new-numbered slain.

It appears that "Britannia," to whom this remarkable speech is addressed, and who might be Earl Russell in petticoats, with characteristic diplomacy, does not commit herself, but at once changes the subject. The author, however, mindful of the sympathies of his audience, is unwilling to abandon it. So an artful scapegrace, "Bob," is introduced, who, anticipating Mr. Roebuck and the *Saturday Review*, convulses an intelligent and unprejudiced British audience by the following attic witticism:

> I'll join the crew of a Federal man-of-war,
> One of those brave chaps who are not of the fighting sort,
> And capture vessels by treachery in a neutral port.
> They boast the captured *Florida*, the forfeit of the hour,
> Because they knew the neutral port belonged to a weaker power.

Not merely the politics of America is satirized by the scathing pen of the pantomime writer, but she again comes in for a crushing blow, in the following allusion to the great prize fight:

> Like Joe Coburn, who never meant to fight,
> He came here thinking to rule the roast,
> With a coward heart covered with Yankee boast.
> If he'd have fought Jem Mace, tho' once they had a doubt of him,
> As the Irish say, Jem would have knocked saucepans out of him.

We confess that while we have a general idea that the writer is using bad language concerning us, there is a covert satire in this latter extraordinary culinary allusion which we fail to comprehend. We cannot understand whether *he* intends to convey the idea that saucepans are a necessary feature of the American anatomy, or whether the discovery is one of purely Celtic origin. A certain ambiguity, however, which is generally conceded to lend great force to the epithets of writers of this kind, must naturally be expected. We might extract further, but we think this will do. Believing that what are technically termed the "gags" of a play often give a better illustration of the tastes and opinions of the majority than even the pages of the daily press, we think that the above extracts will satisfy people who still indulge in sentimental theories of the affections of our Transatlantic Cousins, what is really the exact nature of their sympathies toward us.

(For the Californian.)

PEARLS OF PROGRESS.

THERE are some words in the English language which have been so overworked that justice—not to say mercy, demands they be permitted to rest. One of these pack-mules is the word Progress—so belabored and goaded up hill and down hill, that it presents a far more pitiable spectacle than the ass in the *Sentimental Journey*. We hoped when we turned to Mrs. Ira G. Hoit's Essay on Education, delivered before the San Francisco Teachers' Association, and republished in the *Bulletin* of May 29th, that for once, the poor jade would not be called upon to trot his accustomed round. In this we have been disappointed. Mrs. Hoit persists in urging "Progress" around the course with—to use her own expression, "the ponderous educational car" attached, and, what is worse, with the retired Board of Education seated comfortably inside. It was said by many, some day's ago, that if *Lodi* ran another heat on a heavy track, he would be ruined as a racer. There were those who entertained doubts as to this, but no one can doubt that Progress would quickly break down if the late Board were to be tied to his heels. In reading the article, we again meet with the Telegraph, the Steam Engine, the Printing Press, etc., and those old stock-actors Dr. Franklin, Professor Morse, Newton and others, are made to play for the thousandth time their well known parts. From time immemorial, however, teachers, male and female, have written, read and published essays on this threadbare topic, and as they have done in the past they will doubtless continue to do in the future. Mrs. Ira G. Hoit's essay is nothing but what we have seen before, and what we greatly fear we shall be forced to see again. If, by exposing some of the many errors to which writers of her class so tenaciously cling, we could effect their dislodgment, we would willingly afford more of our space to an examination of the theories advanced in this address than we can now do, knowing that it is vain to look for any such success.

Mrs. Hoit begins by paying a very graceful tribute to the late Board of Education, which is none the less graceful for not being deserved, and then proceeds "to the duties of the present hour," which duties appear to be "to cast a backward glance upon the world's history and note from various points our slow, but sure advancement." In doing this, Mrs. Hoit, in quite a lofty manner, informs us of her contempt for everything and everybody in existence previous to the Reformation, and gives us to nuderstand that before Lord Bacon, the world was no very great affair after all. Or, as she somewhat more poetically expresses it:

"After Luther's bold stroke for freedom, and the flashes of light brought into the scene by Faust and Guttenberg, Bacon came to us, and with his clear, patient, comprehensive, truth-seeking intellect, he wandered high and low, near and far, amid the collected mass of scientific facts, and turned over for the enrichment of the world everything that withstood his constantly applied test of practical use. Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, Paley, Kepler and many others following in his footsteps, gave each his noble contribution to human knowledge and human happiness. The Royal Society of London, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris, founded on Lord Bacon's experimental philosophy, are still in existence, enduring monuments of the worthy impulse given by him to the world's education. Thus was overthrown the hoary dynasty of ages, and man was fairly launched on the great mission of thinking for himself. Since then, a gradual but sure advancement, the world, no longer "marking time" as of old, has been 'marching on' to its present proud position."

We do not know to what range the feminine vision extends, but surely this view of the world's history is limited. In fact the backward glance is not cast upon the *world's* history, but only upon European history, and upon a very small portion of that. Old Californians date everything from the year 1849, and people in Sacramento are already beginning to reckon from "the flood." The Reformation is Mrs. Hoit's '49, and the experimental philosophy of Bacon stands for the Sacramento flood. If a starting point is needed from which to trace the *world's* progress, we are not aware of any reason why Mrs. Hoit might not select "the spring of '49 or fall of '50," to use the phrase of Mr. William Birch, nor why Governor Burnett might not be made to do duty in place of our old friend Martin Luther. Could Mrs. Hoit have bridled her contempt for the past, which she would have done by increasing her knowledge, she might have learned that the principles of what is called the Baconian Philosophy had long been known and in practice before either Bacon or the Reformation were dreamed of; that the art of printing, which she tells us brought flashes of light into the scene, had been discovered and in use in China two thousand years before it was introduced into Europe by Faust and Guttenberg. The Reformation and Lord Bacon do very well from which to view the history of England's and some portion of Europe's progress, but they have little to do with the history of the world's progress in education or in anything else. There is no one principle established by the Reformation which was not recognized, nor is there one benefit resulting from that movement, which was not enjoyed by various nations of the earth existing before Europe was an inhabited country. There is not a single result in natural science which has been attained by the world, which is to be attributed to Lord

Bacon, nor is there a single theory propounded by him, nor a solitary scientific fact discovered by him, which was not fully known by thousands of men, many ages before he was born. Leaving her theories, we turn to say that we do not recollect of having elsewhere met with such extraordinary statements as are to be found in this remarkable production. We may not fully comprehend the idea sought to be conveyed in the obscure sentence, "The science of medicine was never devoted to alleviate and heal." Standing as it does, we can only construe it as meaning, that the science of medicine, before the Reformation and Lord Bacon, was never practically applied to the alleviation of pain or the healing of the sick. Had Mrs. H. read a few pages of the great Hippocrates, whose name she tosses about so unceremoniously, she would never have ventured such an assertion. Many hundreds of years before the Reformation, there lived barbarians called Saracens, whose history, of course, has not attracted the attention of Mrs. H. They early began to apply chemistry to the theory and practice of medicine. In the city of Cordova, we think in the ninth century, the most formidable operations were performed by Saracenic surgeons. The cautery and knife were as freely used then as now. The many words used by our apothecaries—Julep, Sirup, Exlixir Alcohol, etc.—are derived from this source. Just as in mathematics, which science Mrs. Hoit seems to think, with medicine, somehow or other, a product of the Reformation, the words cipher, logarithm, algebra, etc., are derived from Arabia.

As a proof of the world's progress, and to show how much it was behind-hand up to the fourteenth century, and, by inference, how immeasurably it has advanced in the nineteenth century, our author, with amusing confidence, tells us that "The human frame was never dissected until the fourteenth century." As a matter of fact, however, the human frame was dissected some 1700 years before the time ascribed to that performance by Mrs. Hoit. Three hundred years before Christ, in the Alexandrian Museum, originated by Ptolemy Philadelphus, dissection of the human frame was carried on as it is to day in the medical colleges of the United States. In the words of a great medical writer, "The medical school of Alexandria was based upon dissection." Not only so but vivisection was allowed, both of animals and men. Criminals who had been condemned to death were reserved for that purpose by the state. We fear Mrs. Hoit must give up surgery. She is not happy in medicine. And notwithstanding her admiration for the young operator, of whom she read in the newspaper, and the apparent relish with which she relates the ghastly witticism of Buffon, we are more inclined to compliment her for her poetry than her pharmaccy.

It is impossible for us further to note the many misstatements in regard to men and things contained in this essay. So many names are mentioned, so many facts are asserted, that to do justice to them or to our author, would require the entire columns of our paper. We therefore pass Lebnitz and Euclid, Socrates and Plato. Indeed, we admit them to be much beyond our flight. We do not stop to relate that female teachers other than Hypatia and Maria Agnesi have existed; that in the past there have been schools for the education of girls—and in those very sciences, anatomy and mathematics, so much admired by Mrs. Hoit. There remains for notice her extravagant laudation of our common school system. Yet we pardon the praise, which is natural, while we point out the untruth, which is common. We understand her to directly ask the question:

"Who of us does not know that we can find in any one of those little wayside schools that bestar our Northern land, from Puritan New England to ultra California, more sound practical wisdom than in all the temples of Attica or tomes of Egypt?"

This is said with genuine feminine rashness. Mrs. H. triumphantly pits *one* of these little wayside schools against *all* the temples of Attica and *all* the tomes of Egypt. Perhaps, as this interrogatory was originally put to an assemblage of teachers, "who of *us*" may not include ourselves, and we might be told to speak when we are spoken to. But since the article is in print, we feel at liberty to reply. We do not know who of the assemblage of teachers—nor yet of "The Board"—knows this fact. Still, with fear and trembling, we answer that *we* do not know it. And we trust that we will be excused in saying we do not believe that our author knows it; unless she claims to have gathered *all* the wisdom stored in *all* the temples of Attica, and read faithfully and understandingly *all* the tomes of Egypt. This is nothing to what follows:

"Ancient abstractions have given way to intelligent performance; the wild visions of the poet to mathematical demonstrations. I will read you a few statistics bearing on that subject. We must remember that free schools belong especially to free States—though every State, thanks to God and our martyred thousands, is now free! The figures are these:

"Of the 16,685 patents issued to the several United States from 1790 to 1850, 14,359, or more than six-sevenths of the whole, were issued to the free States, and only 2,326, or less than one-seventh, to the slave States. New York received patents for 5,245 inventions; and Virginia, the self-graduating mother of States and statesmen, received 567. The number issued to good old Massachusetts alone is 2,171, or only 155 less than the number issued to all the slave States together. I do not mention these with any thought that there is greater superiority of mind in one section than another, but I think it shows the practical enlivening influence of our district school system—of the mathematical training given our scholars from stately colleges down to the little, square, pine buildings where thumbs and fingers are first counted. *To this silent and unpretending cause we may attribute the discovery of the established laws of our earth and of new worlds in our heavens.*"

Now, in all fairness, we ask, what does this mean? *What* is the silent and unpretending cause here mentioned. To what do the words, "to *this*" refer? Does Mrs. Hoit mean to say the discovery of the established laws of our earth and of new worlds in the heavens is to be attributed to the Patent system of the United States? Is the silent and unpretending cause by which these discoveries have been made our District School system? Or is it the mathematical training given *our* scholars? It would not surprise us if any one of these three causes, or all three of them combined, were meant. Were it not that we are expressly told that "this cause" is a "*silent* and *unpretending*" one, we should believe that it was intended to intimate with modest vagueness that "The Board" was this—

——"great cause *least understood.*"

But to all this wild rhapsody we will say that there is a country which does not figure in the roll of patents; which has no District School system—no Board of Education; which has utterly rejected Martin Luther, the Reformation, and all its blessings; which believes in Leonardo de Vinci, instead of Lord Bacon; which has not given up the wild vision of the poet for mathematical demonstration; which cannot even yet be called a free State; which, in short, is completely and entirely under what Mrs. Hoit calls "the hoary dynasty of ages"—yet, notwithstanding its abject condition, this country has done more for the "discovery of the established laws of our earth," and for "scientific progress" generally, than any nation, small or great, in Christendom. Should Mrs. Hoit desire to learn the name of this country, doubtless she can readily obtain it by applying to any one of the erudite members of the late Board of Education.

ANTEDELUVIAN.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

IL *Ballo in Maschera* was given on Monday and Tuesday evenings, at Maguire's Academy of Music. The mistakes and short-comings incidental to the first performance have been gradually removed, and the last representation was quite faultless. By well-managed scenic illusions a greater apparent depth was given to the stage in the final ball scene. The music of this opera seems to have captivated our people from the first, and we doubt if the troupe appear to better advantage in any other performance. The roles taken by Seoncia, Phillips and Sbriglia were excellently conceived and rendered. The new season was commenced on Thursday evening with *Martha*. If the crowded houses and satisfied faces of the audiences were any indication of the new season, the manager ought to rest content for the future. If the capital singing and acting of this opera and the liberal style of its appointments be any criterion of future performances, the audiences have as much reason to be satisfied. Seoncia's "Lady Harriet," Sbriglia's "Lionel," and Orlandini's "Plunkett," were capital, and were only excelled by Miss Phillips' "Nancy," which surpassed in vocal execution and acting any previous performance of the character on this coast. *Rigoletto* will be given to-night.

Faust was repeated at the Metropolitan on Monday night by the Bianchi troupe. Their performance of this beautiful opera is one of their best efforts, and each representation seems to bring out new beauties. *I' Lombardi* was produced on Wednesday. *Don Giovanni* was announced for Friday evening, but *Lucia di Lammermoor* substituted in its place.

FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The fifth industrial exhibition of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco will be held at the Pavilion in August next. The last Fair was of incalculable benefit to the State as a demonstration of its resources and the great progress made in mechanism and manufactures. For the coming exhibition there can be "no such word as fail;" the Executive Committee is composed of some of the most energetic members of the Institute, who are fully impressed with the responsibility of their position, and have determined to make the Fair of 1865 the Institute's crowning success. Gold, silver and bronze medals, as well as diplomas, are to be awarded. Every convenience will be afforded exhibitors.

WE acknowledge the receipt of the following volumes from A. Roman & Co. A press of other matter compels us to defer our regular notices until next week: *Christian's Mistake, Luttrells of Arran*, Napoleon's *Julius Cæsar, Religious Duty, Three Years in the Army, Husbands and Homes, Mark Lemon's Jest Book, Golden Deeds*, and *Silent Struggles.*

(For the Californian.)

THE TALE OF A PONY.

A TRUE STORY.

NAME of my heroine, simply "Rose;"
Surname, tolerable only in prose;
Habitat, Paris, that is where
She resided for change of air;
Ætat twenty; complexion fair,
Rich, good-looking and *debonnair*,
Smarter than Jersey-lightning,—There!
That's her picture—done with care.

In Paris—whatever they do besides—
EVERY LADY IN FULL DRESS, RIDES!
Moiré antiques you never meet
Sweeping the filth of a dirty street;
But every woman's claim to *ton*
Depends upon
The team she drives, whether phæton,
Landeau or britzka. Hence it's plain
That Rose, who was of her toilette vain,
Should have a team that ought to be
Equal to any in all *Paris!*

"Bring forth the horse!"—the *commissaire*
Bowed, and brought Miss Rose a pair
Leading an equipage rich and rare:
"Why doth that lovely lady stare?"
Why? The tail of the off gray mare,
Is bobbed—by all that's good and fair!
Like the shaving-brushes that soldiers wear,
Scarcely showing as much back-hair
As Tam O'Shanter's "Meg"—and there
Lord knows she'd little enough to spare.

The stare and frown the Frenchman knew,
But did—as well-bred Frenchmen do—
Raised his shoulders above his crown,
Joined his thumbs, with the fingers down,
And said "Ah, Heaven!"—then, "Madamoiselle,"
Delay one minute, and all is well!"
He went; returned; by what good chance
These things are managed so well in France
I cannot say—but he made the sale,
And the bob-tailed mare had a flowing tail.

All that is false in this world below
Betrays itself in a love of show;
Indignant Nature hides her lash
In the purple-black of a dyed moustache;
The shallowest fop will trip in French,
The would-be critic will misquote Trench;
In short, you're always sure to detect
A sham in the things folks most affect;
Bean-pods are noisiest when dry,
And one always winks with his weakest eye;
And that's the reason the old gray mare
Forever had her tail in the air,
With flourishes beyond compare—
Though every whisk
Incurred the risk
Of leaving that sensitive region bare,
She did some things that you couldn't but feel
She wouldn't have done had her tail been real.

Champs Elysees: Time, past five;
There go the carriages—look alive!
Everything that man can drive,
Or his inventive skill contrive—
Yankee buggy or English "chay;"
Dog-cart, droschky and smart coupé,
A *desoblegeante* quite hulky,
(French idea of a Yankee *sulky*;)
Band in the distance, playing a march,
Footmen standing stiff as starch;
Savans, lorettes, deputies, Arch-
Bishops, and there together range
Sous-lieutenants and *cent*-gardes—(strange
Way these soldier-chaps make change,)
Mixed with black eyed Polish dames,
With unpronounceable awful names;
Laces tremble and ribbons flout,
Conchmen wrangle and gend'armes shout—
Bless us! what is the row about?
Ah! here comes Rosey's new turn-out!

Smart! You bet you, it was that!
Nifty! (short for *magnificat*)
Mulberry panels—heraldic spread—
Ebony wheels picked out with red,
And two gray mares that were thoroughbred;
No wonder that every dandy's head
Was turned by the turn-out—and 't was said
That Caskowhisky, (friend of the Czar,)
A very good *whip*, (as Russians are,)
Was tied to Rosey's triumphal car,
Entranced, the reader will understand,
By "ribbons" that graced her head and hand.

Alas! the hour you think would crown
Your highest wishes, should let you down!
Or fate should turn, by your own mischance,
Your victor's car to an ambulance;
From cloudless heavens her lightnings glance,
(But these things happen, even in France;)
And so Miss Rose, as she trotted by—
The cynosure of every eye—
Saw to her horror the off-mare shy—
Flourish her tale so exceeding high
That, disregarding the closest tie,
And without giving a reason why,
She flung her tail so free and frisky,
Full in face of Caskowhisky!

Excuses, blushes, smiles: in fine,
End of the pony's tail, and mine! BRET

LOVE-SICKNESS.

(AN OIRISH MALADY.)

ME heart's with me Flora, how great is the pleasure
I feel whin I hear the sweet sound of her neem;
I'd soon took a thrip, if I'd money an' leisure,
To London's great city to see my ould fleem.

That dee down at Richmond! I'll never forget it,
Ah! thin me affeshuns wer' youthful and green;
Our gyarmints were certainly thoroughly wetted,
But *she* was the fairest I ever had seen.

Such throifles as reen an wet clothes he who woise is
Neglects when the part of a shuthor he'd play,
He well knows that Kyoopid *all* gyarments dispoises,
And Vanus looks fairest just out o' the say.

Though the damp rather dims a young leedy's complexshun,
And rooins a best three an'.tinpenny glov,
Can umbrellas ibscure the broight glance ov affeshun,
Or showers o' reen damp the ardor ov lov?

The "Star and the Gyarther," that hall of symphozia,
A refyidge afforded us all from the reen;
We ate our fawgrah as it had been ambrozhia,
An' quaffed the broight necthar ov sparklin' champeen.

The next time we meet, be it sunshine or torrence,
The question I'll pop while iscortin' her home;
Next winther, she tould me, she's goin' to Florence,
Who knows but she'd, maybe, go over to Rome!

GUZMAN EL BUENO.

IN the early times of Spanish history, before the Moors had been expelled from the peninsula, or the blight of Western gold had enervated the nation, the old honor and loyalty of the Gothic race were high and pure, fostered by constant combats with a generous enemy. The Spanish Arabs were indeed the flower of the Mahomedan races, endowed with the vigor and honor of the desert tribes, yet capable of culture and civilization, excelling all other nations of their time in science and art, and almost the equals of their Christaiu foes in the attributes of chivalry. Wars with them were a coustant crusade, consecrated in the minds of the Spaniards as being in the cause of religion, and yet in some degree freed from savagery and cruelty by the enemy, and by the fact that the civilization and learning of the Christian kingdoms were far more derived from the Moors than from the kindred nations of Europe.

By the close of the thirteenth century, the Christian kingdoms of Castille and Aragon were descending from their mountain fastuesses, and spreading over the lovely plains of the south, even to the Mediterranean coast, as oue beautiful Moorish city after another yielded to the persevering advances of the children of the Goths; and in 1291 the uephew of our own beloved Eleanor of Castille, Sancho V., called *El Bravo*, ventured to invest the city of Tarifa.

This was the western buttress of the gate of the Mediterranean, the base of the northern Pillar of Hercules, and esteemed one of the gates of Spain. By it five huudred years previously had the Moorish enemy first entered Spain at the summons of Count Julian, under their leader Tarif-abu-Zearah, whose name was bestowed upon it in remembrance of his landiug there. The form of the ground is said to be like a broken punch-bowl, with the broken part towards the sea. The Moors had fortified the city with a surrounding wall and twenty-six towers, and had built a castle with a lighthouse on a small adjacent islaud, called Isla Verde, which they had connected with a city by a causeway. Their fortifications, always admirable, have existed ever since, and in 1811, auother five hundred years after, were successfully defended against the French by a small force of British troops under the command of Colonel Hugh Gough, better known in his old age as the victor of Aliwal. The walls were then unable to support the weight of artillery, for which of course they had never been built, but were perfectly effective against escalade.

For six months King Sancho besieged Tarifa by land and sea, his fleet, hired from the Geuoese, lying in the waters where the battle of Trafalgar was to be fought. The city at length yielded under stress of famine, but the king feared that he had no resources to enable him to keep it, and intended to dismantle and forsake it, when the Grand Master of the military order of Calatrava offered to undertake the defence with the knights for one year, hoping that some other noble would come forward at the end of that time and take the charge upon himself.

He was not mistaken. The noble who made himself responsible for this post of danger was a Leonese knight of high distinction, by name Alonso Perez de Guzman, already called *El Bueno*, or "The Good," from the high qualities he had manifested in the service of the late king, Don Alouso VI., by whom he had always stood when the present king, Don Saucho, was in rebellion. The offer was readily accepted, aud the whole Guzman family removed to Tarifa, with the exception of the eldest son, who was in the train of the Inlant Don Juan, the second son of the late king, who had always taken part with his father against his brother, and on Sancho's accession, continued his enmity, and fled to Portugal.

The king of Portugal, however, being requested by Sancho not to permit him to remain there, he proceeded to offer his services to the king of Morocco, Yusuf-ben-Yacoub for whom he undertook to recover Tarifa if 5,000 horse were granted to him for the purpose. The force would have been most disproportionate for the attack of such a city as Tarifa, but Don Juau reckoned on means that he had already found efficacious; when he had obtuined the surrender of Zamora to his father by threatening to put to death a child of the lady in command of the fortress.

Therefore, after summoning Tarifa at the head of his 5.000 Moors, he led forth before the gates the boy who had been confided to his care and declared that, unless the city were yielded instantly, Guzman should behold the death of his own son at his hand! Before, he had had to deal with a weak woman on a question of divided allegiance. It was otherwise here. The point was whether the city should be made over to the enemies of the faith and country, whether the plighted word of a loyal knight should be broken. Tho boy was held in the grasp of the cruel prince, stretching out his hands and weeping as he saw his father upon the walls. Don Alonso's eyes, we are told, filled with tears as he cast one long, last look at his firstborn, whom he might not save except at the expense of his truth and honor.

The struggle was bitter, but he broke forth at last in these words: "I did not beget a son to be made use of against my country, but that he should serve her against her foes. Should Don Juan put him to death, he will but confer honor on me, true life on my son, and on himself eternal shame in this world and everlasting wrath after death. So far am I from yielding this place or betraying my trust, that in case he should want a weapon for his cruel purpose, there goes my knife!"

He cast the knife in his belt over the walls, and returned to the castle, where, commanding his countenance, he sat down to table with his wife. Loud shouts of horror and dismay almost iustantly called him forth again. He was told that Don Juan had been seen to cut the boy's throat in a transport of blind rage. "I thought the enemy had broken in," he calmly said, and went back again.

The Moors themselves were horror-struck at the atrocity of their ally, and as the siege was hopeless they gave it up; and Don Juan, afraid and ashamed to return to Morocco, wandered to the court of Granada.

King Sancho was lying sick at Alcala de Henares when the tidings of the price of Guzman's fidelity reached him. Touched to the depths of his heart, he wrote a letter to his faithful subject, comparing his sacrifice to that of Abraham. confirming to him the name of Good, lamenting his own inability to come and offer his thanks aud regrets, but entreating Guzman's presence at Alcala.

All the way thither, the people thronged to see the man true to his word at such a fearful cost. The court was sent out to meet him, and the king, after embracing him, exclaimed, "Here learn, ye knights, what are exploits of virtue. Behold your model."

Lands and honors were heaped upon Alonso de Guzman, and they were not a mockery of his loss, for he had other sons to inherit them. He was the stanch friend of Sancho's widow and son in a long and perilous minority, and died full of years and honors. The lands granted to him were those of Medina Sidonia, which lie between the rivers Guadiana and Guadalquiver, and they have ever since been held by his descendants, who still bear the honored name of Guzman, witnessing that the man who gave the life of his firstborn rather than break his faith to the king has left a posterity as noble and enduring as any family in Europe.

RECIPE FOR PREVENTING SEA-SICKNESS.—Notwithstanding the sea had lulled, it blew a stiff breeze still, and the *Crusader* rolled and tossed upon the huge toppliug waves of the Atlantic in such a way that I was again sick; but, having some little experience of what genuine sea sickness really is since crossing the Bay of Biscay, I managed to avoid much of the unpleasantness I then suffered, priucipally by the following means, which I would strongly recommend to all landsmen. If you feel sickish, or know by experience that you will be sick, go to bed, close your eyes, and remain lying on your back, if possible, without motion: abstain from food, but not altogether; I would rather say, eat sparingly, and of solids, such as a little broiled meat, or biscuit, as I have known most alarming effects arise from "total abstinence," to say nothing of the violent straiuing and fruitless retching it occasions. Drink sparingly of cold water, or brandy and water in sips, but taste no hot liquid of any kind. In keeping the eyes shut, I would remark, that the effect of vision and its sympathy with the stomach are not enough attended to; for though at rest in the berth, the swinging backwards and forwards, and motion of the vessel and things around, are often sufficient to produce what we wish to avoid. There is, however, one point at which emesis becomes inevitable—it is when the mouth fills with saliva, and then the sooner it takes place the better.—*Wilde's Narrative.*

FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

A LAUGHABLE blunder was made by Mrs. Gibbs, at Covent Garden Theatre, in the season of 1823, in the part of "Miss Stirling," in *The Cladestine Marriage*. When speaking of the conduct of "Betty," who had locked the door of "Miss Fanny's" room, and walked away with the key, Mrs. G. said, "*She had locked the key and carried the door in her pocket.*" Mrs. Davenport, as "Mrs. Heidelberg," had previously excited a hearty laugh, by substituting for the original dialogue, "*I protest there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in his hand;*" but the mistake by Mrs. Gibbs seemed to be so uniutentional, so unpremeditated, that the effect was irresistible; and the audience celebrated the joke with three rounds of applause.

AT a club, of which Jerrold was a member, a fierce Jacobite, and a friend, as fierce, of the cause of William the Third, were arguing noisily, and disturbing less excitable conversationalists. At length the Jacobite, a brawny Scot, brought his fist down heavily upon the table, and roared at his adversary: "I tell you what it is, sir, I spit upon your King William!" The friend of the Prince of Orange was not to be outmastered by mere lungs. He rose, and roared back to the Jacobite; "And I, sir, spit upon your James the Secoud!" Jerrold, who had been listening to the uproar in silence, hereupon rung the bell, and shouted: "Waiter, *spittoons for two!*"

A MAN was described in a plea as "I. Jones," and the pleader referred in another part of the plea to "I" as an "initial." The plaintiff said that the plea was bad, because "I" was not a name. Sir W. Maule said that there was no reason why a man might not be christened "I" as well as Isaac, inasmuch as either could be pronounced alone. The counsel of the plaintifl then objected that the plea admitted that "I" was not a name by describing it as "an initial." "Yes," retorted the judge, "but it does not aver that it is not a *final* as well as *initial* letter."

FRANKLIN, when ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, and not well understanding the Freuch when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased, a little child, who understood the French, said to him, "But, grandpapa, you always applauded the loudest when they were *praising you!*" Frankliu laughed heartily, and explained the matter.

LORD WILLIAM POULAT was said to be the author of a pamphlet called *The Snake in the Grass*. A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upou a denial under his owu hand. Lord William took a pen and began: "This is to scratify that the buk called *The Snak*—" "Oh! my Lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your Lordship has already convinced me *you did not* write the book."

SYDNEY SMITH was once dining in company with a French gentleman, who had been before dinner indulging in a number of free-thinking speculations, and had euded by avowing himself a materialist. "Very good soup, this," said Mr Smith. "*Oui, monsieur, c' est excellente,*" was the reply. "Pray, sir, do you *believe in a cook?*" inquired Mr. Smith.

LAMB and Coleridge were talking together on the incidents of Coleridge's early life, when he was beginning his career in the church, and Coleridge was describing some of the facts in his usual tone, when he paused and said: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, did you ever hear me preach?" "I *never* heard you do any thing else!" said Lamb.

DIGNUM and Moses Kean the mimic were both tailors. Charles Bannister met them under the Piazza in Covent Garden, arm-in-arm. "I never see those men together," said he, "but they put me in miud of Shakspeare's comedy, *Measure for Measure!*"

JUDGE MAULE, in summing up a case of libel, and speaking of a defendant who had exhibited a spiteful piety, observed, "Oue of these defendants, Mr. Blank, is, it seems, a minister of religion—of *what* religion does not appear, but, to judge by his couduct, it cauuot be any form of Christianity." Severe.

WHEN Lord Eldon resigned the Great Seal, a small barrister said, "To me his loss is irreparable. Lord Eldon always behaved to me like a father." "Yes," remarked Brougham, "I understand he always treated you like a *child.*"

"NATURE has written 'honest man' on his face," said a friend to Jerrold, speaking of a persou in whom Jerrold's faith was not altogether blind. "Humph!" Jerrold replied, "then the pen must have been a very bad one."

AN Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear tho court, did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye *blackguards* that isn't *lawyers*, must lave the coort."

THE CHILDREN OF BLENTARN GHYLL.

BLENTARN GHYLL is the name of a little narrow gorge in those Westmoreland mountains, called Langdale Pikes, at whose feet lie the lovely green vale and lake of Grasmere. The lake is fed by mountain streamlets, called in the north becks. One of these becks comes down another beautiful valley called Easedale, sheltered by mountains and green with grass, as smooth and soft as on a lawn, from being cropped short by the sheep, which can be turned out here earlier in the spring than on the other mountain-sides. At one end, Easedale opens on the village of Grasmere, at the other is a steep ascent, leading to a bare stony ravine, shut in on all sides by high mountains, and with no outlet except the rough descent into Easedale, and likewise a dangerous winding path about six miles over the mountains to Langdale Head. This lonely ravine is called Far Easedale, and at the upper end there formerly stood a cottage named Bleutarn Ghyll. Ghyll means a cleft worn in the rock by water: and just above the cottage there is such a cleft, opening from a basin in the rock that must once have been a tarn, or mountain lakelet, but the pool is now dry, and for want of the living eye of sparkling water, it is termed Bleutarn or Blind pool.

The cottage was the dwelling of an honest old soldier named George Green, who had taken the little mountain farm, and married an active, bustling woman, who kept her home in great order, and regularly sent her children, tidily dressed, to school at Grasmere, whenever the weather did not make the long, wild mountain walk impossible for them.

It was in the winter of the year 1807 that there was an auction of furniture at a farm-house at Langdale Head. These sales are great occasions among the people of these hills; every one attends them for a considerable distance round, and there is much friendly hospitality, much business of all sorts transacted, and many meetings of old friends, who scarcely ever see each other at other times. To this gathering George and Sarah Green set off early in the forenoon of a bright winter day, leaving their cottage and six little ones in the charge of the eldest sister, a girl of nine years old, named Agnes, for they had neither indoor nor outdoor servant, and no neighbor nearer than Grasmere.

Little Agnes was, however, a remarkably steady and careful child, and all went well through the day, but towards night the mist settled down heavily upon the hills, and the heavy sighing in the air told that a storm was working up; the children watched anxiously for their parents, but the fog cut off their view, flakes of snow began to fall, and darkness closed in early on them.

Agnes gave the others their supper of milk and oatmeal porridge, and they sat down waiting and watching, and fancying they heard sounds in the hills; but the clock struck one hour after another, and no step was on the threshold, no hand at the latch, no voice at the door, only the white silent flakes fell thicker and thicker, and began to close up the door, and come in white clinging wreaths through the crevices of the windows. Agnes tried to cheer the others up, but there was a dread on them all, and they could not bear to move away from the peat fire on the hearth, round which they were nestled. She put the two youngest, who were twins, to bed in their cradle, and sat on with the others, two boys and another girl, named Catherine, till the clock struck twelve, when she heard them one by one say their prayers, and doing the same herself, lay down to rest, trusting to her Heavenly Father's care.

The morning came, and no father or mother; only the snow falling thicker than ever, and almost blocking them in; but still Agnes did not lose hope; she thought her father and mother might have taken shelter at night in some *bield*, as she would have termed a sheepfold, or that the snow might have prevented them from setting out at all, and they might come home by Grasmere in the morning. She cheered herself up, and dressed the others, made them say their prayers, and gave them their breakfast, recollecting as she saw the lessening stores that her mother must know how little was provided for them, and be as anxious to get home as they were to see her there. She longed to go down to Grasmere to inquire; but the communication was entirely cut off by the snow, for the beck was, in the winter, too wide for a child to leap, and too rapid to be waded, and the crazy wooden bridge that crossed it had so large a hole in it, that, when concealed with snow, it was not safe to attempt the passage. She said afterwards that she could not help being terrified at the loneliness and desolateness, but that she recollected that at least if she could not get out, no bad men could get in to hurt them; and she set herself resolutely to comfort and help the lesser creatures who depended on her. She thought over all that could be done for the present, and first wound up the clock, a friend that she could not allow to be silent; next she took all the remaining milk and scalded it, to prevent it turning sour; then she looked into the meal chest, and made some porridge for breakfast, but the store was so low that she was forced to put all except the babies upon short allowance; but to reconcile the others to this, she made cakes of a small hoard of flour, and baked them on the hearth. It was snowing so fast that she feared that the way to the peat stack would be blocked up, and therefore her next work was, with the help of the two boys, to pull down as much fuel as would last for a week, and carry it in-doors; and she examined the potatoes laid up in bracken leaves, but fancying that if she brought them in, the warmth of the cottage would spoil them, she only took enough for a single meal. Milking the cow was the next office performed by this orderly little maid, but the poor thing was half starved and had little to give. Agnes saw that more hay must be given to her, and calling the boys, scrambled with them into the loft, and began to pull down the hay; but this was severe work for such young children, and darkness came on in the midst, frightening the two little fellows, so that it required all the sister's steady resolution and perseverance to finish supplying the poor cow with even that night's supper and bed. Supper time came, and after it the motherly child undressed the twins, and found voice to sing them to sleep, after which she joined the huddle of the other three, nestled on the hearth, and hour after hour they listened for the dear voices, till they fancied they heard sounds on the howling blast, held their breath, and then as it died away, were conscious of the silence of the lull. So fierce was the snow-drift that Agnes had to guard the door and window from admitting long wreaths of it, and protect the fire from being put out as it came hissing down the chimney. Again her watch lasted till midnight, and no parents, no help came; again she went to bed, and awoke to find the snow falling thicker than ever, and hope failing within her. Her fond, active mother, her strong, brave father, a noted climber, would surely long ago have found the way home to their children had all been well with them. Agnes described herself as getting through this third lonely day by keeping her little flock together on the hearth, and making them say their prayers aloud by turns.

By the following morning the snow was over, and the wind had changed, so sweeping away the drifts that though the treacherous bridge might not be attempted, a low stone wall had been exposed, which these little mountaineers knew would serve as a guide into Grasmere, by a circuit, which would avoid crossing the brook. It would be needful to force some gaps, that is, to push down the loose stones of the uncemented stone walls that divided the fields, and the little boys came with Agnes to help her in this as far as the ridge of the hill; but the way was long and unsafe for small children, and Agnes sent them back, whilst she made her way alone, a frail little being in the vast slopes of snow, to the house nearest in Grasmere.

She knocked at the door and was made kindly welcome, but no sooner did she ask for her father and mother than smiles turned to looks of pity and dismay. In half an hour the news that George and Sarah Green were missing had spread through the valley, and sixty strong men had met at Kirktown, the hamlet close to the parish church, to seek for them. The last that was known of them was, that, after the auction, some of their friends had advised them not to try the dangerous path so late; but when they had gone no one knew. Some of the people of Langdale likewise had heard wild shrieks at midnight on the night after the sale, but had fancied them merely the moans of the wind.

One day after another the search continued, but still in vain. The neighbors patiently gave up their work day after day to turn over the deep snow around the path from Langdale, but for three, or some say five days, no trace of them was found. At last dogs were used, and guided the seekers far away from the path, until a loud shout from the top of a steep precipice told that the lost was found. There lay Sarah Green, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, of course dead; and at the foot of the rock his body was found, in a posture that seemed to show he had been killed by the fall without a struggle. The neighbors thought the mist and snow must have bewildered them till they had wandered thus far in the darkness, and that George had been making a few steps forward to make out the road when the fall took place, but that his wife had very possibly been unconscious of his fall, and stood still where he had left her, uttering those sad cries that had been so little regarded at Langdale, until she was unable to move and was benumbed by the sleep of cold. Those who knew them best, thought the poor woman's grief and terror for her lonely little ones had probably so overpowered her as to disturb her husband's coolness and presence of mind, and that if he had been alone, he would probably have easily saved himself. The brave little girl, keeping her patient watch and guard over the five younger ones, and setting out on her lonely way through the snow, must have had more of the spirit of her soldier-father than her mother. It was to Dorothy Wordsworth, the sister of the poet, that little Agnes was persuaded to tell the history of this calm, resolute, trustful, waiting-time, which, simple as it is, we think our readers will own as truly worthy to be counted among Golden Deeds. The father and mother were buried on a lovely spring day at St. Oswald's Churchyard at Kirktown, and Wordsworth wrote:

"Now do these sternly-featured hills
Look gently on this grave,
And quiet now the depths of air
As sea without a wave.

"But deeper lies the heart of peace,
In quiet more profound;
The heart of quietness is here,
Within this churchyard bound.

"And from all agony of mind
It keeps them safe, and far
From fear, and grief, and from all need
Of sun or guiding star."

After the funeral, the farm folk of the neighborhood were all pressing forward to beg to adopt one or other of the little orphans. The twins were kept together, Catherine was taken by the Wordsworth family, Agnes and her brothers found separate but comfortable homes among their parents' friends. Help came pouring in. Queen Charlotte and her daughters were greatly touched by the mountain child's tender motherliness, and sent a handsome donation for the benefit of the orphans, and so many subscriptions were offered, that at last Miss Wordsworth declined receiving any more, lest the children should be injured by having too much wealth for the station to which they were growing up.

THE LAW OF HONOR.—On the publication of the Duc d'Aumale's celebrated letter to Prince Napoleon, in 1861, it was generally thought that a duel was inevitable, and the Imperialists were sadly scandalized at the refusal of their champion to take up the gauntlet so pointedly and contemptuously flung down. The ladies, as usual, were most touched by the want of spirit betrayed; and a fair cousin is reported to have told him that he was the first Bonaparte who confessedly wanted courage. The precise details of Pitt's duel with Tierney (1798) will be found in Earl Stanhope's excellent *Life of Pitt*. It arose from some remarks by Pitt in the House of Commons to the effect that Tierney's opposition to a Government bill was owing to a desire to impede the defences of the country—an imputation which Pitt refused to withdraw. He apprised the Speaker (Addington) privately of what was about to happen, trusting to his honor not to interfere in any way. They met at Wimbledon, and exchanged two shots without effect. The current story was that Pitt's second, Mr. Ryder, on delivering him his pistol told him to be careful as it had a hair trigger. "I do not see the hair," said the statesman, calmly holding the pistol up against the light. He states in a printed letter that his conduct was approved by George III. Wilberforce gave notice of a motion in the House of Commons on the subject; but reluctantly withdrew it on Pitt's declaring that, if carried, it would compel his retirement from public life. Fox's duel with Adam (1779) also arose out of a speech in the House of Commons; but, unlike his great rival, Fox, on the first request for explanation, declared he had no intention to offend. Adam, who appeared satisfied at the time, came again the next day, to complain of the versions of the newspapers, (with which Fox said he had nothing to do,) and on the ground that his friends required something more, called upon Fox to print his disclaimer, which was refused. Fox was slightly wounded in the breast at the first exchange of shots, but either did not know or did not mention the fact; and to a fresh overture or demand, replied that the affair must proceed. After the second fire an arrangement was effected, upon which he opened his waistcoat and showed his wound. The feeling that prevailed under George III. was also strongly shown in the affair of the "Blueviad," a satirical poem on the "Blues," published in 1805, by a very young officer, who has since risen to social and professional distinction as a civilian. The officers came to a resolution to prosecute, but not to fight; but one of them, a captain who had joined in it, shook his whip at the satirist as they passed each other in Rotten-row. This led to a challenge, which was refused on the score of the resolution, with the approval of six of the officers. The captain was forthwith posted, literally and actually, on large bills pasted against the walls proclaiming him a coward. One of these met the eye of George III.: "What, what, what? A captain in my household troops a coward! What are the Horse Guards about?" A court of inquiry sat, and every officer who had approved the captain's conduct in offering an affront for which he did not intend to be responsible, was compelled to leave the regiment along with him.

THERE is a little fish that Providence has placed at the North Pole which is called the lamp fish, that melts all away in broiling. It is a capital lubricator, and is used as a lamp by having a string of bark drawn through it. It is proposed to incorporate a company to bring this new discovery into competition with petroleum. We regard the project as the fin-ishing attack of the oil fever.

IT was customary, years ago, to publish from the pulpit, in Connecticut, bans of matrimony. On one occasion an old man rose and said: "I forbid the bans." On being asked to state his objections, he replied: "I had reserved Dinah Curtis for myself." The objection was not deemed "good."

(For the Californian.)

PRESENTED AT COURT.

VERY many of our countrymen who visit Europe are naturally desirous of becoming acquainted with the customs of royalty and nobility. "The boast of heraldry and pomp of power" always has and always will impress the mind with admiration, and even a plain American citizen, who would not live under any other than a republican form of government, cannot fail to be impressed with all the magnificence which seems to hover around those who hold a sceptre.

The writer spent several years in Europe, most of the time residing in that city of cities, Paris; and having been presented to their Imperial Majesties Napoleon III. and Eugenie, now proposes to describe, as well as he can, a presentation at the French Court.

It is requisite that the applicant for presentation should be personally known to the United States Minister, as he is responsible for the respectability of all whom he introduces at court. The Minister sends a list to the Grand Chamberlain of the Emperor, containing the names of those he desires to present. A few days previous to the reception, the invitations are brought to the American legation by one of the Emperor's body guard, and from thence they are sent by our representatives to those for whom they are intended.

Though it is not an easy matter for Americans to obtain from their Minister an invitation to the Imperial receptions, it is still more difficult for the subjects of monarchial governments, for they have to prove their having been presented at their own Courts before they can expect to be presented at a foreign one. The consequence is that at most royal presentations, the United States is more fully represented than any other country. I was really surprised at receiving my invitation so soon, for I had only applied for it about a fortnight previous, and was then told that it might be six weeks before I would be gratified with a satisfactory answer to my application.

The invitation read thus (in French:)

"The Grand Chamberlain, on the part of their Imperial Majesties, has the honor to request the pleasure of Mr. ——'s company at the Palace of the Tuileries on Tuesday evening, Jan. —, for presentation. Monsieur will please hand this card at the entrance to the palace."

This invitation was printed on a card about five inches long and four inches wide, and was enclosed in a large envelope bearing the stamp of the Grand Chamberlain.

Now that I had received my invitation, it was requisite for me to have a court dress, without which I would not have been admitted within the palace.

Had I been either an officer in the army, or even in the militia, I would have been entitled to appear in uniform; but being merely a private citizen of the United States, it was now necessary for me to furnish myself with "gorgeous array."

I therefore called on my tailor; and, stating my necessities, requested him to provide me with everything necessary. He promised satisfaction in every particular, and stated that I should have the dress on the evening of the presentation. This last promise caused me some little uneasiness, knowing from experience that tailors sometimes disappoint their customers, fearing also that the dress might not fit, and I should be in rather a disagreeable position for one who had been anticipating so much. But he promised on his honor that all would be right, and with that at stake I departed from his establishment, with a trifle more of confidence but still prepared for disappointment.

The evening at last arrived, and as I sat in my dressing-room awaiting the receipt of my court dress, which I now really commenced to despair of ever seeing, I had the inexpressible pleasure of listening to the agreeable remarks of several of my friends who had dropped in to see their companion's *en grande tenue*. One suggested that I should go as I was, *i. e.*, in under-clothes, as I would then attract the attention of all, and, to the prejudice of royalty, be the "observed of all observers." Many such suggestions I listened to, each one exciting the laughter of the whole party, in which I was compelled to join, although I fear that mine was but a ghastly grin, as I was more occupied in wishing all sorts of happiness to my tailor, than in participating in jokes at my own expense.

Just as my patience was giving out, a knock came at my door, and my tailor's little man appeared with a beaming smile, which I am sure was not kindly reciprocated.

Apologies for delay had to be accepted, and having no time to lose, with the tailor's assistance, I was soon prepared to enter into the royal presence. When I stood before the pier-glass and viewed myself, I could almost imagine myself to be a field-marshal, or even a member of the royal family, so much was my appearance metamorphosed.

Imagine a young man who had never worn other than the plain dress of a civilian, suddenly arraying himself in a blue dress-coat with high collar and faced with white *moiré antique* silk, the coat embroidered in gold on collar, back, sleeves and front; white cravat, white cassimere vest and pantaloons with gilt stripe down the sides, a cocked hat and sword. Just imagine, I say, an unprotected young man in such condition, and is he not perfectly excusable in allowing his imagination full scope for a few moments, that he may in that way, at least, realize how he would feel were his power commensurate with his personal appearance.

The carriage, which had been awaiting me for more than an hour, I now jumped into, and in a short time we were at the end of a long line of carriages, each taking its turn, at the entrance to the palace, in disembarking its inmates. At the expiration of about half an hour my turn came, and I was struck with admiration in ascending the grand stair-case of the Tuileries at the scene before me. On each side of the marble stair-case and on each stair stood a cuirassier with a drawn sword, neither looking to the right nor left, but straight ahead. The cuirassiers and the guides together form the body guard of the Emperor, and in appearance are the first corps in France. I will not attempt further to speak of the magnificent frescoes, noble halls, etc., which seemed to increase at every step; as were I to do so, it would be long before I arrived at the subject which I am attempting to describe.

On presenting my ticket I was conducted to an apartment separate from the grand saloons to which the rest directed their steps. Entering, I found myself in a large room, (but quite small in comparison with the rest,) in the midst of about sixty people from all nations. Around this room were ranged in order the foreign ambassadors, each one having near him a small number of his countrymen, who, like myself, were awaiting the presentation.

It was but a very short time before a door was opened and their majesties entered together.

The Empress was beautifully dressed; but not being very familiar with the terms used in describing a lady's toilette, I can only say that she could not have appeared to greater advantage. Though richly attired, there was to me a certain plainness about it, if I can so call it, which to my eye was extremely attractive. Napoleon wore the uniform of a field-marshal, and but a single star shone on his breast; it was that of the Legion of Honor.

On entering the room, a general salutation was given, each one bowing to their majesties, which was returned by them in like manner.

The Pope's Nuncio, who stood nearest the door, was then addressed by the Emperor, both himself and the Empress cordially shaking hands with him. After a few words of conversation, the Nuncio presented those who were with him, and their majesties then passed on to the next, which was Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador. The same salutation took place; and thus it was with all.

The Emperor and Empress shook hands with each ambassador, and on presenting their countrymen, unless it was some one of special distinction, they would merely bow with a smile and pass on to the next.

These formalities did not occupy more than a quarter of an hour, when, after having made the circuit of the room, the door by which their majesties entered was again thrown open, and the Imperial suite entered. Then another door was opened, and, leading the way, Napoleon and Eugenie passed into the grand saloons, where the guests of the evening had already assembled. Those who had been presented to their majesties were considered as composing for the evening a portion of their suite.

The suite comprises the Emperor's aids and many of the noblemen and generals attached to the palace, as well as the ladies of honor.

The bands immediately commenced playing, and soon a quadrille was formed, in which the Emperor and Empress joined.

This was their only dance, after which, leaving her Majesty in charge of some favored ones, the Emperor, preceded by the Grand Chamberlain, walked through the rooms. Although the crowd was very great, a pathway was quickly made, and as he passed every one would make a low bow, and the Emperor, inclining his head slightly, would thus return these salutations. Every now and then he would pause, and, shaking hands with some acquaintance, would converse for a few seconds and then pass on, always preceded by his chamberlain, who, tapping the floor with his staff of office, would repeat, "*Sa Majesté, l'Empereur.*" It was amusing to observe the effect produced on the different individuals to whom Napoleon would speak. Some would return his salutation with the ease which always marks the gentleman accustomed to society, and others would evince more or less embarassment. One gentleman whom I noticed, had the appearance of about bursting a blood-vessel when the Emperor spoke to him. He bowed low, colored up to the roots of his hair, and could hardly make an audible reply to the remarks addressed to him. He was evidently much relieved when the Emperor bade him good evening.

At midnight the supper rooms were thrown open, and their majesties entering first, were immediately followed by the crowd of guests. The tables were soon surrounded, and ceremony for the time appeared to be forgotten. The supper was very good, but there was nothing remarkable about it. Soon after, their majesties quietly retired, and left the rest to amuse themselves by dancing, conversation, etc.

It being the custom to extend invitations for all the court balls to all who have previously been presented at court, I had the pleasure of meeting there many Americans with whom I was acquainted. When a gentleman invites a lady to dance, he places his sword on her chair, if she is so fortunate as to have one, and however crowded the rooms may be, the chair remains unoccupied until her return.

I cannot help devoting a few lines to the Duke of Brunswick, whom I noticed conversing with an English lady. This man, of whom most of your readers must have heard, is now far advanced in life; but, with the aid of cosmetics, etc., he succeeds in preserving a much more youthful appearance. It is said that he stole and ran away with all the royal jewels of his Duchy, and if he is guilty of one-half the crimes which are told of him, he is, indeed, a very bad man. His wealth, however, is enormous. He wore a tunic made of cloth of gold, and was literally resplendent with the jewels which sparkled whichever way he turned. Jet-black hair clustered in very small curls around his head, and I was informed that this hair was composed entirely of black silk. His cheeks were painted; and curiosity prompting me to remain near him, I noticed his conversation was in imitation of that of a young man of society. After spending some time in admiring the splendid diamonds, emeralds, rubies and other precious stones with which he was bedizened, I walked off, feeling a sincere pity for the man, who with one step in the grave, should thus be exhibiting himself and the littleness of his mind, to an admiring, and at the same time ridiculing, crowd.

The toilettes of the ladies and the various dresses of the gentlemen were, as might be expected, of the most elegant description. I observed some Americans in uniform, who, though belonging to some of our militia regiments, I am sure had overstepped the regulations on this occasion, for their uniforms were so extremely elaborate that had I not known them to be fellow-countrymen, I should have imagined them at least to have belonged to the staff of some military prince.

At about two o'clock the number of guests had diminished considerably, and, pleased with what I had witnessed, I was soon on the way to my own rooms, feeling perfectly satisfied at being merely a private individual. Z.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MR. DAN SETCHELL'S powers of draft exceed anything known in this city prior to his advent. No one can escape his draft. Night after night, do his eccentric delineations of comic characters draw as many as the Opera House will hold into that building. During this week he presented the Burtonian character of "Toodles," and, during the whole of the time he was on the stage roars of laughter attested to the satisfaction of the audience at the manner in which he rendered the character. Mr. Dan Setchell's "Toodles" is one of the broadest low-comedy characters ever presented on the stage; a little fineing down of the drunken scene would not make it any the less funny. Mrs. Saunders made a first-rate "Mrs. Toodles." Mr. Dan Setchell is fortunate in finding so admirable an impersonator of comic women as Mrs. Saunders, to support him. Mr. Setchell's "Van Dunden" in the comedy of the *Dutch Governor*, is the most finished piece of acting with which he has delighted the public. The announcement that Mr. Dan Setchell would take his first benefit on Friday, did not, one might be sure, have the effect of keeping any one away from the theatre. How many people tried to get in and could not, I am afraid to estimate, but the number of those who put off engaging their seats until just too late, was legion. Mr. Dan Setchell's impersonation of the character of "Tony Lumpkin" in *She Stoops to Conquer*, was received with storms of applause, and his "Poor Pillicoddy" in the afterpiece of that name, nearly finished an audience already almost dead with laughing. This evening, the admirable comedy of the *Dutch Governor* and the irresistibly comic *Toodles* will be presented. The performance this afternoon will consist of the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*.

On Monday evening, the stage manager of Maguire's Opera House, Mr. C. L. Graves, will be the recipient of a benefit tendered him by Mr. Maguire, Mr. Setchell and the members of the stock company. The public, if they will reflect how much of the pleasure they receive from the effective representation of a play is due to the patient and unwearying labors of the stage manager, will, I am sure, be glad to express their appreciation of the efforts of Mr. C. L. Graves in the responsible and difficult position which he has so long filled, giving such general satisfaction. The members of the company are one and all happy to avail themselves of this opportunity to show the high esteem they have for Mr. Graves, who has been the most conciliatory, gentlemanly and least tyrannical of stage managers during the time he has held the reins of management. A capital bill, sufficient to fill the house by its own attraction, is offered on this occasion, and the benefit is bound to be a bumper. Two new pieces, *Leap Year* and *Buried Alive*, the latter being appropriately brought out to benefit Graves. TOUCHSTONE.

ROBERT HELLER, the celebrated magician and pianist, thus commends Bradbury's New Scale Pianos:

Dear Sir: The musical treat at your Pianoforte Rooms the other day, when I chanced to meet Sanderson, Morgan and others, I enjoyed immensely, not only on account of the excellent music made on the occasion; but also because it is always pleasant to have a good, first-class instrument to play upon; and when Harry Sanderson asked me to visit your establishment, I was not prepared to find such Pianos. What more can be desired than the excellence of these instruments, I do not know, for in every particular, as to tone, touch and power, *they are perfect*. The duets played by Sanderson and myself proved the equality of the Pianos, for no matter which instruments we played upon—and I believe we tried eight or ten of them—the effect was always the same. Truly yours, ROBERT HELLER.

585 Broadway, New York, 1864.

COBB & SINTON'S great credit sale of Real Estate, takes place next Saturday. This property is known as the Haley ranch, and fronts on the bay, is thoroughly sheltered from the winds, and possesses noted fertility of soil. The description of the property can be found in our advertising columns, and its location fully delineated on the Lithographical Maps to be had of Cobb & Sinton. The terms of sale are very liberal—one quarter cash, and the remaining quarters in one, two and three yearly payments.

☞ THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

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All branches necessary to a complete BUSINESS EDUCATION, taught PRACTICALLY and THOROUGHLY, by J. S. LUTY, Professor of Book-keeping and Penmanship, 305 Montgomery street, San Francisco. Rooms open day and evening. fe4 3m

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of APRIL, 1865:

JUNE 3d - - - - - - - CONSTITUTION

From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

AT

No. 7 Montgomery street,

At Reduced Prices,

300 Calico Dress Patterns, at $1 50 each.
250 Calico Dress Patterns, at $1 75 each.
500 Calico Dress Patterns, at $2 each.
450 Delaine Dress Patterns, at $2 50 each.
5,000 yards Dress Goods, at 37 1-2c per yard.
4,000 yards Dress Goods, at 50 cents per yard.

Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percales, Cambrics, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Black Alpacas, at 37 1-2 cents per yard.

And a large assortment of new and desirable MOURNING GOODS, comprising 4-4 and 6-4 very fine Black Alpacas, English and French Bombazines, Black Byzantines, Tamise and Empress Cloths, Love and Crape Veils, Mourning Shawls, Crape Collars and sets, at reduced prices.

1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 per yard.
1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 25 per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 50 per yard.
3,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at 75 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at $1 per yard.
8,000 yds from $1 25 per yard to $8.

And a large assortment of new Chene Silks, Rop and Moiros, which they offer at very low prices.

4,000 pairs Ladies' White Cotton Hose, at 25c per pair.
500 dozen from $5 to $7 per dozen.

Also, a full assortment of English, German and Balbriggan Hose and half Hose, Ladies', Misses and Boys' Merino Vests, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

100 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $1 37 1-2 per dozen.
125 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $2 50 per doz.
250 Linen Sets, Embroidered, at 37 1-2 cents.

Also, a full line of Embroiderod Bands, Edgings and Insertings, at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 cases 4-4 fine Water Twist Muslin, at 20 cents per yd.
5 cases 4-4 best New York Mills, at 30 cents per yd.
35 cases of all the other standard brands, such as Hope, Lonsdale, White Rock, Androscoggin, Wauhegan, and Wamsutta, which we will offer at prices to suit the times.
8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
9-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 50 cents per yard.
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3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 4-4 Irish Linens, (very heavy,) at 50 cents per yard.
1,000 yards 8-4 Bleached Table Linen, at $1 per yard.

And a very superior lot of real Barnsley Table Linen, at reduced prices.

2,000 yards Domet's Flannel, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 yards Shaker Flannel, at 37 1-2 cents per yard.
3,000 yards All Wool Shaker Flannel, at 45 cents per yard.

Also, a large and varied assortment of Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Piano Covers, Lace Curtains, Quilts and Blankets, all of which are offered at reduced prices.

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100 dozen Misses', at $1 25 per pair.
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200 doz. Gents', (double stitched,) at $1 50 per pair.

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JUNE 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander.

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ON TUESDAY, - - - JUNE 13TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship
GOLDEN RULE,
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The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR in July.

For information or passage, apply to
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BREWSTER & CO.'S
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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
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Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

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Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

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C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.
Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

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FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of
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FOR THE CURE OF
Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,
AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE
is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF
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COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,
Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often
YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,
when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,
Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is
UNSURPASSED!
while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is
INCOMPARABLE!
and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the
INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by
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THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

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ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known in curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

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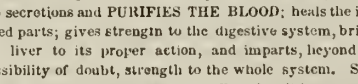

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With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augustine Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood,* and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM
OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY;
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28-tf 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,
No. 51 THIRD STREET,
Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,

SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,

And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh25 3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office:

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

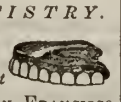
W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,



Having removed from 617 *Clay street*
To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

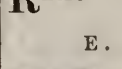
He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.
mh11-3m.

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.
ap22-tf

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tjy8-lne

NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE,

NOS. 727 AND 729 MARKET STREET.

We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the;

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27-3m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

SAN JOSE.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY.....Proprietor.

As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

ju25

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street, Between Montgomery and Kearny.

Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

REGENERATING Extract of Millefleurs!

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANSES

—AND—

BEAUTIFIES

THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all Impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, $1 per bottle; six for $5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

☞ CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "*Fetridge & Co.*"

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
ja25-tf Agents, San Francisco.

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

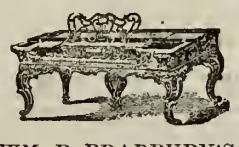
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



WM. B. BRADBURY'S

New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY,
No. 427 Broome street, New York.

A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. ap29-tf

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late eat INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 FOURTH STREET,

Second door above Howard, east side,

SAN FRANCISCO

☞ Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, ETC.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22-3m

OVERSTOCKED! AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
mh4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

M. H. GARLAND,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioner,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-tf

COBB & SINTON,

AUCTIONEERS,

Salesrooms—No. 406 Montgomery Street.

SATURDAY,.....JUNE 10th 1865,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

AT SALESROOM,

406 *MONTGOMERY STREET,*

THIRD GRAND CREDIT SALE

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Real Estate.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY

OF THE

FINEST LOTS

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IN SAN FRANCISCO,

ON

Credit of One, Two and Three Years.

TITLE-UNITED STATES PATENT.

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☞ The Lots and Blocks are surveyed and staked out, and Lithographed Maps of the same can be had at our office gratis. COBB & SINTON,

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This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

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AND

SYMETRY OF PERSON.

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MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

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Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

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DUTCH GOVERNOR,

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TOODLES!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, June 31,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Comedy of

She Stoops to Conquer!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR

OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

TO BE HELD IN THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,

IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hanscom, Edward Nuoan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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"Brandreth Building," New York.

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☞ Sold by all Druggists.] de17-3m

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Pine street, near Montgomery.

T. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
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ON SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 3d,

MAGUIRE'S

Italian Opera Troupe

Will give Verdi's great creation, entitled

RIGOLETTO!

Gilda.....Signorina Olivia Sconcia.
Madelene.....Miss Adelaide Phillips.
The Duke of Mantua.....Signor Giovanni Sbriglia.
Rigoletto.....Signor D. Orlandini.
Sparafucile.....Mr. John De Haga.
Count Monterone.....Mr. John Gregg.
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ANTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

Seats can be secured two days in advance.

Books of the Operas can be purchased at the Box Office.

Dress and Family Circle.....$1 00
Orchestra Seats.....$1 00
Gallery.....50 cents
Private Boxes.....$10 and $5
Reserved Seats.....$1 50

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PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

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CONSISTING IN PART OF

Rich Black, Colored and Plain DRESS SILKS. Poplins, Wiuseys, Linseys, Mohairs, Alpaccas, Merinos DeBages, DeLaines, Travelling Dress Goods, etc.

Cotton Sheetings and Shirtings; Linen Sheetings and Shirtings; Table, Damasks, Napkins, Towels and Toweling.

Jackonets, Swiss, Mull and Nainsook Muslins, in Plain Plaid and Striped, Lace and Muslin Curtains, Table and Piano Covers.

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Also, French, English and American Prints, Ginghams, etc.

Purchasers will please to examine their stock before buying elsewhere, as they are offering great inducements.

Terms Cash, and only One Price Asked.

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HOSIERY! HOSIERY!

TAAFFE & CO.

ARE OFFERING, AT THEIR RETAIL STORE,

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO PURCHASERS IN

Gentlemen's Ladies', and Children's Undergarments, in

MERINO, SILK AND COTTON,

Consisting in part of

100 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 per pair.
200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 25 per pr.
80 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $1 50 per pr.
75 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, $2 per pair.
200 doz Gent's Merino Shirts and Drawers, from $2 50 to $8.
1000 doz Gent's Cotton Half Hose, $3 per doz.
500 doz Gent's Cotton Hose, $3 50 to $7

ALSO,

Ladies' Cotton, Merino, Lisle Thread and Balbinggan Hose—all at package prices.
Children's do do at package prices.
Gent's Linen and Cotton Shirts.
Pocket Handkerchiefs, in Linen and Silk.
Cravats, Neck Ties, Gloves, etc.

Upon examination these goods will all be found FROM 20 TO 50 PER CENT. LESS than such goods are usually sold.

Terms Cash, and only ONE PRICE ASKED.

9 *MONTGOMERY STREET.*

je3-1tc LICK HOUSE.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE

"Sherman Guard."

TO BE GIVEN

AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1865.

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Gov. F. F. Low,	Maj. Gen. Irwin McDowell,
Hon. C. Cole,	Brig. Gen. George Wright,
Hon. D. C. McRuer,	Col. Joseph Wood,
Brig. Gen. J. Hewston, Jr.,	Col. J. W. McKenzie,
Major Andrews,	Col. M. C. Smith,
Col. F. G. E. Tittel,	Col. A. J. Jackson,
Col. C. L. Taylor,	William Sherman,
R. G. Sneath,	William Shew,
H. M. Newhall,	J. M. Johnson,
Samuel Brannan,	William G. Badger,
D. Scannell,	Col. Charles James.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Captain S. Barker,	Lieut. S. A. Rounds,
Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,	Serg't F. Kenuedy,
Serg't F. Ahell,	W. A. Stuart.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Capt. S. Barker,	Lieut. A. T. Ruthrnuff,
Serg't F. Kennedy,	Serg't F. A. Hoogs,
W. J. Newton,	C. P. LeBreton.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,	Serg't F. Kennedy,
Serg't F. Ahell,	John J. Mountain,

John Pennycook.

Tickets, $2. To be had of members, or at the door. Music by Sander's Full Band, fifteen pieces. my27

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a $50 note.		
Two cents	"	$100 "
Ten "	"	$500 "
20 "	"	$1,000 "
$1 "	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,

my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 3.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 10, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES:
- Reply to "Antediluvian." — By Julia B. Hoitt.
- Review of Parburt's "Anselmo." By "Antediluvian."
- The Holly.—By "Iris."
- Answers to Correspondents. — By "Mark Twain."
- Crinoline, Pro and Con.
- Chinese Amusements.
- Politeness, Insular and Continental.
- The Game of Yadaco.

POETRY:
- Richard Cobden.
- Franco in Mexico and Elsewhere.
- The Ice Flower.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

EDITORIALS:
- The Church and State.
- Amateur Correspondents.
- Musical Matters.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.
- Theatricals Abroad.

THE WEEK'S DESPATCHES:
- A Condensation of the Telegraphic News of the Week.

NEW BOOKS:
- A Review of Recent Publications.

MISCELLANY:
- Interesting Selected Articles.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

MR. PIXLEY in his speech in defense of the Salvador pirates, was evidently determined to go the entire animal, otherwise the whole hog, even to the extent of wrapping himself up in the Confederate flag. Mr. Delos Lake, in his answer to Mr. Pixley, slightly uses the latter up, and, assisted by grandmamma *Alta*, who has brought out her knitting needles, and made some furious stabs at the prisoners while they are still under trial, will probably influence the minds of the Commission most unfavorably against them. Mr. Delos Lake made a capital speech; he corrected Mr. Pixley in his geography; he made a very good pun, for a lawyer, about a cannon and a canon of law. Mr. Delos Lake took as much pains to prove that the prisoners had not reached the high sea as musical critics have, in attempting to prove that Shriglia has never reached the high C. He introduces a Story to prove that he is right in the matter. It seems that the tide has something to do with it. The tide in the affairs of these prisoners is very probably not one that will lead to fortune. Mr. Lake pitches into Mr. Pixley severely for saying:

"Perhaps although we are prisoners, we may congratulate Henry Kellock Davenport, Esq., of Georgia, Commander of the United States ship of war *Lancaster*, carrying forty-four guns, that he met that flag in the trunk of a betrayed prisoner, rather than flying at the masthead of a Confederate man-of-war."

He tells him that Captain Davenport has met with more than "trunks of betrayed prisoners," he had fought live rebels at fort Hatteras and other places. Mr. Lake thought it was better to "capture a rebel flag in a betrayed prisoner's trunk" than to let it fly over betrayed Union men's corpses. We do not wish to pre-judge the case of these men, as the daily papers, with the honorable exception of the *Bulletin* have done, but we must say that Hogg will be lucky if he saves his bacon and if he remains unhung we trust he will be cured of treason; Black's case looks dark; a live donkey will be better off than Lyon if he is found guilty; the warlike Swain will wish he had not forsaken bucolic pursuits to plow the main, and the others, no doubt, are now shedding many a private tear over the fate which their attempt to start a privateer is likely to bring them to.

A GOOD many people sneer at the idea that it is of any consequence that a man should express himself in grammatical language. Persons of this description will of course think it quite sufficient that a Mayor should write "good horse sense," as they would express it, without being particular as to whether he used good English; however, we hope Mayor Coon did not write the notice concerning the celebration of the Fourth of July now approaching; a Mayor ought to write more correct English in public documents than the following: "We had instead of the great day of patriotic rejoicing, a funeral day, accompanied and succeeded with all the insignia of a Nation's mourning." "Succeeded with." That is terrible.

General Halleck has issued an order in Richmond forbidding marriage until the parties contracting matrimony, and clergymen or magistrates officiating, shall have taken the oath of allegiance.

That is just as it should be. People who are not true to the Union of States would not prove true to their union in the married state. The fathers and mothers having taken the oath, all the babies will of course be loyal. General Halleck is not going to let people down South breed a lot of little rebels.

A RICHMOND newspaper writer says that Jeff. Davis was a tyrant in his household. We do not believe it. We think Jeff, while he had a fancy for petticoats for his own wear, allowed Mrs. Davis to wear the unwhisperables.

How poor Mr. Banting must regret ever having published that famous pamphlet. His hook and his system have been harped upon by a thousand punsters. To make the number of puns one thousand and one, will not be, we trust, like adding the last straw, which is proverbially said to fracture the Dromedary's spinal column. It seems as if, when every other topic is exhausted, a man can always make a joke on Banting. We forget the exact weight of flesh under which he staggered, but we know he must be crushed at present under a thousand puns' weight. Why should Banting be thus hantered, while Brillat-Savarin escapes? By-the-by, the latter teaches how young ladies can be fed as plump as quails. This is more adapted for use in California, we imagine, than Banting's system. Young ladies here do not lean towards stoutness, but rather towards leanness. Scragginess is so severe a feminine misfortune that we think his mode of diet ought to be generally adopted. Byron described young ladies fresh from the nursery as "smelling of bread and butter;" and if this system became popular, novelists might depict their heroines by mentioning their food. For example: "The beautiful Maud had been admirably brought up, mentally and physically. Her dancing was the poetry of the ball-room; her music was equal to that of the spheres; her exquisite form had been judiciously rounded by *pâtés de foi gras* for breakfast, broiled quails and Amontillado for lunch, the choicest meat, game, and pastry for dinner, with a light supper of oysters and a glass of Grand Chartreuse. Mush and milk lent its delicious whiteness to her skin; cherry and strawberry ices had reddened her lips; almonds gave shape to her eyes, and filberts to her finger-nails. There was the effervescence of the very best Clicquot in her merry, musical laugh." Now, wouldn't that be a rather pleasant novelty in these monotonous days? Just as soon as Miss Braddon receives her copy of THE CALIFORNIAN, to which she has been a constant subscriber ever since it paid her the compliment of sending for advance sheets of "Only a Clod," she will no doubt pirate the idea; we will make an exception in her favor, but other novelists are requested to observe that it is copyright. We think Wilkie Collins might, if he ever introduces another "Count Fosco" into a novel, add to the interest of the character by reducing him on the Banting system; that gentleman will please accept our assurances of distinguished consideration, for having, for the twenty-first time since the publication of his pamphlet, furnished the subject for a paragraph.

THE *Pall-Mall Gazette* mourns over the fact that people are now-a-days afraid to hiss bad plays and bad acting. It says: "Houses are packed to applaud pieces and actors, recalls are organized, gushes of enthusiasm and showers of bouquets are calmly preconcerted. Rant and bad taste are saluted with acclamations, for which the actor gives the cue by making his points and pauses in a manner well understood by his friends of the free list. Why is all this endured? If there is to be freedom to applaud, there should be equal freedom to condemn. We all see and suffer by these tricks. Why do we not manfully enter our protest by hissing wherever anything is presented which we strongly disapprove? Why do we let hireling plaudits encourage what is bad, and help to foster a system which is eating into the very vitals of our stage? This forbearance is indeed 'cowardly and un-English.' Where an affront is put on our understanding by rant and vulgarity, we have no right to indulge in merely passive disgust, in the face of the applause either of injudicious fools or of mere claqueurs." We quite agree with the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, but, goodness gracious! If a hiss were to be heard in a San Francisco theatre it would be gone goose with the man who uttered it, and the ladies would all go into hysterics. We should have liked to have witnessed the effect a hiss would have had on the "world-renowned Heron." She richly deserved to be hissed when she gratuitously insulted an audience because some boys in the gallery called her out with a "hi-yi." Things have been allowed to go so far that we imagine it will scarcely pay to hiss histrionic humbugs.

AN Eastern paper tells a story of "an astonished Englishman," who had been some weeks in Washington, remarking, on the night of the assassination, "I shall pack my trunk and be off in the morning; for your streets will run blood to-morrow." The train did not leave on Saturday morning, and he was obliged to stay. The editor continues: "We saw him on Saturday evening, and his words were: 'It is marvellous. In Paris or London, rivers of blood would been shed under like circumstances.'" It was, indeed, marvellous that no disturbance took place, but the Englishman who put London on the same footing with Paris, with regard to such disturbance, was an idiot It is a considerable length of time since "rivers of blood" have been shed in London.

THE Ladies' Christian Commission has disbanded. The lady members must find some other good work to occupy them. We think it would be an eminently Christian commission for ladies to undertake to get young men to escort them to church; they would be doing a great missionary work if they took a new escort every Sunday. What gallant young man could refuse to go to church with a pretty girl, and he might eventually get into the habit of going regularly. There is an idea!

THE "Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast" had a jollification on Tuesday last at Oakland. Judging from the description given by the *Bulletin*, it must have been a deadly lively affair. First, the *alumni* went to church, and the Reverend Horatio Stebbins delivered an oration, in which he made use of a most remarkable expression; he said "had men were made to throw the loaded dice of God." We think this is a slightly irreverent idea. It is a wonder that the reverend gentleman did not follow out his sport-ive idea, and talk about the cards in the game of life being "stocked," etc., etc. After the exercises at the church were concluded, the *alumni* banqueted on "strawberries and milk and lobsters," so we are informed by the *Bulletin*, a paper which is too honest to call milk "cream," or to omit to mention that there was no salt to eat with the lobsters. The *Bulletin* speaks in glowing terms of "the unadorned Hebes of Oakland, whose nimble feet conveyed the nectarine coffee to and fro among the guests." "Nectarine coffee" must taste very fine when it is conveyed by the "nimble feet" of Hebes. We suppose they had their *hands* full of lobsters and milk. After a number of toasts had been drunk in "nectarine coffee," we are told an excellent ode was sung. It was cruel of the *Bulletin*, after calling it excellent, to give a verse as a sample. If "the following verse is a sample," as we are told it is, the *alumnus* who wrote it ought to go back to his *Alma Mater* and be alumniated more:

> "The seasons that we tarried within those Attic bowers
> Were dear but evanescent, and are no longer ours;
> So in the present let us be as blissful as we can—
> The memory of the banquets past would starve a hungry man;
> And to increase our pleasures the moments as they go,
> We'll gild with reminiscences of days of long ago."

THE London *Index* on the news of the fall of Richmond being received, discourses learnedly in its issue of April 20th, on the war. It describes the different stages of the rebellion yet to come, thus:

"When the curtain again rises it will be upon that second stage of the war which we have of late constantly foreshadowed in these columns—a stage upon which we look hopefully because it gives the Confederates for the first time the full benefit of their vast territory, scattered population and fertile soil, all of which have heretofore served the enemy more than themselves; and it inaugurates tactics of all others best adapted to their genius, and least to that of their adversary."

The *Index* is certainly wonderfully in "foreshadowing" stages, but it has omitted to describe one—the last, which comes after even the columns of the *Index* cannot prop up the Southern Confederacy. It says: "There may be a stage even beyond these." Of course there is—a stage on which Jeff Davis will figure as a prominent performer, and the drop will not be the drop of the curtain.

The experiment of Italian Opera at the Metropolitan Theatre has proved a failure. A company which had to be puffed into public appreciation by notices of its performances which were "arranged for," and which refused the privileges of the press, as stated in a daily paper, to critics who would not go to the box office to be muzzled before entering, could scarcely expect to succeed. We anticipate hearing shortly, without any regret, that a certain portly tenor is on the high sea, having learned to his cost—or somebody elses—that a baritone and a soprano singer do not constitute an opera company.

WE wonder if people in the interior of the State do not imagine from reading the San Francisco papers, that an equestrian opera is being given at the Metropolitan theatre. They are told almost every day that the tenor is a little ho(a)rse, and if they look in the *Call* they will read that the stage manager is the filly Nero (Fillenero.)

SIGNORINA ELVIRA BRAMBILLA is a most sensible lady; the *impressario* of the Metropolitan Theatre opera troupe having neglected to cash the splendid notes uttered by the silvery voiced singer, which all must confess to be a fair equivalent for gold, she suspends their issue until her demands are satisfied. We are willing to believe that the *impressario* has not the wherewithal to pay; it cannot surely be Yankee sharpness which makes him endeavor to get ahead of a lady.

IT is a remarkable *fact* that when an officer is shot on a field of battle, he generally exclaims: "Bury me on the spot where I fell"—that is if newspaper correspondents are to be believed.

THE *London Fun* has this line: "THE SONG OF THE SHIRT—'The Sewing Machine.'" We can't see it. A sewing machine can't be a song, anyhow, although it may be a Singer.

THE steamer came in on Thursday, and it was dreadful to see the way in which the ladies rushed after the mails. Thursday was a re(u)d letter day in San Francisco.

WE notice in the London *Sporting Life* an announcement that "Lightning is struck out of all engagements." Lightning is just as bad to bet on here as in England. Lightning made a false start this week, and was finally struck out of all engagements.

TREM.

YADACÉ.

YDACE is a game. There are required to play it neither cards nor dice, cues, balls, checker-board, counters, fish, pawns, castles nor rooks. It can be played in winter or in summer, at home or abroad, in perfect silence, amidst the greatest hubbub. The race is to the swift in yadace"; and it is a game that a child of nine may begin, and may not have finished when he finds himself a man ninety years of age.

To give you a proper notion of yadacé I must take you to Algiers.

Are you acquainted with that strange town? the aspect of which—half Oriental, half Parisian—puts me in mind fantastically of a fierce Barbary lion that has had his claws pared and his teeth drawn, and has been clipped, shaven, and curled into a semi-similitude of a French poodle. I never was in Algiers, myself. I mean to go there, of couse, (when I have visited Persia, Iceland, Tibet, Venice, the ruined cities of Central America, Heligoland, and a few other places I have down in my note-book,) but my spirit has been there, and with its aid, that of my friend Doctor Cieco, who was formerly a surgeon in the Foreign Legion out there, and a file of the *Akbar* newspaper I can form a tolerably correct mind-picture of the capital of Algeria. A wonderful journal is the *Akbar*, and a magic mirror of Algiers itself. Commandants d'etat major, chiefs d'escadron, and chirugiens major are mixed up with sheikhs, mollahs, dervishes and softas; spahis and zouaves indigénes. There are reports of trials for murder where Moorish women have been slain in deserted gardens, by choked-up wells, under the shadows of date-trees—slain by brothers and cousins El This, Ben That, and Sidi Somebody—for the unpardonable eastern offence of appearing in the presence of Christians without their veils; the witnesses are sworn on the Koran; the prisoner appears at the bar in a snowy burnous; the galleries are full of Moorish ladies in white yashmaks or veils, and Jewish women in jewelled turbans; and the prosecution is conducted by a Procurcur Imperial in such a square toque or cap, and black gown, as you may see any day in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Paris Palais de Justice for a twenty-eight shilling return-ticket. There is a Monsieur le President, glib clerks, to read the code Napoleon; gendarmes to keep order, and outside the court a guillotine, spick and span new from Paris, to which the bearded prisoner is, in due course of time, led for execution in a costume the very counterpart of that which Jacob wore when he went a-courting Laban's daughters. In the *Akbar* you may read advertisements of mosques to be sold, milliners just arrived from Paris with the latest fashions; of balls at the ancient palace of the Dey; of a coffee-house to be let on lease close to the shambles in the Jews' quarter; of an adjudication in the bankruptcy of Skeikh El Haschen El Gouti Mogrebbin, and the last importation of Doctor Tintamarre's Infallible Pectoral Paste. In one column there is an announcement of the approaching sale by auction of the entire household furniture, wearing apparel and jewelry of Sultana Karadja, deceased—I suppose an equivalent to the honorable Mrs. Smithers, here. Sofas, divans, clocks, jewelled pipes, dresses of cloth of gold, turbans and gauze bonnets are to be sold. The whole reads like an execrable French translation of a tale in the *Arabian Nights*. Altogether, reading the *Akbar*, I fancy that I know Algiers. I seem to see the deep blue skies, the low white houses with projecting balconies and porticoes painted a vivid green, and roofs fantastically tilted. The purple shadows that the houses cast. The narrow dark lanes where the eaves meet, and where you walk between dead-falls, through chinks of which, for aught you know, bright eyes may be looking. The new streets with tall French houses and pert French names; where cafés brilliant with plate-glass, gilding and arabesque paintings, quite outstare the humble little shieling of the Moorish cafejee with his stores of pipes and tiny fillagree cups of bitter coffee full of dregs. The sandy up-hill ground. The crowded port, where black war-steamers are moored by strange barks with sails of fantastic shapes and colors. The bouncing shop of the French epicier, who sells groceries, wines, and quack medicines, and whose smart young shopman, with an apron and a spade-cut beard, stands at the door; and the dusky unwindowed stall of the native merchant who sits cross-legged, smoking on a bale of goods in an odor of drugs, perfumed leather, and fragrant tobacco. The motley throng of officers with cigars and clanging spurs, and kepis knowingly set on one side of the head; of zouaves, dandies from the Boulevard des Italiens; grisettes in lace caps; commandants' wives in pink bounets; orderly dragoons, Bedouins mounted on fleet Arabs, date and sherbet sellers, Jews, fezzes, cabs, turbans, yashmaks, burnouses, lancers' caps and felt hats, and the many mingled smells of pitch, tar, garlic, pot-au-feu, ottar of roses, caporal tobacco, haschish, salt water, melons and musk.

Is this Algiers, I wonder. I fancy, erroneously, perhaps, that I can divine a city from a newspaper—a flask—a shoe—the most inconsiderable object. I have a clear and counterfeit presentment in my mind of Leipsic, from a book—which I am unable to read—a dimly-printed, coarse-papered pamphlet stitched in rough blue paper. I can see in it high houses, grave, fat-faced children, a predominance of blue in the color for stockings—dinners at one o'clock—much beer—much tobacco—a great deal of fresh boiled beef, soup and cabbage—early beds—straw-colored beards—green spectacles—large umbrellas—and a great many town clocks. I should like to know whether Leipsic really possesses any of these characteristics. A worthy, weather-beaten old sea-captain once gave me a perfectly definite notion of Sierra Leone, in one little anecdote. "Sierra Leone, sir," he said: "I'll tell you what Sierra Leone is like. A black fellow, sir, goes into the market. It's as hot as —— well—anything. He buys a melon for three farthings—and what does he do with it? The black fellow, sir, hasn't a rag on. He's as bare as a robin. He buys his melon, cuts it in halves, and scoops out the middle. He sits in one half, covers his head with the other, and eats the middle. That's what he does, sir." I saw Sierra Leone in all its tropical glory, cheapness of produce, darkness of population, gigantic vegetation and primitive state of manners immediately.

All this, although you may not think so, bears upon, concerns, is yadacé. But, to give you yadace at once, we will quit Sierra Leone, and come back to Algiers.

Few would imagine, while watching in a Moorish coffee-house the indigenes, as the native inhabitants are called playing with a grave and apparently immovable tranquillity, at draughts, chess, or backgammon—not speaking, scarcely moving—that men, seemingly so impassable to the chances of loss or gain, were capable of feeling the most violent effects of the passion for gaming. Yet these passions and these effects they feel in all their intensity. They lack, it is true, the varied emotions that winners or losers express at the green baize table of the trente-et-quarante, the parti-colored wheel of roulette, the good-intention paved court of the Stock Exchange, or the velvety sward of the area before the Grand Stand at Epsom. But no bull or bear, no caster or punter, no holder of a betting-book who has just lost thousands and his last half-penny, could ever show a visage so horribly aghast, so despairingly down-falleu, so ferociously miscrable, as that unlucky Algerine player to whom his adversary has just pronounced the fatal and triumphant word—Yadace.

The game is of the utmost simplicity, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play. In order to ratify the convention which is established between the parties at the commencement of a game, each player takes by the end a morsel of straw, a slip of paper, or even a blade of grass, which is broken or torn in two between them, the sacramental formula "Yadacé" being pronounced at the same time. After this, the law of the game is in full force. In some cases, when one of the players imagines that he has to deal with an inexperienced or inattentive player, he immediately attempts to catch him by presenting him with the piece of straw or paper which has remained on his side, under pretence of having it measured against the other. Should the novice be foolish enough to accept the fragment, the terrible yadacé is forthwith thundered forth, and the game is lost in the very outset. But it rarely happens, save, perhaps, when one of the players is a European, totally a stranger to the traditions of the game, that any one is found thoughtless enough to be caught in this gross, palpable trap. Much more frequently a struggle of mutual astuteness, caution and circumspection begins, which is prolonged for days, weeks, months, and, in many cases, years.

As it is almost impossible that persons who live habitually together should not sometimes find it unavoidable to take something from one another, it is agreed upon, in the yadacéen hypothesis, that mutual acceptation may be made of articles, on condition that before an object is touched the person who accepts should say to the person who offers the article, "Fi bali," or "Ala bali;" literally, "with (or by) my knowledge;" that is to say, I receive, with knowledge of reception. It is also agreed that all things appertaining to the body may be received without prejudice to a state of yadacé. The Moorish authorities mention specially a kiss or a grasp of the hand, but they say nothing of a blow. Perhaps they think that with a Moslem such a gift could never, under any circumstances, be received, but must naturally be returned as soon as given.

Yadacé may more properly be looked upon as a game of forfeits than as one adapted to gambling purposes; but the Algerines make—or rather used to make—it subservient to the good service of mammon to a tremendous extent. Before the French conquest, in the old times of the Dey and his jewelled fan, with which he was wont to rap the fingers of European consuls when they were impertinent—when the Mussulman population of Algiers was both numerous and wealthy, yadacé was in the highest fashion: husbands played at yadacé with their wives; brothers with their sisters; friends among themselves—and enormous sums were frequently won and lost. Houses, gardens, farms, nay, whole estates were often staked; and many a wealthy Moslem saw his fortune depart from him for having had the imprudence to accept a pipe of tobacco, a cup of coffee, a morsel of pilaff, without having pronounced the talismanic words, "Fi bali." One devoted amateur of yadacé, a venerable Turk, carried his caution and determination not to be taken in to such an extent, that he never helped himself to a pinch of snuff, of which he was immoderately fond, without repeating to himself the formula, "Ala bali!"

If, during the nights of the Ramadhan, you happen to stroll into any of the Moorish coffee-houses in Algiers, you will find yadacé to be a favorite theme with the kawis, or story-tellers, and groups of attentive indigiues listening to their animated narrations of feats of intellectual dexterity in yadacé players and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field in that adventurous game. The majority of these stories are quite untranslatable into western language. I think, however, I can find two anecdotes that will give you some idea of the subtleties of yadacé.

Karamani-oglou, the son of Tehoka-oglou, was a rich cloth-merchant of Algiers. Five long years had Karamani-oglou been playing at yadacé with his wife, but without success. The wife of Karamani was young and beautiful; but as yet Allah had not blessed their union with children. Suddenly it occurred to the cloth-merchant to make a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca. He was absent just two years and nine months; but you must know that the pilgrimage was undertaken purely with a view towards yadacé. For the cunning Karamani reasoned within himself thus: "When I return home after so long an absence, my wife will be glad to see me. She will have forgotten all about yadacé, or at least will be thrown off her guard. She will accept, I will wager my beard, a present from her long-absent husband, particularly if that present happens to be a diamond ring of great value. Bismillah, we will see." Karamani-oglou bought the ring—a most gorgeous one—and returning safe and sound to Algiers, entered the court-yard of his own house just in the cool of the evening. Fathma, his wife, was standing in the inner porch. She looked younger and more beautiful than ever; but she was dandling a sturdy, curly-headed little boy, some two years old; and all at once a golden arrow shot through the heart of the cloth-merchant, and a silvery voice cried: "Karamani-oglou, you have a son!" The delighted Mussulman rushed forward: his face was bathed with tears of joy. "I have a son!" he gasped. "You have, O Oglou!" replied his blushing spouse. He held out his arms for the precious burden; he covered the child with kisses; he called him whole vocabularies of endearing names; when all at once he heard a peal of laughter that sounded like the mirth of ten thousand djinns, afrits and ghoules; and looking up, he saw Fathma, his wife, dancing about the courtyard in her baggy trowsers. From her had emanated the djinn-like laughter, and she was crying: "Yadacé! Karamani-oglou! Yadacé! O my lord! Yadacé! O my caliph! Yadacé! O my effendi! Yadacé! yadace! yadacé! Thou saidst not, "Fi bali!" when thou tookest the child from my arms! Yadacé!"

"Go to Eblis!" roared the enraged Karamani-oglou, letting the little boy fall flop upon the pavement of the court, where he lay howling, with nobody to pick him up.

From the foregoing, and especially from the following anecdote, it would appear that it is in the highest degree dangerous to play at yadacé with your wife.

Hassan-el-Djeninah was, thirty years since, vizier and chief favorite to the Pasha of the Oudjak of Constantine. He was the fattest man in the pachalic, and, more than that, was reckoned to be the most jealous husband in the whole of Barbary. It is something to be the most jealous in a land where all husbands are jealous. Gay young Mussulman sparks trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine, or issue from the barber's, or enter the coffee-house. He walked slowly, and with his legs very wide apart. His breath was short, but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Once, and once only, he detected a young Beyjzade, Ibrahim-el-Majki, sacrilegiously attempting to accost his wife as she came from the bath, and having even the hardihood to lift a corner of her veil. "Allah Akbar! God is great!" Hassan the vizier was wont to say, pulling from a small green silk purse in his girdle a silver skewer, upon which appeared to be three dried-up shrivelled oysters. "This is the nose, and these are the ears of Ibrahim-el-Majki." Whereupon the beholders would shudder, and Hassan-el-Djeniuah would replace his trophies in his girdle and waddle away.

Hassan had four wives—Zouluki Khanoum, Suleima Khanoum, Gaza Khanoum, and Leila Khanoum. Khanoum, be it understood, means Lady, Madame, Donna, Signora. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other—save poor little Leila, the youngest wife (the poor child was only sixteen years old,) who was not of a jealous disposition at all; but who, between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with inconvenient fondness, led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favorite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouth-piece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loll for

hours upon the cushions of his divan, listening while she sang monotonous love-songs, rocking herself to and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon the little guitar called a quoithrah, as it is the manner of Moorish ladies to do. He gave her rich suits of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain, to ride on when she went to the ba h; he gave her jewels and Spanish doubloons to twine in her tresses; scented tobacco to smoke, and hennah for her eyelids and finger-nails; finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives, and the settlement of all his treasures upon her first-born—at yadacé.

At the same time, as I have observed, he was terribly jealous of her, and watched her, night and day, with the patience of a beaver, the perspicuity of a lynx, the cunning of a fox, and the ferocity of a wolf. He kept spies about her. He bribed the tradesmen with whom she dealt, and the attendants at the baths she frequented. He caused the menfonce, or little round aperture in the wall of the queublou or alcove of her apartment (which menfonce looked into the street) to be bricked up. He studied the language of flowers (which, in the East, is rather more nervous and forcible a tongue than with us,) in order that he might be able to examine Leila's bouquets, and discover whether any floral billet-doux had been sent her from outside. To complete his system of espionage, he cultivated a warm and intimate friendship with Ali ben Assa, the opium merchant, whose house directly faced his own, in order that he might have the pleasure of sitting secretly at the window thereof, at periods when he was supposed to be miles away, and watching who entered or left the mansion opposite.

One day, as he was occupied in this manner, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously, as if to ascertain if she were observed, and beckon with her hand. Then, from a dark passage, he saw issue a young man habited as a Frank. The accursed giaour looked cautiously, as the negro had done, crossed the road, whispered to her, slipped some money into her hand: and then the treacherous and guilty pair entered the mansion together.

Hassan-el-Djeninah broke out in a cold perspiration. Then he began to burn like live coals. Then he foamed at the mouth. Then he got his moustachios between his teeth, and knawed them. Then he tore his beard. Then he dug his nails into the palms of his hands. Then he clapped his hand upon the hilt of the scimetar, and said:

"As to the black slave, child of Jehanum and Ahriman as she is, she shall walk on the palms of her hands all the days of her life; for if there be any virtue in the bastinado, I will leave her no feet to walk upon. As to the giaour, by the beard of the Prophet, I will have his head!"

Long before this speech was finished, he had crossed the road, traversed his courtyard, entered his house, ascended the staircase, and gained the portal of his wife's apartment. He tore aside the silken curtains, and rushed into the room, livid with rage, just as Leila Khanoum was in the act of bending over a large chest of richly-carved wood, in which she kept her suits of brocade and cloth of gold, her jewels and her sequins. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs at a glance: the giaour must be in that chest!

He knocked over the wretched black slave as one might a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid. It was locked.

"The key, woman!—the key!" he roared.

"My lord, I have it not," stammered Leila Khanoum. "I have lost it—I have sent it to be repaired."

"The key!" screamed Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking ten thousand Bluebeards at once.

With tears and trembling Leila at length handed him the key, and then flung herself on her knees, as if to entreat mercy. The infuriated Hassan opened the chest. There was somebody inside, certainly, and the somebody was inhabited as a giaour; but beneath the Frank habit there were the face and form of Lulu, Leila Khanoum's Georgian slave.

"What is this?" asked the bewildered Hassan, looking round. "Who is laughing at my beard?" What is this?"

"Yadacé!" screamed Leila Khanoum, throwing herself down on the divan, and rolling about in ecstasy. "Yadacé, Oh, my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé," repeated the Georgian slave, making a low, obeisance.

"Yadacé!" echoed the negress, with a horrible grin, and showing her white teeth.

"Allah Akbar!" said Hassan-el-Djeninah, looking very foolish.

And such is the game of Yadacé.

Dr. Robertson observed that Johnson's jokes were the rebukes of the righteous, described in Scripture as being like excellent oil. "Yes," exclaimed Burke, "oil of vitriol!"

To a gentleman who had a very red face, Foote said: "Come and look over my garden wall; my cucumbers are very backward."

FRANCE IN MEXICO AND ELSEWHERE.

La Formica Viaggiatrice. — *Translated from Burchiello.*

An ant, when wandering here and there,
Came, in her course erratic where
A horse's skull lay dry and bare.
As she gazed in ecstacy,
The bony structure seemed to be
A place fit for loyalty.
On every side she wondering clomb,
Then said, I will no longer roam.
For creature ne'er had such a home.
But when at length with weary feet
She had sought throughout her whole retreat,
But something sought in vain to eat;
'Tis better far, she said, that I
Return to the formicary,
Than here remain of want to die—
So off I go. Her thoughts are mine;
I never call a mansion fine,
Grand though it be, unless I dine.
From this the moral aimed at France is,
First meet your wants and then your fancies.

[*Examiner.*

CRINOLINE—PRO AND CON.

The arguments with which a defender of crinoline is most frequently confronted are, of course, its danger and its inconvenience. As to the former, we rather wonder that in these days of statistics, no one has ever taken the trouble to compare the number of women burnt to death during the last ten years with the number who shared the same fate in any previous ten years, making, of course, proper allowance for the increase of the population. If this were done, and then a further examination instituted into the number of recent accidents of which crinoline has been really the determining cause, we believe that the danger would turn out to have been very greatly exaggerated. There is another fashion, for example, introduced nearly at the same time, which has probably been almost equally fatal in its results, although it has entirely escaped censure. A few years back, young ladies always wore low dresses and short sleeves in the evening. Since then it has become the custom, on less ceremonious occasions, to wear high muslins or tarlatanes, with long sweeping sleeves. If a long skirt is a dangerous companion in the neighborhood of a fire, a long sleeve is equally so in the neighborhood of a lamp or a candle, and on this score, therefore, the fashion of *demi-toilettes* is quite as much open to objection as the fashion of expanded skirts. But, in truth, there is nothing more idle than vague declamation on the subject. The progress of civilization is one long record of the instances in which such dangers have been overcome or averted; and if one half the time and strength which have been spent in lecturing women on the chances of being burnt to a cinder had been devoted to guarding them from the risk of it, we should probably by this time have had some method discovered for making dress-stuffs incombustible in the manufacture, or at least some contrivance invented for keeping a skirt out of the grate. Or rather—for a very sufficient and well-known contrivance for this last purpose has been invented long ago—we should have seen the universal adoption of the simple expedient of wire fire-guards. Nor is this the only instance in which crinoline gets credited with evils which are not, or at any rate not solely, of its own causing. We hear often enough of the melancholy contrast between a young lady's appearance when she enters a ball-room—the finished product of the combined effects of dress-maker and maid—and her appearance as she retires after the last dance, striving vainly to give a momentary coherence to the disjointed fragments of what six hours earlier was a ball-dress. The answer to these lamentations is that in the destruction in question crinoline plays a very small part. It is the extreme length of ladies' dresses which is mainly responsible for it, and we question whether, if in this particular they remain unaltered, the disuse of crinoline will not be found rather to enhance the mischief. The hoops do contribute something, however small, towards keeping the superabundant drapery off the ground, and it is difficult to see how their removal can have any other effect than to make the latter a more inert and helpless mass than it is at present.

When we turn to the lesser inconveniences of crinoline, the adversary's position is certainly less assailable. It has its disadvantages in a carriage; the furniture of a small room will occasionally show traces of its too hasty passage; and at a dinner-table it tends inevitably to the submersion of the alternate gentlemen. We have heard, indeed, enthusiasts profess, and in some instances we believe with truth, that they have no objection to being thus buried beneath the overflow of a lady's hoops; but we suspect that in these cases large allowance must be made for personal and exceptional feelings. Where the victim is either a lover or a friend he may learn to find pleasure in his sufferings; but the fairer test would be to inquire how he views his fate when his sentiments towards the author of it are those of indifference or dislike. Still, whatever may be said against crinoline indoors, its advocate may point with just exultation to the reform which it has effected out of doors. No lady need now discharge the functions of an amateur crossing-sweeper unless she has a real liking for the work; but any one who remembers what female dress was ten or fifteen years ago, when there was no means of keeping the gown out of the dirt except by the physical labor of holding it up, and when even this process was rendered practically useless by the length of the petticoats underneath, will bear witness that at that time there was hardly any choice left her. It is to the introduction of hoops that we owe the concurrent introduction of looped-up skirts and shortened petticoats, and consequently it is only since the introduction of hoops that a woman has been able, at least for many years past, to walk on a muddy day without either soiling her drapery or wetting her ankles. We cannot but wish, however, that young ladies would more invariably bear in mind that the consequent display should be rigidly confined to the stocking, and that the grace of their appearance is not promoted by giving needless publicity to any other portion of their wardrobe. With this proviso, the principle of setting many small benefits against a few great evils may be fairly appealed to, and the deliverance from the certain discomforts of mud and water may counterbalance the exposure to the possible (and avoidable) danger of fire.

We are aware, however, that the very feature we have selected as constituting the principal merit of crinoline appears to some people the head and front of its offending. The supposed impropriety of the prevailing costume is a text on which they have any number of sermons always ready for production. Like the mediæval saint of whom we read that he could detect a Pagan by the smell, they can spy out indecorum where a less spiritual eyesight wholly fails to recognize it. Their purity is of that super-refined description—unaccountably left unmentioned by St. Paul—to which all things are impure. A momentary glimpse of a young lady's stocking affects them with a feeling of acute pain; a prolonged vision of her ankle transmutes that pain to torture. To people whose nerves are less finely strung it seems rather difficult to recognize any ground for this intense emotion. Why it should be more improper to display the covered ankle than the bare arm, or the bare neck, we have not sufficient moral discernment to determine. It is really terrible to think of the pain which must have been inflicted on these tender spirits by the seemingly innocent pencil of Mr. Leech. To any one who thinks crinoline indelicate, the appearance of *Punch's Almanack* must have been a yearly cross, and each fresh seaside sketch a new instance of the demoralization of the times. Still we would counsel these over-scrupulous critics not to be too confident that the battle is won and the rock of offence removed. Even when the impending revolution has worked its will, there may yet be suffering in store for them. It is true that crinoline seems to be on the eve of extinction, but what warrant is there for assuming that the fashion which shall succeed it will be more correct? During the last hundred and fifty years short dresses have been in the ascendant far more often than long ones, and it would be very unsafe to prophesy that the feminine ankle will again, after so short an interval, be condemned to the twenty years' concealment which was its portion before 1856. If the brevity which shocks the moralist in the petticoat is only transferred to the gown, we do not see that he will be much the gainer; and if, as is more than probable, dresses should speedily become as scanty as they have heretofore been voluminous, the eye which is so grievously offended by the sight of a closely-fitting stocking will hardly be gratified by the far more extensive revelations of that statuesque and clinging drapery which was once the delight of the First Empire, and bids fair to be the delight of the Second.—*Saturday Review.*

The following rich story is related by a Sonora paper, at the expense of a queer genius who vibrates between that town and Oregon, as "advance" agent of a concert troop, and who, though pretty clever in "selling" the curiously-inclined, does not always come off first-best:

Frank Ball, travelling in a vehicle bearing a strong resemblance to a peddler's cart. Old lady rushes out from a house by the road-side. The following colloquy ensues.

Old Lady—Say, what have you got to sell?

Ball—I am a travelling agent, madam, for the greatest menagerie of ancient or modern times, which is shortly to be exhibited in this section, affording to the inhabitants thereof an opportunity of viewing the most stupendous collection of animals ever before exhibited.

Old Lady—You don't say! Have you any elephant?

Ball—We have, madam, six elephants; but these constitute a comparatively unimportant part of the show. We have living specimens of bipeds and quadrupeds who roamed over the earth not only in the antediluvian, but also in the pliocene and postmiocene period, embracing the megatherium with six legs and two tails; the ichthyosaurus, with four eyes, and three tails; the gyascutus, with no eyes, two noses and four tails; the plesiosaurus, resembling Satan in shape, which spits fire and breathes sulphur; the wangdoodle, with one eye and five tails, and many other species too numerous for enumeration. We also have a pious lawyer.

Old Lady—Well, I declare!

Ball—But, madam, the greatest curiosity by far of our exhibition is a learned and classically educated monkey, who was brought up a Mahommedan priest in the mysterious regions of the Great Desert of Sahara. This monkey speaks with fluency all the modern languages, besides Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He can repeat the Ten Commandments, the Emancipation Proclamation, President Lincoln's last message, and performs the most intricate examples in mathematics with rapidity, ease and accuracy. While being exhibited in Washington he actually repeated a long speech of the President. This monkey corresponds ——

Beautiful young lady suddenly sticks her head from the window, and calls out—

"Mother, mother! *ask him why they let the monkey travel so far ahead of the other critters?*"

REPLY TO "ANTEDILUVIAN."

EDITOR of THE CALIFORNIAN :—Since two and a half columns of your paper were last week devoted to ruthlessly dragging my name before the public, I think it no more than just that you should allow me this week to say a few words, in return, to my *kind and most courteous friend*, "Antediluvian," as he terms himself. I prefer the masculine pronoun, though I am free to confess blissful ignorance concerning the sex of the person *who instigated* such a wholly unmerited attack upon me. Nor do I wish to become known to him, for I see plainly there could be no affinity between us, since both myself and the few acquintances I have formed in this city are of too humble a caste to be familiar with or to quote the sayings of such a high and renowned authority as "Mr. Wm. Birch," and we are, therefore, too far removed from him to admit of companionship. But I wish to state to the honorable Antediluvian, first, that my essay was written in the performance of my legitimate duty as a public school teacher of San Francisco, especially for the Teacher's Institute and *not* for the public. In which case he had no right to publicly remark upon its "pearls" or its dross. Second, that it was published without my knowledge or consent, of which, perhaps, he was ignorant; yet I am a private individual—outside of the schoolroom—*and I am not* nor ever *have been* an aspirant for literary favor, in which case he had no right, as a gentleman or as an author, to criticize my essay before the public. Had I been a *débutante* authoress, challenging public opinion, I should have expected and been entitled to a *fair and honorable criticism*, instead of the contemptible carping which I *did* receive, and then my *friend* would not have been so much in error as he was when he placed me in a "class of writers." Again I ask him what right he had to complain that I wrote nothing "new under the sun," since I never gave any one reason to expect that I should do so. My ambition extends not so far. Moreover, I believe I had a perfect right to select whatsoever subject I pleased, and if I pleased to select one pertaining to my own business, more credit is due me, in my way of thinking, than if I had written upon his affairs or those of any one else. If I chose, too, to speak well of the Board of Education, some of whose members have been my *only friends* in this city, I am sure no *gentleman* would sneer at me for so doing. Now, Antediluvian, it seems, *greatly fears being forced to see* the like of this obnoxious essay again. Let me suggest a simple remedy: If he ever sees the word Progress attached to any article in book, magazine or newspaper, let him drop it *instanter*, and beat a hasty retreat for his native and well-loved home *beyond the flood*, where we will insure him entire exemption from the sight of the despised "pack-mule." Let my antiquated friend remember, however, that most of us humble teachers have not mastered (like himself) so much antediluvian lore as forbids our consideration of the past and future progress of education amongst the common people, and that it grieved not *our* pleasure over-seriously, to hear it stated from time to time, nor to hear repeated the names of "those old stock-actors, Dr. Franklin, Prof. Morse, Newton and others," who, we are weak and ignorant enough to believe, will never play out, though they should be "made to play for the (ten) thousandth time their well-known parts." And I not only do not fear but sincerely hope that, as long as the public school system shall endure, essays will "be written, read and published" again and again on "their threadbare topic." It will certainly show their common sense in using the implements of their own profession in preference to those of another, and I maintain that we are fitter judges of whatever duties each hour may bring to us, than they can possibly be. And now in reference to the complete and glaring misconception of the main point of my essay—viz., the consideration of the especially prominent causes which have urged our progress (pardon for the offending word) to its present condition. I am truly sorry that my knowledge is not of that unlimited extent belonging to a mind which has existed since 2500 B. C., but I unhappily, belong to a postdiluvian age and trust to be hereafter treated with the clemency due such a misfortune. Notwithstanding this, I *did* happen to know that in the earliest ages the Chinese were acquainted with gunpowder, the compass, and the art of printing, but what direct or indirect influence that or any other knowledge of Confucius' followers has had towards advancing *our* culture and civilization, I have yet to learn. I *do not think* Faust had any private telegrams from China to assist his discovery. I know also that the Indians possess many voluminous works, in Sanscrit, (3000 years old) on theology, morality, poetry etc.; that the four books of the Vedas are held by them to be the sources of the Brahminical religion—but what that had to do with the increase of knowledge among the great mass of the people, I couldn't see and therefore contented myself with the Reformation. I had, moreover, read somewhat of that most accomplished Saracen people before his high Ancientness referred me to them. I know that about A. D. 700 they threatened France and Christianity with destruction. Also that during the time they inhabited Northern Africa and Spain, that arts and sciences flourished in those countries; that the sciences were taught at Cordova, Cairo, Bagdad, Salerno and other cities—particularly grammar, philosophy, algebra, astronomy, astrology etc., that the development of the Christian middle age was much influenced by their literature and civilization. But their industry brought to them not only wealth but a love of splendor and effeminacy, and I did not choose to consider these facts as one of the *especially prominent* points in the advance of general cultivation and beneficial attainments among the masses in that world to which we owe and from which has progressed the main elements of popular education. Again I assert that I express no "contempt for the past," when I maintain that the thinker of to-day exerts an incomparably higher influence on the character of the common people than the philosophers of old. I have yet to learn the practical benefit resulting from the discussions of those eristic syllogisms to which the ancient schools of philosophy devoted almost their whole time. For instance, here is one of the most famous, called "The Lying:" "If, when you speak the truth, you say you say you lie, you lie; but you say you lie when you speak the truth; therefore, in speaking the truth, you lie." Six huge volumes were written upon this momentous quibble. What a benefactor of mankind was its author! How the horizon of intelligence was enlarged! Another one: "If anybody be moved, it is either moved in the place where it is, or in a place where it is not; but it is not moved in the place where it is, for where it is, it is; nor is it moved in a place where it is not, for nothing can either act or be acted upon where it is not; therefore there is no such thing as motion." What a noble object to absorb men's minds! Plato especially desired the young in his ideal Republic to pursue arithmetic and geometry, but he is very careful to say that it must not be studied with a view to practical operations—that it must not degrade them to vulgar utility by forming powerful machines—but to "compel the soul to use pure intelligence in the search after pure truth!" And while he walked the groves of the academy, immersed in profound speculations like this, feeble infants, giving no promise of "brawny strength in future martial conflicts," were often cast out to the mountain wolves or left to starve by the wayside, while "the great Hippocrates" discoursed on the principles of life and the nature of diseases. "There was not throughout all Attica, nor in fact in the known world, a single hospital for the sick, not one retreat for the deaf and dumb, not an asylum for the insane." While the sons of the rich were trained in the "sharp subtilities of logic and the refinements of a splendid rhetoric, not a drachma was ever raised by individuals or by the State for the purpose of educating the children of the poor." Bacon says the older philosophy "was neither a vineyard nor an olive ground, but an intricate wood of briers and thistles, from which those who lost themselves in it brought back many scratches and no food, and all the sects agreed on despising anything which was vulgar enough to be *useful*, however they might have been opposed in other things." The Reformation was the first great electric cause which dispersed these murky fogs of general ignorance, and brought to the common people the clear atmosphere of positive knowledge. Bacon next brought his two watchwords, "Discover" and "Improve," for the enlargement of the new sphere, and so we have advanced to the present age. With regard to the female teachers and girls' high schools of antiquity, if Monsieur Antediluvian will make out a list of all that were in existence, say before the age of chivalry, we shall all, I doubt not, feel greatly indebted to him. There is a large class in society who Sydney Smith calls the "sheep walkers," men who never deviate from the beaten track, who think as their fathers have thought since the flood, who recoil from a new idea as they would from guilt. Among this class we do not expect the idea of the supreme practical benefit of a system of popular education, to be accepted for at least a thousand or two years to come, and so I am not surprised at the caviling remarks in regard to it from my friend Antediluvian. He need not speak, however, with "fead and trembling," for the depths of society and the establisher laws of progression are never disturbed by this class of people.

And now, I have to thank my unknown *friend* for the closing paragraph of his "*retort courteous*," in which he unconsciously enforces one of my points. His pet country, "which believes in Leonardo di Vinci instead of Lord Bacon," and which, "notwithstanding its abject condition, has done more for the 'discovery of the established laws of our earth' and for 'scientific progress' generally, than any nation, small or great in Christendom," has *not* done so through Leonardo di Vinci, nor Correggio, nor Titan, nor Raphael, nor Michael Anglo, nor Machiavelli, nor Ariosto nor Torquato Tasso, but through patient and laborious mathematical investigation and severe mental discipline. *Veritas vincit.*

"Misery loves company," and so I would like to state that, on commencement day at Oakland, the accomplished Professor of Greek, and orator of the day, was hardly enough to force Dr. Franklin and Watt to play again their "well-known parts." I very much dislike a newspaper controversy, and should not have replied to this article, had I considered it a fair and open criticism, but the sneering, captious tone throughout, finally induced me to say thus much in my vindication. I would have made no objection to the refutation of *every one* of the facts, had it been done in a gentlemanly manner. No farther libel will again induce me, therefore, to appear in print, and to this I say, "*vade in pace.*"

JULIA B. HOITT.

(For the Californian.)

ANSELMO.*

LEGAL study has never been supposed to be an efficient aid in the development of poetic thought, and while we knew that the San Francisco bar laid claim to very much knowledge it does not possess we were not aware that the *Ars Poetica* was included within its grasp. In this we have been mistaken. George R. Parburt, Esq., attorney and counsellor at law, has, in our material age, hurled into the literary world a fearful missile in shape of an epic in five cantos. Possibly it is time this was done. We have equalled the English in so many things that American lawyers ought to surpass English barristers. But English law had produced Talfourd, and perhaps it was fit that American jurisprudence should produce Parburt. Talfourd has written *Ion;* and with patriotic pride we may hereafter say, Parburt has written *ANSELMO.* As with all great works of genius, *Anselmo* has not attracted at once that attention which it deserves. And to introduce it to the favorable notice of the public is the aim of this examination of its beauties and its merits.

Anselmo is a metrical romance in five cantos. By way of preface, Mr. Parburt in truly orthodox manner dedicates his offering to some mysterious "Lelia" who seems to have been one of his early loves, and when "near a favorite trysting spot," in an evil hour, he rashly promised her that he would write *Anselmo.* Since that time, we learn that, heroically striving to make good his vow, he has been engaged upon this his life-work, and that *Anselmo* is nothing more nor less than the bantling of Mr. Parburt's and Lelia's "days of young romance," now grown to "gracefulness and size." The first canto opens with a blasting anathema upon the age in which our author so unfortunately for himself has been obliged to live, and we at once discover that Mr. Parburt has as much contempt for the present as have many for the past. Putting the unworthy age behind him, Mr. Parburt announces that "Love" is the theme about which he is going to chirp through one hundred and forty-eight pages, and immediately introduces "Anselmo," the hero, and "Isabel," the heroine, who, of course, are desperately enamored with each other. Unfortunately, Isabel has a cruel father who puts an end to the tender state of things described in glowing verse, by sailing with his daughter to some foreign land. Thus far all is very common, for we do not recollect, in romance, of any Isabel who did *not* have a cruel father, and who did not, just when matters were becoming interesting, sail with her father to some foreign land.

Anselmo, distressed, goes to Flatbush or Kinderhook, on the Hudson river, where, in the "genial quiet," there said to reign, he is rapidly forgetting Isabel, and would, we think, have forgotten her entirely had not Mr. Parburt perched him upon "the summit of a pine-crowned hill," and adroitly, "in a vision of the night," caused to pass before his eyes "a form divinely fair," which so works upon his mind, that he immediately starts in pursuit of his lost and loved one. Anselmo's parting with his highland home, affords the author a capital opportunity for a display of his powers in Bucolic verse, and he does not neglect to improve it. We recollect one brilliant line: "Dreamy *kine* breathed *balmy* hours." This is all we hear of Anselmo or Isabel throughout this canto, for Mr. Parburt devotes the remainder of it to wildly apostrophizing "Woman," "The Atlantic Ocean," "Cuba," and in the most frenzied manner talks of the "*chin* of time growing dark with rolling ages" and of thoughts "that crowd his burning brain." We feel greatly relieved when Mr. Parburt, with his burning brain, comes safely out of canto first. Mr. Parburt may be a man of iron nerve and treat the matter lightly, but we shall always believe that during this portion of his poem he came near setting fire to himself and disappearing from view in one grand and lurid conflagration.

At the opening of the second canto we find ourselves in Panama, which city the author proceeds to describe, and we for the first time discover that *Anselmo* is greatly made up from pages of Mr. Parburt's diary, kept when he travelled the "Isthmus route" in early days. Arrived here, "Anselmo" is looking for "Isabel," who is in a convent. Having learned thus much of these characters, the writer, who seems to have no regard for them whatever, thrusts them out of sight and introduces a minstrel, who sings, through the rest of the *hundred* stanzas of the canto, one of the most wonderful songs we have ever listened to. It is easy to recognize in this minstrel our author himself, "an ancient man" with "brow of light," and no love-sick girl ever raved about "ruby lips" and "virgin kisses," of "love's galvanic

* *Anselmo.* A Poem, by George R. Parburt. San Francisco; H. H. Bancroft & Co. 1865.

battery" and "rifting fragrance," as does this amatory attorney. But Mr. Parburt reserves all his powers of description for "Dona Julia." We cannot of course stop to quote the lofty strain in which he hymns her praise, but we may state that over and over again we are sought to be impressed with the fact that "she loved the beautiful." As a crushing proof of this we are at last told:

> "She loved the beautiful, the grace of motion,
> The *tuneful lightning trilling on the air.*"

We confess that though we have not the slightest idea of what "*tuneful* lightning" is, yet we are prepared to admit without question, that any one who loves it, especially when "*trilling* on the air," must be as great a lover of the beautiful as Mr. Parburt himself. At stanza one hundred, "The minstrel paused," for the reason that "it was a fitting time for rest." We admit the validity of the reason, and hoped we should see him no more, but we are bid not to intrude upon the slumber of the harpist,

> "Nor judge too harshly of the minstrel's song,
> Lest he should not his chosen theme prolong."

In putting in this plea for the minstrel, Mr. Parburt, as a poet, forgets what, as a lawyer, he was bound to recollect, that mercy must not usurp the seat of justice; that mercy to the criminal is not always mercy to the State. He should have written stanza one hundred and *one*, embodying the harshest judgment possible, by which the song of this culprit minstrel might have been hushed forever. But the tender-hearted barrister is averse to such proceedings, and consequently canto third opens with the appalling sentence, "Not long the minstrel slept." At a glance it is perceived we are to hear nothing of the fortunes of Anselmo and Isabel until Mr. Parburt has strummed through eighty seven verses upon everything connected with the universe, whether in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. We have an indistinct idea that he is endeavoring to relate something of the parentage and antecedents of Isabel. But what with "Don Carlos," and the "Black Bishop," and "Bolus," together with Mr. Parburt's moralizing on life and sleep and war, we get so confused that we fail to comprehend the matter clearly. Yet we think that we might have done so had not Mr. Parburt completely stunned us in the twenty-seventh stanza, by the bewildering statement that he had seen "*trout* that could dine on *oysters*, *garlic* and *turkeys*." This remarkable discovery in ichthyology, being for the first time made known to us, had such a benumbing effect, that with difficulty could we read further. We have in our day been told many piscatorial narratives—and perhaps related a few ourselves—but this exceeds anything we have ever dreamed of. We must here be stern with Mr. Parburt. We can afford to laugh at his "tuneful lightning trilling on the air," but it is a duty we owe a stupefied world to be unyielding as to these trout. In the phraseology of his craft, we have a right to demand of Mr. Parburt a "bill of particulars," wherein he should set forth *how* trout eat oysters, whether fried or roast; whether on the half-shell or whether they are devoured shells and all. And so of turkeys, not only whether they are partaken of boiled or roast, but whether they are swallowed dead or alive. And Mr. Parburt owes it to society to inform it where such fish are to be found. We use inventions by which furnaces are made to consume their own smoke, and we should all be happy to catch or purchase trout that could be broiled in their own sauce. Through the rest of this canto Mr. Parburt revels in war. We do not consider ourselves naturally timid, but as we follow him, madly charging here and assaulting there, we grow frightened. He makes nothing of leading us over "heaps of gory slain," of leaving us beside "reeking shrines," mid "the crash of living bones," where, through "the groan-rent air," "rifle-balls are riddling the human breast." But the minstrel, exhausted at length, rests—this time for aye—and Anselmo, in the last line of the canto, is left fast asleep. Doubtless it is to be attributed to the havoc he has just made, that our author, who hitherto has bounded into each canto with an airy grace truly charming, enters the fourth in a gloomy and despondent state of mind. Were we permitted to use the language of the "ring," we should say Mr. Parburt comes up to the fourth round drooping. He tells us that hope is nothing, but even if it were anything it has altogether fled. He babbles of "death mists" and "blear desolation," and asserts that there is a dark ending for "all our natural woes," and a like termination "of all our earthly joys." In short, insisting on being "awful," Mr. Parburt gives us to understand that

> "Faith, love, hate, deserts him as he goes
> To learn his own mysterious fate."

Before going, however, he thinks of Anselmo, who, "with strange shadows on his brow," is still in Panama. Gazing on the ocean, he sees a vessel sink in the waters of the bay, from no apparent cause whatever, save to grant Mr. Parburt the privilege of indulging in some *watery* lines about an "*emotional* ship." Instantly appears a canoe, in which natives are bearing "beachward" a captive lady, who turns out to be Isabel. As to how she got out of the convent and nto the canoe, we are not informed. But the pen of Mr. Parburt is immediately engaged in portraying her charms. He is quite dazed with her "raven ringlets," and we are let in to the following secret:

> "When Cupid fain would conquer by delaying
> His *labyrinthic castle is the hair*,
> Whence he lets fly full many a wounding dart,
> Till he doth capture the rebellous heart."

It is evident that Mr. Parburt has been completely upset by the prevailing fashion of "waterfalls" and "cataracts," while the golden daggers and arrows worn by young girls in their "back-hair" have pierced Mr. Parburt in a most vital part. It becomes Anselmo's business to set "this lovely captive free," and, accordingly, single-handed and alone, he attacks the natives when they reach the shore. The description of the contest which here ensues surpasses anything we have ever read. In other portions of his work, Mr. Parburt touches upon the sublime, but here he passes into the absolutely terrific. Could Mr. Parburt's poem be dramatized, (we throw out the suggestion,) and Ada Isaacs Menken perform the part of Anselmo, we venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the world would witness the greatest triumph ever achieved by the melo-dramatic stage. Anselmo contrives to slay four of his assailants, and just as he himself is far spent, a convenient "cavalier comes sweeping o'er the plain." The savages flee with Isabel, and Anselmo, "calmly as a saint," sinks "weary and bleeding" on what Mr. Parburt exquisitely terms the "sanguine sand." From thence he is borne to the home of Don Pedro, who has a daughter who falls in love with Anselmo, which he does not return, in consequence whereof she dies of a broken heart and goes to heaven at the end of the canto, which, under all the circumstances, we are inclined to think was for the best. The fifth and last canto opens with Anselmo in a dream, from which he is not awakened until Mr. Parburt, in the very last verse in his book, abruptly tells us that Anselmo and Isabel are married. So far as we can see, there is no reason why this happy state of things might not have been attained at the end of the first as well as at the end of the last canto, for the story has no connection, and it may almost be said to have neither beginning, middle nor end.

In giving an account of his poem, we have endeavored to use, as far as possible, the language of Mr. Parburt; but it would be unjust not to let him speak to some extent wholly for himself. We find room for a few extracts.

As a specimen of his measure:

> "This city occupies a rock plaza,
> An old resort of Buccaneers for playing
> Brag; for whose invention Nebuchadnezzar,
> Was doomed to play the ox and practice praying."

As an example of his delicacy:

> "And there is one, who doeth constant duty
> For Church and State, more gentle than the dove,
> Sad, silent, solemn, *smelling for his gizzard*,
> Dark angel of the city, Turkey Buzzard."

Of his solemnity:

> "Gray as yon graveyard walls with cells so narrow,
> Each can admit one shrouded tenant only,
> There the ancestor's bones scarce yield their *marrow*
> Before the heir usurps the place so lonely,
> Dark, *putrid*, *reeking*, vile enough to harrow
> The soul of any being save man only;
> Out goes the father's *carcass*, scarce half *rotten*,
> To make room for the son long since forgotten."

Of his rhyme:

> "In heart, *coyote*; in spirit, a hyena,
> Down rushed Katznoe to his own place—Gehenna."
>
> "A broken thought whirled through the Don's head, *Oh!*
> It was mere nothing, still it was unpleasant,
> As when a cloudlet flitteth thwart the meadow."
>
> "Moved o'er the ocean's eddy-dimpling bosom,
> Graceful as Nautilus—light as *blossom*."

Of his metaphor and idea of language:

> "Nature's *melodeon*—a mother's heart."
>
> "Love's blushing *borealis* he doth trace."
>
> "How pensive *Winter's* heart dissolved in showers."
>
> "To *hurl* one shaft of love with *soft* velocity."

For Mr. Parburt's sake we should like to quote further, but he has already engaged too much of our attention. We think it tolerably clear that his poem, in every particular, can be regarded as nothing but the merest bathos—ridiculous, extravagant, preposterous, monstrous; while running through the whole of it there is a prurieney of taste and expression to which we have made no allusion, but which it is not altogether pleasant to meet with. It seems to be a sorry imitation of *Don Juan*, and in *Anselmo* may be found all of the faults and none of the virtues which characterize that celebrated composition. The surprising thing is that Mr. Parburt should have written it; that H. H. Bancroft & Co. should have published it. ANTEDILUVIAN.

We acknowledge the courtesy of an invitation to the First Anniversary Ball of the Sherman Guard, to be held at Platt's Music Hall, on Friday evening next. The list of members forming the various committees are a sufficient guarantee that the festival will be an auspicious inauguration of future social balls.

NEW BOOKS.

We have received from A. Roman & Co. the following new books, notices of which were crowded from our columns last week:

History of Julius Cæsar. Vol. I. 8vo., pp. 463. New York: Harper Brothers.

The Emperor's book is very handsomely produced by the Harpers, who are the sole publishers of this work in America. It is finely printed in large type, on thick firm paper, with liberal margin, and is very elegantly bound in library form of cloth and gold. The *Life of Cæsar* is well known to be an exposition of the Napoleonic idea, and a powerful though not convincing claim on the part of Napoleon III. for the pre-eminence of his uncle's policy and the permanence of his own dynasty. He urges the people, in his book, to accept the "mission of such men as Napoleon I." He labors to prove that Providence raises up such leaders as Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, to guide the policies of nations, rather than that such men are the natural product of the civilization they represent. He intimates, rather Frenchily, that people who are skeptical on such points, and resist their destiny in the shape of a Napoleon, are like the Jews who crucified the Messiah. This is rather strong. We have previously given several extracts from this volume that give a fair idea of the Emperor's style. It closes with the termination of Cæsar's Consulate.

Christian's Mistake. By the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.* pp. 260. New York: Harper Brothers.

Christian's Mistake is a fair specimen of Miss Muloch's style, though not as interesting to the general readers as *John Halifax.* The present volume has been issued in excellent library style by the Messrs. Harpers, and the print and paper make the reading quite pleasant to the eye.

Religious Duty. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: Wm. V. Spenser. 1865. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

Frances P. Cobb is the author of the *Theory of Intuitive Morals*, which has been widely read in both England and America. The present volume, in typography and binding, is in the style of *Christian's Mistake.* Mrs. Cobbe believes not only in free thought, but that "the time has arrived when free feeling also may begin to trace out the fresh channels into which a wider and purer faith will henceforth cause it to flow."

The Lothels of Arran. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper Brothers.

One of Mr. Lever's characteristic fictions, abounding in interest and entertaining in incident.

Husbands and Homes. By Marian Harland, author of *Alone* and *Hidden Path.* New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.—Tallahassee and St. Marks, Fla., have surrendered...Mr. Seward was attending to business...Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay are in close confinement at Fortress Monroe...The ram *Stonewall* has been surrendered to the Spanish Government at Havana...The *Shenandoah* is reported lost in the Indian Ocean...Jeff. Davis and Breckinridge have been indicted by the Grand Jury of the District of Columbia for high treason...Lee would probably be indicted in Richmond...An order has been issued preventing the disposal of abandoned plantations until the growing crops have been secured for the benefit of the freedmen cultivators...Gen. Canby reports that terms have been concluded for the surrender of the Confederate forces in Texas. Large bodies of Federal troops will however be sent there, to maintain order and protect the border...New developments are in possession of Government implicating Sanders and Thompson in the assassination and in the attempts to send infected clothing to the Northern cities and the White House...The magazine at Mobile, containing a portion of the munitions of war surrendered by Dick Taylor, exploded on the 24th of May, while in course of removal, causing the loss of over two hundred lives, and the destruction of some eight squares of buildings, two steamers with all on board, and about eight thousand bales of cotton. The loss is estimated at $8,000,000. A great portion of the business part of the city was badly damaged. The cause of the explosion is not known.

THEATRICALS ABROAD.—In New York the Keans were concluding their brief engagement with universal praise from the press. The New York *Weekly Review* says: "We doubt if any performers now on the American stage have ever appealed so modestly to the public, or borne from it so unquestionable and enviable a degree of esteem." They were next to play an engagement at Baltimore...Harry Placide was playing a round of his characters at the Winter Garden...Lester Wallack was playing in *How She Loves Him* at Wallack's...Miss Maggie Mitchell was at Niblo's, and the *Sleeping Beauty* was drawing full houses at the Olympic...Eph Horn and Dan. Bryant had sailed for London...Lotta had played three weeks at the Front street Theatre, Baltimore...Mrs. Bowers was playing in Boston...Lucille Western was at the Walnut, Philadelphia...Grover's German Opera Troupe were singing *Faust* at the Brooklyn Academy...James Stark opened in *Richelieu*, May 8th, at the Howard, Boston...The Birch and Backus San Francisco Minstrel Troupe had opened in New York with success...Cotton and Murphy's California Minstrels were at Andrews's Hall, Boston...In Nashville, Avonia Jones was at the New Theatre, and Laura Keen at the Old...The Lyster Opera Troupe were playing a farewell engagement at Dunnedin Otago, New Zealand, in the early part of February last...Lady Don was playing in Sydney...The Christy Minstrel troupe arrived at Sydney in February, after a successful tour through India, China and Java, and were to appear at St. James Hall.

RICHARD COBDEN.

DIED APRIL 2, 1865.

SOLEMN and sad his task who, from the shore,
Watches Time's slow but surely-rising wave,
As landmark after landmark it sweeps o'er,
And whelms great things and men in one wide grave

So the pale sentinel on Neva's pier
Records the wasting waters' sullen swell,
Till all the pile-based city shakes for fear
Of some huge fall—church, palace, citadel.

I am not old who watch, but from my post
What kingly strengths have I seen veil their crown
What statelinesses bowed, what pride and boast
By those dark waters toppled, sudden, down!

One more high tower has fallen, that stood four-square,
Simple, and scant of ornament, but strong,
As fits a fortalice, whose walls must bear,
Sheltering Right, the rude assaults of Wrong.

He had done work to fill a longer life,
And lived to see his life's work rounded clean:
Seldom has sun that lit a morn of strife,
Set in the hush of evening so serene.

The man whose young strength struck the shackles off
From England's toiling arm and trading hand,
Lived to knit close—in spite of sneer and scoff—
England and France in Traffic's triple strand.

Poor in world's wealth, but rich in stainless fame,
Untitled, yet a magnate in the land,
That honor blazons Richard Cobden's name,
Which life well-lived and work well done command.

Circumstance shaped his lot, as it shapes all:
The path it opened seemed narrow, hard, and bare:
No grace of letters made a flowery wall
To mask its bounds, nor arts, nor arms passed there

The path of trade, that leads—who shall say where?—
To humble competence, and low content,
To wealth and wisdom, or to wealth and care,
To means hard-saved, to be as loosely spent;

But rarely to a higher goal than self;
And few on *that* road ope a wider eye
Than grasps the vision of the trader's self,
Or second self—kith, kin, and progeny.

But on that path this man advancing, felt
The impulse of a great good far away;
Looked up, saw angels, and where others knelt
To grope for gold, he knelt to dream and pray.

Yes—knelt to *dream:* though bred to trade and toil,
His was the dreamer's rapt and prescient eye:
Thence came the wings that lifted him from soil
Of sordid paths, and raised low aims to high.

He saw Heaven's will by man's contrivance barred:
Nature's kind pathways betwixt need and need
Gated and fenced; the Almighty purpose marred,
That gave us diverse brains, thews, soils, and seeds.

Others, ere him, had seen and proved the wrong,
But he the wrong determined to set right:
Weak in all else, in single purpose strong,
With Power, Wealth, Prejudice, he braved the fight.

And won it, and was famous, powerful, great:
But with the triumph laid the truncheon by,
And in the ranks was proud to serve the State,
Poor save in that which riches cannot buy.

[*Punch.*

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is a whiz, a buzz, a whirring music in the air, all sorts of grotesque objects are floating about, rising and falling and dancing to and fro; there are broad-winged birds, and many-colored dragons, lizards, bees, and butterflies, and painted circles and squares, and radiated suns and moons and stars. Most of them have pendent tails, and strings in their centres, the linking line which connects these aerial monsters with the earth. Follow down the thread to the ground, and you will find at its end a grave-looking man, who, though he devoted his principal attention to the evolutions and the harmonies to contemplate those of his neighbor. These are Chinese kite flyers. Kite-flying is the amusement of the young and the old—but more especially of the old—and these kites exhibit in a wonderful way the odd inventive fancies, the strange traditions, and the immemorial habits of this singular race. The English kite took its name, no doubt, from the bird, of which the primitive aspirant was probably a rude imitation, but the Chinese designations are multitudinous: fung-stang, the wind guitar: chi-yan, paper-hawk; kwin-chi, neither more nor less than the English kite, bird and toy; and all sorts of fanciful and poetical titles. The form of the ancient French kite was probably that of a beast, and not of a bird, as they call it a cerf-volant, a flying stag.

In China, people say, and there is some truth in it, that the swaddled babe appears almost as solemn and staid as a mandarin, and that there, more than anywhere, the child is the father of the man. The mandarin looks like a giant child, and the child a dwarf mandarin. Especially among the opulent the child is smothered with costly garments. If a girl, the aristocratic torturing of the feet begins, and in the morning the cries of the poor victims undergoing the cruciate process may often be heard in the streets—but both sexes are subjected to the painting art. Pearl powder upon the forehead, vermilion upon the lips, jet upon the eyebrows, rouge upon the cheeks, fantastic, costly, and elaborated caps upon the head, cumbrous garments upon the body, so that the lad, almost before he is able to walk, is encumbered with more clothes than he can carry, ornaments more than enough to interfere with his locomotive powers, and he seems already a little old man. Stiff as a bonze, and ready, as it were, to be stuck into a niche of a Buddhist temple—he is as if petrified into an image of everlasting contemplation. The sobriety of age is incarnated with the plastic nature of youth, and the sports and amusements of the sian-hai-tze, the little son child, are shared by the yu-tsin, the tsu-yu, and the tsung-tsu, the father, the grandfather, and the great-grandfather, of whom he is the miniature model—all are kite-flyers.

It is not an uncommon subject for a picture in China to exhibit a languishing small-footed young lady sitting in a grove, with a pipe in her hand, a female slave at her side pouring out the tea into an ornamented cup upon a lacquered table, looking fascinatingly upon a handsome youth, to whom she has "never told her love," for the simple reason that she has never had the opportunity of telling it. The young man is standing on a bridge built upon a neighboring hill near a temple—a temple decorated with scarlet roof and golden horns, half shaded with flowery forest trees, with a fountain of water flying by—and the said young man is looking, not on the temple, not on the wood, not on the water, no, not even on the fair and languishing young lady with the golden-lily feet, but his gaze is devoutly fixed upon the kite that is borne by the wind, that is dancing towards the clouds, and making sweet music as it ascends. Will not the echoes bring the sighs of the pretty maiden to the ears of the kongai, the beloved one, so absorbed in the contemplation of that distracting seduction? Alas! no; he hears no sound but the whistle of the instrument which is running up the string of the kite, and whose triumphant progress to its gaol is celebrated by the harmonies which are gradually lost in the distance. Another picture is now before us, in which a whole group of boys are gathered together to see the wonders worked by their elders in the kite-flying art. There are kites with their adorned tails, and tails, by the way—men's tails—are objects of such reverence in China, that a man would much prefer the penalty of losing his ears, or his nose, or both, to that of losing his pien-tze, (cue) which loss, indeed, is the most opprobrious infliction upon a felon. Other kites look like nosegays of many-colored flowers suspended on high; and if smiles of wondering approval can be fancied as expressed on any Chinese visage, those smiles are there.

But let us stop for a moment to say that the history of men's tails in China is instructive and entertaining. They were forced upon the Chinese by the conquering Manchoos more than two hundred years ago, and, from being the mark and evidence of subjugation, have become the most cherished of personal possessions. The care and culture of the cue is the daily concern and the constant amusement of the whole nation. The man is the object of envy whose tail touches the ground, and it is intertwined with gay ribbons, while the black tressed hair is as glossy as the back of a raven. A laborer guards his tail with as much pride as a lord, and when engaged in any occupation which may tend to its disarrangement, he twists it round his head. But no servant dares to present himself before his master unless his tail hangs down perpendicularly outside his long robes. A handsome gentleman's cue is as much an object of attraction to a Chinese lady, as is the smallness of the foot of a lady to a Chinese lover. One of the sports of the Chinese is to tie their companions together by the tails, the untying being sometimes difficult enough for the exercise of the science of a Davenport. But the tail is a grand instrument in the hands of the police, and often leads to the capture and safe keeping of a misdoer. We possess a splendid tail upon which hangs a *tale* worth telling. There was a burglar of Hong-Kong, greatly distinguished in his profession, the planner of most of the housebreakings that took place in the colony. He was discovered, sent to prison, and, as some security for the future, and a fit punishment for the past, he was deprived of his cue. He had so much influence, and so much money, that he was (probably with the cognizance of his bribed keepers) carried away in a sedan-chair by his confederates while passing with the chain-gang through a street in Hong-Kong. Burglaries on a large scale soon disturbed the public peace, and the convict was again captured and sentenced to imprisonment; but he escaped a second time with the man to whom he was chained, having no doubt arranged the matter with those who had him in custody. Burglaries were again rife, and we well knew by whom they were planned and, and by whose agents they were executed. But he was so well served, and so well concealed, that for some time all researches were vain, and the felonious operations were carried on uninterruptedly. One day a little boy, who had been imprisoned for some small offence, sent a message to the governor, saying that, if pardoned, he, being acquainted with the haunts of the felon, would put the police on his track, and enable them to capture him. He led them to a large house, where a gentleman was sitting, handsomely clad, and with a beautiful unexceptional tail. "That is your man," said the boy. "Impossible," was the reply; "the rogue's tail is in the jail!" Reassured, the policemen sprang upon the hero, seized his cue, upon which the thief jumped out of the window, leaving a false cue in its captor's hand. No dignitary was ever adorned with a less objectionable pien-tze. These tails are often suspended for sale in barbers' shops, not always for the use of the thieving fraternity, for as old age and exposure diminish the thickness of the chevelure, the Chinese hairdresser is sometimes called on to perform restorative functions somewhat resembling those of the former wig-maker in England. The cutting off of hair in China is equivalent to an abandonment of the world. In our Catholic nunneries it is the final act, performed by others, and deemed the most interesting evidence of the devotion of the young novitiate to the conventual life. In China it is a self-infliction; it is not unusual for a bride who has been disappointed in the character, or has suspected the fidelity of a bridegroom, to cut off her hair, and send it as a token that she contemplates suicide, which, indeed, is in China a common refuge for misery. The plebeian mode of destruction is ordinarily opium, the patrician the eating of gold-leaf—a very uneasy and lingering mode of dying. It is, however, considered very improper to interrupt family enjoyments or amusements by an act of self-destruction, and we remember one of our servants reporting an event in his family—his wife had hanged herself, and, what was exceedingly improper, she had done it on a day on which he was particularly busy.

Suicides in China are often characteristically singular. They are not unfrequently committed for the purpose of revenge, and a life is willingly sacrificed in order to bring punishment on those who may be compromised or injured by the death of the self-destroyer. There are many cases in which, by the laws of China, persons are made responsible for the acts of others, and subjected to death punishments, for deeds with which they have had nothing to do. We know of a case in which a very beautiful girl who had been purchased for a large sum of money by a rich merchant, determined to avenge a supposed slight by immolating herself, with the double purpose of inflicting on him the pecuniary loss of her purchased value, and of denouncing him to the authorities as responsible for her death. She dressed herself in her gayest garments, took opium, and summoned her friends and relations to witness her decease. It is not unusual for Chinamen who come from the interior, having failed to realize their expectations of success in commercial or literary speculations, afraid of encountering the reproaches of their friends and relations should they return home, to hang or drown themselves amidst the persons or in the places which have been associated with their disappointments. It is rare that any house in which such an event occurs escapes the visitation of the low officials, who, as well as their superordinates, seldom lose the opportunity of "squeezing" the inhabitants, the popular term for exacting the payment of "hush-money."

* * * * * * * * *

Dramatic representations are popular in China; but players in general occupy a low social position, and are excluded from any of the four grades into which respectable society is divided—the sage, the agriculturist, the soldier, and the mechanic. In the large cities are theatres built for the accommodation of the public, with a pit for the commonalty, who stand; boxes for the quality, who sit; and a stage with its appliances of scenery and mechanism, for the actors. The entrance for the less privileged orders is gratuitous, but something is paid for the more elevated places. Strolling players circulate over the country, and when by public subscription a sufficient sum is raised to defray the expenses of their visit and allow them adequate recompense for their trouble, an extempore theatre is erected—if no permanent edifice exist—with incredible rapidity and marvellous ingenuity. Bamboo pillars, bamboo rafters, bamboo floors, are bound together with singular art, and without the employment of a hammer or a nail, and suddenly a light but not inelegant structure rises, almost as if by magic, from the ground. Huge boxes of garments, weapons, musical instruments, conveyed by boats through the rivers and canals, or borne on the shoulders of coolies, swung on bamboo poles, and the performances once begun, are scarcely interrupted for many days and many nights. The Buddhist and Taouist priests are often the principal movers in the invitations given to the strollers. They collect, by their dependents, moneys to pay for the recreations, and inscribe the names of the contributors on bright vermilion papers, which are posted at the entrances of the temples in their neighborhood, and for whose benefit the performances are to take place.

The number and the reputation of the performers, and the duration of the performances, depend on the amounts collected. The fame of a favorite idol, especially where he is believed to have worked recent miracles, will sometimes bring

considerable money-offerings for the theatre to be erected in the vicinity of his shriue. Funds being raised, in four-and-twenty hours a building capable of conveniently accommodating two thousand persons is completed, and while the performances are going on business is neglected, shops are deserted, sedan-bearers abandon their posts, and everything is sacrificed throughout the neighborhood to the theatrical display, which geuerally lasts from three to four days. There are only short periods of rest between the representations, to allow time for repasts and for repose. The theatre is scarcely cleared of the spectators that have witnessed one exhibition, before shoals of candidates present themselves to occupy the vacant places. The clearings out and the fillings in are repeated several times a day. The amusements are not confined to dramatic pieces. Interludes of prestidigitation tricks, tumblings and gymnastic exploits, often vary the diversions. All around the theatre are temporary gambling-stands, fruit-stalls, and frequently houses of reception of the worst character. Worship within the temple is held to be quite compatible with profligacy without, and there is nothing in the example of the bonzes to encourage what is good, or to deter from what is evil. They levy a rental from all who sell these wares to the visitors.

In these dramas national grievances get a shadowy redress, which is some comfort to those who find no real shelter from oppressiou. Punishment is seen to overtake extortion and corruption in a way seldom verified in the reality of life. The stage is made the reprover of offences too often placed in daily experience beyoud or above the reach of official cognizanee. A thousand faces brighten when some rapacious hard-hearted mandarin is brought on the stage, carrying on his iniqnities and cruelties, and is "hoist with his own petard,' tumbled into the pit he has dng for some poor man's destruction, overtaken by the all-penetrating eye of the emperor (oh that the "Son of Heaven" *could* but know how many such wicked ones *we* know!) humiliated, deposed, decapitated.

Female characters have often to perform an important part in the Chinese drama; but the old English usage is still preserved—no woman ever appears on the stage, and the fair sex are represented by boys or men with treble voices.

There is nothing more amusing in these exhibitions than the attempts of vulgar, coarse-handed, big-footed boys to exhibit the simpering graces of Chinese ladies of rank, who are hardly able to totter along on the crushed pegs upon which they stand, if indeed they can be said to stand, who are often blown over by a blast of wind, or seen to save themselves from falling by catching hold of a chair or table, or by the use of a stick, or by resting on attendant slave or slaves. But as a lady of refinement has the happy art of exhibiting her golden-lilied feet just peeping out from beneath her silken garments, it may be fancied how grotesque are the imitations of a vulgar youth, and with what delight and self gratulation the real blue blood—the ladies belonging to the buttoned aristocracy—look upon the abortive efforts of the common players; then, again, the ladies, whose delicate fingers show that they do not work—because the nails—which are allowed to grow many inches long—prove that they *cannot* work—feel no small pride in contemplating the long metalic claws which are stuck on as substitutes for the transparent henna-colored nail, (chi kiah,) the possession of which, next to a small foot, is the glory and ambition of a fashionable woman. All the plays, all the novels, and it may be said all the literature of China, bear the impress of that pecular educational system which permeates the natioual mind. Quotations from the writings of the sages, fragments of poetry, scraps of ancient history, constantly interrupt, as they are supposed to decorate, the development of the story. This influence of the past on the present is everywhere visible, and explains many of the seeming mysteries of Chinese life. A revolt has been often subdued by a felicitous reference to some aphorism of an ancient book, and a well-timed quotation will suddenly terminate the most excited controversy.

The very highest orders seldom frequent the public theatres, but hire and invite to their houses, for the entertainment of themselves and their guests, strolling players, popular conjurors, tumblers, and buffoons, and other such artists and actors. The more distinguished *dramatis personæ* form themselves into corporations, and adopt some attractive and high-sounding name by which they are commonly known, such as "The Brotherhood of Reason and Courtesy;" "The Company of Splendid Visitations;" "The Society of Fragrant Flowers;" "The Mirror of what Was and Is." When the play opens, the audiences are not left in ignorance of what is to happen, as each actor, on his appearauce, tells the company who he is, and what he is to say and to do. Bottom's instructions are admirably carried out, "the bill of properties such as the play wants" being all laid before the spectators.

The actors are generally clad in the strange costumes worn under the Miug dynasty, of which much aneient Chinese porcelain gives a very accurate representation, and this period of Chinese history furnishes the greater portiou of the tales and traditions which are introduced upon the stage. It is not always easy to disentangle the truth from the fiction of these dramatized stories, except, indeed, where the supernatural is introduced, as is often prodigally done. Few of the authors are known, but many of the pieces are of considerable antiquity, and are faithful records of the usages of the past times. The words of the drama are usually uttered with a sort of sing-song, monotonous recitation, interspersed with poetry, sinking now and then into a scarcely audible utterance, and anon rising into outbreaks of most impassioned rage and violence. Loud crashes of dissonant music, vehement beatings of gongs, the rolling of kettle drums, and the speaking of wind instruments, fill up the insterstices with intolerable discord. Only a small part of the dialogue is heard by the audience. The pantemimic action is, however, so excellent, that the story is tolerably understood. The clang and the clatter which is so discordant to the European ear, is most acceptable to the Chinese. It is especially when battles are fought on the stage that the shouting and the crashing are beyond endurance; but noise is an element in which the Chainaman revels, and of which he can never have enough.

No Oriental women dress with such comely modesty as the Chinese; their garments cover the bosom and reach up to the chin; but the language used on the stage is often gross and unlicensed, and the exhibitions which are most applauded are sometimes far too licentious to be tolerated by European opinion.

The painted scenes are seldom or never changed—unity and continuity of action are generally preserved—but when a change of place is needful to the progress and development of the drama, something is introduced to show that the actors are transported to another locality; riding on a wooden stick, sometimes with a horse's head, and sometimes without, and he whips the supposititious beast as he crosses and recrosses the stage. Sometimes a real horse is introduced, sometimes a sedan conveying the rider, or the occupier, to the appointed place, so that the line of continuity may not be broken. If he have to pass a bridge, he paces first up and then down, the bridges in China being generally not level, but with steps ascending and descending. If he have to cross the water, he shows in his gestures the rolling motion of a boat, and shaking himself as evidence of his weariness, announces that he has reached the end of his journey in safety, and that the scene is transferred to the spot at which he has arrived. And here we may ask had Shakspeare ever heard of the Chinese theatrical devices, as most assuredly no Chinaman ever heard of Shakspeare? Yet Bottom's scheme of making "some man or other to present wall, with some plaster, or some loam, or some rough cast about him to signify wall," is practically and actually carried out in China—as, for example, when a beleagured city is the scene of action, then men are heaped upon one another, and form "the wall" which is to be scaled or overthrown, and it is by mounting and tumbling over these bodies that the attacking and victorious heroes make their way into the stronghold.

The belief in witches, ghosts, good and evil spirits, is almost universal in China. The popular almanacs, which have an immense circulation, have many pages filled with pictorial representations and descriptions of strange creatures, "Gorgons, and hydras and chimeras dire," who frighten children and women; genii who bless or curse, with instructions as to the means of thwarting their mischevious, and conciliating their benevolent purposes. How to win the affections of another; to obtain sleep at night; to succeed in a commercial enterprise; to make a journey in safety; to prognosticate the weather; to win at a lottery; to secure the birth of male children; to reach a happy old age; such, and almost any other objects of desire, and to be obtained by the supernatural agencies which are introduced to the readers.

It is a general superstition in China that multitudes of hungry demons in various hideous forms are constantly wandering over the earth, being the souls of wicked men, who can find neither rest nor domicile; and the superstition affords abundant elements with which to move the popular mind Spectral appearances and monsters of all sorts form, naturally enough, a considerable part of the theatrical machinery. They are, in fact, associated with all the business of life. At the entrance of every public office, of every temple, there are images of fieree dragons, and fanciful beasts and reptiles, intended to inspire the passers-by with awe and terror. On the floor of the stage there is a trap-door, through which ghosts and spirits mount to take their part in the proceedings. but they usually announce their coming by unspiritual vociferations, and ask for help from above to be pulled up by the shoulders, or to be pushed up by aid from below. As there is no delay over the shifting of scenes or the falling of curtains, the story pursues its uninterrupted course.

It is related of the great Dr. Clarke, that when in one of his leisure hours he was unbending himself with a few friends in the most playful and frolicsome manner, he observed Beau Nash approaching: upon which he suddenly stopped: "My boys," said he, "let us be grave; here comes a *fool!*"

A young lady visiting a family, asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said, very audibly: "There's jist twa in the dish, and they mann be keepit for the strangers."

Rustic Sharpness.—"Disiuterestedness," says a French traveller, "is not a mountain virtue. In a poor country, money is the first necessity. Beggars swarm in the Pyrenees I never met a child that did not ask alms, from four years old to fifteen: this is their trade, and nobody is ashamed of it." The same writer gives an amusing instance of their dexterity "*in shearing an egg.*" A friend of his desired the servant to sew a button on to his trowsers. In the evening she entered the room, pantaloons in hand, and said, with an undecided, anxious manner, as if she feared her demand would be disputed, "*C'est un sou.*" The master, without speaking, took a sou from his waistcoat pocket and laid it on the table. Jeannette went on tiptoe to the door, recollected herself, came back, took the trowsers and showed the button. "Ah! it is a beautiful button! (a pause.) I had not one in my box (another, longer pause.) I bought that one at the grocer's—*c'est un sou!*" She looked up with anxiety; the owner of the pantaloons, still without speaking, laid on the table a second sou. It was clear there was a mine of sous in that quarter. Jeannette went out, and a moment afterwards reopened the door; she had settled her plans, and with a shrill, piercing voice, and wonderful volubility, she cried, "I had no thread. I was obliged to buy thread. I used a great deal of thread; it was very good thread. The button will not come off again, I sewed it on strongly. *C'est un sou.*" The master pushed towards her a third sou. Two hours after, Jeannette, who has reflected on the subject, reappears. She prepares breakfast with minutious care, wipes up the slightest slops, softens her voice, walks gently, and is most ostentatiously attentive; then she says, in the most obsequious and winning manner possible, "I must not lose—you would not wish me to lose; the stuff was hard, I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it before, I have only just seen it. *C'est un sou.*" The master drew forth the fourth sou, repeating—

> Ce peuple est innocent; son ingénuité
> N'altère pas encore la simple vérité.

"Take courage. Jeannette, you will gain a fortune, my child. Happy the husband who shall conduct you, candid and blushing, under the roof of his ancestors! Go and brush my pantaloons."

Syrian Gothamites.—Helbon is noted not more for its wine than for the stupidity of its inhabitants, whose reputation in this respect is similar to that of the wise men of Gotham, as the waggish Merry Andrew styled his countrymen, the Barons of Pevensey. Among the ridiculous stories fathered on them, I will here repeat a few. Once upon a time the inhabitants of Helbon declared themselves independent, and were going to establish a goverument of their own, but found themselves unable to carry out their intention, because there were not men enough in the place to fill all the public offices. Another time, it is said, the good folks of Helbon wished to drag a little on one side a mountain which kept the mid-day sun from their village. With this object they tied a rope to a large oak growing on the mountain, and pulled at it till the rope broke, and gave many of them so severe a fall that they were content to postpone the removal of the mountain till some more fitting opportunity. On another occasion, when there was a total eclipse of the moon, the inhabitants of Helbon took it into their heads that the people of a neighboring village had stolen that planet. Accordingly they all turned out armed against their neighbors, to force them to give them back their moon; but before they had quite reached the village the eclipse was over, and the moon reappeared in full splendor. On this they returned home in triumph, boasting that their neighbors had given them back their moon for fear of them. A native of Helbon was once driving to Damascus a donkey, laden with wood for sale, when, the load being too heavy for the poor animal, he considerately took it off and put it on his own shoulders, and then mounting the donkey, he rode on it into Damascus. A boy once thrust his hand into a narrow-necked pitcher containing walnuts, and having filled his hand with them, was unable to draw it out again. He cried bitterly; the whole village assembled to deliberate on what was best to be done, and the wise man of the place gave it as his opinion that the boy's hand must be cut off; when fortunately a stranger, who happened to be passing by, freed the boy from the danger he was in, by telling him to let go the walnuts, and so draw his hand out of the pitcher empty, as he had put it in.—*Jacob's Flight, by Mrs. Beke.*

At one of the minor theatres of Vienna a whistler named Piccolini is whistling his way to public favor. A correspondent writes that "he is a man of middle height and elegant exterior. He whistled, with accompaniment of piano-forte, the serenade of Schubert, and the eavatina "Casta Diva," from *Norma*. He whistled double notes with great distinctness, and his shake was irreproachable; the sound is of the most agreeable quality, as well in the medium as in the highest part of the register. His intonation was never at fault, and one might be led to suppose that he was listening now to the song of the nightingale, now to the full and sonorous voice of the quail, and anon to the thrill of the lark as it soars into the higher regions of the empyrean. The success of the whistler was emphatic."—*N. Y. Post.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1865.

AMATEUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE English," says Froissart, "go about their pleasures sadly." We Americans pursue our recreations quite as seriously, with an eye to instruction. Our tourists carry tape lines with them to measure trees. A vague sense of our accountability to Boards of Education and School Committees accompanies us to our rural solitudes. We are compelled to make wild attempts at botany, geology, natural history. We fill our carpet-bags with geological specimens. We keep journals. We write to the papers.

It is not surprising, therefore, that at this season amateur correspondents should appear in the *Bulletin*, with descriptions of their several excursions and travels. We will do these people the justice to believe that the act is rarely premeditated. A letter to an over-admiring friend, carried about and shown to acquaintances, a journal which the party will not "willingly let die," are the first whisperings of folly. We ought not to be astonished, therefore, if these letters are remarkable for the contrast between their exuberant language and prosaic incidents. When Mr. Smith devotes a glowing paragraph to a description of a fall from a horse, we ought not to complain, for we can readily imagine that the event was one of tremendous importance to him personally. When he records the *facetiæ* of his friend Robinson, if we fail to be convulsed with laughter, we must remember the circumstances under which the witticism was uttered, and that it was probably a fair joke for two lonely travelers in a wild country. If we object to the undue quantity of poetical quotations, we should remember how universal is the disposition to commit verses to memory, and how rare is the opportunity that people have to quote them. The intention of Mr. Smith is evidently to instruct us. If we incidentally hear a great deal more about Smith than we do of the Geysers, it is because the two subjects bear that relation to each other in the mind of the writer, and we must be content, as it were, to look through Nature up to Nature's Smith. In the meantime, the evident respectability, wealth and social condition of the amateur correspondents—and certainly none other could make these expensive excursions—are further reasons for our tolerant criticism. We know that it is no vagrant or ragged Bohemian who is addressing us, but a man of means and circumstances. If his letter is not quite as interesting as the poor professional hack or scribbler, let us be thankful that a respectable person should condescend to write for us at all, or permit us for a moment to peep into his pleasures and become participants in his confidences.

We confess, however, that we are somewhat staggered by the remarkable confessions of one "C.," who has lately favored us, through the *Bulletin*, with notes of a trip to Clear Lake. At the beginning of his article, he gives us a ravishing glimpse of a certain young lady, and after having asked us if we have ever read *Locksley Hall*, proceeds to inform us that she "had all the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes." Now we have read *Locksley Hall*, and have a distinct remembrance of the passage alluded to, but we still are at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the writer, who says that it describes his charming young friend "to a T." If "C." intends to hint that "her eyes on all his motions with a mute observance hung," or that her bosom "was shaken by a sudden storm of sighs," or that she further remarked to him, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong," we must confess we are somewhat shocked at the the frankness of the confession. It is with a feeling of relief that we learn subsequently that she was removed from his dangerous vicinity, and that with "a smile and a wave of the handkerchief, Miss X. and the *Cornelia* rapidly recede from our view, and we are left standing on *terra firma*." Before this took place, however, it seems that "C." was impelled to record the following incident, which we can only account for by supposing, to quote from his favorite poem, that

——"My lord is weary, his brain is overwrought."

"When we came up, we were passing through San Pablo Bay. The hills on the right were clothed in luxuriant vegetation, and their smoothly-rounded outlines looked soft as velvet. "Oh, look!" said one, "at the butterflies around those yellow cliffs." "Ah," observes another, "did you see the butter fly at table?" I must confess I did not see it. I saw, however, four knives stretched simultaneously for the butter."

The reader will admire the artfulness of the final sentence: "I saw, however, four knives stretched simultaneously for the butter;" which places any misconstruction of the joke on the word "butterfly" beyond a possibility.

On the road from Napa another incident occurred:

"We stopped to get a draught of pure cold mountain water from a brook that ran gurgling across our path. A pair of mountain quail sat upon a log at a little distance, and eyed us in a very unconcerned manner. We have seen great quantities of these birds all along our route. It is now their pairing season, and every plumed cockerel has his little dusky brown mate. Here we see in Nature the true philosophy, the finest feathers given to the male. Man reverses the order of Nature, and gives them to the female. These birds (quail) are singular in their habits. In every flock there is a preponderance of male birds."

"C." does not seem to be any more felicitous in his philosophy than his poetical similes. We confess that having carefully read the above, we do not clearly see *why* "the finest feathers given to the male" is "the true philosophy." That the mountain quail should have eyed the party "in a very unconcerned manner," is, however, inexcusable. We do not wonder that some time afterwards, when "a cock quail lit upon a stump and commenced to call in a lively manner"—no doubt intentionally "chaffing" the tourists—the vengeful "C." should have deliberately slaughtered the offending fowl. A fine opportunity for a quotation was offered at this point, but "C." does not seem to have improved it.

But it is as a graphic and bold delineator of scenery that Mr. "C." excels. At Clear Lake, he tells us:

"Gradually the moon rose, veiling her face at first behind a venerable oak, like a maiden behind the protecting garment of a parent. Then she mounted up, higher and higher, until a flood of softened light was thrown over the scene. I made a futile attempt to transfer some of the glories of the sunset to paper, but useless was my endeavor to imitate nature."

If the above be one of "C.'s" attempts to transfer the glories of that sunset scene to paper, he should never think of calling it futile. Certainly the fancy of likening the moon behind a tree to a maiden behind the protecting garment of a parent, is powerful—and would be more so if we knew exactly what the protecting garment of a parent was. We have, however, heard this adjective playfully applied to the tail of a coat; and as the sex of the parent is not clearly stated, we can easily imagine how the spectacle of a young girl coquettishly darting in and out from the protecting folds of the paternal coat-tail would be a most striking figure, of itself, irrespective of any similitude.

The nearest approach to an incident in "C.'s" career seems to have been an occasion where somebody told him that somebody else had killed a panther. "C." saw the skull and skin subsequently, and tells us that the teeth were long and crooked, and the skin was dark brown. At the borax works he is enabled to tell us that borax is a combination of boracid acid and soda; and becomes preternaturally interesting. The opportunity of instruction has come. On the whole, we are sorry that he should have been beguiled from borax and mineralogy by the fatal delusions of moonlight and *Locksley Hall*. He goes down to the hot springs, luxuriates in baths, becomes impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and in a manner effervesces from the reader's view.

"Diaphragm," who has contributed "Notes of a Trip to the Big Trees," is another amateur correspondent. We vehemently protest against this gentleman's extraordinary *nom de plume*. If he felt impelled to anatomical expression, Thorax or Sternum, we suggest, would have been less tremendous. The Germans have a proverb that "No man is a philosopher below his waist;" yet if things of this sort are to be permitted to pass unnoticed, we may look for Abdominal essays and Pelvic and Femoral suggestions. But Diaphragm's infelicity is not confined to his name. Visiting the Big Trees, he tells us that they are objects at sight of which "a pious mind's first impulse would be prayer." Evidently, "Diaphragm's" mind was not pious, for *his* first impulse was a puff of the *Bulletin*, which he achieved in this remarkable manner:

"In looking through the grove we found a very fine tree, fifty-five feet in girth, (at the height of a man's head,) unnamed, and it occurred to one of our party that no more appropriate name could be given to it than that of the purest and most undaunted patriot whom it has been our fortune to know in California. We therefore asked Mr. Perry's permission to bestow on it the name of

JAMES KING OF WM.,

founder of the *Bulletin*, who, through the instrumentality, and at the cost of his own noble life, obtained for San Francisco many years of pure and upright municipal government, and left to California an example which can never become inoperative."

We do not wish to detract from the well-deserved reputation of James King of William as a fearless and undaunted reformer. But his fame was local, and civic. To place him beside Bright and Cobden, or any of the other national or world-renowned names which people have seen fit to bestow upon the forest giants, is to belittle him by contrast. We cannot but be amused at the evident sincerity with which the indiscreet "Diaphragm" urges his hero's claims. He was "the purest and most undaunted patriot whom it has been our fortune to know in California." We do not know the extent of "Diaphragm's" acquaintance, or how long he has lived in California; but surely the surname of his paragon might have suggested some coincident reflection that would have modified his superlatives. But we do not wish to quarrel with his preferences. We would suggest, however, that some other standard of greatness than mere personal preference be required in the naming of these trees hereafter. It will be admitted that this system has its evils. Members of the Union party and admirers of a certain paper have a perfect right to inscribe the name of an editor upon some large tree "as the purest and most undaunted patriot it has been their fortune to know in California. "Diaphragm" should have had his simple tribute engraved on the plate with his hero's name, so that if hereafter any stranger should be unfamiliar with the fame of James King of William, the mere circumstance that an editor of the *Bulletin* was thus honored by an humble individual as the "purest patriot he ever knew," would be of itself a statement that should arrest the wandering eye.

Something like a real accident seems to have occurred to "Diaphragm's" party, and, true to his anatomical instincts, he records the abrasion of sombody's *tibia*. We are doubtful, however, owing to the perplexity which arises from his personifying these terms, whether "*tibia*" is not an individual, and the accident was far from trifling. We cannot praise too greatly his conscientiousness in refusing to transcribe imaginary adventures to please the ladies. We are afraid that "C.," who seems to have been more susceptible, would have succumbed to the spirit "deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes," and have drawn on his invention. But "Diaphragm" is nothing if not honest and sincere. Unfortunately, he is not always clear:

"The wind swaying the tree-tops seemed not to break the silence; like the solemn, ceaseless boom of the ocean, it seemed rather to enter the soul directly through some internal organ of veneration and awe than through the external ear."

We confess we do not see how any external sound could *enter* through an *internal* organ without first penetrating some *exterior* aperture. We believe, however, there is a passage leading from the cavity of the ear to the posterior portion of the mouth called the Eustachian tube, and by this means "Diaphragm" might have inhaled the sound or have smelled it! But we feel somehow that we are on dangerous ground, and shrink from grappling scientific questions with one who can playfully assume a *nom de plume* so suggestive of anatomical information.

Of such stuff are *amateur* correspondents made. We have devoted some space to pointing out their peculiarities, with no further intention except that of correcting what we conceive to be a growing evil. We do not blame people for writing such things. They are necessary and excellent safety-valves for the pent-up sentiments or prejudices which permeate mankind, and they yield an excitement to the writer which is certainly the cheapest and most innocuous form of dissipation. If people did not write nonsense and scandal, they would talk nonsense and scandal, and with very few exceptions they are less extravagant with the pen than tongue. It is only the *publication* of such articles that makes them objectionable, and brings them within the sphere of legitimate criticism. Everything that tends to deteriorate or enervate the literary standard should be excluded from the columns of a respectable journal. The *Bulletin's* corps of professional correspondents is large enough to preclude the necessity which sometimes breaks down the principles of weaker journals. Literary men and editors have to serve a severe apprenticeship; and we do not see why the rules which govern their ideas of excellence should be suspended for the benefit of these Bucolic amateurs who waste their time and ink in imitation.

GATHERING OF THE ALUMNI.—The Alumni of Eastern colleges had their second annual meeting at the College of California on the 8th instant, and perfected their organization under the title of the "Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast." The Revered Horatio Stebbins delivered the oration and E. R. Sill, Esq., the poem. We understand that both poem and oration, together with an account of the proceedings, speeches, etc., are to be published in a pamphlet, to be sold for the benefit equally of the College and Association. The meeting was well attended, but the exercises and speech-making were protracted rather too long. At Alumni gatherings in the East, even with the advantages of the forbidden grape and the magnetic contact of such men as Holmes, Agasiz, Longfellow, Emerson and others, it is very difficult to keep up the enthusiasm and exhilaration beyond a certain limit.

OLYMPIC CLUB RECEPTION.—The gentlemen of the San Francisco Olympic Club gave one of their pleasant receptions last evening, which was attended by a large number of invited guests of both sexes. After a series of marvellous gymnastic performances by several distinguished members of the Club, the milder exercise of dancing was engaged in by all present, and kept up until a late hour.

THE CHURCH AND THE DRAMA.

ON the 29th of January last, the Rev. T. W. Freckleton, from his pulpit at Bradford, in the West Riding of York, England, delivered a sermon from the text of St. Paul, "Unto the pure all things are pure," which the London *Era* characterizes as "one of the most easy, satisfactory and demonstrative essays in support of the drama, and condemnation of clerical hostility, which we have ever had the good fortune to read." By a strange coincidence, about this time the Christian Commission of California was objecting to receiving the proceeds of a theatrical entertainment for charitable and patriotic purposes—an objection in which most of the Evangelical Churches concurred. As the only opposition to this bigoted and illiberal view was confined to a few anonymous correspondents in secular papers, who might reasonably be supposed to be without the pale of salvation, we venture to quote, in their behalf, some of the arguments of this brave Yorkshire clergyman, who has proved their unexpected ally, confident that the strictest evangelical churchman cannot object to the authority of a minister of the Established Church of England on a question of this gravity.

The Rev. Mr. Freckleton does not think it possible to kill the drama or to banish the theatre from among us; but believes that the energies displayed in abuse of the institution might be better employed in reforming and purifying the stage, or, at least—as it is but a reflection of society, setting it a better example in ourselves. Mr. Freckleton believes that the work of a theatre is primarily to amuse:

"It is only incidentally that it affects manners or morals. In fact, the theatre does not determine the morals and manners of its patrons, but receives its complexion and quality from them; for it only exists by giving them that for which they have a taste, and if moral and decent people would go, nothing that could offend them would appear, for the simple reason that it would not pay."

Sensible people will not like Mr. Freckleton any the less for his having thus frankly stated the merits of his case, without dragging in the sentimental and somewhat cheap theory of the elevating tendency of the drama. In a like spirit of liberality he thus answers the timid fears which many estimable persons entertain that theatres may corrupt the morals of those who frequent them:

"If they esteem the thing to be unclean, to them it is unclean; and if they think religion or public morals to be imperilled, they have the right to say what they think, and to act accordingly. But it is a poor question that has only one side, or which will not bear examination all round."

In the course of this examination the reverend gentleman points out certain truths which will apply equally well to some other things as to private theatricals and theatres:

"Only mischief can ensue if breaking the Sabbath for pleasure, and frequenting the theatre for amusement, are classed as sins with defrauding one's neighbor from avarice, or killing him from revenge Surely there are real sins enough in the world—real evils enough to face and conquer—without creating for ourselves, or suffering others to create for us, artificial evils and sins upon which to exhaust our energies and waste our time."

But for his locality, we should imagine that Mr. Freckleton had an eye to some of the religious publications of this coast in the following:

"Some of our so-called 'religious literature' has been, and still is, vile in the last extreme; reeking with bigotry, malice, hate and all uncharitableness, so that no man can touch it without soiling his hands; but for all that, religious literature is a great and vital fact."

Mr. Freckleton's sermon concludes as follows:

"I am a servant, not merely of religion, but of the Church, and hope to live and die in this service; but if there is to be a great gulf between the Church and the world, as between heaven and hell, minister of Christ that I am, I would rather take my place and part with the world than with the Church; with common humanity than with any elect portion of it; with confessed sinners than with self-assumed saints; for I believe that Christ, who is the light of the world, and not of the Church alone, is more permanently a resident with the common heart and fortunes and feelings of mankind at large, than of any fraction of humanity, however select, or self-appropriative of his name and patronage."

We have quoted this much from the Rev. Mr. Freckleton, although we are well aware that he really has said nothing more than was said by Dr. Bellows on this same subject some years ago in New York—a circumstance remembered by the London *Era*, although the credit is given to an English clergyman by the name of Bellew. But Dr. Bellows unfortunately holds heterodox beliefs, and is President of the Sanitary Commission—two circumstances which would prevent his authority in a subject of this magnitude from being received by the Christian Commission. For this reason, we prefer to quote the Rev. Mr. Freckleton, and congratulate the few poor anonymous Bohemians who dared to take up the cudgels in defense of liberality and tolerance, that at almost the same time, all unknown to them, there rose up, across the Atlantic, a sturdy, honest and uncompromising ally, in the person of this pious Yorkshire clergyman, minister of the Church of England, and eminent Christian gentleman.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[ALL letters for this department should be addressed to Mr. MARK TWAIN, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it. Courting Etiquette, Distressed Lovers, of either sex, and Struggling Young Authors, as yet "unbeknown" to Fame, will receive especial attention]

AMATEUR SERENADER.—Yes, I will give you some advice, and do it with a good deal of pleasure. I live in a neighborhood which is well stocked with young ladies, and consequently I am excruciatingly sensitive upon the subject of serenading. Sometimes I suffer. In the first place, always tune your instruments before you get within three hundred yards of your destination—this will enable you to take your adored unawares, and create a pleasant surprise by launching out at once upon your music; it astonishes the dogs and cats out of their presence of mind, too, so that if you hurry you can get through before they have a chance to recover and interrupt you; besides, there is nothing captivating in the sounds produced in tuning a lot of melancholy guitars and fiddles, and neither does a group of able-bodied, sentimental young men so engaged look at all dignified. Secondly, clear your throats and do all the coughing you have got to do before you arrive at the seat of war—I have known a young lady to be ruthlessly startled out of her slumbers by such a sudden and direful blowing of noses and "h'm-h'm-ing" and coughing, that she imagined the house was beleaguered by victims of consumption from the neighboring hospital; do you suppose the music was able to make her happy after that? Thirdly, don't stand right under the porch and howl, but get out in the middle of the street, or better still, on the other side of it—distance lends enchantment to the sound; if you have previously transmitted a hint to the lady that she is going to be serenaded, she will understand who the music is for; besides, if you occupy a neutral position in the middle of the street, may be all the neighbors round will take stock in your serenade and invite you in to take wine with them. Fourthly, don't sing a whole opera through—enough of a thing's enough. Fifthly, don't sing "Lily Dale"—the profound satisfaction that most of us derive from the reflection that the girl treated of in that song is dead, is constantly marred by the resurrection of the lugubrious ditty itself by your kind of people. Sixthly, don't let your screaming tenor soar an octave above all the balance of the chorus, and remain there setting everybody's teeth on edge for four blocks around; and, above all, don't let him sing a solo: probably there is nothing in the world so suggestive of serene contentment and perfect bliss as the spectacle of a calf chewing a dish-rag, but the nearest approach to it is your reedy tenor, standing apart, in sickly attitude, with head thrown back and eyes uplifted to the moon, piping his distressing solo: now do not pass lightly over this matter, friend, but ponder it with that seriousness which its importance entitles it to. Seventhly, after you have run all the chickens and dogs and cats in the vicinity distracted, and roused them into a frenzy of crowing, and cackling, and yowling, and caterwauling, put up your dreadful instruments and go home. Eighthly, as soon as you start, gag your tenor—otherwise he will be letting off a screech every now and then to let the people know he is around; your amateur tenor singer is notoriously the most self-conceited of all God's creatures. Tenthly, don't go serenading at all—it is a wicked, unhappy and seditious practice, and a calamity to all souls that are weary and desire to slumber and be at rest. Eleventhly and lastly, the father of the young lady in the next block says that if you come prowling around his neighborhood again with your infamous scraping and tooting and yelling, he will sally forth and deliver you into the hands of the police. As far as I am concerned myself, I would like to have you come, and come often, but as long as the old man is so prejudiced, perhaps you had better serenade mostly in Oakland, or San José, or around there somewhere.

ST. CLAIR HIGGINS, *Los Angeles.*—"My life is a failure; I have adored, wildly, madly, and she whom I love has turned coldly from me and shed her affections upon another; what would you advise me to do?" You should shed your affections on another, also—or on several, if there are enough to go round. Also, do everything you can to make your former flame unhappy. There is an absurd idea disseminated in novels, that the happier a girl is with another man, the happier it makes the old lover she has blighted. Don't you allow yourself to believe any such nonsense as that. The more cause that girl finds to regret that she did not marry you, the more comfortable you will feel over it. It isn't poetical, but it is mighty sound doctrine.

ARITHMETICUS, *Virginia, Nevada.*—"If it would take a cannon-ball 3½ seconds to travel four miles, and 3¾ seconds to travel the next four, and 3⅝ seconds to travel the next four, and if its rate of progress continued to diminish in the same ratio, how long would it take it to go fifteen hundred millions of miles?" I don't know.

AMBITIOUS LEARNER, *Oakland.*—Yes, you are right—America was not discovered by Alexander Selkirk.

JULIA MARIA.—Fashions? It is out of my line, Maria. How am I to know anything about such mysteries—I that languish alone? Sometimes I am startled into a passing interest in such things, but not often. Now, a few nights ago, I was reading the *Dramatic Chronicle* at the opera, between the acts—reading a poem in it, and reading it after my usual style of ciphering out the merits of poetry, which is to read a line or two near the top, a verse near the bottom and then strike an average, (even professional critics do that)—when—well, it had a curious effect, read as I happened to read it:

"'What shall I wear?' asked Addie St. Clair,
As she stood by her mirror so young and fair"—

and then I skipped a line or so, while I returned the bow of a strange young lady, who, I observed too late, had intended that courtesy for a ruffian behind me, instead of for myself, and read:

"The *modiste* replied, 'It were wicked to hide
Such peerless perfection that should be your pride'"—

and then I skipped to the climax, to get my average, and read—

"'My beautiful bride!' a low voice replied,
As handsome Will Vernon appeared at her side,
'If you wish from all others my heart to beguile,
Wear a smile to-night, darling—your own sunny smile."

Now there's an airy costume for you! a "sunny smile!" There's a costume, which, for simplicity and picturesqueness, grand-discounts a Georgia major's uniform, which is a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. But when I came to read the remainder of the poem, it appeared that my new Lady Godiva had other clothes beside her sunny smile, and so—it is not necessary to pursue a subject further which no longer possesses any startling interest. Ask me no questions about fashions, Julia, but use your individual judgment in the matter—"wear your own sunny smile," and such millinery traps and trimmings as may be handy and will be likely to set it off to best advantage.

NOM DE PLUME.—Behold! the Frenchman cometh again, as follows:

"Your courteous attention to my last enquiry induces this acknowledgment of your kindness. I availed myself of your suggestions and made the enquiry of the gentleman, and he told me very frankly that it was—none of my business. So you see we do sometimes have to apply to your correspondence column for correct information, after all. I read in the papers a few days since some remarks upon the grammatical construction of the sentences—"*Sic semper traditoris*" and "*Sic semper traditoribus*," and I procured a Latin grammar in order to satisfy myself as to the genative, dative and ablative cases of traitors—and while wending my weary way homewards at a late hour of the night, thinking over the matter, and not knowing what moment some cut-throat would knock me over, and, as he escaped, flourishing my watch and portmonaie, exclaim, "*Sic semper tyrans*," I stumbled over an individual lying on the sidewalk, with a postage stamp pasted on his hat in lieu of a car ticket, and evidently in the *objective case* to the phrase "how come you so?" As I felt in his pockets to see if his friends had taken care of his money, lest he might be robbed, he exclaimed, tragically, "*Si*(hie) *semper tarantula-juice!*" Not finding the phrase in my grammar, which I examined at once, I thought of your advice and *asked* him what he meant, said he "I mean jis what I say, and I intend to sti-hic to it." He was *quarter*less, Twain; when I *sounded* him he hadn't a cent, although he *smelled* strong of a 5-cent shop."

MELTON MOWBRAY, *Dutch Flat.*—This correspondent sends a lot of doggerel, and says it has been regarded as very good in Dutch Flat. I give a specimen verse:

"The Assyrian came down, like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of his spears shone like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

There, that will do. That may be very good Dutch Flat poetry, but it won't do in the metropolis. It is too smooth and blubbery; it reads like buttermilk gurgling from a jug. What the people ought to have, is something spirited—something like "Johnny comes marching home." However, keep on practicing, and you may succeed yet. There is genius in you, but too much blubber.

LAURA MATILDA.—No, Mr. Dan Setchell has never been in the House of Correction. That is to say he never went there by compulsion; he remembers going there once to visit a very dear friend—one of his boyhood's friends—but the visit was merely temporary, and he only staid five or six weeks.

PROFESSIONAL BEGGAR.—No, you are not obliged to take greenbacks at par.

NOTE.—Several letters, chiefly from young ladies and young bachelors, remain over, to be answered next week, want of space precluding the possibility of attending to them at present. I always had an idea that most of the letters written to editors were written by the editors themselves. But I find, now, that I was mistaken.

GOOD TIMES OR GOOD CIRCUS.—Wilson & Cook's Circus is to perform at Murphy's on Monday, and will subsequently visit Mokelumne Hill, Jackson and Folsom. Manager Wilson informs us that the trip through the southern mining towns has been very successful, and that the receipts have yielded larger returns than for several years previous. This either implies better times or better circus, and results probably from a combination of both.

THE TRAVELLING ENGLISHMAN.

IN common with others of my countrymen who live much abroad, I have often had to deplore the unfair estimate of England that must be made by commenting on the singular specimens of man and womanhood that fill the railroad trains, crowd the steamboats, and deluge the hotels of the Continent. How often have I had to assure inquiring foreigners that these people were not the *elite* of our nation! With what pains have I impressed upon them that these men and women represent habits and ways and modes of thought which a stranger might travel England in its length and breadth without encountering, and that to predicate English life from such examples would be a grevous injustice! This evil, however, has now developed itself in a form of exaggeration for which I was in no way prepared. It seems that some enterprising and unscrupulous man has devised the project of conducting some forty or fifty persons, irrespective of age or sex, from London to Naples and back for a fixed sum. He contracts to carry them, feed them, lodge them, and amuse them. They are to be found in diet, theatricals, sculpture, carved wood, frescoes, washing, and roulette. In word, they are to be "done for" in the most complete manner, and nothing called for on their part but a payment of so many pounds sterling; and all the details of the road or the inn, the play-house, the gallery, or the museum, will be carefully attended to by this providential personage, whose name assuredly ought to be Barnum! When I read the scheme first in a newspaper advertisement, I caught at the hope that the speculation would break down. I assured myself that, though two or three unhappy and misguided creatures, destitute of friends and advisers, might be found to embrace such an offer, there would not be any real class from which such recruiting could be drawn. I imagined, besides, that the characteristic independence of Englishmen would revolt against a plan that reduces a traveller to the level of his trunk, and obliterates every trace and trait of the individual. I was all wrong; the thing has "taken"—the project is a success; and, as I write, the cities of Italy are deluged with droves of these creatures, for they never separate, and you see them. forty in number, pouring along a street with their director—now in front, now at the rear—circling around them like a sheep-dog—and really the process is as like herding as may be. I have already met three flocks, and anything so uncouth I never saw before—the men, mostly elderly, dreary, sad-looking, evidently bored and tired; the women, somewhat younger, travel-tossed and crumpled, but intensely lively, wide-awake, and facetious. Indeed, to judge from the continual sparkle of the eye and the uneasy quiver of the mouth, one would say that they thought the Continent was a practical joke, and all foreigners as good fun as anything at Astley's. When foreigners first inquired of me what this strange invasion might mean—for there was a sort of vague suspicion it had some religious propaganda in the distance—I tried to turn off the investigation by some platitude about English eccentricity, and that passion for anything odd that marks our nation. Finding, however, that my explanation was received with distrust, I bethought me of what pretext I could frame as more plausible, and at last hit upon what I flatter myself was ingenious. I took the most gossip-loving of my acquaintances aside, and under a solemn pledge of secrecy, which I well knew he would not keep, I told him that our Australian colonies had made such a rumpus of late about being made convict settlements, that we had adopted the cheap expedient of sending our rogues abroad to the Continent, apparently as tourists; and that, being well dressed and well treated, the project found favor with the knaves, who, after a few weeks, took themselves off in various directions as taste or inclination suggested. In fact, said I, in less than ten days you'll not see three, perhaps, of that considerable party we met a while ago in the cathedral; and then that fussy little bald man that you remarked took such trouble about them will return to England for more.—*Cornelius O'Dowd.*

SCOTT'S HANDWRITING.—Scott's own penmanship afforded, during his prime, the most striking and irresistible proof how completely he must have submitted himself, for some very considerable period, to the mechanical discipline of his father's office; it spoke to months after months of his humble toil, as distinctly as the illegible scrawl of Lord Byron did to his self-mastership from the hour that he left Harrow. "There are some little technical tricks, such as no gentleman who has not been submitted to a similar regimen ever can fall into, which he practised invariably while composing his poetry, which appear not unfrequently on the MSS. of his best novels, and which now and then dropt instinctively from his pen, even in the private letters and diaries of his closing years." Mr. Lockhart refers particularly to a sort of flourish at the bottom of the page, originally, he presumes, adopted in engrossing as a safeguard against the intrusion of a forged line between the legitimate text and the attesting signature. Sir Walter was quite sensible, it is added, that this ornament might as well be dispensed with; and his family often heard him murmur, while involuntarily performing it, "There goes the old shop again!"

THE ICE FLOWER TO PR-F-SS-R T-ND-LL.

FEBRUARY 14, 1865.

WITHIN the ice,
In strange device,
A sleeping beauty, I
Thy coming wait,
At happy date,
To bring my destiny.

When through my frame
The electric flame
Its radiant pulses sends,
I rise from death;
Thy fervent breath
My glacial fetters rends.

To nature's lock
Which guards the block
Of ice, thy key applied,
My soul sets free,
Which turns to thee
In passion's melting tide.

I pant for you
At thirty-two
By *Fahrenheit* displayed;
Or, should prevail
Another scale,
At zero, *Centigrade*.

In pretty strife,
To start to life
My waking atoms stir;
Their motions fine
To thee incline,
My heart's thermometer.

Folded in frost,
In ice-depths lost,
I droop in cheerless night
Under thy glow
My petals blow,
Ecstatic with delight.

No heavenly star
That shines afar
With my six rays can vie;
The hexagon
Which you have won
Transcends geometry.

Imprisoned here,
With frozen tear
I weep my frigid fate;
Dissolved by you,
In raptures new
May I ne'er regelate.

Then come, my love,
Your powers prove,
Let all your radiance shine:
For evermore
On alp and shore,
I'll be your Valentine.

SOME GOOD IN A FOG.—It is a mixture of air with minute globules of water. Far from being the useless inconvenience dwellers in town are apt to consider fogs, they play an important part in the economy of the earth's surface. Indeed, it is calculated that if the aqueous vapor contained in the ordinary atmosphere were removed but for one single summer night, every plant upon the face of the globe not capable of bearing intense cold would perish. The minute quantity of water suspended in the atmosphere acts as a warm mantle to the earth, absorbing and radiating heat that would otherwise be dispersed in space, and so lost to our vegetation. It is estimated that the atmosphere, under ordinary conditions, contains, on an average, but one globule of water to two hundred particles of air, and that this one globule absorbs eighty times as much heat as the collective two hundred particles. Looking at fogs as reservoirs of watery particles from which the atmosphere replenishes itself, we can appreciate their usefulness. Professor Tyndall, who, a few weeks ago, received a medal in acknowledgment of the addition he has made to modern knowledge on this subject, has made a series of extremely delicate experiments relating to the absorption and radiation of heat by vapors and permanent gases. He writes that, but for the aqueous vapors in the air, the warmth of our fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the sun would rise upon an island held fast in the grip of frost.—*Builder.*

A CERTAIN minister, going to visit one of his sick parishioners, asked him how he had rested during the night. "Oh, wondrous ill, sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! sir," said he, "because *my nose* was betwixt them."

WHEN does an Irishman most resemble a Scotchman? Why of course when he's *kilt* entirely.

HEIR-LOOMS.—The term heir-looms has occasioned much dispute, but the rule which is recognized appears to be this: no chattles personal are capable of being entailed; but the law recognizes a power of descent in such things as appear to be necessary to support the dignity, uphold the splendor, or continue the importance, of an estate or inheritance. The word loom is a Saxon word, signifying a limb or member; and thus heir looms are limbs or members of the inheritance, and which generally cannot be separated from it without detracting from its value. Thus the ancient jewels of the crown are held to be heir-looms, because the loss of them would materially detract from the grandeur of the inheritance and the dignity of the sovereign for the time being. Deer in a park, fish in a pond, charters, deeds, court-rolls and other documents necessary to verify titles of estates, together with the chests in which they are kept, become heir-looms, and pass with the land. Plate and other valuables, presented to a peer for public services, have been held to be heir-looms, as being necessary to the dignity of the several inheritors of the honors of him by whom they were received. Such, also, is the case with things which cannot be separated from the inheritance to which they belong: as chimney-pieces, pumps, ancient fastened tables and benches, and whatever might be considered as rational appendages to the freehold. Thus tombstones, monuments, and coat armor hung in a church, come under the same designation, together with any ensigns of honor that may hang with them. For though the church be the parson's freehold, and these are annexed to the freehold, yet they were placed there by consent, for the advantage and honor of the ancestor and family of the heir, and exist therefore for his benefit. So that the parson, though he is not liable for any damage that may be done to them, which has not occurred through his special act, or those of his agents, yet he cannot take them away, without being subject to an action from the heir for trespass.—*Tyas's Legal Hand-Books; Personal Property.*

THE MALE AND FEMALE VOICE.—Nature alone has given the human being two distinct kinds of voice, that are again divided and subdivided. "It says: In order to make the causes of this clear, let us cast a glance at one of the simplest laws of tonal vibration. For example—we take a string of a certain length and strength, and give it a certain tension. If with a bow, or simply with the finger, we set it in motion we shall perceive a tone, which we shall call C. Here is another string of the same strength and tension, but only half the length of the last. If we set it in motion, it also gives out the tone C—but not the same; it is finer, higher, more penetrating. If we now strike both strings, we perceive this difference more distinctly and recognize that peculiar unison which musicians term octaves. In order to give forth the high C, the short string is obliged to give forth twice as many vibrations as the long, but in the same time. Without knowing or willing it, we obey the same laws of vibration. Ask a young girl to sing an air that has just been sung by a man, and in the same key; she will sing it an octave higher. The finer and more delicate voice of a woman makes more vibrations in the same time than that of a man, and is higher from that cause. The woman is the octave, the half of the man. The good citizens who call their wives their "better halves" are right, musically speaking. The octave exists through the might of the right divine.

In the male and female voice there are again two principal subdivisions, man sings tenor or bass, woman contralto or soprano. The contralto is the octave of the bass, the soprano the octave of the tenor. Each of those voices has its own peculiar character that does not depend merely on compass or on fullness, but rather on tone coloring."—*Musical Review.*

EASTERN PROVERBS.—The wise man does not speak of all he does, but he does nothing that cannot be spoken of.

Attention to small things is the economy of virtue.

Ceremony is the smoke of friendship.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

To cultivate virtue is the science of men; to renounce science is the virtue of women.

The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet.

When men are together, they listen to one another; but women and girls look at one another.

The tree overthrown by the wind had more branches than roots.

The dog in the kennel barks at his fleas, but the dog who is hunting does not feel them.

Receive your thoughts as guests, and treat your desires like children.

The prison is shut night and day, yet it is always full; the temples are always open, and yet generally you find no one in them.

Towers are measured by their shadow, and great men by those who are envious of them.

What a pleasure it is to give! There would be no rich people if they were capable of feeling this.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

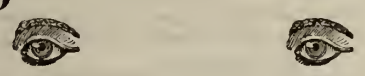
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augustare Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood,* and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660.000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10.000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.
WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
no19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28-tf 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,
No. 51 THIRD STREET,
Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,

SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,

And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh25 3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

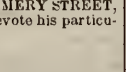
Having removed from 617 *Clay street*

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ja18

DR. LIBBEY,



WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. de10 3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3 3m

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

CARPET CLEANING.

You can get your Carpets cleaned at the STEAM-POWER CARPET Beating Machine for Five Cents per Yard.

Orders left in our boxes, at the following places, will be promptly attended to:

Southeast corner Clay and Dupont streets.
Southeast corner Broadway and Dupont streets.
Northeast corner of Stockton and Jackson streets.
Southeast corner of Powell and Union streets.
Northwest corner of Taylor and Pacific streets.
Southwest corner of Bush and Stockton streets.
Northeast corner of Geary and Taylor streets.
Northwest corner of Kearny and Market streets.
Southeast corner of Howard and Third streets.
Northeast corner of Second and Folsom streets.

Or at the Postoffice, or at Carnes' City Letter Express, 621 Montgomery street, directed to

J. SPAULDING & CO., 113 Fremont st.
mh11-3m.

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.
ap22-tf

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; *vs.* MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; *vs.* AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tjy8-inc

MUSICAL MATTERS.

Rigoletto was repeated at the Academy of Music on Monday evening to a large audience. "Gilda" (Sconcia) was very fine, and Miss Adelaide Phillips was most commendable in the *soubrette role* of "Maddelene." *Martha* was given on Tuesday evening. The house was full, but the audience were not very demonstrative. Signora Sconcia, as "Martha," sang very sweetly and tenderly, and rendered the "Last Rose of Summer" with refreshing simplicity, quite free from that excessive ornament with which most artists see fit to overload this simple air. Being encored, she repeated the song in English—a trifling incongruity which most of the audience were content to overlook. The spinning quartetto was rendered with great spirit. Miss Phillips' "Naney" was, we think, a trifle overacted, although perfect in vocalization, and if we wished to criticise her costume—usually so unexceptionable and becoming—we would beg her to avoid hereafter any garment of so positive a color as the red dress she wore in the first scene, and which, but for her voice, would have completely disguised her. The Fair scene might have been given more spiritedly; although the choruses were in other respects generally good. Sbriglia's "Lionel" was well sung; Orlandina's "Plunkett" was very acceptable, and the acting of both these gentlemen in the quartette with "Martha" and "Naney" in the Fair scene, was characterized by a good deal of humor and naturalness.

Linda di Chamounix was given on Thursday evening. In the role of "Antonio," Signor Orlandini exhibited considerable energy and power in the duet in the second act where he asks alms of his daughter. Miss Phillips' "Pierotto," it is unnecessary to say, was excellent.

At the Metropolitan, *Lucia di Lammermoor* was given instead of *Don Giovanni*, as previously announced. The opera, as an entirety, was well sung. Of individual efforts, Signorina Brambilla deserved the encore she received, and the call before the curtain at the conclusion of the third act. *Faust*, on Saturday evening drew a crowded house, the proceeds being donated to the Hebrew Benevolent Society. The anxiously-looked-for *Don Giovanni* was produced on Tuesday evening and repeated on Thursday, when many of the defects of the first performance were corrected. The performance was very creditable for San Francisco—the opera requiring a force of *soprani* and *basses* not always found in a single troupe. Signor Barilli's "Leperello" was a very agreeable surprise; he quite distinguished himself as a buffo actor. Morelli's *Don Giovanni* and Signorina Brambilla's "Zerlina" were very effective. All shortcomings were forgotten in the exquisite music of Mozart. The scenic effects were capital, and we are glad to notice that in the second representation the old brimstone denouement was restored in place of the later innovation. "Owing to unforeseen difficulties," the Manager of the Metropolitan announces an abrupt termination of the season.

THEATRICAL TALK.

Mr. Dan. Setchell still continues to fill Maguire's Opera House nightly. This week having been devoted to benefits, Mr. Setchell has repeated the plays of *Dombey and Son*, *Toodles*, etc., in which he has gained so much popularity.

This afternoon a "grand Toodles matinée" will be given. The evening performance will be for the benefit of the First Light Dragoons and San Francisco Hussars. The bill for the occasion will consist of the capital comedy of *Married Life*, after which Mr. Frank Mayo will deliver an address entitled "*E Pluribus Unum*, and "Toodles" will wind up the performance tight. On Monday night Mr. Setchell will have to be funny indeed to avoid the lamentable spectacle of an audience of nearly two thousand people dissolved in tears. It is Mrs. Perry's farewell benefit. She has determined to go to New York. We can ill spare her from the San Francisco stage; but if she has determined to go, good luck go with her; may she meet with the success to which her talents justly entitle her—we need wish her no more.

On Thursday night Mr. Charles Wheatleigh opened the Eureka Theatre, producing two new plays for the occasion. Boucicault's comedy *How She Loves Him*, or *Dying for Love*, is a capital play, and was very well played throughout. Mr. Wheatleigh is well supported by Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, Mrs. Judah, Mr. Hill, Mr. Franks, Mr. Meyers, Miss Louisa Clarkson, and others, who make up a really strong company for the production of comedy and farce. *How She Loves Him* ought to draw many a good house; it is one of Boucicault's most brilliant productions, and was excellently cast, the actors seeming to fit into their parts as if they had been written for them. Mr. Wheatleigh being good in everything he does, it is unnecessary to tell how excellent an impersonation his "Tom. Vacile" was. Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, as the dashing "Miss Atlanta Cruiser" was a perfect realization of the character. A more thoroughly natural actress, in parts which require a display of animal spirits and beaming good nature, than Mrs. Phelps, it would be hard to meet with. Mr. Hill, in the Lord Dundreariyish part of "Captain Yawley," gained immense applause by his extremely clever impersonation of a swell. Mr. Franks, as "Dick Heartly," had no very great chance to make people laugh, but showed himself quite at home in a light comedy character. The Irishman, "Diogenes," was played with much humor by Mr. Meyers that he at once established himself firmly as a favorite, and was rewarded with shouts of applause and laughter. If merit can insure success in theatrical affairs in this city, then assuredly will Mr. Wheatleigh prosper in his theatrical housekeeping. The performance on the opening night concluded with the new farce, *On the Sly*, in which Mr. Wheatleigh and Mrs. Judah kept the audience in constant merriment. Miss Gass, as "Martha," a hoydenish servant girl displayed considerable talent for that line of business. This afternoon and evening the same bill will be repeated.

TOUCHSTONE.

(For the Californian.)

THE HOLLY.

(ILEX AQUIFOLIUM.)

THE *Holly* is probably a corruption of the word *holy;* as Turner, in his *Herbal*, calls it holy tree, probably from its being used to commemorate the holy time of Christmas, not only in houses but in churches. The origin of this practice is uncertain, but the custom of placing evergreens in places of religious worship prevailed before the introduction of Christianity, and several texts of Scripture, particularly in the 40th, 41st, 51st and 55th chapters of Isaiah, and in the 8th chapter of Nehemiah, have reference to it, but the evergreens originally made use of, were branches of the pine, fir and cedar, and sprigs of box. Holly appears to have been first used for this purpose by the early Christians of Rome, and was probably adopted for decorating the churches at Christmas, because holly was used in the great festival of the Saturnalia, which occurred about that period, and it was the policy of the early fathers of the church to assimilate the festivals of the pagans and Christians as closely as possible in their outward forms, to avoid shocking unnecessarily the prejudices of newly-made converts.

It was customary among the ancient Romans to send boughs of holly during the Saturnalia, as emblematical of good wishes, with the gifts they presented to their friends at that season, and the holly became thus to be considered as an emblem of peace and good-will. It was for this reason, independently of any wish to conciliate the pagans, well adapted to be an emblem of the principal festival of a religion which professes, more than any other, to preach peace and good will to man. Whatever may have been the origin of the practice it appears to be of very great antiquity. Dr. Chandler, in his *Travels in Greece*, supposes this custom to be derived from the Druids, who he says decorated dwelling-places with evergreens during winter, "that the sylvan spirits might repair to them and remain unnipped with frost and cold winds until a milder season had revived the foliage of their darling abodes." In England, perhaps the earliest record of this custom is a carol in praise of the holly, written in the reign of Henry VI., and preserved in the Harbian MS. No. 5396, in illustration of which it must be observed that the ivy, being dedicated to Bacchus, was used as a vintner's sign in winter, and hung outside the door.

"Nay, Ivy, nay, it shall not be I wys;
Let Holy have the maystry, as the manner ys.
Holy stond *in the halle*, fayre to be behold;
Ivy stond *without the dore;* she ys full sore a cold."

Stowe, in his *Survey of London*, published in 1598, says that in his time every man's house, the parish churches, the corner of the streets, markets and crosses, were decorated with holly, ivy and bays at Christmas.

The disciples of Zoroaster believed that the sun never shadows the holly-tree, and the followers of that philosopher who still remain in Persia and India are said to throw water, impregnated with holly bark, in the face of a child newly born. Columella, an ancient writer, recommends it for fences:

"A hedge of holly, thieves that would invade,
Repulses, like a growing palisado;
Whose numerous leaves such orient greens invest,
As in deep winter do the spring arrest."

And Virgil places his four contending shepherds:

"Beneath a holm that murmur'd in the breeze."

Thompson mentions it as as offering shelter to the birds when they begin to build:

——"some to the holly hedge,
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn."

In that delightful work, *Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*, the eloquent author, speaking of the holly, says: "The economy of trees, plants and vegetables is a curious subject of inquiry, and in all of them we may trace the hand of a benificent Creator. The same care which He has bestowed on His creatures is extended to plants. This is remarkably the case with respect to the holly; the edges of the leaves are provided with strong sharp spines, as high up as they are within the reach of cattle; above that height the leaves are generally smooth, the projecting spines being no longer necessary."

Southey has noticed this circumstance in the following pretty lines:

"Oh, reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glassy leaves,
Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might *confound the Atheist's sophistries.*
Below, a circling fence its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow, where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and warm'd the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with envious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time."

The holly attains the largest size in a rich sandy loam, but will grow and thrive on almost any soil, provided it is not overcharged with moisture. As a hedge plant, shrub or tree it is unsurpassed, with its deep shining green leaves and coral berries, or in the variagated kinds, with their beautiful markings of gold and silver. There are on record instances where the holly has attained a great age and size. Pliny tells us that near the city of Tibur were three holly-trees, which were upwards of *twelve hundred* years old, and measured over thirty-five feet in circumference. Bradley, in 1726, mentions hollies that were sixty feet in height.

IRIS.

FRIDAY evening's despatches brought the President's Amnesty Proclamation, which exempts all the prominent civil and military leaders, all who left seats in Congress or Judicial stations, all who tendered their resignations in the Army or Navy to accept position in the Confederate service, all military and naval officers in the rebel service educated by the United States, all Governors of rebel States, and all parties guilty in a prominent or particular manner in aiding the rebellion, from the benefits of its provisos.

NOVEL EXCURSION.—This is the last day to procure tickets for the Homestead Excursion to the new city of Newport, Benicia, Collinsville and Antioch, which takes place to-morrow.

The low-pressure steamer *San Antonio* will leave Pacific-street wharf for all the above places to-morrow (Sunday) morning at 8 o'clock, sharp. The novelty of the Excursion is that any party buying two tickets at $2 50 each, will be entitled to a homestead 25x100 feet, FREE. The new city of Newport is at the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. A fine Band of Music will accompany the boat. Offices, 511 Sacramento and 334 Montgomery street. The Montgomery street office will remain open until 10 o'clock this evening, to enable mechanics and others to procure tickets and lots. Maps and deeds given without charge at the office.

Newport already boasts a fine wharf two hundred feet in length, store, warehouse, post-office, etc., and its proprietors have wisely taken this method to form the nucleus of a town by disposing of several hundred of their lots for a trifle, and interesting so many more people in their property and in the town's advancement.

IT will be remembered (by some, at least,) that Dr BENTON had commenced a series of lectures on the subject of reformed practice in healing diseases, and the better mode of living to secure health; also, giving some amusing practical illustrations of the effect of Animal Magnetism, or psychological power of one mind over another. The lectures were delivered at Platt's Hall. The news of the assassination of our lamented President prevented further lectures at that time. The Doctor has now secured Dashaway Hall for six or ten evenings, commencing Monday evening, June 12th, and has made the terms of admission reasonable. It is presumed by the friends and investigators of progressive science that there will be good attendance. The admittance is fifty cents for gentlemen; ladies and children, *free*. Dr. Benton's office for consultation or treatment is 109 Montgomery street, Rooms 5, 6, 7 and 8.

COBB & SINTON'S GREAT SALE TO-DAY.—One of the most eligible and desirable pieces of property in the vicinity of the city proper is to be sold in homestead lots by the above firm at 12 o'clock to-day. The property fronts on and overlooks the Bay, and is located at and near the junction of the Shell Road to Bay View Park and the new road across the Potrero leading from the terminus to the Fourth street bridge, and has been known for years as the "Hinley Ranch."

The Fourth-street Railroad Company contemplate an extension of their charter, and the laying of a double track over Fourth street bridge and the new Potrero road to Bay View Park in a few months, which improvement must greatly enhance the value of this property. The title is perfect, and the terms most liberal, namely: one-fourth cash and the remainder in one, two and three yearly payments. We sincerely think no better chance for investment in real estate has been offered for years.

THEODORE TILTON, editor of the *Independent*, in a note to Mr. Bradbury, says:

My Dear Bradbury—I have had the beautiful piano so long, that now to ask me how I like it, is like asking me how I like one of my children! In fact, if you were to ask the children, I'm afraid they would say they liked it nearly as well as they like me! It speaks every day, the year round, and never loses its voice. I wish its owner could do half as well. Ever your friend, as of old,

THEODORE TILTON.

MRS. READ'S Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders are becoming so popular that she has found it necessary to remove her establishment to more commodious and centrally-located rooms. She will now receive her customers at 109 Montgomery street. Ladies will please read her advertisement.

☞ THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
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Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percales, Cambries, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
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8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
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3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
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ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:
Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
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And so on till 6 o'clock.
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C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
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Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
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Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

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POLITENESS, INSULAR AND CONTINENTAL.

EVENING PARTIES.

EVENING parties present the grand difficulty of how to occupy the time. It requires great tact and talent on the part of the master or mistress of the house to keep up pleasant conversation in a small coterie. Hence the expediency, sometimes the necessity, of introducing cards. Another method of amusing your friends is to get together twice as many people as your house will hold. The crush in your rooms, the crowd on your staircase, the impossibility of getting in, and the equal impossibility of getting out again, afford continual entertainment, which never flags until your visitors take their final flight.

If, however, you hesitate to put in practice this desperate measure, a moderate-sized party will often go off well by allowing impromptu amusements to take their course. A dance is proposed. Some one volunteers to officiate as orchestra at the piano. It is not an affair of any pretension, nor of strict etiquette, nor of very full dress. With unaffected cheerfulness and a general determination to please and be pleased, such evenings are often the most agreeable of all. The games called Christmas may be sometimes resorted to, but their success is hazardous unless conducted with great delicacy and caution. The mistress of the house must preside over all, repressing the boisterous and encouraging the timid. As soon as the interest in any game begins to flag, it is time to change it instantly. On such occasions, it is needless to observe, the object should be to indulge in mirth without once forgetting propriety; and where that is duly observed, any one may take part in those amusements without any detriment to his dignity.

It is not polite for any member of the company to attempt to direct, dictate to, or domineer over the others. A game may be modestly proposed, an opinion offered, a suggestion made; but nothing further. Good-breeding strictly forbids us to insist too strongly on our own ideas, or to carry out our own wishes with too much persistence. Still less is it polite to take advantage of the liberty allowed at such times to make cutting remarks, sarcastic observations, ambiguous compliments, or impose humiliating forfeits. To indulge in strongly-marked flirtation, to pass one's arm round a young lady's waist, to take forcible possession of a ribbon or a flower, or to select incessantly one and the same partner, are marks of defective social training which, if permitted to continue, would soon put an end to social mirth.

Acted charades form a charming drawing-room recreation, provided the actors who accept the parts are gifted with spirit, intelligence, and originality. But something depends on the host, who has to furnish the scenery, costume and properties. For the first, a screen or two will often suffice; imagination must supply the rest. The efficiency of the latter varies with the adaptive talent of the wearer. For charade costume all is fish that comes to the net. Old hats, caps, flowers, ribbons, handkerchiefs, carpets even, serve for decoration. A gilt paper crown distinguishes a king; a wand denotes a fairy; an old-fashioned garment makes an aged personage. A lady becomes a gentleman by wearing a gentleman's hat; whilst a gentleman is converted into a lady by putting on a lady's shawl and carrying a parasol.

To act a charade, a word is first agreed on, each syllable or portion of which is to suggest an act or tableau, the final act representing "The Whole." At the beginning, the spectators are informed how many acts there are before "The Whole." The word may be selected from any language known to the company. A French word, for instance, may be taken for those familiar with that language. It is not necessary to adhere to the strict orthography of the syllables; their similarity of sound when pronounced suffices. Charades may either be written and got by heart beforehand, like any other theatrical piece—by far the safest and most certain way to avoid any possibility of a break-down—or they may be improvised with more or less of preparation and previous arrangement.

Suppose we take the word "Ansterlitz," dividing it into French syllables. First will come *Os*, a bone, affording a scene between a housekeeper and a butcher, who wants to give her too much bone to her meat. *Terre*, earth or land, may be represented either by sailors coming ashore after a long voyage, or by gardening, farming and mining operations. *Litz* may be a caricature of the great German pianist performing one of his eccentric *capriccios*, or treating the audience to some "Music of the Future." The Whole will be Napoleon's well-known bivouac on the eve of the famous battle, of course given in burlesque style. The entire performance should be mixed up with jokes and humorous dialogue, to throw the audience off the right scent.

Again: let us take the word "Chateau," a castle or country seat. Our first is *Chat*, a cat. A young gentleman returns from shooting, carrying a heavy game-bag, and tells his mother and sisters he has brought them a hare. On producing it, it proves to be a tortoise-shell, and a dispute arises whether it is really a cat or not. While they are debating the question, an old woman enters, bewailing the loss of her darling puss, and accusing the sportsman of the murder. He refuses to pay the value of the cat, and so she goes out to fetch a policeman. The policeman (who stammers) lays down the law. "A ca-ca-cat is a do-do-domestic animal and you mu-mu-must not sh-sh-shoot do-do domestic animals," etc. The cat is paid for, and the old woman satisfied.

For our second, *Eau*, water, we may take a scene in the desert, where a caravan athirst discovers a spring. But water can be easily acted and indicated in half a dozen different ways, which the reader's ingenuity will readily imagine.

For our Whole, two benighted travellers are proceeding to a chateau hard by, when a woman warns them not to go, as it is empty, and tenanted only by ghosts. They do go, notwithstanding; and just as they are dropping off to sleep, phantoms appear, rattling chains and making other horrible noises. The travellers threaten to shoot the ghosts, who then confess that they are coiners in the flesh, wanting to keep the chateau to themselves. The travellers promise secrecy. On leaving, they meet the woodman, who expresses surprise at their escaping alive, and inquires what they think of the chateau. "Oh," they say, "it is a terrible chatean. There is not such another chateau in the world. Advise everybody to avoid the chateau."

DANCING.

At Continental balls where the English element does not predominate, there is a smaller proportion of young people in general, and of young ladies in particular. Of course, by "balls" are not understood any such places as the Bal Mabille or the Bal de l'Opera, which are not frequented by respectable women, but balls to which a decent man would care to take his sister or his daughter. Such balls, especially those given by official personages, are more stately, more splendid than in England, more brilliant with jewelry and embroidery, more magisterial in their character, more businesslike and serious. There is less dancing, and that more in the style of a stated solemnity. The refreshments and supper correspond in their degree of munificence and solidity. The belles of these balls are the young married women, not the girls; many a French girl scarcely knows what a ball is, except by hearsay, until she is married.

If, therefore, you are smitten with a French young lady, you may not, at a ball, manifest your inclination; on the contrary, you must completely conceal it. If your views are serious, the proper course is for your parents (or their nearest representatives) to communicate with your charmer's parents. If they approve, events march in their regular train; but balls have very little to do with it until all is settled. At a French ball, you must not flirt with nor court a lady.

Such customs afford an explanation of many rules of French behavior.

A young girl's best qualities are considered to be reserve, and a salutary mistrust of herself. A modest girl will wear a simple dress; her demeanor will be calm, utterly devoid of airs and affectation. She will perhaps manifest timidity on entering the room and saluting her hostess: but blushes are preferable to boldness. She will speak little, and not giggle at all; she will listen attentively to the music, and will dance quietly and modestly; she will not accept, still less will seek, attentions on the part of young men; she will not give them her fan, her *carnet*, (memorandum card,) or her handkerchief to hold; she will partake of refreshments with great discretion. If she is remarked at all, it will solely be approvingly; for the serenity of her looks and manner will assure every beholder of the innocence of her thoughts.

A young lady, dancing, will not lift her dress too high, nor look her partner full in the face. If he utter a few ball-room commonplaces, she is to reply politely but briefly, without bluntness or embarrassment. When all is over, she is to thank him with a curtsey, avoiding everything which might establish any relation between herself and a stranger. If, by mistake, she has promised the same quadrille to two partners, she is bound to do her utmost to prevent any misunderstanding between them, by refraining from dancing with either of them, and perhaps even by renouncing dancing for the rest of the evening. Ball-room quarrels, in former times, were of frequent occurrence; and they are still so far from rare on the Continent, that young ladies should be very careful not to do anything which may cause serious, perhaps fatal strife, either between two partners, or between the brother and a partner.

A young lady—*The Habits* tells us—must be very careful how she refuses to dance with a gentleman. Next to refusing an offer of marriage, few things are so likely to draw upon her the indignation of the rejected applicant: for, unless a good reason is given, he is apt to take it as evidence of personal dislike. If she reply very politely, asking to be excused, as she has as a "slight headache," and does not wish to dance—"with you," being probably her mental reservation—a man ought to be satisfied, if not pleased. At all events, he should never press her to dance after one refusal. The young lady who has refused one gentleman has no right to accept another for that dance.

The *carnet*, although somewhat pretentious, is useful for avoiding the annoyance and danger of a lady's accepting two partners for the same dance. Generally, each guest provides their own *carnet*; but the excellent hint given by *The Habits* is sometimes carried out both at home and abroad. "The dances should be arranged beforehand; and for large balls you should have printed a number of double cards, containing on the one side a list of the dances, and on the opposite page blank spaces, to be filled up by the names of partners. A small pencil should be attached to each card, which should be given to each guest in the cloak-room."

THE PIANO NUISANCE.

It is quite an error—especially in town—to entertain your friends with home-made music. What with the musical theatres, and what with the organs, it is a great relief to pass an evening without music, even where the music is tolerably good. But when, for sixpence or a shilling, you can hear better than the best amateur performances, a family concert after dinner is treating you to something for which you did not come. Believe me, the way to be a good musician is to have to earn your bread by music. The few wealthy exceptions, like Meyerbeer, who have existed, devoting themselves entirely to the art, can scarcely be called non-professionals.

Everybody in France plays the piano, and everybody in France complains of the piano. A piano tax has even been talked of in a serio-comic, hysterical way, half-laughing and half-bewailing. Pianophobia breaks out in all sorts of ways.

"What a dear, delightful creature is Mademoiselle Honorine Longbourse!" softly sighed young Monsieur Mabille.

"Delightful, indeed!" echoed Charles Le Beau. "Nineteen; clear complexion; black hair; blue eyes."

"She has two hundred thousand francs down on her wedding-day."

"An only daughter, too, with a rich bachelor uncle in failing health. Delightful!"

"And—most delightful!—she can't play the piano! By-the-way, I am looking out for an apartment."

"With a south aspect, of course?"

"Oh, no, indeed!"

"You prefer the north?"

"Not the least in the world. I want an apartment, north or south, on the first floor or on the fifth, big or little, dear or cheap, if I can only get out of the way of pianos."

"That is all? I only wish you may find it! Do you go to Madame Bellefleur's party to-night?"

"I should think not, indeed. Nobody goes there."

"Why don't they go? Madame Bellefleur is charming, her house is perfect, and everything is done on the most liberal scale."

"I should like to know how people *can* go, when her daughters do nothing but play duets on the piano."

In the country, nevertheless, domestic music is a great resource—for the people who make it. And if knots of music-makers like to congregate and club their individual noises into one composite whole, there is no harm done. They have a perfect right to play the part of both performers and audience. They have no next door neighbors to complain of the annoyance. If the invitation specifies, as it ought in such cases, that you are to have amateur music, you are forewarned and therefore fore-armed, and can use your own discretion about going or staying away. There may, however, happen to be a balance of interests in the case—a nice equilibrium of attraction and repulsion. The supper may hold out a compensation for the infliction of discord and ill-kept time; one young lady's pleasant talking voice may make up for another's ballad sung touchingly out of tune. A gay little dance after the concert may dispel the gloom engendered by sonatas and symphonies. But, generally speaking, there is a sentiment I would recommend to the purveyors of drawing-room music: "May the evening's amusement bear the morning's criticism!"—*London Society.*

How to Enter Upon a Scientific Pursuit.—In entering upon any scientific pursuit, one of the student's first endeavors ought to be to prepare his mind for the reception of truth, by dismissing, or at least loosening his hold on all such crude and hastily-adopted notions respecting the objects and relations he is about to examine as may tend to embarrass or mislead him; and to strengthen himself by something of an effort and a resolve, for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which is one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of moral purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty, as well as physical adaptation. It is the "euphrasy and rue" with which we must "purge our sight" before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature.—*Sir John Herschel.*

At an evening party, Jerrold was looking at the dancers. Seeing a very tall gentleman waltzing with a remarkably short lady, he said to a friend: "Humph! there's the mile dancing with the mile-stone."

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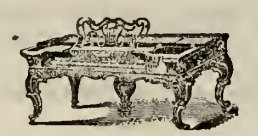

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PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given, that MONROE ASHBURY, A. H CUMMINGS, and A. J. SHRADER, a Committee of the Board of Equalization for the correction of erroas in Assessment upon Personal Property for fiscal year 1865-'66, will meet in the Chambers of the Board of Supervisors daily, (Sundays excepted,) from 12 M. to 3 o'clock P. M., until Wednesday, the 14th inst., for the consideration of such applications as may be brought before them. Sworn statements are required by law. The Roll will be open for public examination from 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

By order of the Committee. JAS. W. BINGHAM,
San Francisco, June 7, 1865. Clerk.

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MAGUIRE'S

Italian Opera Troupe

Will give Donizetti's Grand Opera of

LUCREZIA BORGIA!

Lucrezia.....Signorina Olivia Sconcia
Maffo Orsini.....Miss Adelaide Phillips
Genaro.....Signor Giovanni Sbriglia
Don Alfonso D'Este.....Signor D. Orlandini
Ginbetta.....Mr. John De Haga
Rustighello.....Mons. Charles
Ascania Petrucci.....M. Wunderlich
With a Full and Efficient Orchestra.

Monday Evening, June 12th,

BENEFIT OF MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS!

La Favorita!

ASTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

Seats can be secured two days in advance.

Books of the Operas can be purchased at the Box Office.

Dress and Family Circle.....$1 00
Orchestra Seats.....$1 00
Gallery.....50 cents
Private Boxes.....$10 and $5
Reserved Seats.....$1 50

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR

OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

TO BE HELD IN THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,

IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receeive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 2 l of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hinscom, Edward Noonan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS RELIEVING AND STRENGTHENING PAIN

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco.

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

Engagement of the Celebrated Comedian,

MR. DAN SETCHELL,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, June 10th, 1865,

BENEFIT OF THE FIRST LIGHT DRAGOONS AND SAN FRANCISCO HUSSARS!

DAN SETCHELL

In the Comedy of

MARRIED LIFE!

After which an Address entitled

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

BY FRANK MAYO.

To conclude with

TOODLES!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, June 10th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

Grand Toodles Matinee!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

EUREKA THEATRE.

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

C. WHEATLEIGH respectfully informs the public that he has leased the above Theatre, (which has been thoroughly renovated,) for the production of a succession of Novelties of a first class character, and which he pledges himself to produce in a manner worthy of the patronage of the community.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, June 10th,

Dion Boucicault's new and successful Comedy, entitled

HOW SHE LOVES HIM!

OR, DYING FOR LOVE.

Tom Vacille.....Mr. C. Wheatleigh
Miss Atlanta Cruiser....Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps
Captain Yawley.....W. H. Hill
Dick Heartly.....F. Franks
Diogenes.....Myers
Lady Selena Raffleticket.....Mrs. Judah
Mrs. Vacille.....Miss Louisa Clarkson
Other characters by Messrs. Mitchell, Reeves, N. Thayer, J. Torrence and Sinclair.

To conclude with Morton's new Farce of

ON THE SLY.

Mr. Dibbets.....Mr. C. Wheatleigh
Mr. Wagstaff.....Myers
Major Growler.....F. Franks
Mrs. Dibbetts.....Mrs. Judah
Martha.....Miss Gans

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES?

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 02.

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES, which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO., jc10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents, je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1865, in the matter of the estate of Louis Conrad Meyer, a minor, the undersigned, guardian of the estate of said minor, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. & A. Barstow, No. 24 Montgomery Block, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said Louis Conrad Meyer in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Octavia and Fulton streets, thence running south along the west line of Octavia street, 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, easterly 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, northerly 275 feet; and thence westerly along the north line of Fulton street 27½ feet to the place of beginning; comprising a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 150, and surrounding streets.

And the said guardian will receive offers or bids therefor from this date to said 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon at the place aforesaid.

JOHANNA MEYER, Guardian of the Estate
June 10, 1865.-5t of Louisa Conrad Meyer, a minor.

FIRST ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE

"Sherman Guard."

TO BE GIVEN

AT PLATT'S MUSIC HALL,

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 16, 1865.

HONORARY COMMITTEE.

Gov. F. F. Low,
Hon. C. Cole,
Hon. D. C. McRuer,
Brig. Gen. J. Hewston, Jr.,
Major Andrews,
Col. F. G. E. Tittel,
Col. C. L. Taylor,
R. G. Sneath,
H. M. Newhall,
Samuel Brannan,
D. Scannell,
Maj. Gen. Irwin McDowell,
Brig. Gen. George Wright,
Col. Joseph Wood,
Col. J. W. McKouzie,
Col. M. C. Smith,
Col. A. J. Jackson,
William Sherman,
William Shew,
J. M. Johnson,
William G. Badger,
Col. Charles James.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Captain S. Barker,
Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,
Serg't F. Abell,
Lieut. S. A. Rounds,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
W. A. Stuart.

RECEPTION COMMITTEE.

Capt. S. Barker,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
W. J. Newton,
Lieut. A. T. Ruthranff,
Serg't F. A. Hoogs,
C. P. LeBreton.

FLOOR MANAGERS.

Lieut. J. D. Bartlett,
Serg't F. Abell,
Serg't F. Kennedy,
John J. Mountain,
John Pennycook.

Tickets, $2. To be had of members, or at the door. Music by Sander's Full Band, fifteen pieces. my27

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a $50 note.
Two cents " $100 "
Ten " $500 "
20 " $1,000 "
$1 " $5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29 3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use
For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

THE CALIFORNIAN is published by A. A. Stickney, John Collier, and J. P. Bogardus.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 4
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 17, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

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NEW BOOKS:

A Review of Recent Publications.

MISCELLANY:

Interesting Selected Articles.

AT ANCHOR.

A SAILOR by the green home-shore,
While seas are ebbing from his view,
Doth all his early joys renew:
He sings the songs he sang of yore;

He spies his little cot, he smiles
With a full joy ne'er felt before;
He holds that one bare prospect more
Than all the Summer of the isles.

The quiet home is his; the trees
Sprang from the seeds his grandsires laid
Among the mold; within the glade
The myrtles rustle in the breeze,

Above a treasured little grave,
His early loss, his first deep woe;
Not any land that he may know
Beyond the purple of the wave

Hath such a jewel in its breast,
He loves each rock and stream and dell;
'Tis here he only cares to dwell,
'Tis here he ever longs to rest.

This is his home of joy and ease;
And better is the myrtle tomb
Than all the heavy dusks that gloom
The groves of spice beyond the seas.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THERE are many people who would do almost anything to get their names in print. We read in history of a young man who burnt down a heathen meeting-house on purpose to get his name in the newspapers. A lesser deed than that, now-a-days will accomplish that desirable end. The following paragraph has, we suppose, appeared in every newspaper in the United States, and will probably be translated into all the languages spoken in the civilized portions of the globe:

"George Dunning, aged seventy-five years, died in London on Good Friday, from the effects of eating fourteen hot cross-buns for breakfast."

Fortunate George Dunning! Why didn't that Ephesian youth eat fourteen hot cross-buns for breakfast instead of burning down a temple? We hope that the notoriety which George Dunning has acquired by his remarkable death, will not lead other old men of seventy-five years of age, to commit suicide with hot cross-buns. His death having been so extensively published, would it not be worth the while of some enterprising individual to publish "the life of George Dunning, who died from the effects of eating fourteen hot-cross buns for breakfast?" Such is fame!

SOME one talks of its being likely to put a man out of temper to open his wife's jewel-box, and find a lock of a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake. We think it serves him right, for not respecting the lock of the box; the wife would be sure to lock it if it contained such a locket as the one described.

THE following telegram was received during the week:

WASHINGTON, May 31st.

"The Government has under advisement the question of colonizing all the Indian tribes between Minnesota and the Rocky Mountains in a reservation somewhere on the northern border of Montana and Dacotah, with the British possessions adjacent as an unlimited hunting ground."

Now, we call that a pretty sharp trick of Uncle Sam's. What will John Bull have to say to it? Won't it be an infringement of his game laws? He will make every one of those Indians take out a shooting license. This is almost as bad as John Bull's colonizing the wild men of the South in Canada, with the United States possessions adjacent as an unlimited hunting ground; the raids made upon the game of the British possessions will not, however, be quite as destructive as the raid upon the banks of St. Albans,

---

THE editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* is shocked at an "awkward blunder" in last week's CALIFORNIAN. This "blunder" is the use of the expression, "We should have liked to have witnessed." We cannot confess that we made any blunder, as we used the words which most fitly expressed the meaning we wished to convey. To have said "We should *like* to have witnessed" would imply that the fact of having witnessed the event referred to would cause us present pleasure, whereas our meaning was, that had we witnessed such an event we should have experienced pleasure at that time; in fact, we should have liked, that is, should have been pleased to have witnessed the occurrence specified. It is useless for our dramatic friend to smell round our "mouse-trap" for an ungrammatical mouse. If he cannot parse that sentence, the fault lies in him.

THE daily press have, in the most unkind manner, made fun of the barber and the tailor who went out to fight a duel one day this week. The barber in the most unpolite manner alluded to a "goose." Has not the profession of tailor been exalted? Yea, doth not the goose hang high, even in the White House at Washington! A tailor now wields shears which are as fatal as those of Atropos. These bloodthirsty reporters seem actually disappointed that the tailor's thread of life was not snipped short by a bullet, and regret that the barber, by a close shave, escaped unhurt. We think that a tailor has no right to engage in breaches of the peace; rather should he mend such breaches—or any other breeches. The barber showed that he had no fear of dying—why should he have? he dyes daily. We are glad that no lives were lost, and hope that these two bloodthirsty individuals are satisfied with having made fools of themselves for the benefit of a lot of newspaper reporters in want of an "item."

THE *Call* says "the United States Consul at Aspinwall, has been in the habit of charging all passengers from this city to New York, one dollar each for *vising* their passports." What is *vising* a passport? We never heard of such an operation being performed before we saw it referred to in the *Call*; that paper goes on to say "his *vise* is unnecessary." We rather suspect the *Call* means *viséing* passports, and that his *visé* is unnecessary. When there is a Webster's dictionary in a newspaper office, an "editor" should not be too proud to use it, and thus avoid making such absurd blunders.

MR. GREEN, at a "Mexican Sympathy Meeting" held in Sacramento, called Maximilian "this imp of the house of Hapsburg." How very improper! We hope Mr. Green only used the term as an abbreviation of "imperator."

THE N. Y. *Commercial* says it has been decided that "soldiers retain their arms used in battle." Alas! This does not refer to all. Many who used their arms nobly in battle do not retain them.

THE Sacramento *Union* is horrified at the fact that the London *Owl* discontinued publication for a fortnight, in the month of April, the editors going out of town during the dull season. It says: "They are in the habit of doing this sort of thing regularly, and people admire the presumption of it and buy the paper—price sixpence." The fact of the matter is, that the *Owl* is in the habit of appearing irregularly; when parliament is prorouged, the *Owl* goes into its ivy bush. It is a very independent publication; the proprietors are young swells who do not care much whether people buy it or not, and those who want it have to pay for it, it being just double the price of *Punch*. The reason people buy it is that it publishes information respecting foreign affairs ahead of any other paper, its proprietors being on the inside. We do not know whether Lord Russell is one of the proprietors or not, but he certainly must favor it more than the rest of the London press, or it could not enjoy its present facilities for picking up the whispers of Downing street. If it were asked to what it owed its success, it would cry "to wit, to wit," but this is not the case, for its attempts at wit are generally weak; therefore as it is not "to wit," "to who" is it owing. We rather imagine that the head of the Foreign Office is the person to whom it owes its existence.

A MOST remarkable cure has been made by Dr. Grant in the case of an old gentleman of the name of Uncle Samuel, who was troubled with a monstrous tapeworm which many distinguished French and English physicians prophesied would assuredly be the death of him. The following gratifying testimonial explains itself: "This is to certify that Dr. Ulysses S. Grant expelled a tapeworm from me measuring over five hundred feet, and containing forty-two thousand joints, with only one dose of medicine. I must also remark that I had been doctoring with the most eminent physicians of the United States, George B. McClellan, Burnside and others, without benefit for the last four years. UNCLE SAM."

"The Medical Profession, and the public in general, are respectfully invited to call at my office in Washington, at office hours, to see said tapeworm and his head for themselves, free of charges. Uncle Samuel's constitution has suffered but little, and he is now, under the treatment of Dr. Andrew Johnson to whom I have turned him over rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation. I may very possibly undertake a case almost as severe as the above, in a short time, namely, that of a most interesting young lady, Miss Mexico, who is reduced to a most distressing state of weakness by the presence of a monstrous parasite from which she has begged to be relieved by Uncle Samuel. If that gentleman can spare me I have no doubt that I shall effect as perfect a cure in the case of Miss Mexico, as in his own.

ULYSSES S. GRANT."

IT appears from the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Bulletin* one day this week, that such is the wonderful character of the soil of California that there can be made here a wine which we hitherto had to import:

WANTED—A situation for a man to make Madeira Wine.

Of course this beautiful wine will not be made dearer in San Francisco than before, but will be cheaper. It is evident that the genius who wishes a situation does not care about its being Madeira, but intends to manufacture Maderia wine in this city. There is no end to the resources of California; if oil is discovered in large quantities, as no doubt it will be, we shall be able to make our own French brandy. We believe the coal found at Mount Diablo has never yet been thoroughly tested with a view to making French brandy out of it. We understand that large tracts of land across the bay have this year been planted with gooseberry bushes for the purpose of supplying this market with a superior article of Veave Clicquot at a remarkable price. A very fine Bourbon whisky can be manufactured out of Bodega potatoes. We confidently look forward to the time when we can produce all the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life "right here," instead of paying out our gold to a pack of foreigners who hate us because we are smarter than they are. Soon may the time arrive when we shall get our French brandy from Mount Diablo, our Veave Clicquot and Heidsick from Oakland, our Havana cigars from Dutch Flat, our Madeira from San José, and our Amontillado from Los Angeles.

WE notice an announcement that "Ole Bull and Leo Lion the pianist, have recently created a *furore* in Dresden." The poets tell us that music can tame savage beasts. We suppose, therefore, that this musical Bull and harmonious Lion are peaceable animals, and are never tempted to rush upon their audience and devour a few, raw. Bars of music have sufficient strength to restrain them. This Bull is a violinist, and never, as might be supposed, performs a horn solo. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that Leo, the lion, should create few roars; no doubt he is well treated, or his roars would be terrific, and the sounds he would produce rather *fortissimo* than *piano*. We hope the Lion and the Bull will continue to play together amicably, and that this musical lion may always find a den as much to his liking as Dres-den.

THE editor of the *Bulletin* has had a visit from John Gilroy after whom the town of Gilroy, Santa Clara county, is named, and gives some interesting particulars concerning him. His real name it appears, is John Cameron, and he is a Scotchman. The *Bulletin* informs us that: "He had aants who spoke only Gaelic. He would hardly recognize the old Highland haants and communities if he were to visit them now." We wonder whether Scotchmen put their h's where they are not wanted, and whether the "old highland h'aants," which the *Bulletin* says he would not recognize, are the "h'aunts who spoke only Gaelic."

IT is a remarkable fact that few of the lower animals are in the habit of taking medicine. Shakspeare talked of throwing physic to the dogs, because he knew that dogs were in the habit of taking medicine in the shape of grass. It is not probable that many birds are in the habit of physicing themselves, but it is well known that a goose feels quite uncomfortable if it is deprived of its (s)quills.

IF the *Call* is to be believed, the guests invited to participate in the target excursion of the Police Guard with a few exceptions, took advantage of the fact that the policemen were all engaged at playing soldiers, and consequently were relieved for the time from their civil duties, to get horribly drunk. No arrests were made.

TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

SUMMARY OF "ONLY A CLOD."—The subscription list of THE CALIFORNIAN having greatly increased since the period when we commenced publishing Miss Braddon's new novel, "Only a Clod," we give in the present number a summary of the story as far as published, for the benefit of the more recent subscribers to our paper.

ENSIGN HARCOURT LOWTHER, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen's Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude; points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and installs himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more and more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whose parties, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become avenged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

Harcourt Lowther continues his daily visits to the house of Tredethlyn, and is constantly poisoning the wife's mind by noting the husband's absence and inventing excuses for him with the mock morality of a "Joseph Surface. Tredethlyn has a secret which calls him frequently from town during the day, which excites Lowther's curiosity, but his efforts to discover it are fruitless. The greater portion of Tredethlyn's time, however, is spent in the old way, with cards, at the race-track, and in dissipation, under Lowther's guidance.

Roderick Lowther, the elder brother of Harcourt Lowther, and much like him in appearance and character, prepossessing, cool, calculating and unscrupulous—a member of the *corps diplomatique* at Belgium—returns to England on a three months' leave of absence, and becomes domiciled with Harcourt. He announces his intention of seeking a good pecuniary match and marrying to secure the approval of an old maiden aunt, whose fortune he expects to inherit. He soon fathoms his brother's schemes, promises his assistance in their furtherance, and asks Harcourt to aid his own. He is introduced into the house of Mrs. Tredethlyn, and there meets Miss Grunderson, a young lady of ordinary appearance and intellect, but an heiress.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DIPLOMATIST'S POLICY.

THAT ponderous Mr. Grunderson, who plunged heavily down upon Maude's central ottoman, a miraculous combination of upholstery and floriculture—that shining bald-headed Mr. Grunderson, who sat placidly grinning at the company, and addressed his hostess as "Mum," had begun life as a market gardener; and, had Mrs. Tredethlyn been born some twenty years earlier, would have been proud to supply her with azaleas and camellias for the decoration of the ottoman upon which he was now sitting. The march of progress, and the accompanying march of bricks and mortar, had driven before them the cabbages and strawberry beds, the cucumber frames and young plantations of evergreens, by the cultivation of which Mr. Grunderson and his forefathers had lived comfortably upon one o'clock dinners of fat bacon and indigestible dumplings, with occasional varieties of butchers' meat, thinking themselves passing rich when their ledgers showed a profit of two or three hundred pounds at the end of the year.

The march of civilization, or rather the march of the myrmidons of that unreasoning despot, that impalpable ruler whom women call fashion, always pushing westward, had contrived to push Mr. Grunderson's gardens off the face of the earth, and in so doing had set a Pactolus flowing steadily into Mr. Grunderson's pocket. The wealth poured in upon him with a rapidity which was like nothing but a fairy tale. That heroic Jack of the nursery story—who seems to have had no surname—never looked in more amazement on the bean-stalk that shot into the very skies in a single night, than the honest market gardener looked at the stuccoed district which had arisen, seven or eight stories and a campanello tower high, on the fields where he remembered execrating the slugs on dewy mornings a few years before. Where a prairie of bright red stocks had perfumed all the summer air with spicy odors, a square of stately mansions stared grimly at each other, and prime ministers' carriages rolled with meteor lamps through the midnight darkness. Where ragged children and gaunt sunburnt women in blucher boots, and with indescribable bonnets balanced on their freckled noses, had weeded strawberry beds for a pitiful sixpence a day, duchesses trailed their silken trains, and wearied of the rolling hours after the approved manner of their kind in the pages of the poets and romancers. The transformation was as perfect as it had been rapid; and instead of the cabbages and cabbage roses, the cucumber frames and hothouse flowers of his youth and early manhood, Mr. Grunderson found himself, at fifty years of age, proprietor of ground-rents that made him a millionaire. He had only one child, a daughter, who had been educated for some fifty pounds a year, at a seminary for young ladies, in which she had been cruelly snubbed on account of her father's cabbages, and who was now determined to revenge herself on the companions of her blighted youth by the splendor of her womanhood. Led by this young lady, who was blessed with an energetic temperament and imperturbable good humor, Mr. Grunderson found himself, always more or less independently of his own agency, going through the complete formula of fashionable life, according to his daughter Rosa's notion of that formula; which notion was extremely variable, and took its color from the last acquaintance to whom the lively heiress was pleased to attach herself.

The very last just now happened to be Maude Tredethlyn, about whom Rosa was ready to go off into raptures at any moment, and whom she always spoke of as "a dear," "a love," or "a darling." But there was a warm womanly heart beating under Rosa's fine dresses, and her raptures had more meaning in them than the raptures of enthusiastic young ladies are apt to have. She attached herself so affectionately to Maude that Mrs. Tredethlyn was fain to forget, or at any rate, to forgive, the occasional lapses in her grammar, the unpleasant warmth of her fat little hands, which always came flopping down on the hands of her companion when she was enthusiastic, and the shadow of vulgarity which is so apt to accompany the sunshine of low-born liveliness.

Harcourt Lowther took an early opportunity to inform his elder brother that the young lady in pink arcophane was an heiress, and an heiress well worthy the cultivation of any enterprising young diplomatist. Roderick was not slow to take the hint, but he was a great deal too much a diplomatist to attempt any obvious angling for this rich prize. He exerted all his powers of fascination in order to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Tredethlyn, and he did not address so much as one syllable of the most commonplace civility to the market gardener's daughter; the consequence of which little manœuvre was, that as Rosa was sitting next to Maude all the evening, she listened open-mouthed to every word he uttered, and when she departed in her papa's three hundred guinea chariot—the market gardener had insisted upon possessing the traditional lemon-colored chariot with hammer-cloth, and powdered retainers, which he had beheld and admired in his boyhood—she carried Roderick Lowther's image away with her.

It must be acknowledged, however, that it was no uncommon occurrence for Miss Grunderson to carry the image of some tolerably good-looking and passably well-mannered young man away from any festal gathering at which she happened to find herself. The good-humored Rosa had a habit of falling desperately in love with any eligible person whom she encountered either in public or private life, who did anything to make himself notorious, or wore his hair long enough to be entitled a Being. A long list of Beings had occupied that sentimental caravansary which Miss Grunderson called her heart. She had been in love with all the poets, from the Laureate to Mr. Tupper; with all the novelists, from the great Sir Edward to the newest fledged of Mr. Mudie's popularities; and I fear she often fell in love with angels unawares in the shape of feminine romancers who were pleased to hide their gentle sex under masculine nomenclature. She had been in love—fathoms deep—with Lord Palmerston, Signor Mario, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mr. Charles Mathews. She was wont to keep the three hundred guinea chariot waiting in Pall Mall for an hour at a stretch, while she hunted Mr. Graves and his assistants for the last new portrait of her last new idol: and her room was like a good Catholic's chapel hung with the engraved effigies of an army of saints.

It was a very pure flame which burnt before so many shrines, and a very harmless one: and perhaps if Mr Lowther the elder had known Rosa Grunderson's little idiosyncrasies, he would not have felt quite so complacently triumphant in the consciousness that her round grey eyes had been fixed upon him all the evening with the fond gaze of hero worship. Harcourt contrived to swell this triumph by artful little brotherly compliments as the two young men walked Londonwards, under the starlit summer sky, smoking their regalias, and talking as men about town do talk, under those sublime stars. Sentimental Rosa was gazing at those luminous unknown worlds from the covert of the pinkest curtains in Stuccoville, and thinking about *Him!* Rosa's last adoration was always mysteriously alluded to under cover of a personal pronoun. Her admiration for Roderick Lowther was multiplied a hundredfold by the young diplomatist's disregard of her. Poor Rosa had been accustomed to be made the object of what, in the argotic parlance of her age, she called "a dead set," on account of her papa's ground-rents; and she was inclined to imagine Mr. Lowther the noblest and most disinterested of mankind, because he did not commence this "dead set" immediately after being introduced to her.

"I wonder whether he knows that I'm *the* Miss Grunderson?" she thought, as she looked up at those romantic stars so familiar to her in her Byron. "Of course he does, though. 'Pa is *so* different from the rest of society, that people always know there's some reason for his being where he is, and they're not very long guessing that the reason is money. Will anybody ever want to marry me for my own sake, I wonder? Ah, how I wish the Marquis of Westminster would fall in love with me! *He* couldn't want 'pa's ground-rents."

Thus the maiden mused in her bower, while Roderick Lowther, encouraged by his junior, talked complacently of his conquest.

"She's the simplest little thing in Christendom," he said, "simpler than—anybody I ever met in life. The disinterested game is the dodge in that quarter, dear boy. Do you remember how Frederic Soulié's *Lion* treats the little shop keeper's daughter? First with the elegant devotion of a fashionable Romeo, then with the *brusquerie* of a Benedict or a Petruchio. *Lise Laloine* died under the treatment, by-the-by, but I don't think the plump Rosa is made of quite such etherial stuff. *La Petite* is sentimental, and wants to be loved for herself alone; 'Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!' 'And long he mourned, the Lord of Burleigh,' and that sort of thing. She shall have it; the darling innocent! Tennyson and Owen Meredith by the *kilo.*, disinterested devotion by the bushel. But oh, my Harcourt, do not lure your loving brother into the quagmire of delusive wealth. Make sure that our simple-looking Grunderson does not hide the cloven hoof of insolvency under the golden fleece in which he drapes himself; those simple-looking men generally fail for half a million. I like your Mrs. Tredethlyn, by-the-by; she is very pretty and very elegant; but to be candid, my dear Harcourt—a brother ought to be candid, you know, even at the risk of being unpleasant—I fancy there is more in the husband than you imagine. A man with such a chest must have some solidity in his composition. If I am anything of a physiologist, it is not in that man's organization to be made a fool of. Ah, I see you don't care to talk about it; you like to keep your own secrets, and play your own game without backers or advisers. So be it. For myself, I am of an open disposition; I like to talk of my own affairs when they go smoothly, and to drop them when they take the crooked course. I don't suppose Napoleon the First was very fond of talking about Waterloo. He forgot *that* little skirmish, you may depend, and talked of Arcola and Lodi, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Wagram, and Auerstadt. I dare say, Mr. Merry holds his tongue about those two thousand-guinea colts that *didn't* win the Derby. People are *not* eloquent about their failures. I shall look up my old aunt early to-morrow morning; and after that, if you have any excuse for calling on Mrs. Tredethlyn, I shall be glad to accompany you. Unless I am very much at fault in feminine psychology, Miss Grunderson will drop in upon her friend to discuss my bearish behavior, on the earliest opportunity. Nothing impresses a sentimental young person so favorably as down-

right rudeness. The heroine in a lady's novel always adores the man who snubs her.

Thus argued the diplomatist by profession, strolling Strandwards in the starlight; while the diplomatist by organization listened quietly, and thought his own thoughts as regards this grand conquest of which his kinsman was so proud. Harcourt Lowther was not apt to resent the insolent *insouciance*, the calm assurance of superiority with which his senior treated him and had treated him from that early boyhood in which the lads had played together at Eton. But the wrongs that rankle deeply in a man's breast are sometimes those which he endures silently. Harcourt believed that his own prospects had been sacrificed to the advancement of Roderick; and he was not sorry when the elder son went wild and turned his back as coolly upon his father as if he had never been the pampered favorite of weak love, the all-absorbing drain upon a limited income. In every way Roderick had fared better than his brother. Lowther Hall, surrounded by park and farm-lands that constituted an estate of some three hundred acres, might not be worth very much to a man of large ideas and lofty aspirations; but whatever it was worth, it was tightly entailed upon the heir of the Lowthers, and not so much as a gamekeeper's cottage or a scrap of meadow-land was reserved for the luckless junior. Mrs. Lowther had been mistress of a small fortune, but that had been spent upon the education of the two young men, Harcourt in this matter, as in all others, going to the wall; for his university career had been cut short in order that his brother's debts might be paid, and that extravagant gentleman enabled to face the bigwigs of his college without fear of clamorous creditors, and read at leisure for a degree which he was too lazy to succeed in getting. After this, Harcourt's prospects had again been sacrificed; and the young barrister, unable to live at the bar, had been fain to accept an ensign's commission, while Roderick, pushed into the diplomatic world by a desperate effort of family interest, exhibited his handsome face at the Prussian Court, and squandered every farthing that he could screw out of his father's slender purse. When the purse had become as empty as it well could become, there had been the usual remonstrances, the usual bad feeling which is likely to arise between an utterly selfish and unprincipled young man and the father who is no longer able to be of any use to him, and who takes the liberty of resenting the extravagance which has involved his later life in difficulties.

Beyond the advantages obtained from his father's partiality, Roderick Lowther had been the favorite of a maiden aunt of miserly habits and independent fortune, who had condescended to give him her name at the baptismal font, and who had never bestowed upon him anything else—except, indeed, a neat cloth-bound copy of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, presented to the lad upon a birthday, and promptly disposed of at a rag and bone shop in the High Street of Harrow for the small sum of fourpence. But although Miss Dorothea Burnett had not been very liberal in her donations to her favorite nephew during her lifetime, it was supposed that, after her departure from this world, the young man would reap the reward of occasional dutifully-worded letters and affected deference to her wishes, and that the reward would be a very substantial one; for Miss Burnett had contrived to swell her own little fortune by many stray windfalls in the way of legacies from relatives, whose regard her busy married sister, Mrs. Lowther, had neglected to cultivate. Beyond this the maiden lady had bought small but profitable tenements and had dabbled a little in shares, and had watched her small investments with an intelligence, and nursed them with a tenderness, which her stockbroker had admiringly declared to be a credit to the sex she adorned by her commercial acumen.

So Roderick Lowther, finding his younger brother on the field, was alarmed by the idea that he might have been undermined in this direction, and was by no means inclined to lose any time before presenting himself to his spinster aunt. He brushed and curled his amber whiskers with more than usual circumspection, therefore, on the morning after the diner at Mrs. Tredethlyn's: and walking through Covent Garden, on his way to Miss Burnett's Bloomsbury heritage, he expended sixpence on a hothouse flower to put in the button-hole of the dark blue coat which he wore under a flimsy outer garment of pale gray. He had dressed himself very carefully, for he knew that, in spite of the maiden lady's lectures on the subject of prudence, her feminine eye was fascinated by the elegant frivolities which she affected to disapprove.

Miss Burnett occupied a very big house in the dullest street in Bloomsbury, a dismal *cul de sac*, in which there was almost always an elderly organ-grinder playing "Home, sweet, sweet Home," or the "Old Hundredth," with a little group of squallid children gathered round him. The big house smelt like a tomb, and was almost as rarely opened as if it had been one; for the butcher boy who brought Miss Burnett's mutton-chop, or the half-pound of steak, or three-quarters of liver, upon which Miss Burnett's servant was wont to make her repast, handed his wares across the area gate, and exchanged no word of comment with the grim damsel who received them, knowing very well that the lady of the house sat at her favorite window in the front parlor, with her open Bible before her, and with a watchful eye upon the outward world, which some sentimental Christians might have thought scarcely consistent with so much piety.

The grim damsel who admitted Roderick Lowther to Miss Burnett's darksome abode relaxed her ordinary sternness of visage into something faintly resembling a smile as she recognized her mistress's nephew.

"Your aunt has been very ill since you were last here, Mr. Lowther," the woman said, in answer to Roderick's inquiry. "She was very bad with her asthma all the Winter, but the warm Spring weather brought her round again."

"Yes," thought the young man, "the Spring weather always does bring her round, and always will, I suppose, till I am dead and in my grave."

He was ushered into the dining-room while this irreverent idea was in his mind, and the next minute he was seated opposite to his aunt, inquiring tenderly about her asthma. The dining-room was very dismal. There was more mahogany furniture and brown damask than is compatible with the smallest ray of cheerfulness, and the walls were rendered ghastly by some hideous preparations painted in asphaltum, and exhibiting gigantic cracks that looked like gory, yawning wounds—preparations which, on account of their smoky nature and revolting choice of subject, were supposed to be the work of the old masters.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear Roderick," said Miss Burnett, gravely; "as glad as I can be about anything in this carnal life," added the old lady, whose spirits had been revived that morning by a rise of one and a quarter per cent in the value of her pet investment. "But we are taught not to rejoice, Roderick, except in that which———Is that a hothouse flower, my dear?" inquired Miss Burnett, looking sharply at the myosotis in her nephew's button-hole. "Dear, dear, what an extravagant age it is! You are looking very well, my dear Roderick. I dare say you are what a worldly-minded person would call very handsome; but we must try to remember that we are all worms," murmured the old lady, with a doleful sigh; for she took the gloomy view of things which is so common to some people who read that gospel which is all life and color and brightness, full of the happy faces of merry-makers at a bridal festival, and little children gathering round a favorite teacher's knees, radiant with sudden rejoicings in mourning households, the dead restored to smile upon the living. There is something strange in the dull gray tint which some worshippers are able to infuse into a story that a painter can hardly read without feeling the tropical heat of a meridian sun, the perfume of a thousand lilies, the spicy odors of the feathery palms, and the free dash of Galilee's blue waves about the prow of a fisherman's frail bark, sailing gaily under an Eastern sky. Surely the richness of color with which the Catholic church invests the Christian faith is, after all, only a natural attribute of a religion which arose amidst the splendor and beauty of the Holy Land.

"I hope, my dear Roderick," said the maiden lady very solemnly, "that, while absent in those idolatrous foreign lands you kept the promise which you gave me before leaving England."

"My dear aunt," murmured the young man, who had quite forgotten having made any promise whatever to his pious relative, and was painfully mystified by this address, "I assure you that I—"

He would have broken down here, but the lady came to his rescue.

"Don't prevaricate, Roderick," she exclaimed, sternly. "Did you, or did you not, enter a Roman Catholic place of worship during your sojourn amongst the high priests of Baal? Did you, or did you not, sit under one of those idolatrous worshippers of stocks and stones? And oh, that I should live to see candlesticks on the altar of a church in this very neighborhood!" cried Miss Burnett, with a sudden burst of indignation; "and to hear snuffling, which I at first attributed to a cold in the head, but afterwards ascertained to be the wicked workings of Rome.

The staunch Dorothea paused for a few moments to recover her indignation, and then tackled her nephew once more.

"You promised me, before going to Belgium, that you would not, however tempted, enter a Roman Catholic place of worship," she said.

"And I did *not*, my dear aunt," answered Roderick, promptly. "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman."

"Nor any other place of worship," thought the heir, as his aunt nodded approvingly.

And then there was a little more talk, chiefly taking the form of a catechism, which Mr. Lowther went through triumphantly, since his answers to the old lady's inquiries were shaped in accordance with his knowledge of what was likely to please his aunt, rather than with any reference to actual fact. But a man must do a good many mean things when he devotes himself to the cultivation of a narrow-minded maiden aunt, for the chance of inheriting small tenements and first preference bonds in flourishing railway companies. Roderick Lowther breathed a long sigh of relief when he left the house that smelt like a tomb behind him, after drinking a glass of his aunt's dry sherry, which act of devotion was in itself no small penance.

He hailed a hansom as soon as he was safely beyond ken of the observant spinster, and was rattled back to his brother's lodgings, where he found Harcourt pondering moodily over the *Times* newspaper and whence the same hansom drove the two Antipholi to Stuccoville.

Mr. Tredethlyn was out, but Mrs. Tredethlyn was at home. Harcourt went into his friend's study to write a note, while Roderick followed a servant to the drawing-rooms, in the smallest and cosiest of which three gorgeous apartments the diplomatist found Maude and Rosa seated side by side on a low sofa, while proud Julia meditated apart at the window.

"You're the lady I should like to marry," thought Roderick, as he looked at Julia's dark face, which lighted up for a moment with her flashing smile as she bowed to him, and then relapsed into gloom; "there'd be some pleasure in taming *you*. Who would care to cage a robin? but there would be some glory in subduing the spirit of an eagle."

Thus mused Mr. Lowther, while he murmured some commonplace remark upon the beauty of the summer day, and dropped himself lazily into a seat near Maude Tredethlyn. He was true to his tactics of the night before, and addressed his remarks almost entirely to Maude and Julia. When he did condescend to address the vivacious Rosa, he did so in a manner that was a delicate admixture of the intellectual bearishness of one of poor Miss Brontë's heroes with the lively banter of a Benedick. The result of this policy was triumphant, and the market gardener's daughter plunged deeper and deeper still into her five-and-twentieth hopeless attachment.

While Mr. Lowther the elder was cultivating his own interests in the drawing-room, Mr. Lowther the younger was pacing up and down Francis Tredethlyn's study, in no happy frame of mind. Imagine the feelings of a Mephistopheles who begins to suspect that his victim has slipped away from him. Harcourt was beginning to feel very doubtful as to the firmness of his hold on his pupil and companion.

Francis Tredethlyn's conduct for the last few weeks had quite baffled his friend's penetration. The Cornishman had grown suddenly preoccupied and reserved. He might still be seen in the haunts of the Bohemians, for Mr. Lowther took care that he should not easily extricate himself from the bonds that he had allowed to be twisted about him; but Francis, always unwilling to be led into the scenes where he found no pleasure, was now more unwilling than ever, and Harcourt found it very difficult to play the game he wanted to play without showing his cards. If it had been a mere question of plucking so many feathers from an innocent pigeon, the thing might have been done easily enough, perhaps; but Mr. Lowther evidently wanted something more than his friend's golden plumage. It seemed, indeed, as if he would be satisfied with nothing less than the utter ruin and degradation of Maude Tredethlyn's husband.

To-day, walking up and down the study, whose broad plate-glass window commanded an agreeable view of a stony quadrangle and the roofs and chimneys of a mews, Harcourt thought very despondently of that grand scheme to which he had devoted himself so patiently since his return to England.

"What secret is the fellow hiding from me?" he thought, resentfully; "he refused to dine with me to-day, and he threw over the party I made for Greenwich the day before yesterday. He has made no book for the York Summer, and yet he is less at home than ever. What does it all mean? Can he have gone to the bad in real earnest at last, and without any real help from me? There must be something in it, but what is the something?"

Tired at last of such meditations as these, Harcourt Lowther flung himself into a chair to compose the letter he had talked about writing when he entered the study.

He wrote his note, which was very brief, and the gist of which was to remind Francis of some engagement that would entail the usual champagne drinking, the usual squandering of money for the gratification of the worthless society in which a few innocent pigeons abandon themselves to be plucked without mercy by every species of predatory fowl. After having written this little note, so carefully worded that no print of the fiend's hoof could have been deciphered therein by uninitiated eyes, Harcourt Lowther sat with his elbow on the table, biting the feather of his pen, and ruminating moodily. There were open letters and tradesmen's bills lying about upon Francis Tredethlyn's disorderly writing-table. Mr. Lowther flung aside his pen presently, and amused himself by a careless examination of these documents. Some of the bills were heavy ones, but not so heavy as to make any very serious inroad upon the Cornishman's fortune, and Harcourt tossed them away from him one after the other, uninterested in their details, unconcerned by their sum-totals, until he came to a dead stop all at once at the first line of a document which seemed to him to bear an extraordinary significance.

The document was the bill of a fashionable upholsterer, and the line below the tradesman's name and address ran thus:

"For goods supplied to Francis Tredethlyn, Esq., at Brook Cottage, Petersham, June 20th, 185–;" and then followed a list of the furnitnre for a cottage, the sum-total of which came to little more than three hundred pounds.

"So," muttered Mr. Lowther, "I think I have fallen upon the clue to the mystery. We will go and look at Tredethlyn's furnished cottage."

He wrote the address upon a tablet in his *porte-monnaie*, and went up stairs to the drawing-room, where he found Roderick intolerably at his ease in the society of the three ladies. There was an arrangement made for a meeting in Maude's roomy box at Covent Garden, to which Mrs. Tredethlyn was fain to invite the affectionate Rosa, who clung to her with peculiar fondness to-day; and then the two gentlemen took their departure, Roderick to look in at the *Traveller's* and the *St. James's*, Harcourt to hurry post-haste—or rather hansom cab haste—to the Waterloo terminus, whence he took the train for Richmond.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All letters for this department should be addressed to Mr. Mark Twain, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it. Courting Etiquette, Distressed Lovers, of either sex, and Struggling Young Authors, as yet "unbeknown" to Fame, will receive especial attention.]

Moral Statistician.—I don't want any of your statistics. I took your whole batch and lit my pipe with it. I hate your kind of people. You are always ciphering out how much a man's health is injured, and how much his intellect is impaired, and how many pitiful dollars and cents he wastes in the course of ninety-two years' indulgence in the fatal practice of smoking; and in the equally fatal practice of drinking coffee; and in playing billiards occasionally; and in taking a glass of wine at dinner, etc., etc., etc. And you are always figuring out how many women have been burned to death because of the dangerous fashion of wearing expansive hoops, etc., etc., etc. You never see but one side of the question. You are blind to the fact that most old men in America smoke and drink coffee, although, according to your theory, they ought to have died young; and that hearty old Englishmen drink wine and survive it, and portly old Dutchmen both drink and smoke freely, and yet grow older and fatter all the time. And you never try to find out how much solid comfort, relaxation and enjoyment a man derives from smoking in the course of a lifetime, (and which is worth ten times the money he would save by letting it alone,) nor the appalling aggregate of happiness lost in a lifetime by your kind of people from *not* smoking. Of course you can save money by denying yourself all these little vicious enjoyments for fifty years, but then what can you do with it?—what use can you put it to? Money can't save your infinitesimal soul; all the use that money can be put to is to purchase comfort and enjoyment in this life—therefore, as you are an enemy to comfort and enjoyment, where is the use in accumulating cash? It won't do for you to say that you can use it to better purpose in furnishing a good table, and in charities, and in supporting tract societies, because you know yourself that you pooplo who have no petty vices are never known to give away a cent, and that you stint yourselves so in the matter of food that you are always feeble and hungry. And you never dare to laugh in the daytime for fear some poor wretch, seeing you in a good humor, will try to borrow a dollar of you; and in church you are always down on your knees when the contribution box comes around; and you always pay your debts in greenbacks, and never give the revenue officers a true statement of your income. Now you know all these things yourself, don't you? Very well, then, what is the use of your stringing out your miserable lives to a lean and withered old age? What is the use of your saving money that is so utterly worthless to you? In a word, why don't you go off somewhere and die, and not be always trying to seduce people into becoming as "ornery" and unloveable as you are yourselves, by your ceaseless and villainous "moral statistics?" Now I don't approve of dissipation, and I don't indulge in it, either, but I haven't a particle of confidence in a man who has no redeeming petty vices whatever, and so I don't want to hear from you any more. I think you are the very same man who read me a long lecture, last week, about the degrading vice of smoking cigars, and then came back, in my absence, with your vile, reprehensible fire-proof gloves on, and carried off my beautiful parlor stove.

Simon Wheeler, *Sonora.*—The following simple and touching remarks and accompanying poem have just come to hand from the rich gold-mining region of Sonora:

To Mr. Mark Twain: The within parson, which I have sot to poetry under the name and style of "He Done His Level Best," was one among the whitest men I ever see, and it ain't every man that knowed him that can find it in his heart to say he's glad the pore cuss is busted and gone home to the States. He was here in an early day, and he was the handyest man about takin holt of anything that come along you most ever see, I judge; he was a cheerful, stirrin cretur, always doin something, and no man can say he ever see him do anything by halvers. Preachin was his natural gait, but he warn't a man to lay back and twidle his thums because there didn't happen to be nothing doin in his own especial line—no sir, he was a man who would meander forth and stir up something for hisself. His last acts was to go his pile on "kings-*and*," (calklatin to fill, hut which he didn't fill,) when there was a "flush" out agin him, and naterally, you see, he went under. And so, he was cleaned out, as you may say' and he struck the home-trail, cheerful but flat broke. I knowed this talonted man in Arkansaw, and if you would print this humbly tribute to his gorgis abillities, you would greatly obleege his onhappy friend.

Sonora, Southern Mines, June, 1865.

HE DONE HIS LEVEL BEST.

Was he a mining on the flat—
He done it with a zest;
Was he a leading of the choir—
He done his level best.

If he'd a reglar task to do,
He never took no rest;
Or if twas off-and-on—the same—
He done his level best.

If he was preachin on his beat,
He'd tramp from east to west,
And north to south—in cold and heat
He done his level best.

He'd yank a sinner outen (Hades*)
And land him with the blest—
Then snatch a pray'er 'n waltz in again,
And do his level best.

He'd cuss and sing and howl and pray,
And dance and drink and jest,
And lie and steal—all one to him—
He done his level best.

Whate'er this man was set to do,
He done it with a zest:
No matter *what* his contract was,
He'd do his level best.

Verily, this man *was* gifted with "gorgis abillities," and it is a happiness to me to embalm the memory of their lustre in these columns. If it were not that the poet crop is unusually large and rank in California this year, I would encourage you to continue writing, Simon—but as it is, perhaps it might be too risky in you to enter against so much opposition.

Inquirer wishes to know which is the best brand of smoking tobacco, and how it is manufactured. The most popular—mind I do not feel at liberty to give an opinion as to the best, and so I simply say the most popular—smoking tobacco is the miraculous conglomerate they call "Killickinick." It is composed of equal parts of tobacco stems, chopped straw, "old soldiers," fine shavings, oak leaves, dog-fennel, corn-shucks, sun-flower petals, outside leaves of the cabbage plant, and any refuse of any description whatever that costs nothing and will burn. After the ingredients are thoroughly mixed together, they are run through a chopping-machine. The mass is then sprinkled with fragrant Scotch snuff, packed into various seductive shapes, labelled "Genuine Killickinick, from the old original manufactory at Richmond," and so'd to consumers at a dollar a pound. The choicest brands contain a double portion of "old soldiers," and sell at a dollar and a half. "Genuine Turkish" tobacco contains a treble quantity of old soldiers, and is worth two or three dollars, according to the amount of service the said "old soldiers" have previously seen. N. B. This article is preferred by the Sultan of Turkey; his picture and autograph are on the label. Take a handful of "Killickinick," crush it as fine as you can, and examine it closely, and you will find that you can make as good an analysis of it as I have done; you must not expect to discover any particles of genuine tobacco by this rough method, however—to do that, it will be necessary to take your specimen to the mint and subject it to a fire-assay. A good article of cheap tobacco is now made of chopped pine-straw and Spanish moss; it contains one "old soldier" to the ton, and is called "Fine Old German Tobacco."

Anna Maria says as follows: "We have got such a nice literary society, O! you can't think! It is made up of members of our church, and we meet and read poetry and sketches and essays, and such things—mostly original—in fact, we have got talent enough among ourselves, without having to borrow reading matter from books and newspapers. We met a few evenings since at a dwelling on Howard, between Seventh and Eighth, and ever so many things were read. It was a little dull, though, until a young gentleman, (who is a member of our church, and oh, so gifted!) unrolled a bundle of manuscript and read *such* a funny thing about "Love's Bakery," where they prepare young people for matrimony, and about a young man who was engaged to be married, and who had the small-pox, and the erysipelas, and lost one eye and got both legs broken, and one arm, and got the other arm pulled out by a carding-machine, and finally got so damaged that there was scarcely anything of him left for the young lady to marry. You ought to have been there to hear how well he read it, and how they all laughed. We went right to work and nominated him for the Presidency of the Society, and he only lost it by two votes."

Yes, dear, I remember that "*such* a funny thing" which he read—I wrote it myself, for The Californian, last October. But as he read it well, I forgive him—I can't bear to hear a goodthing read badly. You had better keep an eye on that gifted young man, though, or he will be treating you to Washington's Farewell Address in manuscript the first thing you know—and if *that* should pass unchallenged, nothing in the world could save him from the Presidency.

* You observe that I have taken the liberty to alter a word for you, Simon—to tone you down a little, as it were. Your language was unnecessarily powerful. M. T.

CHARMING SIMPLICITY.

I once read the following paragraph in a newspaper:

"*Powerful Metaphor.*—A Western editor, speaking of a quill-driving cotemporary, says 'his intellect is so dense that it would take the augur of common sense longer to bore into it than it would to bore through Mont Blanc with a boiled carrot!'"

I have found that man. And I have found him—not in Stockton—not in Congress—not even in the Board of Education—but in the editorial sanctum of the Gold Hill *News*. Hear him:

"Byron Busted.—The most fearful exhibition of literary ignorance—to say nothing of literary judgment—that we have had occasion to notice in many a year, is presented by the San Francisco Californian, a professedly literary journal. It is among the 'Answers to Correspondents.' Lord Byron's magnificent and universally admired verses on the Destruction of Sennacherib, are sent from Dutch Flat to the Californian, and are there not recognized, but denounced as a 'lot of doggerel.' Yo gods! Perhaps the editor will try to get out of his 'fix' by saying it was all in fun—that it is a Dutch Nix joke! Read the comments:

"'Melton Mowbray, *Dutch Flat.*—This correspondent sends us a lot of doggerel, and says it has been regarded as very good in Dutch Flat. I give a specimen verse:

'The Assyrian came down, like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of his spears shone like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.'

"'There, that will do. That may be very good Dutch Flat poetry, but it won't do in the metropolis. It is too smooth and blubbery; it reads like buttermilk gurgling from a jug. What the people should have, is something spirited—something like 'Johnny comes marching home.' However, keep on practicing, and you may succeed yet. There is genius in you, but too much blubber.'"

Come, now, friend, about what style of joke *would* suit your capacity?—because we are anxious to come within the comprehension of all. Try a good old one; for instance: "Jones meets Smith; says Smith, 'I'm glad it's raining, Jones, because it'll start everything out of the ground.' 'Oh, Lord, I hope not,' says Jones, 'because then it would start my first wife out!'" How's that? Does that "bore through?"

Since writing the above, I perceive that the *Flag* has fallen into the wake of the *News*, and got sold by the same rather glaring burlesque that disposed of its illustrious predecessor at such an exceedingly cheap rate.

Literary Connoisseur asks "Who is the author of these fine lines?

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so!"

Here is a man gone into ecstasies of admiration over a nursery rhyme! Truly, the wonders of this new position of mine do never cease. The longer I hold it the more I am astonished, and every new applicant for information, who comes to me, leaves me more helplessly stunned than the one who went before him. No, I *don't* know who wrote those "fine lines," but I expect old Wat's-'is-name, who wrote old Watt's hymns, is the heavy gun you are after. However, it may be a bad guess, and if you find it isn't him, why then lay it on Tupper. That is my usual method. It is awkward to betray ignorance. Therefore, when I come across anything in the poetry line, which is particularly mild and aggravating, I always consider it pretty safe to lay it on Tupper. The policy is subject to accidents, of course, but then it works pretty well, and I hit oftener than I miss. A "connoisseur" should never be in doubt about anything. It is ruinous. I will give you a few hints. Attribute all the royal blank verse, with a martial ring to it, to Shakspeare; all the grand ponderous ditto, with a solemn lustre as of holiness about it, to Milton; all the ardent love poetry, tricked out in affluent imagery, to Byron; all the scouring, dashing, descriptive warrior rhymes to Scott; all the sleepy, tiresome, rural stuff, to Thomson and his eternal *Seasons;* all the genial, warm-hearted jolly Scotch poetry, to Burns; all the tender, broken-hearted song-verses to Moore; all the broken-English poetry to Chaucer or Spenser—whichever occurs to you first; all the heroic poetry, about the impossible deeds done before Troy, to Homer; all the nauseating rebellion mush-and-milk about young fellows who have come home to die—just before the battle, mother—to George F. Root and kindred spirits; all the poetry that everybody admires and appreciates, but nobody ever reads or quotes from, to Dryden, Cowper and Shelley; all the grave-yard poetry to Elegy Gray or Wolfe, indiscriminately; all the poetry that you can't understand, to Emerson; all the harmless old platitudes, delivered with a stately and oppressive pretense of originality, to Tupper, and all the "Anonymous" poetry to yourself. Bear these rules in

mind, and you will pass muster as a connoisseur; as long as you can talk glibly about the "styles" of authors, you will get as much credit as if you were really acquainted with their works. Throw out a mangled French phrase occasionally, and you will pass for an accomplished man, and a Latin phrase dropped now and then will gain you the reputation of being a learned one. Many a distinguished "connoisseur" in *belles lettres* and classic erudition travels on the same capital I have advanced you in this rather lengthy paragraph. Make a note of that "Anonymous" suggestion—never let a false modesty deter you from "cabbaging" anything you find drifting about without an owner. I shall publish a volume of poems, shortly, over my signature, which became the "children of my fancy" in this unique way.

ETIQUETTICUS, *Monitor Silver Mines.*—"If a lady and gentleman are riding on a mountain trail, should the lady precede the gentleman, or the gentleman precede the lady?" It is not a matter of politeness at all—it is a matter of the heaviest mule. The heavy mule should keep the lower side, so as to brace himself and stop the light one should he lose his footing. But to my notion you are worrying yourself a good deal more than necessary about etiquette, up there in the snow belt. You had better be skirmishing for bunch-grass to feed your mule on, now that the snowy season is nearly ready to set in.

(For the Californian.)

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINA.

THE reply to "Antediluvian" we have read with attention and pleasure, but we fail to perceive that the writer has shaken our position or overthrown our statements. We do not discover that she names any principles or benefits resulting from the Reformation, which were not enjoyed by various nations before that movement was thought of, or that she points out a single scientific fact or theory which is to be attributed to Lord Bacon. We looked with care to see if she could show that the science of medicine before the Reformation "was never devoted to the alleviation of pain or to healing of the sick;" if she could make good her direct assertion that "the human frame was never dissected until the fourteenth century," and we are forced to say that our search has been vain. We cannot therefore understand to what end she at great length informs us what she knew, so long as that knowledge does not aid in support of her theories and statements. Or why she should catalogue her Brahminical lore or impart to us her reading in Saracenic literature, when she can use neither to discredit our views. It seems impossible to conjecture how saying that Plato discouraged Geometry and Arithmetic, in view of "practical operations," helps her case, when everybody knows that Aristotle taught directly the reverse. If, a thousand years from to-day—when that popular system of education shall be in full blast—some one should say the Americans knew nothing of science, but were mere dreamers, and should cite Mr. Emerson, we think our authoress, if living, would reply, "There were other writers than Mr. Emerson among that people," and be quick to quote Agassiz or Silliman.

We observe that in two instances only has she departed from her general style of assertion and made points that can be touched upon by us. The one, as to girls' high schools and female teachers before the age of chivalry, which she clearly believes did not exist; the other, as to Leonardo da Vinci, in regard to whom she proffers some extraordinary information. We think that high schools and female teachers did exist before the age of chivalry, and in asking her favor Mrs. H. has probably forgotten the school of Pythagoras. In our view, that was a tolerably high school in its day, and a mathematical one too. Women were as freely taught therein as men, and at one time, we believe, over fifteen female teachers or disciples, as they were called, were engaged in it. The wife of Pythagoras taught quite as much as did Pythagoras himself. It is true that a severe rule was imposed on all members of this institution, no one being allowed to graduate without passing some five years in *silence*. And while it must be acknowledged that there are benefits which flow from so searching a code, we do not advocate its adoption in this city, for we apprehend that the number of female teachers in San Francisco would be reduced to a decidedly smaller number than that of fifteen. Our writer must have failed to remember that during the latter part of the Roman Empire in the time of Theodoseus, "Girls were often carefully educated * * * and that there were schools designed for them exclusively." She must have overlooked, in her view of the history of the world's progress, a race known as the Jews. Of the schools for girls among them, there is no occasion to speak, and surely, a moment's reflection will call to mind some of the names of "the many female poets and learned women who figured in the history of the ancient Jews." Even among the despised Saracens were medical schools for the education of women. Abucasis has left us not only an ample description of the surgical instruments employed in his time, but from him we learn "that in operations on females, in which delicacy intervened, the services of properly instructed women were secured." The Moorish court richly endowed "schools and universities the advantages of which were open, both to the female sex as well as to the male." And from the Mohammedans, says a great American writer and Professor, "we have copied many of the practices in use in our colleges to-day," though failing to educate both sexes as did the Mohammedans. "They held commencements as we do, at which poems were read and orations delivered in presence of the public." Among the Arabs, as early as the *fifth* century, Labana of Corduba wrote on Arithmetic, Fatima of Valentia wrote on Jurisprudence, Fatima of Hespili wrote upon and taught Jurisprudence in connection with her brother. It is recorded that Fatima of Cordova wrote many volumes and was very learned. Algasania of Hispili was both an oratrix and a poetess, and these arts, which she professed, she publicly taught. Thona of Valentia was greatly skilled in grammar and jurisprudence, and left many works behind her. And there was Maria, Mophigia, Mozada and Aisch Bent, who either wrote, taught or preached something or other on mathematics, grammar, history, poetry, jurisprudence, to a much greater extent than ladies do at this very day. A "list" of these learned women is given in Sharon Turner's History, which he himself takes from Casiri, though the list is not full nor exactly correct. We trust our authoress will not deem us unkind or as declining her request, when we say to her and her friends that this is not *all* that might be mentioned in regard to girls' high schools and female teachers, but that we must decline to pursue this branch of the subject further.

As to the other point, little need be said. We understood Mrs. H. to assert that the Reformation, Lord Bacon and the District School system were the causes by which and through which the established laws of our earth had been discovered, "and new worlds in our heavens." We denied this and pointed her to a country where none of these causes could be said to exert any influence whatever. Yet that country, we affirmed, had done more for the discovery of the established laws of our earth than any country in christendom. Our writer now admits that we were correct in naming the country, but she says this country did thus "only through patient and laborious mathematical investigation and severe mental discipline." Of course—but the very point made was that mathematical investigation and mental discipline were not products of the Reformation, Lord Bacon or the District School System. As well might she have said when we pointed out that dissection of the human frame was carried on 1700 years before the time she ascribed to its performance, "that it was only done through the study of surgery or anatomy." This is too clear to detain us. But the fearful error into which she has fallen is, that she has quite forgotten who Leonardo da Vinci was, and what were his works.

Mrs. H. says that though Italy has discovered more of the established laws of the earth than any other country in christendom, yet Italy "has *not* done so through Leonardo da Vinci nor Correggio, nor Titian, nor Raphael, etc.," "but through patient and laborious mathematical investigation and severe mental discipline." We answer that this country *has* done so through Leonardo da Vinci—more through him than any other man. Of all men this world ever produced he had mathematical training and severe mental discipline, and we are bold to say that Leonardo da Vinci wrote more mathematics than Lord Bacon ever read. Our authoress places Leonardo with painters and poets; she seems to think that he was only an artist, forgetting that while he was great as an artist—he was greater as a mathematician and an engineer. If she will look into Hallam, Draper or any good cyclopedia she will find who and what Leonardo was. Long before Bacon he (da Vinci) laid down the maxim that experience and observation must be the foundation of all reasoning in science. Unlike Bacon who was ignorant of mathematics, and even disparaged them, he points out their supreme advantage. He gave a clear exposition of the theories of forces obliquely applied on a lever; a few years later he was well acquainted with the earth's annual motion. He knew the laws of friction, subsequently demonstrated by Amontons and the principle of virtual velocities; he described the camera obscura before Baptista Portar; understood aerial perspective, the nature of colored shadows, the use of the iris and the effects of the duration of visible impressions on the eye. He wrote well on fortifications, anticipated Castelli on hydraulics, occupied himself with the fall of bodies on the hypothesis of rotation, treated of the times of descent along inclined planes and circular arcs and of the nature of machines. He considered, with singular clearness, respiration and combustion, and foreshadowed one of the great hypotheses of geology, the elevation of continents. (*Draper's Intellectual Development* 523-24.) It seems to us that for all this he is entitled to some credit, at least to the admission that he had "mathematical training."

And here we pause. This discussion with our friend upon the question of "Progress,"

"Is with the past, beyond the flood."

The fault we have found with her is, that she looks too much upon to-day and too little upon yesterday. She views all the good in the present and only the bad in the past. She gives "to dust that is a little gilt," more "laud than gilt o'er-dusted." We acknowledge this fault to be common to many women and men, alike able and learned; but we deny that for that reason it is to be deemed less erroneous or grevious. To correct it as far as may be we have expressed in the columns of this paper our views.

In doing so we are not aware of having endorsed the ideal school and denounced the material school. We are not conscious of having proclaimed ourselves in favor of *á priori* knowledge rather than that obtained from experience. We do not know that we have placed Plato above Aristotle, Kant above Humbolt, Hamilton above Buckle, or Hickok above Dana. Something, indeed, might be said upon this side of the question; yet we have not said it, choosing to meet our writer upon her own grounds and with her own weapons. For this reason we do not feel so deeply as we perhaps should her lecture to us upon "eristic syllogysms;" nor has her reference to the accomplished Grecian at Oakland proved the Parthean arrow, as perhaps it ought. We have no information of this celebrated man, whose mouth it seems speaketh great things; but while, of course, he is infinitely more learned than are we, if his oration contain too much of the nineteenth century, and ever see light, we may be tempted to review it, though at this moment believing, from our author's remark, that the production will come from none save "crest-tossing Bellerophon's" self.

It remains to consider whether we had any right to criticise her essay at all. We willingly concede what she strenuously claims, had this essay been written solely for the Teachers' Association in performance of legitimate duty, we had no right to pass upon either its merits or its demerits. But we cannot admit, when that purpose was departed from, and it was given to the public in one of the largest and most influential journals we have, that we had no right to review it. When notice was specially called to it, and her own name in large capitals attached to it, we cannot understand how we can be charged with ruthlessly dragging her before the public. The essay was printed for some purpose, and we thought as an eulogium upon the departed "Board." As such, like all published essays, letters, speeches, arguments, poems, it stands in the public square for praise or for blame. We certainly were ignorant of its being given to the world without the author's consent.

We realize the position in which we stand; we are not heedless of the swift destruction which is sure to overtake us. We entered the controversy not without fear, and we retire from it not without alarm. "Forty centuries," said Napoleon to his soldiers, when 'neath the shadow of the Pyramids—"forty centuries look down upon you." But what are forty centuries compared with forty teachers, and what the solemn shadow of the enduring pyramids compared to the awful frown of the majestic Board of Education!

ANTEDILUVIAN.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE late operatic *fiasco* ended in the sudden termination of the season at the Metropolitan last week, under Manager Bianchi. By means of "Cards" published in the daily papers, the public have been kept fully advised of the different causes which led to the abrupt conclusion of the performances. *Norma* was given at the Academy of Music on Monday night in very good style. Scoucia, Phillips and Sbriglia were excellent in their different roles. Donizetti's *La Favorita* was given on Wednesday night, for the benefit of Miss Adelaide Phillips. This opera, one of the ripest and most characteristic works of the great composer, whose exquisite arias and splended choruses are familiar to all opera-goers, was very handsomely performed. Miss Phillips took the *prima donna* part of "Lenora," which she rendered with an ability worthy her reputation. She was frequently and justly applauded. Signor Sbriglia's "Fernando," and Orlandini's "Alfonso," were also favorably received. The "Balthazar" of Fossati seems to have been the only infelicity in the cast, and he did not come up to the measure of his role. The choruses were especially excellent and well drilled, and deserved the warmest commendations. *Il Trovatore* was given on Thursday evening, with new and important additions to the company—the management having secured the services of Morelli, baritone, Barrili, basso, and Morley, tenor, of the late Bianchi troupe—thereby offering to the public a combination of musical talent before unknown to California and rarely seen in Atlantic cities. The prices of admission were advanced slightly, in consequence of the increased expenses, but even with this advance, if we may judge from the balance sheet of Mr. Maguire, lately published, the margin of profits left will be small, and the pecuniary risk of the management not inconsiderable. We trust that our music-loving community will bear in mind that Italian opera—especially of this excellence—is a luxury that must be liberally paid for, if indulged, and the chances of another such combination as Mr. Maguire now offers, may not recur for some years to come. It is due to their own reputation, as a critical and liberal people, to recognize, by a generous patronage, the efforts of the Manager. *Trovatore*, as given by the new combination, was an almost faultless performance. *Traviata* was given on Friday evening. To-night, *Lucrezia Borgia*.

BABY IS KING.

A ROSE-CURTAINED cradle, where, nestled within
Soft cambric and flannel, lie pounds seventeen,
Is the throne of a tyrant—that pink little thing
Is an autocrat august, for Baby is King.

Good, solemn grandfather dares hardly to speak
Or walk, lest the sleeper should hear his boots creak;
Grandma is a martyr, in habits and cap,
Which the monarch unsettles as well as her cap.

Papa, wise and mighty, just home from the House,
Grows meek on the threshold, and moves like a mouse,
To stare at the bundle; then outward he goes,
Like an elephant trying to walk on its toes.

The queen of the ball-room throws loyally down
Before him the roses she wore in her crown,
And sings little love-songs of how she loves best
The fair baby blossom she rocks on her breast.

Good aunties and cousins before him bow low,
Though he rumples the ringlets, twists collar and bow;
He bids the nurse walk with his majesty's self,
And cries when she stops like a merciless elf.

He flings right and left his saucy fat fist,
And then the next moment expects to be kissed.
He demands people's watches to batter about,
And meets a refusal with struggle and shout.

Then, failing to conquer, with passionate cry
He quivers his lips, keeps a tear in his eye;
And so wins the battle, this wise little thing,
He knows the world over that Baby is King.

[*Harper's Weekly.*

AROUND PARIS.

IF you wish to pass a holiday delightfully, if you would amuse and instruct and gratify yourself, if you would see what a blessing peace is, if you would observe what able administration may do, if you would see how nearly two millions of human beings live peaceably and quietly without rowdies, come here. Don't live meanly. Take up your lodgings on the right bank of the river (the left bank is our Sleepy Hollow) in some nice, clean new house (they abound north of the boulevard,) and you will be in the heart of that Paris which a stranger ought to see. Don't mind being cheated a little: 'tis the footsoreness the traveller must expect on his journey. If you haven't much money, don't stay here long: spend it freely, and you will amass pleasant souvenirs which will throw a gleam of sunlight on your life for years to come. Go to the best places in the theatres, for you will see there more life than in the minor seats, besides having the right to go everywhere. Get a hack or brougham (the latter is preferable.) and drive down the Avenue des Champs Elysees and to the Bois de Boulogne on some bright day, between 4 and 6 o'clock P. M. Bore no human being here with letters of introduction; let Charley Greene be your only friend, and don't say anything to him except "Good morning, Mr. Greene; please give me some money—good day, Mr. Greene," for we are all of us as busy as men can be, and have not time for palavers (good only for Indians in the backwoods when they are out fishing;) besides, Charley Greene has about two thousand friends here as intimate as you are, and even more disposed to ear-wig him. Get, at the hotel where you stay, (and I would stop at the Grand Hotel or Hotel du Louvre for the first few days to see life there; besides, at these hotels, and especially at the Grand Hotel, the best *valets de place* are to be found) a *valet de place*, and make him show you all that is to be seen. Fatigue him without mercy—he is used to it; besides, he is, as long as you pay him, your chattel, and he, so far from thinking you a bore and execrating you (as the receiver of a letter of introduction would be too apt to do,) will feel as kindly towards you as a dairy maid does to her milch cow. If you have a good supply of money, or, having little money, you stay a short time (I would not think of living for less than $20 a day,) and pursue the course I have indicated, you will think time, pains and money well spent.

The latest wonders of Paris are the garden on Montmartre and Chaumont heights, Bataclan, and the new bazaar. The garden contains sixty-two acres; it is situated on a hill higher than Dorchester Heights and which has valleys on all four sides which spread out as far as the eye can reach and are variegated with churches, villages, gardens, vineyards and fields, a river which winds tortuously as the braided snake, and two great railways on which, coming or going, trains continuously dash through. So great is the distance, even the English express train, which rolls along at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour, seems to crawl at a snail's pace. Here lies Paris with all her monuments. Yonder is the Bois de Boulogne, and over it St. Cloud, Suresnes, Mt. Valerien, Puteaux, Sevres, Mendon; further to the left is Clamart and Montrouge, distinguished by their immense quarry wheels which seem gigantic cobwebs against the sky. Further away still are countless villages; on another side are St. Denis and many more villages. You may spend days there gazing and feel no more fatigue than you experience when staring at the horizon line from the sea shore. Is there a site for a garden in the world comparable to this? You had its cousin once on Dorchester Heights, but private houses have long since confiscated it, and you have not yet learned the lesson of tearing down houses for the public good. Imagine a gem of a garden situated on Montmartre Hill. It has a lake in whose centre rises a sort of pinnacle of rocks some two hundred feet high, and one bank of the lake is formed a hill—Pelion piled on Ossa—one hundred and fifty feet high and crowned with a copy in marble of the Sybil's temple (whose exquisite proportions the engraver has made familiar to everybody) which overlooks the falls of Tivoli near Rome. Bataclan, or, as it is written over the door, Bat A Clan, is a Chinese pagoda, constructed with scrupulous fidelity to the models of Chinese art, decorated inside with figures copied from an album found in the Summer Palace at Pekin. It is a Café Concert. It was built for a musical and dramatic café, but the police struck out the words "and dramatic," so it was forced to give only musical entertainments. It is at this moment the most successful establishment in town. It is not only crowded, but its doors are besieged by thousands—I do not exaggerate—who wait until some spectator vacates his place. There is no charge for admission at the doors; the price is paid in increased rates for refreshments. The bazaar is the latest wonder. It is not yet completed. It is to cost one million of dollars, and, like an Oriental bazaar, will contain everything. The buyer will receive a bond for 100f. if he buys for so much, otherwise he will receive a ticket for the amount of his purchases, and when they have in the course of time reached to 100f. they will be exchanged for a bond. Drawings of these bonds will take place periodically, and the holder whose bond's number is drawn will be paid 100f. Thus people may buy gratuitously (pardon the incongruity.) It is fortunate that such a discovery has been made, for life in Paris is growing so expensive that nobody can live here unless at least two rich uncles or three rich aunts have made him their heir. Will you credit it? you may find in our gentlemen's furnishing shops shirts at the price of $500 and $600. I wish you would let me draw on you for a dozen shirts' worth a year. You ought to do so, for surely you wouldn't see a writer on your paper having less than a dozen shirts in his chest of drawers. Or, as times are hard, we will compromise matters by my accepting one dozen such shirts as an outfit and giving you a quit claim for the future.—"*Spiridion,*" *in the Boston Gazette.*

THE DESERT OF SAHARA.—The discoveries of recent African explorers have dispelled many of the popular notions concerning the great desert of Sahara. It used to be described as a nearly level plain. This plain, it is now ascertained, does not exist, except its eastern and western extremities. The central portions rise in the form of terraces, from 600 to 1,200 feet above the valley of the Atlas and Soudan. They are interspersed with ravines and granite ravines and granite hills. Barth speaks of mountains 4.000 and 5,000 feet high. In general, however, the surface is flat or slightly undulating; in some places covered with a thick bed of sand, in others hard and flinty. Every aspect confirms the opinion of Humboldt, that the desert is the bed of a former sea, elevated by geological convulsions. The traveller, at almost every step, meets with mounds of fossil, shells and other *debris* of marine animals. There are immense deposits of rock salt, in some places as pure as marble, and so compact as to serve in the construction of houses. Soudan derives its salt from this source. The efflorescence of nitre are almost everywhere apparent. Lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals, in which the desert has in imagination been peopled, are met with only in forests or oases, where alone they can find food and water. The lion is king of the desert only in poetry. Man is the true wild animal whom he dreads to encounter, and bandits infest every route in the Sahara. In passing between the tropics, the sun carries with it heavy-laden nimbus clouds, which, not meeting any mountains high enough to condense their moisture and cause it to fall at intervals, descend occasionally, by their own gravity, and drop their watery treasures in gushing torrents which fill every ravine. It is a deluge which lasts but for a moment; the water disappears in the permeable soil as fast as it comes, and forms extensive sheets of water a short distance below the surface. This fact has been revealed by numerous soundings. Already excellent artesian wells, sunk by French engineers, have created verdant oases in places where every vestige of vegetation appeared to be eternally buried in the sand. But these hidden lakes, on which the desert partly reposes, are not a recent discovery. From time immemorial, the Arabs have sunk, in the open desert, wells several hundred feet deep, until they met the watery bed, which they have called the subterranean lakes.

AN old gentleman who believed in exercise more than drugs, and who chose horseback riding as the most convenient exercise, on a recent occasion was asked by a medical friend which physician and apothecary he employed, to which he replied: "My physician has always been a HORSE and my apothecary an ASS!"

A COURTIER OUTWITTING A TAILOR.

CHARANCE was one of the pages of King Louis XIV., and an officer in his body-guard. In early life he had played some very strange pranks, but had always met with favor and protection from the King. He did many clever things, but one in particular in which he was engaged made everybody laugh. He had a long and handsome avenue to his chateau in Anjou, in which a peasant had a little house and garden which had stood in the same avenue long before the avenue was planted, and which neither Charance nor his father could persuade the peasant to sell on any terms. This, observes Saint Simon, with proper disdain for so low a person, is a species of obstinacy which petty proprietors often show expressly to annoy people of condition. Charance pretended to let the matter drop; for a long time said no more about it. At last, disgusted that a paltry cottage should intercept the sweep of his fine avenue, he conceived a scheme to get rid of it. It chanced that the owner of the cottage was a tailor, and worked at his trade whenever an opportunity offered. He lived alone, having neither wife nor children. One fine day Charance sent for him, and said that he was suddenly ordered up to Court to fill an office of great importance, that he was anxious to get there as soon as possible and, as he had no liveries for his servants, he wished him to make them forthwith. The tailor agreed, and the bargain was struck on the spot. Charance stipulated, however, that to avoid unnecessary delay he should do the work at the chatean, and that, if promised not to quit the work until it was finished he would pay him something over and above, besides board and lodging him. The tailor set to work on the spot. In the meantime Charance got an architect to make an exact plan of the house and garden, the rooms, the furniture, and even the kitchen utensils. He then sent workmen to pull down the house, take away everything that was in it, and reconstruct it exactly as it had been, internally and externally, at some distance from the avenue, with every article in its accustomed place; and the garden exactly as it had been. They then cleared away all traces of it from the ground it originally stood upon, so that nobody could guess that it had ever been there at all. This was completed before the tailor, who was carefully watched, had finished his liveries. When the liveries were completed, Charance paid his man well, kept him to supper, and then dismissed him. The tailor set out for his home at nightfall. He found the avenue unusually long, thought he had gone too far, retraced his steps, and looked about for the well-known trees near which his house stood. The night was dark, and he groped his way through them as well as he could; but was astonished to find his house nowhere. He passed the whole of the long night in this way. When day broke he saw that he had not gone astray; but that house and garden and all had disappeared, and he came to the conclusion that he was the sport of some evil spirit. After wandering about a good deal, he thought he perceived at a considerable distance from the avenue a cottage which resembled his own, though he knew that there never had been one in the same place. He approached it, examined it closer, and the more he did so the more he was struck with the exact resemblance. He was curious to try whether the key he had in his pocket would fit the lock. It did fit the lock. He opened the door, walked in, and was thunderstruck on finding not only that the rooms were the same, but that every single article of furniture was the same, and precisely in the spot where he had left them. He was near fainting with fright; he fell on his knees and prayed, for he religiously believed that the demon had played him this trick. The following day, however, he learnt the truth from the mocking and laughing of the villagers to whom he told his story. He got furious, went with his complaint to the Intendant of the province, and insisted upon getting satisfaction; but he only got laughed at. The King heard the story, and laughed more than anybody, and Charance had his avenue as he wished it. "Ah!" concludes St. Simon, "had Charance never done worse than what he did to the tailor, he would have preserved his reputation and his liberty."

"OLD BUMBLEBEE" was the cognomen of T——, of Newburyport. He gained the title from the fact of his catching a bumble-bee one day as he was shingling his barn, and, in attempting to destroy the insect with the hatchet, cut off the ends of his thumb and forefinger, letting the insect go unharmed. Other mishaps happened to the old codger on the same barn. In one of his abstractions, he shingled over his spare hatchet; and cutting a small aperture in the building to let a little daylight in, this man actually set a wooden pane as being economical and not likely to be broken. Uncle T——, in one of his oblivious freaks, nailed his left arm so firmly betwixt two boards of a fence he was putting up that he had to call for help to get extricated from his self-imprisonment. He once put a button on the gate instead of the post. But the rarest freak of all was when he ran through the streets with his hands about three feet asunder, held before him, begging the passers-by not to disturb him, as he had got the measure of a doorway with him.

PASTA.

THE art of declaiming recitative passages in opera has almost died out. Its greatest exponent was that gifted woman who passed away from us but a few days ago by the bright shores of Como. Mme. Pasta was undoubtedly the most inspired lyric actress that ever trod the stage; and it is worth while, now that we are art-associated with mincing *Aminas*, feeble *Semiramides* and lay-sister *Normas*, to regard, in the dim distance of the past, that majestic woman's figure, at one moment instinct with the divine madness of a priestess, at another moving with the simplicity of an Alpine peasant. The original heroine of most of Bellini's immortal works, it was in *Norma* pre-eminently that Pasta soared to the loftiest range of dramatic conception. The present age has no idea of Pasta's *Norma*. It has seen Grisi (who was at one time only considered worthy to play *Adalgisa* to Pasta's *Norma*,) and has given Grisi the title of "Diva" from her appearance in the part. But alas, flexibility and fluency—neither of which gifts Pasta ever possessed—could never atone for Giulia Grisi's want of soul. From her first success as *Norma* in England, may be dated the gradual decline and downfall of the power of declamatory recitative. Not a bar of Pasta's baldest recitative was without its special significance: it was sung—it was acted—with a force and understanding which were irresistible. Mme. Grisi could not do this, and never attempted it. With her, recitative was reduced into the merest "padding;" the torrent of passionate invective flowed equably along in the calmest manner of the Paddingtonian canal; and the rising race of singers were comforted by the example, which in effect declared all artistic effort beyond the most superficial vocalization to be needless in the interpretation of recitative. And the pernicious force of that example extends down to this day. We have no Pasta come. We have no Pasta coming.

Mme. Pasta's voice was a most difficult organ to reduce to rule. It was hard and unbending—although capable of expressing and pointing, as few could, the highest musical sentiment. It is a curious fact that she could not sing an ascending scale. All her florid passages were on down scales, and these she did perfectly; but every effort to sing an up scale proved utterly futile. Thus in the music of the parts which Bellini and other *maestri* wrote for her, one finds this peculiarity carefully studied, and the difficulty overcome in a most admirable way. Take the "*Ah! non giunge*" from the "*Sonnambula*" as a case in point, and admire the ready dexterity of the master who had to write in fetters, and yet with such marvellous result.

"The last time I saw Pasta," said a musical friend of ours the other day, "was a few years ago at the villa of Count —— on the Lake of Como. We were a large party, and many people of European fame were amongst the guests. One brilliant evening, a strange figure wandered in from the tree-lined highway, upon the glittering group in the Count's salon. It was a woman—a peasant, if you might judge from her dress, which was one of the coarsest description, with rough woolen stockings drawn over her shoes; but you had only to look from the rude raiment to the face of the wearer, to know that she was no common person. Though her figure was bent and her hair gray, her face—which was that of a dark Marie Antoinette—still retained traces of a nobility, which, in youth, must have conferred on her the highest order of loveliness; and her eyes were still full and bright. It was Pasta. She was received with delight and a veneration which was charming to witness. We all felt we stood in the presence of a great mind. By and by, after chatting with her some time about old scenes in London and Paris, where she had been ever the prominent figure, I asked her if she would sing a duet with me—just to let us hear her voice again. At first she refused, but on being further pressed, she diffidently agreed to try a *duo* from *Semiramide*. I sat down to the piano, and she began. It was but a thin, quavering sound—uncertain, unsteady—as if perfectly distrustful of itself. But in the *cabaletta*, where our voices went together, Pasta gained strength—her figure dilated—her eyes flashed, and, strange to say, as if the tramels of age and disuse were like leaves in an autumn torrent, her voice suddenly burst out with a brilliancy and power unsurpassed in her grandest days. The effect was indeed electrical. The russet of the peasant—the gray hair of age—disappeared; and in their place we saw again the real purple of tragedy, and the splendid light of eyes, following the glorious passion of her voice. This was the last time I saw Giuditta Pasta." *Orchestra.*

HOMELY men are afflicted with a very great drawback. They are always jealous. Show us a gentleman with yellow hair and a pug nose, and we will show you a gentleman who is ready to stab himself with a brickbat every time he sees you looking at chimney-top.

SHAKSPEARE IN PARIS.—It seems certain, from an entry in a manuscript journal of the time, (September 18, 1604,) that an English company performed the second part of *Henry the Fourth*, at Paris, during the lifetime of Shakspeare.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE ABROAD.

THE German songstress Lichtmay, in Paris, has just finished the French version of the role of "Valentine" in *The Huguenots*, and is now studying *L'Africaine*. Her *debut* at the Grand Opera will take place at the end of this month. .. The first full rehearsal of *L'Africaine* in Paris, lasted seven hours, although there was little or no interruption... At the first performance of the *Africaine* in Paris the ballet will be omitted and the performance thereby shortened to the very moderate time from 7 P. M. to 2 A. M... The sum of fifteen thousand dollars is said to have been paid for the English copyright of Meyerbeer's opera of *Africaine*.

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AN active quarrel is going on in London just now amongst the music publishers, and as is usual in such cases, the public get the benefit of it. The attack appears to be directed against Messrs. Novello, and the comparative monopoly of four part and glee music which this house has long enjoyed. The virulence of the fight may be judged from the fact that Messrs. Novello have met the opposition by at once reducing their glees to one cent each. They announce also a complete edition of Mendelssohn's "open air music" for sixteen cents. The lowest price heretofore has been $1 50 gold.

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THE French Empress wished the other day to hear the famous minstrel of a certain class, Mlle. Terese, in one of the Court concerts; whereupon the director, Mr. Maillard, declared that under these circumstances he would prefer to resign.

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LEIPZIG contains twenty factories of pianofortes, with 400 workmen, who make about 1,500 instruments yearly, valued at 380,000 Prussian thalers. This is scarcely as much as one of our leading manufacturies accomplishes alone in a single year.

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OLE Bull and Leo Lion, the pianist, have recently created a *furore* in Dresden.

THE DESERT FROM A RAIL CAR.—We naturally expected to lose all sense of the desert—not once to come under its spell—in our journey through it by rail. But it was really not so. No railway associations obtruded themselves upon our notice, except the long moving shadow upon the sand. We alone seemed to be in the wilderness, drawn along by a power which, from the very scenery through which we passed, had a strange air of novelty and mystery about it. There were no well-built station-houses like Swiss cottages, but only wooden huts at great intervals, which stood alone and solitary in the arid waste, without a name to distinguish them from each other in the boundless expanse of sand. They are simply numbered like milestones. Such buildings fail to give any life to the scene, and excite in us only feelings of pity for the hermits who inhabit them, and whose duties consist, not in conning over breviaries, or in helping forlorn travellers, but in adjusting switches and supplying water and food to thirsty and hungry steam-engines puffing through the sweltering heat. The railway changed the scenery of the desert no more than a balloon changes the scenery of the clouds. Once out of Cairo, we were in the ocean of sand and desolation, as much as a ship out of Plymouth is in the ocean of green water. We passed across the characteristic flinty ground of the real desert; we saw rolling hills of tawny, almost golden sand like yellow snowhills, drifted and smoothed by the winds, and as if never trodden by the foot of man. We saw troops of light gazelles bounding along with elastic step as they fled in terror from the mysterious monster that rushed snorting toward them from the horizon. We saw in great beauty more than one mirage, fully realizing all we had ever heard of the deceptive likeness to large pools or lakes of water, with shores indented by tiny bays and jutting promontories, and with a hazy brightness over them singularly picturesque. We saw strings of loaded camels, with Arabs on foot guiding them, and slowly journeying, as their predecessors had done for thousands of years, along that old route, it may be to Palestine or to Arabia Petra, or to strange and unknown scenes, or to verdant scenes of pasture-lands and feeding ground for goats and camels, with tents pitched round springs of water—spots to which no vacation tourist has yet penetrated, and that remain as they were in the days of Job. And thus the desert was very desert, out and out, as it ought to have been, in order to meet the expectations of those more sanguine even than ourselves. On we went, thoroughly enjoying the scene, with no feeling of disappointment whatever. We could certainly picture a more ideal mode of passing through that old romantic waste, but it was impossible to picture a more perfect waste than that which we passed through.—*Good Words.*

THEY have a good joke on Dr. Egan, of Chicago; he is a great land operator, as well as a most successful physician. The doctor prescribed some pills for a lady. She asked how they were to be taken? "A quarter down," said the doctor, "and the balance in one or two years."

HOW OLD ARE YOU?—A French actress, whose youth and beauty appeared inexhaustible—on the boards—never would tell her age. Of course, the more she wouldn't tell it, the more curious people were to know it. A woman can't keep a secret! She kept *that*.

By good luck—as the multitude thought—she was summoned as a witness on a trial. The gossips rubbed their hands and chuckled. "Aha! we shall know it now. She *must* tell, or go to prison for contempt of court. She *won't* go to prison; she *will*, therefore, tell."

The court was crowded with open-eared listeners. In French courts of justice, the witness does not stand in a box to give evidence, but sits on a stool, in the middle of the floor of the court, in front of the president's desk, and with no barrier or separation between it and himself.

The lady was ushered in, raised her right hand to heaven, took the oath to speak the truth, and then seated herself on the witness-stool.

"Your name?" asked the president.

"Angélique Toujoursfleurie."

"Your profession?"

"Artiste dramatique."

"Your age?"

You might have heard a pin drop, or the hair grow on the bystanders' heads. Every eye was bent on the lady. She was driven into a corner at last!

Foolish Parisian public to think so! Angélique simply rose from her seat, walked straight up to the president's desk, and whispered the secret in his ear. He nodded, made the entry in his private notes, and, smiling, continued the rest of his interrogatory as soon as she had resumed her place on the sellette.

The public retired with feelings of mingled disgust and admiration. The trial had lost all further interest; and the president was known to be a man of honor and gallantry, who would never let a pretty woman's cat escape from his presidential bag.

CHARLES LAMB, who was in the habit of wearing a white cravat, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, his white cravat caused such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, lisping manner, "Is there no cl-cl-clergyman present?" "No, sir," answered a guest. "Th-then," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

A PORTUGUESE shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied, that having a poor memory, he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

THERE is a Methodist preacher out West whose praise is thus sounded by a contemporary: "I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America, but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men!"

"YOUR hand annoys me exceedingly," said a gentleman to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly suiting the action to the word. "Indeed, sir," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I do not know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth," said the other.

A SHILLING GIVEN BY A DUCHESS TO KISS HER.—Duncan Mackeuzie, an old Peninsular soldier, aged nearly ninety, died at Elgin. Duncan was a Highlander, every inch of him, and that, too, a stalwart one, for he was more than six feet in height, and must have been (as he was wont to say) a strapping fellow when he kissed Jane, Duchess of Gordon, in taking "the shilling" from between her teeth, to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders. Duncan delighted to tell how he was enlisted, and he has not left, we presume, one alive to tell the same tale about kissing the duchess in the market. He was born in the parish of Duthil.

THE WORD "ADMIRAL."—The office was first introduced by one of the Khalifs of Spain, Abderrahman II. (912–961.) He appointed a "commander at sea," called in Arabic *Amir-al-ma*, which was corrupted into Admiral, the final *ma* being elided and *d* inserted between the *a* and *m* for the sake of euphony.

IF you would improve your disposition, watch your diet. Men who live on meat run as naturally to surliness as Germans to flute-playing. If the English fed as constantly on "garding sas" as the French do, it is quite probable that they would be equally affable and obliging.

NEW WORDS.—*Timbromanie* (from *timbre*, a stamp,) has been the name of the rage for collecting postage-stamps, which, as satirical, is to be abandoned for *Timbrophilée*.

NOTICE

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1865.

OUR MILITARY WEAKNESSES.

THERE has always been an attraction about the profession of arms, which gave the soldier, who either had flung down his life on the altar of his country, or was clothed in the robes which indicated a future contingency of that character, the tenderest smiles of the ladies and the more boisterous applause of his less dashing brethren in civil life. But during the many years of peace enjoyed by the Republic, when Lieutenant Charley or Captain Toby only made an appearance among the quiet acquaintances of their boyhood, once in a brace of years, their presence excited feelings of enthusiasm among the bread-and-buttery portion of the feminine side of society, and in the various billiard saloons, where the brass buttons and neat undress won the hearts and excited the envy of simple salesmen or rusticated Sophomores; while the more practical elders looked with suspicion on the jaunty West Point airs, and the matrons gathered their admiring daughters more carefully under the parental wing, there was a general feeling that however small the army was, any retrenchment in that direction might be adopted without argument. We did not give our soldiery in those days the full credit for their services and capabilities. We slighted them in every possible way. We felt that the foppishness becoming a martinet was inexcusable; and the pettish insolence of the subalterns, as it developed itself in the social relations of which we speak, gave military genius a bad name that our officers had not fully merited.

But if we wronged the army in our days of peace, the lesson of our war has made us veer too violently in the other direction. The military god which saved us nobly from national ruin, is now prayed to with the same fervor for other favors in channels foreign to his nature. Not satisfied with Mars dashing at the head of our armies, the wheels of his chariot relentlessly crushing out all life before him, we dethrone every other deity with iconoclastic madness, and proceed to array our favorite with the unfit robes of Justice, thrust the abandoned scales in his hands, and demand of him decisions which cannot but be dictated by a bloody code. We would, too, be willing to accept him as the equal of Apollo, and the lute is overpowered by the brazen cymbals and sullen drum, while Mercury, doffing winged cap and sandals, must thrust his legs into cavalry boots, buckle on the sword, and arrange his business through the medium of numbered dispatches and publish his orders at evening parade.

Our attention was vividly drawn to this transformation of sentiment on military matters by what we witnessed at the meeting of Associated Alumni, held a short time since at Oakland. There was a distinguished Major-General present, who was cheered and spattered with scholastic flattery until he must have felt that West Point was a sort of preliminary training for apotheosis. He remarked in a speech, at the anchorite repast which succeeded the literary exercises, (and we are glad, by the way, that the *Flag* did not get hold of it,) that, "on entering the chapel, a *pert* young man asked him if he was an *alumnus;* that after having listened to the poem, wherein *x* and *y* were handled so unmercifully, and feeling that his own training had consisted mainly of the mathematics so much scorned as means of education, he had about concluded that he was not an alumnus. Looking around and noting how many of the members of the association hailed from Western and Lake Colleges, and knowing what slight claims to literary ability the institution on the Hudson possessed, *(sarcastically,)* he was rather glad that he had not been invited as a graduate, but rather on account of his position as Commander of the Department." Now it would be difficult to make out where applause could come in for the proper reception of the above remarks; and yet it did, and of the most boisterous character. The adjective applied to the meek undergraduate, who found proper seats for Alumni and Philistines, when, by the exercise of a proper amount of "pertness," he could discover which was which, was, we believe, peculiarly acceptable; while the slap at the literary capabilities of the "Western and Lake Colleges," was received with a tremendous burst of applause, although there might have been some poor wretches hidden in the crowd who had received their modicum of Latin and rations of *x* and *y* at garrisons of literature west of the Alleghanies. The remaining portion of his little speech proved the gentleman to be above jealousy as a general, and his concluding remarks were certainly worthy a kind acknowledgment on the part of his auditors.

Not content, however, with mere physical enthusiasm towards the military hero, it seemed to be a strong feeling of respect which made so many of the reverend and legal gentlemen who succeeded him, refer in such pointed terms, when discussing military matters, to the reputation of the soldier present. There was a learned judge at the table, renowned for his scholarship and jurisprudence: a *savan* also, who had gained world-wide reputation; and yet each of these received a paucity of cooler compliments, which indicated how far arms had gained the victory over the toga in the scholastic mind. We have, in spite of the radical arguments of one of our dailies, a certain admiration for the Commander of this Department, and believe him to be a man of military genius, a true patriot, one who loves his fellow men, and has done and will do all that he can for the common weal, but we may be pardoned if we fail to follow in the wake of the superficial current of admiration or abuse which seems to pursue each and every soldier of the republic, however may be his deserts. It might be fairly suggested that the unjust attacks lately made upon the loyalty of the military chieftain had some influence in producing this extraordinary enthusiasm. But whatever the cause, we give the incident as it occurred.

But the Associated Alumni are not the only class of our citizens who instinctively cower in the presence of the Republic's physical defenders. The poison has crept through every system. It sticks out in the theatre, the church and the political meeting. "Under the patronage of Major General Fightemwell," tickles the fancy of the actor and spectator; the priest preaches nervously for the good opinion of the commander; and no enthusiastic meeting is worth chronicling unless some man of military rank has stumbled through a few patriotic formula before it, or has relieved the plain garb of the civilian platform-statuary by his dashing uniform.

War has made an impress upon our minds too deep to be reasonable. We have adopted its rules in too many directions to be correct. We always knew that jury trials were liable to error, and that judges were not always correct in their rulings; but both judge and jury have all the perfection in their acts that humanity will allow; and we fail to see what especial advantages over "twelve good and true men," with the venerable learning of our most accomplished jurists to instruct them, are to be obtained from "not less than five or more than thirteen" officers detailed from a military roster. It is an insult to every loyal man on this coast to suppose that the average intellect of a city like San Francisco is not as capable of divining what does or does not constitute piracy and treason as any military commission. Erskine has said that "there is a vast difference between courts of justice and courts martial." The archives of the Judge Advocate at Washington are full of instances of summary and proper punishment meted out to offenders who might otherwise have escaped, but we doubt not they also embody many a case of innocence crucified at the drumhead. We cannot blame the military authorities for what was and always must be a necessity in war, but now, that peace has waved her olive sceptre over us, we should bow to her commands, and walk once more in her paths.

Military men have done their duty and should be rewarded. We must not forget that the future may need them again, and they should be cherished and honored, as well for the past as for the future. If the war horse is too stiff and awkward to curvet again on the road of pleasure, he should have the most fertile corner in the republican pasture to rest in. If the ex-cavalry colonel can deliver an oration that will instruct and please his auditory, he cannot be heard with less respect because he has flung himself at the head of his squadrons into the jaws of death to save the Republic; but let us not declare that his commonplaces are the pearls of eloquence, and receive his crude ideas on politics or literature as the utterances of an oracle.

It is better to have a civilian for governor at Sacramento with a body-guard of clerks, a red tape uniform and a sceptre of sealing wax; it is less dangerous to our liberties to be indicted in civil courts, and it is more in consonance with the spirit of Christianity to listen to religion as it is declared from the lips of pious old-fashioned divines, than to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee to military authority, as it rides by, surrounded by all the glory of a well-appointed staff, to be summoned by a natty orderly before a court blazing in all the majesty of epaulettes and side arms, and to hear of the doctrines of peace from men whose hands grasps more affectionately the sabre than the Concordance.

All the prisoners confined at Alcatraz upon charges of treasonable utterances or practices, have been released.

ANSELMO AND HIS REVIEWERS

WE have received two communications concerning "Antediluvian's" review of *Anselmo*, in our last issue. The first communication from Mr. Parbort, being brief, we give entire:

To the Editor of the Californian: The malice prepense manifested by "Autediluvian" in his review of *Anselmo*, would, were it not for its coarseness, almost justify me in replying to it. He is evidently spleeny and should be pitied, not opposed.

The effort of "Antediluvian" reminds me of a story related by Felix Platerns. A countryman falling into a pit, where were frogs and frog-spawn, and a little of the water being swallowed, began to suspect he had likewise swallowed frog spawn, and with that conceit, his phantasy wrought so far that he verily thought he had young live frogs in his belly, *qui vivebant ex alimento suo*, that lived by his nourishment. He studied physic seven years to cure himself, and travelled into Italy, France and Germany to consult the best physicians. But it did not avail him. When his counsel told him it was wind, he replied, "No, it is not wind, but real frogs; *do you not hear them croak?*"

There were no *trout* there. "Antediluvian" is an ancient croaker, who fancies himself a critic.

Please accept a copy of *Anselmo*. I hope your impressions, on reading it, may not be altogether "Antediluvian."

George R. Parbert.

The second communication is from "Postdilnvian," who devotes six pages of manuscript and sixty or seventy lines of selections from *Anselmo*, to a defence of its poetic excellence. Want of space and a decent regard for the pecuniary rights of the poet and publisher compel us to decline what would eventually amount to a cheap republication of the poem, and an infringement on Mr. Parbnrt's copyright. We are willing, however, to give one of "Postdiluvian's" selections. He writes:

"The remainder of the first canto, says "Antedilnvian," is devoted to wildly apostrophizing Woman, the Atlantic ocean, Cuba, etc. What nobler themes could be selected? And in what poem are those themes more elegantly and poetically apostrophized? For example—To the Ocean, Stanza 62:

Thou art no emblem of eternity;
Law mocks thee with a—"thus far shalt thou go!"
Thou art no image of the Deity:
Unstable,! Uncreative! *Apropos*
Of Godhead—thou hast taint of lunacy?
What dost thou when thy proudest currents flow?
Like a sick swain, whose love retires too soon,
Thou moanest night-long to the wanton moon.

If the question "In what poem are these themes more elegantly and poetically apostrophized" be addressed to us, we prefer to evade it. Human criticism is apt to be fallible, and if Ante and Postdiluvial research fail to yield a proper exposition of Mr. Parburt's poem, our humble efforts would be futile.

We were obliged to cut out much of "Antedilnvian's" article from the multiplicity of quotation. The same inexorable law compels us now to omit the greater portion of "Postdiluvian's" remarks, which, we will do him the justice to say, are highly laudatory of the poem. A question of fact arises, however, in regard to the omniverous propensities of trout. "Postdiluvian" gives the line thus:

"On oysters, garlic, turkies, trout, could dine."

But on referring to the poem courteously furnished to us by the author, we find the line as follows:

"On oysters, garlic, turkies, trout could dine,"

which, while it by no means proves Mr. Parburt's *intention* to imply the extraordinary voracity of trout, at least relieves "Antedilnvian" from the charge of deliberately misquoting. In conclusion "Postdilnvian" says:

"As an American, and especially as a Californian, I am proud of *Anselmo*. It is a poem of more than ordinary excellence. In the language of the *Sunday Mercury*, "the versification is easy and harmonious, and the narrative well sustained." And the *Flag* truly remarks: "The poem is gracefully written, and possesses adequate interest to enchain the reader's attention to the end." It is not, as "Antedilnvian" says, "a sorry imitation of *Don Juan*. It is not in any manner a satire on decency, or religion, as was that "celebrated composition." It has a nobler aim, a more refined and enduring originality and excellence—the sacredness of youthful love, and its fruition in holy matrimony. At some future time, I may desire to present to your readers my views of the theology of Anselmo. The story of Don Carlos seems to have a graver meaning than appears on its surface. And it may not be too severe to the author to say, that the pleasant story of Anselmo and Isabel is used merely to beguile the attention, while cherished theological and political sentiments are being instilled into the mind. I am not quite sure that

'Anselmo hath no mysteries to unravel.'

Postdiluvian."

We beseech "Postdiluvian," by our kindred blood "as an American, and especially as a Californian," to smother any unhallowed desire that he may hereafter feel to present to our readers his "views of the theology of *Anselmo*. We have a vague impression that a theological review of Mr. Parburt's poem would be more than we could stand, or than could be reasonably asked of any journal. At any other time we might question the critical ability of the *Sunday Mercury*, which, we believe, objects to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*—taken from the popular English pantomime, and not from Byron's poem—and yet endorses *Anselmo*. Under any other circum-

stanaces we might object to the poetical criticism of the *Flag*, which can seriously praise a poem as "being remarkable for the sublimity of its conceptioas aad fearful in its imprecations." But we have no wish to pursue this subject further than to add to the concluding line of "Postdiluvian's" extract—

"Anselmo hath no mysterics to unravel,

the consecutive line of the dedication, which "Postdeduluvian" has oiaitted:

So having made his *debut*—let him travel."

(For the Californian.)

ON THE DECAY OF PROFESSIONAL BEGGING.

AS the aew Benevolent Association has had the effect of withdrawing beggars from the strects, and as Professional Mendicancy bids fair to be presently ranked with the Lost Arts, to preserve some records of this noble branch of industry I have endeavored to recall certain traits and peculiarities of individual members of the order whom I have known, and whose forms I now miss from their accustomed haunts. In so doing, I confess to feeling a certain regret at this decay of Professional Begging, for I hold the theory that mankiad are bettered by the occasioaal spectacle of misery, whether simulated or not, on the same principle that our sympathies are enlarged by the fictitious woes of the Draaia, though we know that the actors are insincere. Perhaps I am iadiscreet in saying that I have rewarded the artfully dressed and well acted performaace of the begging imposter through the same impulse that impelled me to expend a dollar in witnessing the counterfeited sorrows of poor "Triplet" as represented by Charles Wheatleigh. I did not quarrel with the deceit iu either case. My coin was given in recognition of the sentiment; the moral responsibility rested with the performer.

The principal figure that I now mourn over as lost forever is one that may have been familiar to many of my readers. It was that of a dark-complexioned, black-eyed, foreign-looking womaa, who supported in her arms a sickly baby. As a pathological phenomena the baby was especially interesting, having presented the Hippocratic face and other symptoms of immediate dissolutioa, without change for the past three years. The woman never verbally solicited arms. Her appearance was always mute, mysterious and sudden. She made no other appeal than that which the dramatic tableau of herself aad baby suggested, with an outstretched hand and deprecating eye sometimes superadded. She usually stood in my doorway, silent aad patient, intimating her presence, if my attention were preoccupied, by a slight cough from her baby, whom I shall always believe had its part to play in this little antomime, and generally obeyed a secret signal from the maternal hand. It was useless for me to refuse alms, to plead business or affect inattention. She never moved; her position was always taken with an appearaace of latent capabilities of eadurance and experience in waiting which never failed to impress me with awe and the futility of any hope of escape. There was also something in the reproachful expression of her eye, which plainly said to me, as I bent over my paper, "Go oa with your mock sentimentalities aad simulated pathos; portray the imagiuary sufferings of your bodiless creations, spread your thin web of philosophy, but look you, sir, here is real misery! Here is genuine suffering!" I confess that this artful suggestion usually brought me dowa. Ia three minutes after she had thus invested the citadel, I usually surrendered at discretion without a gun having beea fired on either side. She received my offering aad retired as mutely and mysteriously as she had appeared. Perhaps it was well for me that she did not know her strength. I might have bcea forced, had this terrible woman been coascious of her real power, to have borrowed moaey which I could not pay, or have forged a check to purchase immunity from her awful presence. I hardly kaow if I make myself understood, and yet I am unable to define my meaning more clearly when I say that there was somethiag in her glance which suggested to the person appealed to, when in the presence of others, a certain idea of some individual responsibility for her sufferiags, which, while it never failed to affect him with a mingled sense of ludicrousness and terror, always made an impression of unqualified gravity on the minds of the bystanders. As she has disappeared within the last month, I imagine that she has fonnd a home at the San Francisco Benevolent Association—at least, I cannot conceive of any charity, however guarded by wholesome checks or sharp-eyed almoners, that could resist that mute apparition. I should like to go there and inquire about her and also learn if the baby was convalesceat or dead, but I am satisfied that she would rise up with a mutc and reproachful appeal, so personal in its artful suggestions, that it would end in the Association instantly transferring her to my hands.

My next familiar mendicant was a vendor of priuted ballads. These effusions were so stale, atrocious, and unsaleable in their character, that it was easy to detect that hypocrisy, which—in imitation of more ambitious beggary—veiled the real cleemosynary appeal, under the thin pretext of offering an equivalent. This beggar—an aged female in a rusty bonnet—I unconsciously precipitated upon myself in an evil moment. Oa our first meetiag, while distractedly turniag over the ballads, I came upon a certain production entitled, I think, "The Fire Zouave," and was struck with the truly patriotic and American manner in which "Zouave" was made to rhyme in different stanzas with "grave, brave, save aad glaive." As I purchased it at once, with a gratified expressioa of countenance, it soon became evideat that the act was misconstrued by my poor friend, who, from that moment never ceased to haunt me. Perhaps, in the whole course of her precarious existence, she had never before sold a ballad. My solitary purchase evidently made me, in her eyes, a customer, and in a measure exalted her vocation; so, thereafter, she regularly used to look in at my door, with a chirping confident air, and the question, "Any more songs to-day?" as though it were some necessary article of daily consumption. I never took aay more of her songs, although that circumstance did not shake her faith in my literary taste; my abstiaence from this exciting mental pabulum being probably ascribed to charitable motives. She was finally absorbed by the S. F. B. A., who have probably made a proper disposition of her effects. She was a little old woman, of Celtic origin, predisposed to melancholy, and looking as if she had read most of her ballads.

My next reminiscence takes the shape of a very seedy iadividual, who had, for three or four years, been vainly attemptiag to get back to his relatives in Illinois, where sympathizing friends and a comfortable alms-house awaited him. Only a few dollars, he informed me—the uncontributed remainder of the amount necessary to purchase a steerage ticket—stood in his way. These last few dollars seem to have been most difficult to get—and he had waadered about, a sort of antithetical Flying Dutchman, forever putting to sea, yet never getting away from shore. He was a "'49-er," aad had recently beea blown up in a tunnel, or had fallen down a shaft, I forget which. This sad accidcat obliged him to use large quantities of whisky as a liniment, which, he informed me, occasioned the mild fragrance which his garments exhaled. Though belonging to the same class, he was not to be confounded with the unfortunate miner who could not get back to his claim without pecuniary assistance, or the desolate Italiaa, who, hopelessly handed you a document in a foreign language, very much bethumbed and illegible—which, in your ignorance of the tongue, you couldn't help suspiciously feeling might have been a price current—but which you could see was proffered as an excuse for alms. Indeed, whenever aay stranger handed me, without speaking, any open documeat, which bore the marks of having been carried in the greasy liaiag of a hat, I always felt safe in giving him a quarter aad dismissing him without further questioaing. I always noticed that these circular letters, when written in the veraacular, were remarkable for their beautiful caligraphy aad grammatical inaccuracy, and that they all seem to have been written by the same haud. Perhaps indigence exercises a peculiar aad equal effect upon the handwriting.

I recall a few occasional mendicants whose faces were less familiar. One afteraoon a most extraordiaary Irishman, with a black eye, a bruised hat and other traces of past eajoyment, waited upon me with a pitiful story of destitution aad waat, aad coacluded by requesting the usual trifle. I replied, with some severity, that if I gave him a dime he would probably spend it in driak. "Be Gorra! but you're roight—I wad that!" he answered promptly. I was so much taken aback by this unexpected exhibitioa of frankness that I instantly haaded over the dime. It seems that Truth had survived the wreck of his other virtues; he did get drunk, aad impelled by a like conscientious sense of duty, exhibited himself to me in that state, a few hours after, to show that my bounty had not been misapplied.

In spite of the peculiar character of these reminiscences, I cannot help feeliag a certain regret at the decay of Professional Meadicancy. Perhaps it may be owing to a lingering trace of that youthful superstition which saw in all beggars a possible prince or fairy, and invested their calling with a mysterious awe. Perhaps it may be from a belief that there is something in the old-fashioned alms-givings and actual contact with misery, that is whlesome for both donor aad recipieat, and that any system which interposes a third party between them is only putting on a thick glove, which, while it preserves us from contagion, absorbs and deadens the kindly pressure of our hand. It is a very pleasant thing to purchase relief from aanoyance and the trouble of having to weigh the claims of an afflicted neighbor. As I turn over these printed tickets, which the courtesy of San Francisco Benevolent Association has—by a slight stretch of the imagination in supposing that any sane unfortunate might rashly seek relief from a newspaper office, conveyed to these editorial hands—I canaot help wonderiag, whether, when in our last extremity we come to draw upon the Immeasurable Bounty, it will be necessary to present a ticket.

BRET.

HOWARD ENGINE COMPANY No. 3, held their fifteenth anniversary on Thursday, with an excursion and the usual festivities. Their house on California street, was most brilliantly adorned for the occasion, bearing seventy flags, five of which were large National colors.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MAGUIRE'S Opera House was crowded on Monday, when Mrs. H. A. Perry took her farewell beaefit. On Tuesday the comedy of *Our American Cousin* was performed to a moderately full house. Mr. Dan Setchell's performance of "Asa Trenchard" displayed about as thorough a misconception of the character as it is possible to imagine. The gags with which he interlarded the text were no improvement. Instead of a sharp, brisk, knowing Yankee, Mr. Setchell's "Asa Trenchard" was a silly one, who could never have gaincd the love of "Mary Meredith." Where the part called for an exhibition of manly feeling, Mr. Setchell would too often distort his couatenance with his woated low comedy expression. Charles Thorne's "Lord Duadreary" was not good; he misplaced his *h's* oa several occasions, a thiag an English noblemaa, however great a fool, would certainly never be guilty of; he failed to speak ia the drawling tone characteristic of the swell, uttering his sentences with too much rapidity. His reading of the letter from "Bwother Sam" was, however, very good. Mr. Beneux's double of Lord Dundreary was, taking everything iato consideratioa, the most creditable thing in the piece. As a whole, it was played indifferently. Oa Wednesday, Mr. Frank Mayo had a really magaificent benefit. On Thursday night, Mr. Dan Setchell, as "Major Wellingtoa De Boots" in the comedy of *Everybody's Friend*, kept the audience in a contiaual roar of laughter during the whole of the time he was on the stage. Mr. Setchell undoubtedly possesses the power of making people laugh to a wonderful extent, and is undeniably good in his peculiar line of business; this being the case, it is unfortunate that he should not confiae himself to low-comedy characters, instead of injuring his reputatiou by the assumption of characters for which he is unfitted both by nature aad the course of study which he has pursued. I do aot suppose Mr. Setchell would consider himself insulted were he told that he could aot play "Hamlet" successfully, and I think that he can play "Asa Trenchard" but little better thaa he could fill the part of the melancholy Dane. This afternoon a "Graad Mnmmy Matinée" is advertised. The evening performance will consist of three farces, *Poor Pilicody*, *Buried Alive*, and 1000 *Milliners Wanted*. On Monday evening Mr. Setchell will open in a new and extravagaatly laughable comic drama called *Artemus Ward, Showman*, which was written for him by the "joiat authors of "Shamus O'Brien" aad "Uader the Palm"—a stroag recommendation in itself. This "Artemus Ward" is *not* Chas. F. Browae, but is the funny, good-aatured, leather-headed old wax-work showman located by that ingenious author. It closes with a fearfully ludicrous *denouement*.

At the Eureka Theatre, Mr. Wheatleigh has been giving a series of capital plays. Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, as Miss * * * * * ia the comedy of *Nature and Art*, displayed wonderful talent; Mrs. Phelps has made rapid advances in public favor during her engagement at this house, and is immensely popular. Last night the *Octoroon* was produced, with new scenery aad appointments. Mr. Wheatleigh is determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all the Summer to thoroughly captivate the public, and his line is so thoroughly artistic and good that he deserves to succeed in makiag the Eureka a popular theatre. There are surely enough persons of refined and cultivated taste in theatrical matters to fill it every evening. The *Octoroon* will be played this afternoon aad eveniag.

The steamer which leaves to-day bears to the East a constellation of draamatic stars. Mr. Mayo has, step by step, won his way to the proud place he now occupies in the estimatioa of the public of Califoraia; he possesses great talent aad indomitable perseverance: with him there is iadeed no such word as fail. California will be proud to welcome back her favorite actor when he returas to her shore. Mrs. H. A. Perry, the most piquant, charmiag actress the California stage possesses, also leaves to-day, causiag a void which, at preseat, seems difficult to fill. Wherever she goes, Mrs. Perry must prove a favorite. Mr. Hill, who has made a progress in his profession during the past year which is absolutely startliag, and who had established himself firmly in the good graces of the public, embarks to revisit the Atlantic States. Mr. Hill is a clever and careful actor, a perfectly gentlemanly, good-hearted fellow, and every oae who knows him wishes him success wherever he may go. Of conrse Mrs. Hill—known on the stage as Miss Kate Martin—accompanies her lord and master. In soubrette characters this lady displays a freshness and vivacity extremely pleasing, and she had become quite a favorite at the time she ended her engagement at the Opera House. Charlie Howard, the sub-treasurer of Maguire's Opera House, also leaves on this steamer, and Miss Fauny Howard, long a member of Magnire's company, travels Eastward likewise. Success attend them all.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE Italian society held their first picnic on Sunday last, at Oakland. A regatta by Italian fishing-boats, a banquet and fire-works in the evening, were the principal features of the programme. The excursion to Newport on the same day, was attended by about seven hundred persons.

A VILLAGE OF HOURIS.

A TRAVELLER in India gives the following interesting account of a remarkable community of women visited by him: "During the time we remained at Goa, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Seroda, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western parts of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priests, belonging to the pagodas—of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers.

I was not able to learn how the male children are are disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temple and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome—are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of this village of Houris. Their origin is shrouded in mystery; but tradation says they are sprung from an ancient sisterhood of Portuguese nuns. A strange origin enough, if the tale be true. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—and have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die.

"On landing near the village we pitched our tent on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited on by deputation of smiling nymphs, who in the most graceful manner expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a "nautch;" and after throwing a garland of flowers round each of our necks, they returned to the village.

"I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep-blue melting eyes, filled with long silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

> 'The Asiatic eye,
> Dark as above us is the sky;
> But through it steals a tender light.
> Like the first moonrise of midnight;
> Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
> Which seems to melt in its own beam;
> All love, half languor, and half fire.'

"Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded, than those of Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembled the drapery of a Greek statue. Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreathes of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor. For, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behavior.

"In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head-matron.

"The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron and palm trees, through which the soft sea-breeze comes laden with perfume; a beautiful salt-water lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it; and in the back-ground the deep-blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world.

"We were received with great ceremony by the matron, and all the beauties of the village, in a large open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room to witness the performance of some 'naucht-girls' belonging to the temple; and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, baugles, etc., among the fairest of our entertainers, and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Biaca."

The following is given as the "Sluggard's Diary for the Week:" *Sunday*—Day of rest; of course nothing can be done. *Monday*—Being early in the week, don't be too precipitate in beginning anything. *Tuesday*—Determine not to let the week go by without achieving something brilliant. *Wednesday*—Resolve on vigorous measures for the morrow. *Thursday*—Mature yesterday's deliberations. *Friday*—Rather too late in the week to do anything. *Saturday*—Give yourself up to society, and consult friends (who know best) what is to be done next week.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

I WAS a fisherman's only child:
The night is dark and the winds are wild,
And the clouds are black in the skies:
The fisher-lads they called me fair,
They praised my lips and my long dark hair,
And they praised my great black eyes.

I married the man who kept the light:
The rain falls fast and wild is the night,
And the blast goes wailing by:
I married the man, for I thought it grand
To live a mile or more from the land,
In the lighthouse narrow and high.

The keeper was wrinkled and bent and old:
The night is wild, and the winds blow cold;
But what was his age to me,
For I longed to live in the lighthouse where
It frowns on the huge rocks black and bare
Away out into the sea.

So I married the keeper wrinkled and old
One cloudy day when the winds blew cold,
One cloudy, windy day;
Though I loved a lad whose ship had set sail,
To follow the track of the stalwart whale,
From old Nantucket Bay.

And I went to live in the lighthouse, where
It frowns on the huge rocks black and bare
Away out in the sea;
And I helped the keeper to mind the light,
And to keep the lamps all trimm'd and bright,
As bright as they could be.

Slowly and weary the days went by:
The clouds are black in the wild night sky,
And fiercely flies the gale:
And I thought all day of Willie Adair,
The lad I loved with the light brown hair,
Who had gone to chase the whale.

Of Willie Adair with the bright blue eyes:
Fiercely, the raging tempest flies,
And the clouds are black in the sky:
I thought of him, for I loved him well;
How I hated the other none may tell:
O, the days went slowly by!

One night I was left to mind the light:
O, but it was a terrible night!
And the keeper was far away:
The winds and the waves they had crazed my brain,
They had driven me mad who once was sane,
They had driven me mad, I say.

The clouds they were black in the midnight sky,
And the maddened waves rose mountains high
All round about the place:
I stole up the stairs and put out the light,
I put out the light on that terrible night;
May the great God grant me grace!

I waited and listened and waited there
Till I heard shrill cries on the wild night air.
And the boom of the signal gun,
Till I heard at last the harsh, loud shocks
As the good ship struck on the cruel rocks;
Then I knew my work was done!

Next morning the sun shone clear and bright
After the wrath of that terrible night,
As I looked out on the sea;
And there on the huge rocks black and bare
I saw the corpse of Willie Adair,
And his eyes seemed fixed on me.

[*New York Review.*

Hair Dressing.—A great Parisian hairdresser of the sublime school says that last Winter he often commenced work at 1 P. M., so that the lady must remain some ten hours in full toilet, with her hair pinned, bound, stretched, flowered, jewelled—painfully uncomfortable. A correspondent remarks:

"It is only as a great favor that these famed hair-artists can be had at all; ladies during the season are obliged to implore them to attend. Well, he declares that you may wear your hair in any fantastic fashion; some ladies at court have adopted the classical Grecian style; the hair dragged off the face, and a bunch of clustering ringlets at the back of the head. Others have favored a series of small curls all over the forehead, and little impertinent twisting locks round the ears—baby curls, just beginning life—whilst the mass of hair is gathered up on the top of the head, and there studded with flowers, or butterflies, or even gaudy insects. 'And what,' I asked of this proud despot and disposer of the human hair, 'what has become of the hair in nets which made but yesterday such a sensation on the male youth?" The indignation of the French *artiste* about these bosses was something painfully serious. 'It was an ugly English fashion from the first, now quite abandoned.'

TALK.

IN England, this variety of talker is mostly a male; but Paris abounds with female specimens. Of one, who has been photographed in print, Madame De S., the photographer says that the inside of her head is as muddled as the outside is smooth.

"A woman in gracefulness, a man in acquired information, a Parisienne in heedlessness and confusion of ideas, giddy and serious, frivolous and grave, clever and absurd, restless, capricious. this person is a perfect summary of the chaos and convulsive starts of the French political, social and literary world. She has long fits of silence; she listens. All at once she explodes like a bombshell. Her conversation is then a soliloquy. Follow the thread of her discourse, if you can; for her ideas are muffled and shaken in her head, like the cards in a pack, or the numbers in a loto bag.

"'Ah, here you are!' she says. 'You are come to-night. Much obliged; but I don't want you. You may go home again. Your last article was good for nothing. No, no; remain where you are. What a piece of business, the Pope's Encyclical! Monstrous! I have not read it; but our philosopher says that it is more improbable than 'Jack and the Bean Stalk.' German affairs are very entangled. Impossible to get a box at the Gymnase for another fortnight. They might as well have allowed the bishops to have their say. How do you like my dress? It was immensely admired yesterday at the Admiralty. At the Hotel Lambert it is thought that the Poles may make a struggle in the Spring. Mon Dieu! how badly your cravat is tied! You are aware that the Comte loses three hundred thousand francs by the stock-broker who ran away last Thursday. The Duchess believes Spain is ripe for revolution. That poor fellow's death gave me a good fit of crying. He was an immense ass, nevertheless. Once upon a time, he wanted to marry me; I laughed so heartily that he left the house without his hat. He came to inquire for it, a twelvemonth afterwards. I had given it to my coachman. Do you travel this Summer? I do not; have had enough of it. Baden-Baden is always the same. When shall we travel in balloons? Is Nadar really a man of genius? Here is my carte de visite which he took. How I am aged! Will you let me speak? I cannot get a word in. Politics are wearisome; everything is wearisome. I have half a mind to go into a convent. Do not suppose I am speaking seriously. I have been to five balls this week. The foreign minister's was a complete success. It seems the King of Portugal is very popular. I am glad to hear it, but it's all one to me. Will you take any tea? After all it is not so easy to remain a widow as you fancy. I am very much courted. You don't believe it? Word of honor! It is hard to choose. I should have no objection to the baron. He is rich, and only forty. But he makes too much noise when he blows his nose; which is curious, as he is not fond of music. Do you know why Edson left his wife? It is incomprehensible. They married only a couple of years ago, and adored each other. However, people cannot be always adoring. What a lovely country Italy is! Perhaps rather too many brigands. You have never been assassinated? The sensation must be far from pleasant. You are as silent as a parrot in the sulks. Ah, Poetry! daughter of heaven, exiled on earth, without coat, coals or candles. I should like to found a caravanserai for all those travellers in the land of dreams. Poets should be lodged and boarded in it, with the monthly supply of a golden lyre and a pair of boots. Confess, now, that you consider me a wonder, and say, 'Here's a perfectly senseless woman!' No such thing; only I don't like to talk of the same thing three minutes together. What makes revolutions? Ennui. Lamartine says so. Come and dine on Tuesday; and try and be a little brighter than you are to-night. And now I have a secret to tell you. It is half-past ten o'clock. Good-by. If you see Madame Desfontaines, don't ask how her husband is. She takes no interest in his health, considering that he died a twelvemonth ago. Good night. Stop. I have one thing more to say. Prices have risen enormously; and it is a great misfortune to be plagued with servants."

All who have been in the army are aware that at one time it was necessary to submit their letters to the Provost-Marshal for examination and approval before they could be mailed. This was the case when the troops were stationed near Winchester. Sam—then Acting Commissary—by virtue of his office and the good friendship of the Marshal, used to get his letters of affection passed through without the required endorsement. But one day he was busy, and sent a batch off, including one to Miss ——, who is soon to be Mrs. Sam ——, by a servant. All right so far, but imagine the feelings of the lady when the loving missive came to hand duly endorsed, "Examined and Approved, —— ——, Captain and Provost-Marshal." And fancy Sam's "phelinks" when informed of the fact. It is said there was a small "circus" for a time in his immediate vicinity and that his expressions were rather forcible than eloquent.

A man of genius can no more divest himself of freedom of opinion than of the features of his face.

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order.

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap8-tjy8-inc

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,

No. 51 THIRD STREET,

Near the corner of Mission. - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,

SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,

And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.

mh25 3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

Having removed from 617 Clay street

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. ju18

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. je10-1m

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REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

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MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
jn25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.

mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL TYPE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
an27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Angustnre Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root. Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Picurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood*, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG. M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York,
Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

(For the Californian.)

A HOME OF TASTE.

WHAT is it—and why are there not more of them? A home of taste is a tasteful home, wherein everything is a reflection of refined thoughts and chaste desires. It is a school of the heart. In which human sympathies teach profounder lessons than are found in books, and the ornaments of the walls and the windows suggest a thousand modes of being cheaply happy. In such a home, beauty presides over the education of the sentiments, and while the intellect is ripened by the many means which exist for the acquisition of knowledge, the moral nature is refined by those silent appeals of nature and art which are the foundations of taste. No matter in what form the cultivation of taste may manifest itself, in printings and sculptures, in the analysis of scenery, in the grouping of flowers, in the embellishment of the window or the mantel, in the cultivation of criticism and the appreciation of the true and beautiful in art generally, refinement of manners, kindliness of feelings and a deeper devotion of religion will be its sure attendants. But the home of taste is not necessarily the result of lavish expenditure—the most humble may command it. If the poor man cannot have his picture gallery, he can still gratify his love of art by embellishing his walls with copies of the works of great masters brought within his reach by the multiplying skill of the copyist and the engraver. If he cannot have a library pannelled with palm branches and containing a collection of *Aldines* on vellum, and *Caxtons* worth thousands of dollars, he can still command elegant editions of the greatest historians, philosophers and poets to whom God gave the gift of expression. In a home of taste it does not require a fortune to set up a vase of flowers, or an aquarium, or a stand of bees, that shall sing to their master all day long and entrap every spare moment of leisure he may be able to afford to shepherd them.

He who lays out his garden in accordance with correct principles of taste, may find in it as much amusement and as genuine solace from the cares of life as if it were a domain of thousands of acres—perhaps more so, for it is his own work and it represents his own ideas; it is a part of himself, and hence redolent of heart-ease. The pleasures of the garden, the tending and taming of household pets, the culture of choice plants in the greenhouse and the window, seem to be much more remunerative both intellectually and morally than even the study of the higher departments of art, because they keep us nearer to nature and compel us to be students of the great outdoor world whence our noblest inspirations and most harmonizing teachings are drawn.

It would be an anomaly to find a student of nature addicted to the vices that cast so many dark shadows on our social life. The man of taste will impress on everything about him an air of usefulness or elegance, and will make the best of the roughest materials that fate may cast in his way. Why should the eye be compelled to gaze on ugly lines and awkward angles, false proportions and abominations intended as ornaments when symmetry is at all times cheap, and accuracy of form the most useful and convenient. Whatever we look upon reflects our own mood, we see ourselves perpetually, as if all nature and art were but the repetition of a mirror—

> "Our sleeping visions, waking dreams,
> Receive their shape and tone from what
> Surrounds our life."

In the home of taste there are pictures and vases, and stands of living flowers that fill the mind with a sense of the exhaustlessness of form and color; there are household pets that daily teach us we may rule by love and not by fear, there are gatherings of all kinds from the world of art and the world of nature that demands attention and call for the exercise of skill, every one of which represents an idea and sets us thinking. Who then would not have a home of taste. If you have it already, prize it, and continually strive to make it more and more perfect. If not, "reform your pleasure bills" and see how you can scratch a little money from pursuits that are unprofitable, to bestow in the embellishment, perhaps in the creation of a little territorial paradise.

> How sweet to muse upon the skill display'd
> (Infinite skill!) in all that He has made;
> To trace in nature's most minute design
> The signature and stamp of power Divine.

Professor Stewart beautifully observes, in his Philosophical Essays, "when a man has succeeded, at length, in cultivating his imagination, things the most familiar and unnoticed disclose charms invisible to him before. The same objects and events which were lately beheld with indifference, occupy now all the powers and capacities of the soul, the contrast between the present and the past serving only to enhance and to endear so unlooked for an acquisition."

What Gray has finely said of the pleasures of vicissitudes, conveys but a faint image of what is experienced by the man who, after having lost his earliest and most precious years, is thus introduced at last to a new heaven and a new earth.

> "The meanest floweret of the vale,
> The simplest note that swells the gale,
> The common sun, the air, the skies,
> To him are opening Paradise."

IRIS.

NEW BOOKS.

WE have received from A. Roman & Co. the following new books, notices of which were crowded from our columns last week:

Silent Struggles. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of *The Rejected Wife; Fashion and Famine*, etc., etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Mrs. Stephens seems to have given up her sentimental style, and, in her present novel, has produced something very creditable. The story, which is founded in the days of our Puritan forefathers, relates the history of an innocent young girl who, being in love, and jealous withal, believes herself the subject of witchcraft. The theme is very cleverly managed, and is one in which Hawthorne would have delighted, although the denouement is less gloomy than Hawthorne would have made it.

Three Years in the Army of the Potomac. By Henry N. Blake, late Captain in the Eleventh Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The author of this volume contends that the works hitherto published by chaplains, army correspondents and other non-combatants generally, relate only to what was seen by others, and afford but hearsay evidence. Although he does not go beyond his own personal sphere of observation, and adheres to facts, "staking his reputation for veracity upon the truth of the statements of this work, however improbable they may appear to the reader," we are inclined to give the preference, in regard to interest and literary style, to the much-abused non-combatants, who certainly produce more readable works than Captain Blake.

The Jest Book; the Choicest Anecdotes and Sayings. Selected and arranged by Mark Lemon. pp. 389.

A Book of Golden Deeds of all Times and all Lands. Gathered and narrated by the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. pp. 466.

Both of these handsome little volumes are from the publication house of Sever & Francis, Cambridge, and the typography of the University press of Welch, Bigelow & Co. They belong to the *Golden Treasury* series, and are neat and beautiful as any of the golden issues of Uncle Sam's treasury. The *Jest Book* is a capital collection of famous jokes, none the less applicable for being old—a fact that has been demonstrated by the eagerness with which they have been republished and appropriated since the appearance of this volume. The jokes are briefly told, and the editor has managed to get a good many within the limits of his book, the last being numbered 1711. *Golden Deeds*, by the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, contains fifty narratives and sketches, illustrating heroic incidents and acts of noble and self-sacrificing devotion, gathered from ancient and modern history. They begin with the stories of Alcestis and Antigone, and end with an incident as late as 1864. It is to be regretted that the authoress, being an English woman, felt called upon to assume the neutrality of her nation, and consequently was prevented from adding to her volume some of the "golden deeds" which the incidents of the American struggle has presented.

Mary Brandagee. By Cuyler Pine. New York: Carleton & Co.

The authoress of *Mary Brandagee* is said to be a Miss Peck, who sometime ago achieved a certain celebrity by claiming to be the authoress of "Nothing to Wear," which poem she alleged to have dropped, in manuscript, on board of a Brooklyn ferry boat. *Mary Brandagee* is a dashing novel, and the heroine, Mary Brandagee, whose cognomen has a slight Celtic flavor, is a dashing girl. She makes very little of drugging a rival, telling a fib and committing larceny, besides falling in love successively with three different men, in the course of her interesting career. It is but justice to Miss Mary to say that most of these faults were committed through a spirit of self-sacrifice, to screen others. As may be readily imagined, the book is highly interesting. We would remark that the inevitable young Southerner—usually a Virginian—with dark eyes and haughty aspect, without which most Northern feminine novels are incomplete, appears in all his glory. There is a good deal of the high-pressure passion in the volume, and the various characters indulge in love of the white-heat order. There is "the charnel-house of the breast," which may be an improvement on the "skeleton in the house," and of course the "pale face" and the "marble brow" are not forgotten. The curtain falls on "happiness crushed forever," and a "blast of passion" sweeping over all things.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier, with illustrations. New York: W. J. Widdleton, Publisher.

An American reprint of an English book, being a collection of funny ballads, of which "The Bitter Bit," a parody on Tennyson's "May Queen," and "The Broken Pitcher," are two noteworthy and familiar specimens. We have given the latter in another column. Some of these ballads originally appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*, and have been since republished.

My Married Life at Hillside. By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1865.

Barry Gray has been long known to the readers of the New York *Home Journal*, as the contributor of a series of sketches to that paper, now first collected and published under the above title. The style, though chatty and vivacious, and perhaps not unworthy the ephemeral pages of a weekly paper, is hardly good enough to be preserved in separate volume, particularly while the memory of the *Sparrowgrass Papers* is fresh in the minds of readers. The book bears the imprint of the Riverside press, and is very finely made up. The illustrations are really admirable, being executed from McNevin's designs, by the new graphotype process, first applied in this volume to book-work.

We have received from H. H. Bancroft & Co.:

A Treatise on the Assaying of Lead, Copper, Silver, Gold and Mercury," translated from the German of Bodeman and Kero. New York: Wiley & Son.

This work, a modest duodecimo in size, and of course much less expensive than Mitchell and other large works on assaying, seems to be admirably adapted to the wants of this coast. While presenting all the old and familiar methods of analyzing ores by roasting, scorifying, cupellation, etc., it gives in a condensed and easily accessible form the newest methods of assaying by the humid process. We could wish that the translator, instead of retaining the unfamiliar and quite *un*uniform German assay-weights, such as marks, loth, quentchen, etc., had given us their equivalents in French grammes or even in English grains. Further time may enable us to give a more careful perusal and a more extended notice of this work, but a brief examination leads us to judge that it furnishes in a compact and convenient form just the information which so many interested in our mining enterprises will be glad to obtain.

HOTELS.—The buildings on Montgomery street adjoining the Occidental are being demolished, with a view to the erection of an addition to the hotel, which will be completed during the coming Fall. This will give 127 feet additional frontage to the Occidental on Montgomery street, and add about one hundred and fifty rooms, giving that hotel nearly double its present capacity. The addition to the Cosmopolitan is nearly ready for its furniture, and presents a fine architectural appearance. Messrs. Hardenbergh & Dyer, the well known and popular landlords of the Russ House, have sold out and relinquished all interest in that establishment.

NEWSPAPER REVIVALS.—There has been a great resurrection of newspapers in this city during the past week. The *Monitor* resumed publication and swallowed up the *Universe*, on Saturday last: the *Daily Examiner*—formerly the *Democratic Press*—on Monday; on the same day the *Morning Spectator*, came out after a week's suspension, as the *Evening Spectator*; and the *News Letter* is announced to appear to-day.

FOURTH OF JULY will be celebrated in this city with unusual display. C. L. Taylor has been chosen Marshal. The procession and fire-works are to excel all past efforts in that line. The fire-works are to be all manufactured in this city by Messrs. Tripp & Robinson—no importations of dampness, smoke or stench, as on some former occasions—and are to be exhibited on the corner of Howard and Sixth streets.

BUYING FOR THE FUTURE.—Over five hundred lots were sold at the sale of the Halcy tract, on Saturday last, averaging $67 25 each. The property lies three miles from the Plaza, and those who bought the lots probably speculate upon the growth of the city in that direction.

THE PRESIDENT of the New York Harmonic Society speaks as follows of William B. Bradbury's New Scale Pianos:

Knowing well your Pianofortes, and the high character they have sustained heretofore, I did not expect to find so great an improvement in the New Scale instruments I tried at your warerooms, a few days since. In touch, beauty of tone, combined with great power, I think they cannot be equalled. Respectfully yours,

E. M. CARRINGTON.
Pres. N. Y. Harmonic Society.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN at home. We have been shown by Messrs. Dewing & Laws a copy of the photograph of the late President Lincoln and his son, represented in the act of reading the Bible, as taken by Brady at Washington, just previous to his death, and being the last he ever sat for, which is evidently the most faithful and life-like photograph of the late President. This photograph was placed in the hands of the engraver in New York, and is in course of completion. It is to be published by subscription. Messrs. Dewing & Laws have received the agency for the Pacific States.

IT will be remembered (by some, at least,) that Dr. BENTON had commenced a series of lectures on the subject of reformed practice in healing diseases, and the better mode of living to secure health; also, giving some amusing practical illustrations of the effect of Animal Magnetism, or psychycological power of one mind over another. The lectures were delivered at Platt's Hall. The news of the assassination of our lamented President prevented further lectures at that time. The Doctor has now secured Dashaway Hall for six or ten evenings; admission reasonable. It is presumed by the friends and investigators of progressive science that there will be good attendance. The admittance is fifty cents for gentlemen; ladies and children, *free*. Dr. Benton's office for consultation or treatment is 109 Montgomery street, Rooms 5, 6, 7 and 8.

☞ THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET*,
arly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
517
CLAY STREET, BET, SANSOME AND MONTGOMERY.
my27

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!

H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,
NO. 522 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fe4-tf

J. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25-tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JUNE, 1865:
JUNE 17th - - - - - - CONSTITUTION
From Folsom-street Wharf, at nine o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.
Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
mh25 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!!

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.

ARE NOW OFFERING

AT

No. 7 Montgomery street,

At Reduced Prices,

300 Calico Dress Patterns, at $1 50 each.
250 Calico Dress Patterns, at $1 75 each.
500 Calico Dress Patterns, at $2 each.
450 Delaine Dress Patterns, at $2 50 each.
5,000 yards Dress Goods, at 37 1-2c per yard.
4,000 yards Dress Goods, at 50 cents per yard.

Just received, a full line of new and desirable Dress Goods for the Season, comprising French Printed Percales, Cambrics, Lawns, Organdies, Linen Chambrays, Scotch Ginghams, etc., etc.

3,000 yards Black Paramatta, at 20 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Black Alpacas, at 37 1-2 cents per yard.

And a large assortment of new and desirable MOURNING GOODS, comprising 4-4 and 6-4 very fine Black Alpacas, English and French Bombazines, Black Byzantines, Tamise and Empress Cloths, Love and Crape Veils, Mouruing Shawls, Crape Collars and sets, at reduced prices.

1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 per yard.
1,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 25 per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Colored Silks, at $1 50 per yard.
3,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at 75 cents per yard.
2,000 yds Plain Black Silks, at $1 per yard.
8,000 yds from $1 25 per yard to $8.

And a large assortment of new Chene Silks, Rep and Moires, which they offer at very low prices.

4,000 pairs Ladies' White Cotton Hose, at 25c per pair.
500 dozen from $5 to $7 per dozen.

Also, a full assortment of English, German and Balbriggan Hose and half Hose, Ladies', Misses and Boys' Merino Vests, etc., at greatly reduced prices.

100 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $1 37 1-2 per dozen.
125 doz Ladies' Handkerchiefs, $2 50 per doz.
250 Linen Sets, Embroidered, at 37 1 2 cents.

Also, a full line of Embroidered Bands, Edgings and Insertings, at reduced prices.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

5 cases 4-4 fine Water Twist Muslin, at 20 cents per yd.
5 cases 4-4 best New York Mills, at 30 cents per yd.
35 cases of all the other standard brands, such as Hope, Lonsdale, White Rock, Androscoggin, Wauhegan, and Wamsutta, which we will offer at prices to suit the times.
8-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 45 cents per yard.
9-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 50 cents per yard.
10-4 (Standard Brands) Sheetings, at 55 cents per yard.
3,000 yds 4-4 Irish Linens, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 4-4 Irish Linens, (very heavy,) at 50 cents per yard.
1,000 yards 8-4 Bleached Table Linen, at $1 per yard.

And a very superior lot of real Barnsley Table Linen, at reduced prices.

2,000 yards Domet's Flannel, at 31 cents per yard.
5,000 yards Shaker Flannel, at 37 1-2 cents per yard.
3,000 yards All Wool Shaker Flannel, at 45 cents per yard.

Also, a large and varied assortment of Towels, Towelling, Table Napkins, Piano Covers, Lace Curtains, Quilts and Blankets, all of which are offered at reduced prices.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST QUALITY OF KID GLOVES.
100 dozen Misses', at $1 25 per pair.
500 dozen Ladies', at $1 50 per pair.
200 doz. Gents', (double stitched,) at $1 50 per pair.

KERBY, BYRNE & CO.,
my13-1m No. 7 Montgomery street.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
JULY 13th!
OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!
SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!
THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship
AMERICA.
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON TUESDAY, - - - - - JUNE 13TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship
GOLDEN RULE,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.
The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.
The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA in August.
For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
my20 Up stairs, San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.
We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
do17-5m NEW YORK.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to
The Floral Repository,
Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.
A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.
MILLER'S 206 *Bush street*,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.
A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
de31-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:
Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.
Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF
Pulmonary Complaint!
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP,
WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD,
LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often
YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,
when all others prove ineffectual.
AS A MEDICINE,
Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is
UNSURPASSED!
while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is
INCOMPARABLE!
and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the
INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggist's and by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf San Francisco

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.
The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.
The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.
No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.
A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.
Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.
Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 2d of August.
The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.
The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.
The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.
The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.
No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.
All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.
All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hanscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

REGENERATING Extract of Millefleurs!

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANSES

—AND—

BEAUTIFIES

THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, $1 per bottle; six for $5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

☞ CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "*Fetridge & Co.*"

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
ja25-tf Agents, San Francisco.

FURNITURE *Closing Out at any Price!*

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 *Washington street,*

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNdersell anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

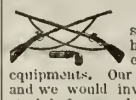
CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS, BEDDING, ETC.,

At Your Own Prices!

ap22 3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style.

WILSON & EVANS,
mh4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 *Market street, near Fourth street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

np22-tf

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 *METROPOLITAN MARKET,*

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.

ap22-tf

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.

ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

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Scalds,
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To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

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As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1865.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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Fine Clothing

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THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!

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New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

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GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

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Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

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Second door above Howard, east side,

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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

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ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

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IMPORTERS OF

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THE BROKEN PITCHER.

A SPANISH BALLAD.

It was a Moorish maiden was sitting by a well,
And what the maiden thought of, I cannot, cannot tell,
When by there rode a valiant knight from the town of Oveido—
Alphonzo Guzman was he hight, the Count of Despuredo.

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! why sittst thou by the spring?
Say, dost thou seek a lover, or any other thing?
Why gazest thou upon me, with eyes so large and wide,
And wherefore doth the pitcher lie broken by thy side?"

"I do not seek a lover, thou Christian knight so gay,
Because an article like that hath never come my way;
And why I gaze upon you, I cannot, cannot tell,
Except that in your iron hose you look uncommon well.

"Ey pitcher it is broken, and this the reason is:
A shepherd came behind me, and tried to snatch a kiss,
I would not stand his nonsense, so ne'er a word I spoke,
But scored him on the costard, and so the jug was broke.

"My uncle, the Alcaydè, he waits far me at home,
And will not take his tumbler until Zorayda come.
I cannot bring him water—the pitcher is in pieces—
And so I'm sure to catch it, 'cos he wallops all his nieces."

"Oh, maiden, Moorish maiden! wilt thou be ruled by me?
So wipe thine eyes and rosy lips, and give me kisses three;
And I'll give thee my helmet, thou kind and courteous lady,
To carry home the water to thy uncle, the Alcaydè."

He lighted down from off his steed—he tied him to a tree—
He bowed him to the maiden, and took his kisses three:
"To wrong thee, sweet Zorayda, I swear would be a sin!"
He knelt him at the fountain, and he dipped his helmet in.

Up rose the Moorish maiden—behind the knight she steals,
And caught Alphonzo Guzman up tightly by the heels;
She tipped him in and held him down beneath the bubbling water,
"Now, take thou that for venturing to kiss Al Hamet's daughter!"

A Christian maid is weeping in the town of Oviedo;
She waits the coming of her love, the Count of Desparedo.
I pray you all in charity, that you will never tell
How he met the Moorish maiden beside the lonely well.

[*Don Gaultier's Book of Ballads.*

CROCODILES AND MONKEYS.—From Henri Mershot's travels in Indo-China we select the following paragraphs: Crocodiles are more numerous in the river at Paknam Vem than that of Chantaboun. I continually saw them throw themselves from the banks into the water; and it has frequently happened that careless fishers, or persons who have imprudently fallen asleep on the shore, have become their prey, or have afterward died of wounds inflicted by them. This latter has happened twice during my stay here. It is amusing, however—for one is interested in observing the habits of animals all over the world—to see the manner in which these creatures catch the apes, which sometimes takes a fancy to play with them. Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns actors and spectators. One of the most active or imprudent jumps from branch to branch, till within a respectable distance off from the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw, at another time pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backward and forward, while any of them who comes within reach of the crocodile toments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes the terrible jaws suddenly close, but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then there are cries of exultation from the tormenters, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterward.

THE HAIR.—Since the advent of abbreviated millinery decorations the hair has been specified as a subject for marked attention. The waterfall, originally a very graceful arrangement, is now rendered particularly ungainly and unbecoming because of its enormous increase in amplitude. The farther the back hair can be made to project from the hair the better, although the *contour* thereby attained is a perfect outrage upon all artistic conceptions of elegance. Likewise the front hair is elevated in a stupendous altitude by means of a cushion over which it is rolled in huge masses, or, more politely speaking, "frizzes." The effect, to the inexperienced beholder, must be fearful It absolutely obliterates at least the semblance of feminine delicacy and retirement from those who lend countenance to this extreme. The newest modes of hairdressing from *la belle Paris* are the waterfall, crimped, and a bow-knot with a fall of hair in the centre, also crimped or waved. Nets, that have held the field so long, are now rendered gorgeous by spangles, tinsel, and beads of amber, jet and ivory, or balls of gold and silver.

LETTER FROM NEVADA.

VIRGINIA, NEVADA, June 14, 1865.

MINING stocks of all kinds have been depreciating lately; but whether this is merely the result of speculation on the part of the stock-jobbers, or whether the ore is giving out, I cannot exactly say. A good many people here, however, are inclined to attribute this disastrous condition to the former theory, and are loud in their denunciations of the "Bulls and Bears" of San Francisco.

But there is another cause which also materially affects the mining-stock market, viz.: the constant litigation of the different companies. Lawsuits, involving the claim to any number of feet of mining ground, are as plentiful here as sage-brush, and, that necessarily, causes considerable fluctuation in the price of the respective stocks. Here is a case in point: Some time ago "Minerva" stock commanded a pretty good price in the market ($250.) That company claimed a considerable portion of the ground possessed by the Bullion company. So plausible did their claim appear, that "Minerva" was on the "rise," and several deluded individuals were induced to invest. But the law, or rather, a judge and jury, seemed to take another view of the case, and when the cause came on for trial, decided in favor of "Bullion." Per consequence, up goes Bullion—down goes Minerva ($25.) Of course the "Minervas" are terribly indignant, and swear that there was foul play; the excitement is great, especially in the neighborhood of Gold Hill, where the rival mines are situated. They went to work, got up an indignation meeting, called by the Lord-knows-who, which was tolerably well attended, but was in every other respect a complete failure. There were no speakers, nothing except a band, and the latter even, was indebted to a generous "Bullion" for its liquor; and so ended, for the time, this mournful tragedy. But I am merely a disinterested spectator, and these various "bulls" "pass by me like the winds, which I respect not."

Speaking of "bulls," reminds me of a nice one which "Castine," the New York correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, seems to have caught by the horns. In his account of the death of Booth, the assassin, he says: "At the autopsy, it was discovered that Booth's leg was fractured, *but not broken.*" Pretty good, that! I would suggest that "Castine's" head be "fractured, but not broken," in order to let in some of Worcester's "Unabridged." Being in the medical line, I would undertake to perform the operation.

You need not suppose, Messss. Editors, that because I mended shoes last year, (just to oblige some friends of mine,) I am not to be relied upon as a surgeon. It requires some skill to cut a side of sole-leather profitably; but to cut human flesh—poh! it is as easy as rolling off a log. Some people still imagine, in this enlightened nineteenth century, that it is necessary for a man to study several years before he should be entrusted with a lancet. Why, look at the advertisements of "natural medicos" in San Francisco. Don't they guarantee a cure of every disease, known or unknown? What need is there to devote years to the study of the healing art, when the public so readily recognize the superior merits of the doctor whose system is "off-hand" and "natural?"

The Virgina *Union* has recently passed into the hands of an association of printers, O. E. Jones being the business manager. The best newspaper business in this vicinity is probably the Gold Hill *News*. There is a law in this State making it incumbent on mining companies to do all their advertising in the paper of the township in which they are situated. Therefore, the *News*, being the only paper in the township, has monopolized this lucrative business, and that paper is in a very flourishing condition—and, moreover, deserves it, for it is an ably-conducted journal.

Virginia presents rather a dull appearance. The business season has not yet commenced, and almost every branch of trade is overstocked. The inhabitants are all praying for a speedy completion of a railroad to this side of the mountains, which will undoubtedly cause a much more rapid development of the vast mineral wealth in this State. There is considerable competition between the two roads as to which will be the first to reach the State line. There would be work enough for both if they were completed; meantime we have to content ourselves with the stages. In regard to the Dutch Flat road I have but one complaint to make, and that is, the entire want of conscience manifested by the people who keep the "hash houses" on the route. They charge you in an inverse ratio to what they give you to eat. My idea of a land-shark was never more fully realized than when I witnessed their shameless impositions; and I would give up my purse with better grace to a highwayman than I would deliver a dollar to any of these fellows for what they so felicitously term a meal.

The difficulty between our city officials and the Fire Department—with the details of which THE CALIFORNIAN'S readers will have been made acquainted ere this letter reaches you—has happily been adjusted. The citizens agree to make up by voluntary contributions the amounts lopped from the salaries of the Chief Engineer and his Assistant by the Board of Trustees. The "boys" bring forth their machines again, at the tap of the bell; all parties are satisfied, and I shall not complain.

In the way of amusements we have nothing to boast of. There are two melodeons here—one at Maguire's, the other at Suthiff's Hall. The former is under Walter Bray's management, and comprises a respectable company. We want Dan Setchell. It would do us good to have our risibles excited a little by his comicality. So as soon as you can conveniently spare him, send him along; and your petitioner will ever pray, etc. ROBIN HOOD.

SQUIBS FROM THE INTERIOR PRESS.

THE following happy comments are from the Auburn *Stars and Stripes:*

EXPLAIN OR FIGHT.—When last in Sacramento, we were delighted to meet the Editor of the *Bee* and enjoy his company for a short time. On our return home we made pleased reference to the meeting. On the following day, we observed this paragraph amongst the productions of that Editor:

"We are the vastest nation of earth, one whose domain stretches from the foaming billows of the Atlantic to the long green swell of the Pacific."

Some of the friends to whom we had mentioned the interview, have construed the above as personal to us, that there was an intention to characterize us as "*the long green swell of the Pacific*," and, by implication, as one of the very extremities of our great and glorious country. If this surmise be correct, our Southern origin will compel us to demand "the satisfaction due to a gentleman."

If the latter is conceded, we will hunt for the gentleman.

THE editor of the Esmeralda *Union* has received the following spicy letter, which he publishes under the head of "Polite Literature." The extract is not a fancy sketch, but is genuine and terribly in earnest:

owenS River Cala }
may The 25 1865 }

mr mcClinten editer, off esmeralda Union—you infernel Scoundcrl yure jist Spoilin To git yure durned AboliShun hed busted wide open and it i cver git Site off you ile Do it Too i have bin Showed one off yure blaek Republican papers off may the 13 containiu a lot off yure AboliShun lies about a company off Gentlemen neer eleer creak off which i was one i conSider it a heap more reSpectabel tho to Be called a Gurriller than a AboliShunist and the meanest Gurriller that ever walked is better than you—you Scrub you Better nevver Show yurSelf in the cleer ereak country if you doant want yure black hart cut out In 2 minits i no you you you Abomabel cur and if ever i cach you on cleer crcek or enny whar else ile leve yur rotten hide So it woant hold ShuckS ime a Suthern Gentleman and ean whip enny Six eowardly thevin niger worshipin AbliShunists that ever lived and if Democrats is setting examples as you Say that will Soon degraid piuts and Digers to a level with therSelves you needent be afeared they will ever degraid to a level with you if i Sce enny more off yure lies about us yule har from me agin A CONFEDERATE GENTLEMAN

AN INCIDENT.—While the Mammoth Display bills of "Paradise Lost," were being put up in North San Juan, a German well known for his ability for manufacturing lager beer, thus delivered himself: "Vat ish dat? Baradise Losht! Rebellion in Heaven! Mine Got in Himmel! Dat lashts not long now, for Uncle Abe ish dare."

POETRY IN THE MOUNTAINS.—"The world is full of poetry," sang Percival, and it would seem that Grass Valley is not exempt. Poetry, remarks the same authority, is not simply "words that move in measured file and metrical array," nor does the following extract from the *National* require any such conditions. The sentences are short and simple, and would seem to commend themselves to the youthful reader for that same practical merit which invests Mrs. Barbauld and the First Reader. The "red eye" of lightning is good, though we believe the epithet has been indifferently applied to an objectionable quality of liquor; but the sentence is evenly balanced by the simplicity of the next statement, that "the thunder rolls through the heavens":

Half-past 6 P. M. Thursday.—Surely this is a rain. The slanting lines, like crystal gimlets, nay augers, are boring into the earth. The red eye of lightning looks in upon us through the window, and the thunder rolls through the heavens. Yet the atmosphere is cheerful. Nature is taking a refreshing bath, and she will soon appear with richer garments and a happier face. The green leaves upon the trees tremble with delight. The drifting clouds, surcharged with flowers, ready, like their predecessors, to unburden themselves, trail along the tops of the scattered and lonesome pines, whose green pyramids seem sailing and soaring into space. The night approaches, the shadows deepen, the rain upon the ro weaves a musical and soothing strain. It subdues us. We feel like lapsing into the land of dreams. Sweeter than all rhymes is the rythm of the rain.

"When the humid shadows hover
Over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
How sweet to press a cottage chamber-bed,
And listen to the soft rain overhead."

HEINRICH HEINE.—The Austrian Government pays a pension of 3,000 florins per annum to Heine's widow, and has lately added to the autograph department of the Imperial Library, at Venice, a number of letters from Heine to friends and relations. They are not to be published.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET.

(OVER FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT,)

INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

For Expanding the Cheet, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter posaesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who hava used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishiug to possess

GRACE OF FORM

AND

SYMMETRY OF PERSON.

It is comfortable to the frama, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of

BUST,

Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidantly recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M., my27-tf

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AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

DEWING & LAWS.

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Eugagement of tha Celebrated Comedian,

MR. DAN SETCHELL,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Saturday Evening, June 17th, 1865,

DAN SETCHELL

IN

POOR PILICODY!

After which,

BURIED ALIVE!

To conclude with

1000 MILLINERS WANTED.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, June 17th,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

Grand Mummy Matinee!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats $1 00
Parquet . . . . . 50 cents
Gallery . . . . . 25 cents
Private Boxes, ... $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

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CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
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Saturday Afternoon and Evening, June 17th,

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THE OCTOROON!

Salem Scudder.....Chas. Wheatleigh.
Zoe.....Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps.
George Peyton, F. Franks..Pete, J. E. Meyers..Jacob McClosky, E. N. Thayer..Wah-no-tee, A. Torning..Capt. Ratts, Mr. Reeves..Mrs. Peyton, Mrs. Judah..Dora Summeide, Miss Louisa Clarkson..Dido, Miss Frances Gass.

Between tha third and fourth acts, the Wood-Up Quickstep.

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GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES?

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

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LEWIS'S

Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on tha part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, tha efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

UNA WAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-tf

RUPTURE.—We call attention to the advertisement of Professor A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris, Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society, who has made the Treatment of all Deformities of the Body, and the construction and application of peculiar surgical Instruments for the treatment of Rupture, Spinal Complaints, anoea for club feet, etc.; and the construction of Artificial Legs, Arms, Crutches, etc. Prof. Folleau's office is 624 Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny streets. Manufactory, 232 Sutter street, San Francisco. Office Hours, from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents, ja10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

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J. H. WARWICK.....Stage Manager.

GRAND COMBINATION!

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th,

MAGUIRE'S

Italian Opera Troupe

Will give Donizetti's Grand Opera of

LUCREZIA BORGIA!

Lucrezia.....Signorina Olivia Sconcia
Maffo Orsini.....Miss Adelaide Phillips
Genuro.....Signor Giovanni Sbrigfia
Don Alfonso D'Este.....Sign. Filippo Morelli.
Giubetta.....Sig. Nicoli Burili.
Rustighello.....Mons. Charlee
Ascanio Petrucci.....M. Wunderlinch

With a Full and Efficient Orchestra.

ANTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the immense expense incurred in the engagement of the above grand combination, the Manager is compelled to make a slight advence on the former prices of admission:

Dress Circle.....$1 50
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Family Circle.....$1 00
Reserved Seats.....$1 50
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Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Children's Under-Garments, Hose and Half Hose of every description, all at GREAT BARGBINS.

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Mantillas, Sacquee, Basques, of the Lateat Paris Fashions, received by the last Steamer. Opera Cloaks and Sacques in great variety and in newest style. All at GREAT BARGAINS.

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HILL'S HAIR DYE.

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R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
je10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1865, in the matter of the estate of Louis Conrad Meyer, a minor, the undersigned, guardian of the estate of said minor, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. & A. Barstow, No. 24 Montgomery Block, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said Louis Conrad Meyer in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Octavia and Fulton streets, thence running south along the west line of Octavia street, 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, easterly 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, northerly 275 feet; and thence westerly along the north line of Fulton street 275 feet to the place of beginning; comprising a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 150, and surrounding streets.

And the said guardian will receive offers or bids therefor from this date to said 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon at the place aforesaid.

JOHANNA MEYER, Guardian of the Estate
June 10, 1865.-5t of Louisa Conrad Meyer, a minor.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a $50 note.		
Two cents	"	$100 "
Ten "	"	$500 "
20 "	"	$1,000 "
$1 "	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

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Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers through out the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

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RELIEVING AND STRENGTHENING
PAIN

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

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Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
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FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,

which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
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THE CALIFORNIAN is published by A. A. Stickney, John Colluer, and J. P. Bogardus.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 5.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 24, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE services of our gallant firemen are not appreciated as they should be by those whose lives and property are protected by their exertions. The rich man is perfectly satisfied that a poor man should be called from his bed and be deprived of the rest which a long day's labor has rendered needful, to sally forth to risk his life in saving his property from the flames. The rich man is content to be under this obligation to his poorer fellow citizen, without attempting to acknowledge it in any way, such for instance, as subscribing to give an annual dinner and ball to the firemen who have so faithfully worked for his benefit without any reward. We are glad to see that one of the fire insurance companies has become awake to the fact that the fireman, when he is engaged in extinguishing a conflagration, is working for the benefit of its share-holders, and that were it not for him its business could not be carried on with any hope of realizing a profit from it. The Home Mutual Insurance Company does not believe in allowing men to work for nothing; it therefore, as a slight acknowledgement of the efforts made by Howard Engine Company No. 3, presented the members of that company with "a package of coin." With a desire to lead other insurance companies to do likewise, it advertised the fact of its having made this presentation in the columns of the *Bulletin*. How truly thoughtful was the Home Mutual Insurance Company in making its acknowledgement in the form of a "package of coin." Some people would have bought a massive silver trumpet for the firemen, but this thoughtful insurance company said "No, we'll give it in the shape of money: then they can spend it as they like, and each member will have a portion of our gift." "A package of coin!" Just new from the mint, no doubt. They did not go to the expense of having a magnificent casket made for the reception of their gift; no, they simply did it up in a neat package and tied it tastefully with a neat piece of ribbon. A day was appointed for the opening of the "package;" the Howards met, and, like an Egyptian mummy, the precious offering of a grateful insurance company—an insurance company which thought benefits should be mutual—was unrolled, and one beautiful, bright, ten-dollar piece was disclosed to view! The Howards came to the conclusion that, as fire-proof safes are not always safe, and if it were known that the "package of money" were on the premises, thieves might break through and steal, they would lay up their treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, neither do thieves break through and steal, by presenting it to the Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums; and now many a little orphan often blesses the Howards and the Home Mutual Insurance Company. We cannot believe this company presented the "package of money" simply as an advertisement of its wealth, as the *Call* intimates: it was a spontaneous and irresistible impulse to present a "slight testimonial" to our gallant firemen for their efforts to save thousands of dollars' worth of property—for the safety of which the company was responsible—from destruction by fire. Insure in the Home Mutual Insurance Company, which won't let the firemen work for it without paying them for it! It must be observed that the above is a "slight testimonial" to the Insurance Company; it is not like one of the *Call's* horrid mercenary „ notices, but a liberal acknowledgement of a liberal act.

THE Sunday *Mercury* calls the Earl of Lovelace the "widower of 'Ada,' the only *natural* daughter of Lord Byron." This is a little too bad. "Ada" was the only *legitimate* daughter of Lord Byron, as the editor might have known from the line he quotes, in which the poet calls her:

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

SAN FRANCISCO is terribly excited on the subject of pork. At present the flesh of the swine is unclean meat to Israelite and Christian alike; and why? All because J. C. Gridley, wishing to make an honest penny out of—or in—the pound, has been using the dogs whose lives have become forfeited by running about without muzzles as food for his hogs. J. C. Gridley made a great discovery; he found by long and patient experiment, that hog and dog amalgamated. If he could obtain the position of pound-keeper he could, by catching dogs and raising hogs, make a fortune. With a sty in his eye, he applied for the berth and obtained it. He caught unmuzzled dogs, cast them before the swine, and they incontinently "muzzled" them. J. C. Gridley was growing fat on his profits, and so were his pigs, when he admitted two traitors to the Pound—he must feel inclined to pound them both now—and they gave information to the police, who visited Gridley, and made impertinent inquiries into the diet of his pigs. Some men would have lied to screen themselves—not so Gridley; he boldly owned that he fed his hogs on dogs, and stated that the food suited them, that they fed on it, grew fat and well liking. He was asked if he would like to eat dog-fed pork; he said: "Certainly I would; the dogs were nicely skinned and the meat was sweet and clean But mind you, I didn't feed them altogether on dog meat; I gave them meal at the same time. Why, bless you, there's nothing better for a hog than dog meat mixed with Indian meal." So far we agree with Gridley; if hogs are fed on any kind of meat we would as soon it were dog meat as any other. The only kind of pork fit for human consumption is dairy-fed pork; and Gridley, no doubt, produced as good pork by feeding his hogs with "dog meat mixed with Indian meal" as the butchers can by fattening their pigs on the offal of sheep and bullocks mixed with meal. Of course it is distressing to think that Dora may miss her dear sweet little poodle *Tray*, and a month afterwards having a leg of roast pork for dinner may eat her poor little pet in the shape of pork, and perhaps recognize the flavor of the departed *Tray*, as we are told in the song was the case with the master of the *Tray* who was converted into mutton pies. We must protest against Gridley's feeding his hogs on distempered dogs; that is decidedly wrong. We do not believe that it is possible to cure pork fed upon distempered dogs. Gridley evidently bestowed some care upon preparing the dogs for his hogs; he not only killed them and took off their collars, but also skinned them; he should certainly, in addition to this, have been careful to select healthy dogs. This discovery has created a great sensation. One anxious mother, who has been in the habit of allowing her juvenile offspring to partake of unlimited pork, is in great tribulation. She declares that she yesterday distinctly heard her youngest boy, George Washington Jackson Clay, bark! while her eldest son, who is reading for the law, has become so dog-matic—doubtless in consequence of his diet—that he is perfectly unbearable. "Topsy Turvy," who is a very good judge of young men, as she plainly proved when she said the writer of the present article was a "*very nice* young man," says that she has asked all the young puppies of her acquaintance if they like pork, and they have all answered in the affirmative, thus explaining why so much puppy enters into their composition. As we are on the subject of diet again, we may as well observe, to escape the threatened thunders of "Topsy Turvy," who is a *very nice* young lady; that in speaking of a bold sea coast its (s)cragginess is often mentioned as its chief beauty. However, in calling any miss "scraggy," we made a mistake; we meant "slight," but meant no slight to any maid. We agree with the French writer who said of the young ladies of California, "They are beautiful as angels." Those who have angles we recommend to study Brillat-Savurin, and avoid pork in all shapes. Gridley threw dogs to his hogs; we say throw hogs to the dogs. We trust that the Board of Health, while it has this matter under investigation, will turn its attention to sausages, analyze them, and give an opinion as to whether dog ever enters into their composition. We have a suspicion that it does. It it a well-known fact that dog will not knowingly eat dog, and when the day before yesterday we offered *Bogie*, our black-and-tan tarrier, one of these curious constructions, he howled, and two tears trickled slowly down his innocent nose. Did he recognize in it the remains of a departed friend? Who knows? Wonderful is the sagacity of dogs!

THE "local" of the *Bulletin* must hold quite a different opinion to that of the editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, who thinks it extremely creditable for an editor to be ignorant of Latin; the "local" does understand it, and he just lavishes it! Speaking of the decision of the jury in the case of the proprietor of the Anatomical Museum, he has two nice little bits of Latin in three lines thus: "deciding that the Museum is not *contra bonas mores*. It therefore remains merely a matter of taste with the patrons of the establishment. "*De gustibus non disputandum.*" Very good indeed! You ought to have completed the sentence, however, "local;" it would have been better Latin than leaving *est* to be understood. "*De gustibus non est disputandum*," is the correct quotation, but you did very well, very well indeed, and, even misquoted, that bit of Latin looked much more dignified than "There's no accounting for tastes, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow," which is just the low sort of expression most "locals" would have made use of.

THE rebel General Slaughter arrived at Havana, from Matamoras on the 10th.—*Telegraph Dispatch.*

This happy land no more is cursed
By rebel, general slaughter
Back to her sire, abashed, hath slunk
War, Satan's direful daughter.
May sweet Peace now fill every heart—
Long, painfully we've sought her—
No patriots they who still cry out
For general rebel slaughter.

IN the case of the criminal prosecution for libel against D. O. McCarthy, the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Porter, asked a funny question. Mr. Hittell of the *Alta* was under examination, and in answer to a question as to whether he had seen a certain article in the *Flag*, and at what time he had seen it answered: "My impression is that I saw this article on the day of publication, but I am not certain, and if I did not see it then I probably did not see it at all." Mr. Porter then asked: "*If* you saw it on the day it was published did you know then to whom it alluded?" We are convinced from this that Mr. Porter was the young gentleman who, at an evening party, was at a loss how to commence a conversation with his partner, and finally mustered up sufficient courage to put the question, "Do you like cheese?" and on pushing his inquiries further as to whether her brother liked cheese, and being informed that the young lady never had a brother said: "*If* you had a brother do you think he would like cheese?" It is not always easy to discover the origin of old stories, but we think this one is now satisfactorily traced to its source. Mr. Porter was a young man once, and when he was a young man he might have been bashful, though he has of course got bravely over it. Mr. Porter has now a considerable flow of language, his stream of eloquence sometimes fizzes and effervesces from his lips like bottled-porter when the cork is drawn.

A GREAT event occurred yesterday which should not be allowed to pass unchronicled in the literary annals of San Francisco. The *Alta's* Poets' Corner has long remained walled up by a commercial column, and the *Alta's* poets, like the lost Peri at the gates of Paradise, have weepingly sought to effect an entrance, in vain. At length the *Alta*, fearful of driving its poets to suicide or honest industry, relented, the commercial column fell half a foot, and the much prized niche was left void. A poetess, "Jessie Carroll," rushed in to fill it. A most sweet carol does she pour forth. She addresses it "to the bride of my brother"—this is the poetical for "sister-in-law." As a sample of this sweet thing in poems, we extract the following:

"Not always has thy path, sister,
With sunshine been o'er spread;
Thorns hath commingled with the flowers,
And sore thy heart hath bled;
But pray we, that the coming days
Sweet joys may bring to thee—
A sharer in thy smiles and tears
I know my brother 'll be."

Carping critics might object to the expression "Thorns hath," as ungrammatical. Pshuw! are poets and poetesses to be allowed no license? The *Alta* has displayed its usual taste in selecting this beautiful poem for the occasion of the reopening of its poets' corner. It is a fair sample of the poetic effusions which have hitherto been enshrined in that temple of the muses, and we may expect it to be followed by many more like it. The door is opened, the poets will once more strike their tuneful lyres. A poet of our acquaintance, who is evidently jealous of "Jessie Carroll's" wondrous genius, has handed to us the following vile parody of the verse we have quoted from her "pome." Jessie revels in a paradise of poesy, be in parodies of poetry:

"Not always has thy bread, sister,
With butter been o'er spread;
Grit hath commingled with thy beans,
And sore thy nose hath bled;
But pray we, that the coming year
Good luck may bring to thee—
Since, sharer in thy cakes and beer
I know my brother 'll be."

WE notice an advertisement in a morning paper which runs thus: "A person with a small capital can invest it in a saloon in a good location and having a good run of custom. Apply, etc." We know of many a man with a small capital who invests the whole of it in a saloon in a good location, and having a good run of custom, but none of them ever seem to get rich by doing so. We suppose there is more money "invested" in saloons in this city than in any other of the same size in the world. The barkeeper in a saloon in a good location, told us, some time ago, that in the course of one day he had handed one thousand drinks across the counter! The parties we refer to as not getting rich by investing their money in saloons, are of course those who stand on the *outside* of the counter. TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

SUMMARY OF "ONLY A CLOD."—The subscription list of THE CALIFORNIAN having greatly increased since the period when we commenced publishing Miss Braddon's new novel, "Only a Clod," we give in the present number a summary of the story as far as published, for the benefit of the more recent subscribers to our paper.

ENSIGN HARCOURT LOWTHER, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen's Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude; points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and installs himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more and more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whose apartics, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become avenged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

Harcourt Lowther continues his daily visits to the house of Tredethlyn, and is constantly poisoning the wife's mind by noting the husband's absence and inventing excuses for him with the mock morality of a "Joseph Surface." Tredethlyn has a secret which calls him frequently from town during the day, which excites Lowther's curiosity, but his efforts to discover it are fruitless. The greater portion of Tredethlyn's time, however, is spent in the old way, with cards, at the race-track, and in dissipation, under Lowther's guidance.

Roderick Lowther, the elder brother of Harcourt Lowther, and much like him in appearance and character, prepossessing, cool, calculating and unscrupulous—a member of the *corps diplomatique* at Belgium—returns to England on a three months' leave of absence, and becomes domiciled with Harcourt. He announces his intention of seeking a good pecuniary match and marrying to secure the approval of an old maiden aunt, whose fortune he expects to inherit. He soon fathoms his brother's schemes, promises his assistance in their furtherance, and asks Harcourt to aid his own. He is introduced into the house of Mrs. Tredethlyn, and there meets Miss Grunderson, a young lady of ordinary appearance and intellect, but an heiress.

Roderick at once perceives that the most feasible way to make an impression upon Miss Grunderson, (who has frequently been courted for her wealth, and is somewhat suspicious of motives,) is to appear eminently disinterested, and rather skeptical, withal, relative to the desirableness of the matrimonial condition. Pursuing this line of policy, he is successful. He next visits his aunt to propitiate her favor. Harcourt Lowther finds Tredethlyn no longer a willing instrument in his hands, but discovers a clue to the mystery that so long has baffled him, in a tradesman's bill for goods and furniture supplied at Brook Cottage, Petersham, the bill having been carelessly left by Tredethlyn in his study.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HARCOURT GATHERS HIS FIRST-FRUITS.

THE party in Mrs. Tredethlyn's opera-box that evening was a very pleasant one. Whatever business had taken Harcourt Lowther to Richmond must have been tolerably satisfactory in its result, for that gentleman's spirits were gayer than usual as he stood behind Maude's chair in the shadow of the crimson curtain, talking to her under cover of all those crashing choruses and grand orchestral effects which Meyerbeer must surely have composed with a view to comfortable conversation. Miss Grunderson was gorgeous in thirty guineas' worth of blue moire antique *a la Watteau*, and exhibited a small fortune in the way of lace and artificial flowers upon her plump little person. Her diamond ear-rings were the biggest in the opera-house, though it must be confessed that a straw-colored tint, which the connoisseur repudiates, pervaded the gems that the market gardener had bought for his daughter—size, rather than purity of water, being the quality for which Mr. Grunderson selected his diamonds. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between Maude's simple toilet of white silk and Rosa's gaudy splendor.

But Miss Grunderson was very happy this evening, for the delightful Roderick condescended to talk to her, while his brother was engrossed by Mrs. Tredethlyn. He was not very polite, but Rosa thought him positively charming. She had learnt to understand the emptiness of the attentions that had been paid to her by enterprising young bachelors, who thought that an alliance with the great Grunderson's daughter would be a very pleasant starting-point upon the high road of life; but she did not understand that there might come a man wise enough to eschew vain flatteries and all the ordinary allurements of the vulgar fortune-hunter, and yet designing enough to spread his nets for any heiress worthy of his ambition.

In his conversation with the simple-minded Rosa he affected the sentiments of a confirmed misogynist.

"If there were such a possibility as a sensible woman," he said, "I might perhaps hope to end my days in the bosom of a family; but since the age of miracles is past, I resign myself to the idea of remaining a lonely wanderer until the day of my death."

Thus half in despondency, half in bitterness, Roderick Lowther replied to some leading remark of Miss Grunderson's. She called him a horrid man and a dreadful creature: but she admired him amazingly notwithstanding, and she felt a seraphic happiness in listening to this delightfully cynical being, to the utter neglect of Meyerbeer.

"With the exception of public characters," mused the market gardener's daughter, "I don't think I was ever *really* in love until now."

And thus it fell out that when Mrs. Tredethlyn said in the course of the evening that she was going to spend the following day at Twickenham, Rosa gave such broad hints about the loveliness of the weather, and the delights of suburban scenery, that good-natured Maude promised to take her down for a long afternoon among the roses in the dear old garden where so much of her own happy youth had been idled away.

"Are droppers in to be permitted in your Arcadia ladies?" demanded Harcourt; "and will the balls and mallets be considered out of place upon the lawn by the river?"

This was quite enough for Miss Grunderson, who cried out directly that of all things in the world she adored croquet, and that "Par" had bought her a set of Cremer's most exquisite walnut-wood balls and mallets. There were times when the vivacious Rosa called her indulgent parent Par, in spite of those half-dozen annual accounts which he had paid for the young lady's education.

"I shall so enjoy a game of croquet in a real garden," cried Rosa. "We play it in the square sometimes; but the little boys, and the bakers' and butchers' young men outside the rails are so dreadfully trying, especially when the balls won't go where one wants them, owing to nervousness; and I'm sure it's enough to make anybody nervous to have a strange chimney-sweep calling out, 'Well done, butter-fingers!' if one drops a mallet, and *that* square-keeper is never within sight when wanted."

"Does Tredethlyn go with you to-morrow?" asked Harcourt Lowther presently. He had been very thoughtful for the last few minutes.

"No," Maude answered, rather sadly. "I asked Frank to drive me down in the mail phaeton, but he told me he was going a little way out of town on business."

She was thinking how very great a change had come to pass since her husband had been her adoring slave, only too happy to follow wherever she pleased to lead him. Now there was no quarrel, no actual misunderstanding between them; but there was quite a wide breach, as if they had agreed to separate after a long series of domestic battles.

"Roderick and I will come down to the Cedars to-morrow," said Harcourt, bending over Maude's chair, "unless you forbid us to do so. The river is delightful just now, and you may want the services of a couple of boatmen."

"We shall be very glad to see you, if you like to come," Mrs. Tredethlyn answered, carelessly. Looking up just then, she saw Miss Grunderson's round eyes fixed upon her with a very earnest expression. Rosa had heard all sorts of insinuations respecting Mr. Lowther's constant attendance upon Mrs. Tredethlyn, and the young lady was wondering whether her darling Maude did really deserve any of the reprobation that had been showered upon her as a flirting matron.

"There's a way of saying 'How do you do?' or 'Pretty well, thanks,' that seems like flirting," mused Miss Grunderson; "and Mr. Lowther always has that way when he talks to Mrs. Tredethlyn. I *know* she is too good to be a flirt, in spite of all those malicious people may say about her; and I don't like Harcourt Lowther a bit, for *he* must know how his flirting manner is talked about, though she doesn't. I've seen half a dozen opera-glasses turned this way to-night, just because he's been bending over her chair in that whispering way of his. And yet he has only been talking of croquet."

Rosa's friendship was quite as ardent as her love, and much more lasting. Mrs. Tredethlyn's gentleness had quite subdued that affectionate little heart, and the market gardener's daughter would have been willing to make any effort in her friend's service. She was a very energetic little girl, with a good deal of that moral courage which is sometimes wanting in more delicate natures. To put the fact in her own words, Rosa was able to speak her mind, and to speak it very freely too, whenever the occasion called for candor.

The next day was one of the brightest in a brilliant July, and Mrs. Tredethlyn's shell-shaped barouche was waiting before the ponderous stuccoed portico at eleven o'clock. Francis had left the house half an hour before on foot, bent on that mysterious expedition a little way out of town which he took so frequently now. Maude and Julia came down stairs at a quarter after eleven, and Miss Grunderson skipped up the stone steps two minutes afterwards, with the bluest bonnet and the pinkest parasol in London.

"How do you like the new contrast?" she inquired, twirling the pink parasol triumphantly, when she had adjusted her flounces and furbelows to the best of her ability on the front seat of Mrs. Tredethlyn's carriage. "I remember, when I was at school, pink and blue together were thought bad taste, but now they're quite *de rigger*. Ness pas ker say joli dong? s'p'tite embrelle?" demanded Miss Grunderson, bursting into French. "Vingt-huit shillings, ma chère! Ness pas tres-che, chere? Et le boutiquier ne voudrait pas prendre un six-sous la dessous, quique je l'ai marchandé comme un juif," she added, with a slap-dash rendering of the language which was peculiar to her.

The summer day was delightful, and Mande's spirits, which had been rather depressed of late, rose with the sunshine and the pure air, as the high-stepping bays left Stuccoville behind them for the pleasant country road, and the rustic odors of suburban gardens. And then, when she found herself amongst her own birds and flower-beds it was hard to believe that she was no longer a girl, with a girl's careless happines in beautiful things. She sat under a great drooping willow, whose lowest branches dipped into the water, and watched her dogs gambolling with Rosa on the grass.

"I was like that once," she thought, "before I knew of papa's difficulties—before I sold myself for money. I fancied that it was a heroic thing to marry the man I did not love, in the hope that my esteem might be some poor repayment of his generous devotion—his noble trust in my father. But I know now that I could do him no baser wrong than become his wife. I know it now, when he himself has learnt to despise and to avoid me, even when I am anxious to win back his regard."

Yes, it had come to this. Maude Tredethlyn deeply felt her husband's palpable avoidance of her. So long as he had been slavishly devoted she had been just a little inclined to despise him; but now that the treasure of an honest man's love seemed to have slipped away from her, she awoke to the consciousness that it was a treasure, and that she had need to be happy in the loss of a jewel that is not given to every woman to possess. She sickened at the thought of the wealth which her marriage had given her, now that it was unsanctified by the love of the giver. Was it gone, that devoted affection which she had held so lightly while it was hers to throw away? She began to understand now how delicate a thing a heart is, even when it beats under the rudest breast, and how soon it withers under the blighting influence of disdain. Yes, she had been faithfully loved by an honest man who would have given his very life for her happiness, and she had trifled with his love until it was lost. Queen Guinevere has only one set of diamonds to throw in the river, and when the passion has passed in whose hot impulse she flung them away, the lady is apt to regret her lost jewels.

Miss Desmond and Miss Grunderson trifled with the balls and mallets, while Maude wandered listlessly on the terrace thinking of the breach between herself and her husband. She was still lingering there alone, when Harcourt and Roderick Lowther strolled from the drawing-room into the lawn. The elder set about instructing Julia Desmond and Miss Grunderson with regard to the latest and most intricate by-laws of croquet, and the younger made his way at once to

the terrace, where Maude was walking listlessly and slowly under a coquettish white umbrella.

Harcourt Lowther took care that Mrs Tredethlyn had no more time for solitary musing. He brought all his talents to bear to keep her amused, and by the aid of fashionable small-talk, sharp little criticisms on new books, croquet, luncheon, and an incursion among Mr. Hillary's hothouses, he contrived to chase the shadow of care quite away from the young wife's girlish brow. It was about four o'clock, and the afternoon had lapsed into a sultry sleepy brightness that was almost oppressive even in that green retreat beside the river, when the two gentlemen suggested the water.

"Of all things in the world the most delightful," screamed Miss Grundersou. "Oh, do please take us out in one of those darling little dangerous-looking boats I saw in the Swiss boat-house down there. And oh, what a pity I didn't wear a hat instead of this odious blue bonnet, which is beginning to fly already!" said Rosa, looking despondently at the expansive ribbons fluttering below her double chin, which had lost some little of their azure intensity under the influence of the July sun. To Miss Grunderson's great delight, the two gentlemen proceeded forthwith to the boat-house, and lowered a couple of wherries, as perfect in their way as any craft that ever came out of the hands of Messrs. Messenger. Harcourt placed Mrs. Tredethlyn and Julia Desmond in one of these boats, and to the other descended Miss Grunderson, with more small shrieks of terror and feminine skirmishing, and a greater display of Balmoral boots and embroidered flounces than were absolutely necessary to the embarkation.

"I never get into a boat without thinking I shall be drowned," said Rosa, plumping down upon the cushions, and all but upsetting herself at the first start; "the water does give way so. But if one *was* drowned it would be rather nice to have a paragraph all to one's self in the daily newspapers, or perhaps what pa calls a social leader, beginning with something about the Moloch Pleasure having swallowed another victim, and Youth at the Prow and Pleasure at the Helm, and the Pale Horse, and so on."

And then Miss Grunderson, finding herself alone with the latest object of her adoration, exerted all her small fascinations to beguile the woman-hater from his stern aversion to her sex. She chattered as gaily as some talking bird, and Roderick Lowther, who imagined that he had by this time established himself firmly as a disinterested individual, condescended to make himself agreeable, and to drift into that pleasant current of meaningless small-talk which malicious people call flirtation.

While Roderick rowed his fair companion swiftly past the verdant bank, Harcourt let his boat drift slowly down with the current, only dipping his oars now and then in the intervals of his discourse. Maude had forgotten her troubled reverie upon the terrace, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of all the old books and music, poetry and painting, which had been so delicious to her in those departed days when she and Harcourt had drifted down that same river, plighted husband and wife. There is no monitor so sharp as rural nature when we have need to be reminded of our inconstancy. Looking at these reedy banks, those tranquil gardens sloping to a tranquil tide, Maude found it almost difficult to believe in the changes of her life since she had first floated down that stream, a child, with wild flowers in her lap, and her little bare arm hanging across the edge of the boat, for the infantile pleasure of splashing.

Harcourt Lowther found his brother's boat moored to a little quay in a shady corner of the river below the "Star and Garter," and the splendid coloring of Miss Grunderson's toilette made that young lady conspicuous as she ascended a little pathway sloping upwards to the terrace, attended by her cavalier. Harcourt shipped his oars and proposed a stroll in the Petersham meadows. Maude looked at her watch; it was a quarter to five, and Mr. Hillary's dinner-hour was half-past seven. There was plenty of time for a stroll across those verdant meadows, and Mrs. Tredethlyn, having the interval to dispose of somehow, had only to choose in wasting it in this way or in some other fashion. Harcourt gave his coat into the custody of one of the lounging watermen at the rustic landing-stage, and then strolled with his two companions into the meadows leading towards Petersham.

There is little need to tell the reader what Petersham is like. Almost everybody knows that rural cluster of modern villas and grand old red brick mansions nestling so comfortably under the shadow of Richmond Hill. Surely the next best thing to inhabiting Earl Russell's house in Richmond Park, or that magic *chateau* of Monsieur Fould's, hidden deep in the woody heart of grand old Saint Germain's, would be to own one of those Georgian mansions at Petersham, with cool fishponds and shady gardens, long ranges of narrow windows and a marble-paved vestibule, with a ceiling by Thornhill, and old family portraits by polite Sir Joshua himself. It was the afternoon of afternoons for listless dawdling about such a place as Petersham, and Mr. Lowther and the two ladies were alike enthusiastic in their admiration of the Georgian mansions.

"I wish Francis would buy a nice old house down here," said Maude. "I am so tired of London; it is all the same over, and over, and over again; the same flock of sheep jumping through the same gap in the same hedge, and not one of them—no, not even the leader—knowing why they do it. I should be near papa here, and all my old friends. In town I seem to know everybody, and yet not to have a single friend."

There was a rustic bench in the lane through which they were walking as Maude said this. The ladies sat down to rest for a few minutes, and Harcourt Lowther took out his cigar case.

"I shall leave you just long enough to smoke a cigarette," he said, "and then I will take you back to the water-side by a still prettier road, if you like."

He went away at a leisurely pace, lighting his cigar as he went; but he walked a good deal faster when he was out of Maude Tredethlyn's ken, and he was flushed with heat when he returned after a quarter of an hour's absence.

"Now, ladies," he said, "if we are not to keep Mr. Hillary waiting for his dinner, it is high time for us to go back to the boat."

Maude and Julia rose, and the little party strolled into the road at the end of the lane in the straggling order usual to people who walk for their own pleasure in a country village. Mrs. Tredethlyn's white umbrella was a little way ahead of her companions, when Harcourt Lowther laid his gloved hand lightly upon Julia's shoulder.

She looked up at him, startled by the gesture.

"You have had some reason to complain of your friends, Miss Hillary and Francis Tredethlyn," he said. "I am going to give you your revenge."

Julia stared in amazement at the speaker; but he did not wait to be interrogated.

"Come, Mrs. Tredethlyn," he said, "your papa will have to wait for his dinner unless you walk a little faster."

He had not much reason to complain of Maude, who had been ahead of him until this moment, but he hurried her along the dusty road until, at a spot where it curved round to the river, he stopped suddenly, pointing to a cottage garden, seen through the iron rails of a high, old-fashioned gate set in a framework of clematis.

"Look at that, Mrs. Tredethlyn! Isn't it a pretty picture?"

It was a rustic *tableau* composed of two figures grouped under a mulberry tree—a delicate-looking woman with soft brown hair, touched here and there with a glimmer of gold, seated on a rustic bench. Her face was turned away from the road, and she was looking at a man who leaned against the trunk of the tree.

It was only a glimpse of this picture which Maude caught between the iron scroll-work of the gate, but she saw quite enough. The man was Francis Tredethlyn.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Harcourt Lowther, in an audible whisper. "It *is* Francis!"

(*To be continued.*)

(For the Californian.)

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

THE pleasure derived from flowers is one of the sweetest, simplest and least animal of all the gratifications of the senses, and it is a pleasure which is inexhaustible in its variety, and which may be enjoyed by every one, from the wealthiest owner of fine conservatories and extensive grounds, down to the humble possessor of the smallest patch of earth, or even of a single flower-pot in the window. The varieties of plants are stated to be over fifty thousand distinct species, which are being constantly augmented by new discoveries. This vast number is variously distributed over the globe in its different regions, according to the several latitudes, climates and characters of the soil. It is neeessary that every one who cultivates plants should know something of the general principles according to which the plants of our climate may be most successfully grown, and especially made to bloom in perfection in another and a different one. The pleasure of this is of a higher order than that derived from the mere possession of any flowering-plants, how beautiful or how rare soever the blooms of those plants may be. The profit derived from it is also correspondingly great, for when a person cultivates and attends to a flowering plant which is a native of any country, the love of the plant will naturally lead him to the desire of knowing something about the country which produces such fine flowers, and there is so much knowledge abroad upon such subjects and it is now so readily and so cheaply obtained, that the flower becomes a silent but delightful teacher to the cultivator, to a far greater extent than those who have not attended to such subjects would be apt to suppose. Indeed, whatever may be the species or the original native locality of the flower which is loved and cultivated, it will invariably be found that, whether learned or unlearned in the scholastic sense of the word, the cultivator of flowers is a more intelligent, as well as more amiable character, than he who looks upon the gems and essences of the material creation with an eye of perfect indifference. In attending to flowers, there is nothing that can, in the least degree, excite the merely animal appetites or passions, or stir up enmity or mischief against others, and therefore florieulture is a direct means of virtue, by preventing or weakening its opposite in the very first formation of the desire. We are not now speaking of those with whom the culture of flowers is a profession, or of the opulent, who, though they admire flowers, employ others to do the labor of the cultivation.

We are speaking only of those who cultivate flowers on account of the pleasure which they take in so doing, and who thus substitute florieulture for the less simple and innocent occupation of the leisure hour in which they who do not resort to some such natural amusement as this, are but too prone to indulge, and to the indulgence of which they are often drawn and induced to continue by the example and enticements of others. Now, apart from the direct pleasure that the cultivators derive from watching the progress and perfection of the flowers, as the result of their own skill and handiwork, directing and seconding the powers of nature, their cultivation enables the person to live for the time, at least, happy in their own society, which is one of the best foundation both of contentment and of virtue, for there has been many a person, who, to escape the ennui of their own company, has sought the company of others, and by this means, in the end materially injured, or even altogether ruined both their fortunes and their happiness, and entailed the severest afflictions upon those dependent upon them. Among all the good habits of mankind, there is probably not one more valuable than the habit of regularity in timing what we have to do to those seasons at which it can be most advantageously done, and as every flower has its season at which it requires attention in order to bring it to maturity at its appointed period, and even to preserve its healthy and pleasant appearance at all times, it teaches habits of attention in all other matters. Thus, a fondness for flowers and a careful and judicious management of them are both the means and the indications of a virtuous and orderly habit in all matters, and this quite independently of the pleasure or profit which the flowers directly furnish. The love of flowers for their own sakes, is perhaps the most unmixed instance of the love of beauty which is anywhere to be met with, and if the sentiment of beauty can once be made to occupy a high place in the mind of any person, it tends more to root out the mean and grovelling appetites than any other we can name.

Our ability to improve flowers, that is, to break them from the characteristics they possess in a wild state, depends in no small degree upon the difference of the circumstances in which they grew naturally, and those in which we rear and train them artificially. It is true that some plants will bear only a limited change, while others admit of change to a very great extent; but notwithstanding this, it is a general law in floriculture that the more different treatment it can bear from that which nature gives it, the more it may be improved by the cultivator. There is also another general principle: Plants, including flowers, evergreens and all others, can bear much better to be transported from warm latitudes and situations to cold, than from cold to warm. There are two causes for this. In the first place, a plant never produces a flower so long as it can effect an increase in the volume of that particular portion of its system in which the flower has its beginning; and in the second place, the artificial treatment which can be best applied is that which approximates a transfer to a climate warmer than our own. When the plant of a cold climate is taken to a warm one, the tendency of it is to run to stem and leaf, and not produce any flowers at all—as is the case with the gooseberry trees which have been sent from England to the island of St. Helena. In that island they have become evergreens, producing no berries and but few flowers, but extending themselves by roots so as to form a sort of copse or jungle. In other cases of plants removed to a warmer climate, the produce of leaf and stem is so great that the season of growth is over before they can perfect their flowers. On the other hand, when flowers of the warm latitudes are transported to colder ones, they have less tendency to run to stem and leaf and more to flowering. These circumstances apply much more to the operations of climate and seasons upon the plant, than to the soil upon which it is grown.

The attentive observer cannot but perceive "that every flower on earth appears and expands in its appointed order. The God of the Seasons has exactly determined the time when *this* flower shall unfold its leaves, *that* spread its glowing beauties to the sun, and a *third* hang down its drooping head, and, withered, resign its sunny robes."

> "'Not to myself alone,'
> The little opening flower transplanted cries—
> Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;
> With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume
> And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes."

Professor Schleiden of the University of Jena, says: "By the teachings of the vegetable world, the tone of our moral being is affected in no small degree, and flowers are often interwoven with the web of human destiny. In a word, the heart of man is susceptible of no purer or more enduring

earthly pleasure than that which it experiences in its free communion with the inexhaustible beauties of the vegetable world."

"Away to the hills, to the streams, the woods, for a spell of peace is there—
A welcome, bland, from the early flowers, and a kiss from the perfumed air;
Away! and thy heart shall find a friend in every flower and tree,
And Nature's pure and beautiful forms shall whisper of love to thee."

Happy, then, is the person who is early taught a love of flowers. Earth may grow weary to him, life may lose its charms, but he will ever derive consolation from the thousand sources of nature. He may go forth despairing and disgusted with the deceiving charms of the worlds, but when alone in the mossy wood with the flowers all around, and their odor rising in the hushed air, he finds that there is beauty still left in existence. IRIS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[ALL letters for this department should be addressed to MR. MARK TWAIN, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it. Courting Etiquette, Distressed Lovers, of either sex, and Struggling Young Authors, as yet "unbeknown" to Fame, will receive especial attention]

TRUE SON OF THE UNION.—Very well, I will publish the following extract from one of the dailies, since you seem to consider it necessary to your happiness, and since your trembling soul has found in it evidence of lukewarm loyalty on the part of the Collector—but candidly, now, don't you think you are in rather small business? I do, anyhow, though I do not wish to flatter you:

"BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—*San Francisco, June* 17, 1865. Messrs. Editors: Why is it that on this day, the greatest of all in the annals of the rights of man—viz.: the Glorious Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill—*our Great Ensign of Freedom does not appear on the Custom House?* Perhaps our worthy Collector is so busy Senator-making that it might have escaped his notice. You will be pleased to assign an excuse for the above official delinquency, and oblige

A NEW ENGLAND MECHANIC."

Why was that published? I think it was simply to gratify a taste for literary pursuits which has suddenly broken out in the system of the artisan from New England; or perhaps he has an idea, somehow or other, in a general way, that it would be a showing of neat and yet not gaudy international politeness for Collectors of ports to hoist their flags in commemoration of British victories, (for the physical triumph was theirs, although we claim all the moral effect of a victory;) or perhaps it struck him that "this day, the greatest of all *in the annals of the rights of man*," (whatever that may mean, for it is a little too deep for me,) was a fine, high-sounding expression, and yearned to get it off in print; or perhaps it occurred to him that "the Glorious Anniversary," and "our Great Ensign of Freedom," being new and startling figures of speech, would probably create something of a sensation if properly marshalled under the leadership of stunning capitals, and so he couldn't resist the temptation to trot them out in grand dress parade before the reading public; or perhaps, finally, he really *did* think the Collector's atrocious conduct partook of the character of a devilish "official delinquency," and imperatively called for explanation or "excuse." And still, after all this elaborate analysis, I am considerably "mixed" as to the actual motive for publishing that thing.

But observe how quibbling and fault-finding breed in a land of newspapers. Yesterday I had the good fortune to intercept the following bitter communication on its way to the office of a cotemporary, and I am happy in being able to afford to the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN the first perusal of it:

Editors of the Flaming Loyalist: What does it mean? The extraordinary conduct of Mr. John Doe, one of the highest Government officials among us, upon the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill—that day so inexpressibly dear to every loyal American heart because our patriot forefathers got worsted upon that occasion—is matter of grave suspicion. It was observed (by those who have closely watched Mr. Doe's actions ever since he has been in office, and who have thought his professions of loyalty lacked the genuine ring,) that this man, *who has uniformly got drunk, heretofore, upon all the nation's great historical days, remained thoroughly sober upon the hallowed 17th of June.* Is not this significant? Was this the pardonable forgetfulness of a loyal officer, or rather, was it not the deliberate act of a malignant and a traitorous heart? You will be pleased to assign an excuse for the above official delinquency, and oblige

A SENTINEL AGRICULTURIST UPON THE NATIONAL WATCHTOWER.

Now isn't that enough to disgust any man with being an officeholder? Here is a drudging public servant who has always served his masters patiently and faithfully, and although there was nothing in his instructions requiring him to get drunk on national holidays, yet with an unselfishness, and an enlarged public spirit, and a gushing patriotism that did him infinite credit, he *did* always get as drunk as a loon on these occasions—ay, and even upon any occasion of minor importance when an humble effort on his part could shed additional lustre upon his country's greatness, never did he hesitate a moment to go and fill himself full of gin. Now observe how his splendid services have been appreciated—behold how quickly the remembrance of them hath passed away—mark how the tried servant has been rewarded. This grateful officer—this pure patriot—has been known to get drunk five hundred times in a year for the honor and glory of his country and his country's flag, and no man cried "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"—yet the very first time he ventures to remain sober on a battle anniversary (exhausted by the wear and tear of previous efforts, no doubt,) this spying "Agriculturist," who has deserted his onion-patch to perch himself upon the National Watch-Tower at the risk of breaking his meddlesome neck, discovers the damning fact that he is firm on his legs, and sings out: "He don't keep up his lick!—he's DISLOYAL!"

Oh, stuff! a public officer has a hard enough time of it, at best, without being constantly hauled over the coals for inconsequential and insignificant trifles. If you *must* find fault, go and ferret out something worth while to find fault with—if John Doe or the Collector neglect the actual business they are required by the Government to transact, impeach them. But pray allow them a little poetical license in the choice of occasions for getting drunk and hoisting the National flag. If the oriental artisan and the sentinel agriculturalist held the offices of these men, would they ever *attend to anything else* but the flag-flying and gin-soaking outward forms of patriotism and official industry?

SOCRATES MURPHY.—You speak of having given offense to a gentleman at the Opera by *unconsciously* humming an air which the tenor was singing at the time. Now, part of that is a deliberate falsehood. You were not doing it "unconsciously;" no man does such a mean, vulgar, egotistical thing as that unconsciously. You were doing it to "show off;" you wanted the people around you to know you had been to operas before, and to think you were not such an ignorant, self-conceited, supercilious ass as you looked; I can tell you Arizona opera-sharps, any time; you prowl around beer-cellars and listen to some howling-dervish of a Dutchman exterminating an Italian air, and then you come into the Academy and prop yourself up against the wall with the stuffy aspect and the imbecile leer of a clothing-store dummy, and go to droning along about half an octave below the tenor, and disgusting everybody in your neighborhood with your beery strains. [N. B. If this rough-shod eloquence of mine touches you on a raw spot occasionally, recollect that I am talking for your good, Murphy, and that I am simplifying my language so as to bring it clearly within the margin of your comprehension; it might be gratifying to you to be addressed as if you were an Oxford graduate, but then you wouldn't understand it, you know.] You have got another abominable habit, my sage-brush amateur. When one of those Italian footmen in British uniform comes in and sings "O tol de rol!—O, Signo-o-o-ra!—loango—congo—Venezue-e-e-la! whack fol de rol!" (which means "Oh, noble madame, here's one of them dukes from the palace, out here, come to borrow a dollar and a half,") you always stand with expanded eyes and mouth, and one pile-driver uplifted, and your ample hands held apart in front of your face, like a couple of canvas-covered hams, and when he gets almost through, how you do uncork your pent-up enthusiasm and applaud with hoof and palm! You have it pretty much to yourself, and then you look sheepish when you find everybody staring at you. But how very idiotic you do look when something really fine is sung—you generally keep quiet, then. Never mind, though, Murphy, entire audiences do things at the Opera that they have no business to do; for instance, they never let one of those thousand-dollar singers finish—they always break in with their ill-timed applause just as he or she, as the case may be, is preparing to throw all his or her concentrated sweetness into the final strain, and so all that sweetness is lost. Write me again, Murphy—I shall always be happy to hear from you.

ARITHMETICUS, *Virginia, Nevada.*—"I am an enthusiastic student of mathematics, and it is so vexatious to me to find my progress constantly impeded by these mysterious arithmetical technicalities. Now do tell me what the difference is between Geometry and Conchology?" Here *you* come again, with your diabolical arithmetical conundrums, when I am suffering death with a cold in the head. If you could have seen the expression of ineffable scorn that darkened my countenance a moment ago and was instantly spht from the centre in every direction like a fractured looking-glass by my last sneeze, you never would have written that disgraceful question. Conchology is a science which has nothing to do with mathematics; it relates only to shells. At the same time, however, a man who opens oysters for a hotel, or shells a fortified town, or sucks eggs, is not, strictly speaking, a conchologist—a fine stroke of sarcasm, that, but it will be lost on such an intellectual clam as you. Now compare conchology and geometry together, and you will see what the difference is, and your question will be answered. But don't torture me with any more of your ghastly arithmetical horrors (for I do detest figures anyhow,) until you know I am rid of my cold. I feel the bitterest animosity toward you at this moment—bothering me in this way, when I can do nothing but sneeze and quote poetry and snort pocket-handkerchiefs to atoms. If I had you in range of my nose, now, I would blow brains out.

YOUNG MOTHER.—And so you think a baby is a thing of beauty and a joy forever? Well, the idea is pleasing, but not original—every cow thinks the same of its own calf. Perhaps the cow may not think it so elegantly, but still she thinks it, nevertheless. I honor the cow for it. We all honor this touching maternal instinct wherever we find it, be it in the home of luxury or in the humble cow-shed. But really, madam, when I come to examine the matter in all its bearings, I find that the correctness of your assertion does not manifest itself in all cases. A sore-faced baby with a neglected nose cannot be conscientiously regarded as a thing of beauty, and inasmuch as babyhood spans but three short years, no baby is competent to be a joy "forever." It pains me thus to demolish two-thirds of your pretty sentiment in a single sentence, but the position I hold in this chair requires that I shall not permit you to deceive and mislead the public with your plausible figures of speech. I know a female baby aged eighteen months, in this city, which cannot hold out as a "joy" twenty-four hours on a stretch, let alone "forever." And it possesses some of the most remarkable eccentricities of character and appetite that have ever fallen under my notice. I will set down here a statement of this infant's operations, (conceived, planned and carried out by itself, and without suggestion or assistance from its mother or any one else,) during a single day—and what I shall say can be substantiated by the sworn testimony of witnesses. It commenced by eating one dozen large blue-mass pills, box and all; then it fell down a flight of stairs, and arose with a bruised and purple knot on its forehead, after which it proceeded in quest of further refreshment and amusement. It found a glass trinket ornamented with brasswork—mashed up and ate the glass, and then swallowed the brass. Then it drank about twenty or thirty drops of laudanum, and more than a dozen table-spoonsful of strong spirits of camphor. The reason why it took no more laudanum was, because there was no more to take. After this it lay down on its back, and shoved five or six inches of a silver-headed whalebone cane down its throat; got it fast there, and it was all its mother could do to pull the cane out again, without pulling out some of the child with it. Then, being hungry for glass again, it broke up several wine glasses, and fell to eating and swallowing the fragments, not minding a cut or two. Then it ate a quantity of butter pepper, salt and California matches, actually taking a spoonful of butter, a spoonful of salt, a spoonful of pepper, and three or four lucifer matches, at each mouthful. (I will remark here that this thing of beauty likes painted German lucifers, and eats all she can get of them; but she infinitely prefers California matches—which I regard as a compliment to our home manufactures of more than ordinary value, coming, as it does, from one who is too young to flatter.) Then she washed her head with soap and water, and afterwards ate what soap was left, and drank as much of the suds as she had room for, after which she sallied forth and took the cow familiarly by the tail, and got kicked heels over head. At odd times during the day, when this joy forever happened to have nothing particular on hand, she put in the time by climbing up on places and falling down off them, uniformly damaging herself in the operation. As young as she is, she speaks many words tolerably distinctly, and being plain-spoken in other respects, blunt and to the point, she opens conversation with all strangers, male or female, with the same formula—"How do, Jim?" Not being familiar with the ways of children, it is possible that I have been magnifying into matter of surprise things which may not strike any one who is familiar with infancy as being at all astonishing. However, I cannot believe that such is the case, and so I repeat that my report of this baby's performances is strictly true—and if any one doubts it, I can produce the child. I will further engage that she shall devour anything that is given her, (reserving to myself only the right to exclude anvils,) and fall down from any place to which she may be elevated, (merely stipulating that her preference for alighting on her head shall be respected, and, therefore, that the elevation chosen shall be high enough to enable her to accomplish this to her satisfaction.) But I find I have wandered from my subject—so, without further argument, I will reiterate my conviction that not *all* babies are things of beauty and joys forever.

BLUE-STOCKING, *San Francisco.*—Do I think the writer in the *Golden Era* quoted Burns correctly when he attributed this language to him?

"O, wad the power the gift tae gie us."

No, I don't. I think the proper reading is—

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us."

But how do you know it is Burns? Why don't you wait till you hear from the *Gold Hill News?* Why do you want to rush in ahead of the splendid intellect that discovered as by inspiration that the "Destruction of the Sennacherib" was not written in Dutch Flat?

Agnes St. Clair Smith.—This correspondent writes as follows: "I suppose you have seen the large oil painting (entitled 'St. Patrick preaching at Tara, A. D. 432,) by J. Harrington, of San Francisco, in the window of the picture store adjoining the Eureka Theatre, on Montgomery street. What do you think of it?"

Yes, I have seen it. I think it is a petrified nightmare. I have not time to elaborate my opinion.

DISCOURAGINO.

The fate of Mark Twain's exquisite bit of humor, in which he treats Byron's "Sennacherib" as a communication from a Dutch Flat poet, will teach a lesson to our wits. The next time Mark gets off a good thing in the same fine vein, he will probably append a "key" to the joke.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

Ah! but you forget the Gold Hill *News* and the *Flag.* Would they understand the "key" do you think?

(For the Californian.)

CONCEITS IN TASTE—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

I HAVE two literary neighbors whose characters are astonishingly dissimilar, whose ideas clash in their daily conversation with a terrible sound, and yet both parties seem to live together in a sort of quarrelsome harmony, very amusing to a lazy spectator like myself. Argument is apt to run high with them, and at moments I half suspect a danger of a physical cast, when I note columbiad encyclopædias and heavy infantry of commentaries with the skirmishing reviewers and sharp-shooting editorials thrashing around in the wordy battle. But the danger does not answer the promise of its threats, and when sleep proclaims its truce, both lie down together to the most amiable state of supineness and stertoration. One is an old-fashioned man of taste who has never to my knowledge wandered into print, and indeed whose language and style would require a labored translation to make it intelligible at a hotel breakfast table or in a fashionable bar-room. He is a middle-aged, shambling sort of a gentleman, who has for his bundle of personal habits a number of negligent tricks and absurdities that would render a wife desperate in the attempt to cure. It is pitiable that no lady has ventured it; for if the miserable state of his shoe-strings could only be remedied; if the load of dandruff on his coat-collar, which seems to collect there in defiance of the law of gravitation, were brushed off, and if a stop could be put to the active olfactory prospectings in which he indulges his fingers, he would be an ornament in the way of an escort through life to any sensible lady who cared little for a dashing cavalier. His head has already grown very bald, and it is a wonder to me where the dandruff mill which leaves such a powdery result on his curved back and round shoulders can be situate. Where he came from is a mystery which he never unfolds. I shrewdly surmise, however, that he must be the son of some half-starved English curate, who gave him what he could, that heritage of woe—the education and tastes of a scholar and a gentleman, without the gold to gild them into revered respectability. He probably, at some time or other, had hopes and aspirations, but a film must have long ago gathered over the eyes of his guardian angel; for he seems to have been deserted by both success and ambition. How he managed to wander to California, this Ultima Thule of book-worms, is one of those oddities of migration which, when reflected upon, call a smile to the surface that would be grotesque, were it not too sad.

The other hero of my theme is easily described. His profession lies somewhere in newspaper toils. He is a quick-witted, active materialist, full of the present, and careless as to the claims of the past. Sbriglia is more interesting to him than a whole dynasty of Tigelliuses, and Anselmo works upon his sarcastic side with far more effect than would Mævius or Codrus. He is popular as a writer, and is generally on the extreme edge of the common-place taste of the day.

I lounged in on the two chums the other evening, and it struck me as I reflected on the ideas evolved, that perhaps a little of the current of their conversation might be advantageously diverted into the mill-race of The Californian.

"Ancient" had stumbled that night into the parquet of the opera, and having returned home, was then sitting scribbling on the play-bill, his eyes lighted up with a childish brilliancy of reflection, the unoccupied hand vexing his nose, and one untied shoe abstractedly crushed out of shape beneath an awkward splay sort of a foot. "Latterday" was dampening his moustache in a toby of beer, which he ever and anon removed to blow smoke-wreaths around Ancient's smooth pate.

I saw a hesitating method in the pencillings of the scholar, and ventured to ask what idea he was working up. With a blush, such as a freshman wears when he gives in his first essay, and questions the tutor's eye for sympathy, Ancient handed me the following lines

ON A FAIR CRIPPLE.

"When Venus wanton steals her spouse's pace,
His tortuous step she trains to such a grace,
That, admiration drowning all compassion,
We deem the halt the height of Paphian fashion."

A burst of laughter issued clouded with beer-foam from the toby which was resting at Latterday's lips, when I finished reading the couplets. "Well," said he, "Ancient, who is the beautiful hobbler? I trust it is not that moon-eyed *Mongolienne* to whom you called my attention the other day, as she stilted herself over Dupont street. 'Paphia' is good. I shall see to it that hereafter we call by that name the Asiatic quarters." "It is nobody," meekly lied Ancient; "I was just turning over the epigram of Gnatho,

"DE GRATIA CLAUDICANTE
"Jam pede claudo nunc incedere Paphia mos fit,
"Cypride Vulcani incerto titubante gradu."
"Gnathon. Opuscul."

"Gnatho?" said Latterday, "I never heard of him." "Probably not," responded Ancient, "he was a loafer of the time of the elder Cato. He was not much of a poet, being about as clear as mud, *(luteum non est lutulentius)* but was *gulosissimus*, the best man in free lunch achievements to be found in the city of Rome. He has left us nothing worthy of being treasured, and his style is a little stilted." "Well," said Latterday, ruthlessly tossing the tender infant of Ancient's reveries upon the bayonet of slashing criticism, "if you were only a cotemporary of La Valliere, or were writing for the amusement of Madame du Deffant, your epigram would be the thing. As it is, in this age of hasty literature, when the author must have voluminous ideas ready at any moment for delivery, epigrams properly sharpened down to a point are absurdities. Write a song. Don't mind the accuracies of metre or the demands of rhyme, get it set to a stolen tune, and you will reach the popular heart instanter. Who cares about the bummers who used to ask Cato for two bits and didn't get it? It is enough to see the modern parasite gorging himself in the restaurants. Your trifling bit of effervescent classicism might be understood by a faculty of Latin pedants, but it is hardly the taste of the American people of to-day, as we meet them in California." Ancient sighed, as men sigh when in foreign lands and unable to make their ideas known, and muttering that it was but a "mere *nuga*, not seriously intended," turned to a torn copy of Tibullus and became absorbed therein.

I went to my room, and delving into a heap of yellow-leaved time-stained works, found all sorts of efforts by men of wit, whose fame in fashion was a thing of a hundred years of age. There were compliments to ladies, whose bright eyes, about which so much was said, had been tarnished with tears and woe long before they closed wearily forever; there were sparkling sarcasms that had led to fierce duels between men whose tongues were sharper than their swords, and men whose blades usurped the duties of wit; there were dedications by poets who cringingly harnessed their genius to help drag along the heavy chariots of ladies of fashion; there were compliments to men in power, rank indeed, and fulsome, but turned with a grace that almost defied criticism. You would search in vain the literature of to-day for the same sort of effusions. Yet the ladies now have eyes as bright, men say ugly things of each other as freely, and political patronage is sought as much through the channel of flattery as when the Lovelaces, the Dorsets, and Walpoles wrote, and the St. Johns and Temples held the reins of government. But carelessness has crept into even this questionable portion of literature, and newspaper praise barely ventures beyond an ill-constructed letter or a local puff. The man of fashion now finds his position easily retainable without the dilettante accomplishments of verse-capping and apt classical quotation. The parasite, who once won his way to the dinner tables of the great by his wit, still uses his mighty jaws with dexterity, but regards more the quantity than the quality of his flatteries.

Latterday was right. Ancient's awkward wit and ungainly compliments look as badly to the eye of the modern snips in literature, as his own seedy garb would, hung up in a fashionable slop-shop. The day for classical ornamentation in letters has gone by. The judge's opinion, the priest's sermon, and the political speech must not bear the least stain of polite learning, or it will be popularly ridiculous. Billy Birch and Charley Backus are now drawn upon for illustration by the young bucks about town, just as Horace and Juvenal were of yore by men of fashion.

The transformation may be good for us in the end. It may stir up a vein of originality in letters, which will have a brilliant effect upon the efforts of this generation. Perhaps our successors in the literary public may thank us for the flippancy with which we treat the classics and such absurd children of their old age as my friend Ancient, who stray purposeless among us; but in their pursuit of what is excellent in their predecessors, is there not a fearful chance that passing by contemptuously our labors and going back to earlier writers, impartial and critical Posterity may designate our materialistic days as a Dark Age, just as do we those centuries when monks made palimpsests of Horace and Catullus, to replace them with legends of mythical saints.

Vago.

Civilization.—A Chinaman named Lee Kan has petitioned the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, for permission to keep an "intelligence office" in that city. The Board will decide, at its next meeting, as to whether Lee Kan keep one or not.—*Marysville Express.*

Strange Burial Customs in Sicily.—In Sicily churchyards are unknown. The corpses are placed in layers in the vaults of churches, without a coffin, and when decomposition performs its work, the remains of the poor are piled together in a corner, and sometimes walled in; but those who can afford it have their remains placed in a niche in a special apartment, called the Chamber of Death, where for a long time the hideous relics of humanity may be seen by the curious. It is a large hall on the ground-floor, lighted by a large window, like that of an artist's studio. All round there are niches like sentry-boxes let into the wall; they are about six feet high, and the bottom is level with the floor. The corpses, blackened by decomposition, are frightful to look at; they are kept generally in a standing-position by a rope round their necks, and their naked, fleshless feet rest on the floor; but, as the ropes are not uniformly tightened, the attitudes are all different; some leaning forward with their heads outside the niche, as though about to advance into the centre of the room. All have a paper label fastened on their breast, couched thus: "I am so-and-so; have a mass said for me, for mercy's sake." In one of the niches is the corpse of a young man, in a Zouave's uniform; he is fastened round the waist, so that the body is bent in two, the head down and the hands forward, which gives him the appearance of looking for something on the floor. There are also a few, only a very few, glass coffins; in one of them is a gentleman wearing a chimney-pot hat, much too large for what is left of his head. A few wooden coffins form a strange contrast with the ghastly exhibition all around. They contain the remains of ladies, this barbarous fashion at *poste mortem* display stopping short of the fair sex.

The Dear Babies.—Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often as wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know, in the depths of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not fight. Do they not seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exulting war-whoops, as if they longed to scalp us? Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotion of gratitude? Do they not murder our sleep, compelling parents to rise at the dead hour of night, and walk marches against time until daylight? Is it not a common thing to see them become partially apoplectic with unbridled passion? And then, look at their hypocrisy! Do they not indulge in blood-curdling shrieks of seeming agony, and, when undressed in consequence of suspicion of pins, do they not kick up their heels and crow at the thought of having hoaxed their mothers? It is all very well to say that "Heaven is near us in our infancy," but it is the opinion of observant persons, who have studied babies from a philosophical stand-point, that if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Target Excursions.—The annual target excursions of two of our crack military organizations—the City Guard, Capt. W. C. Little, and Company F, Franklin Light Infantry, Capt. McComb—came off during the present week, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion, and with all the extensive feasting and drinking necessary to render the same entirely agreeable. The Franklin's first prize—a pair of large gold-lined tankards, presented by F. MacCrellish & Co.—was won by Capt. McComb, and the City Guard's first prize—a beautiful medal, valued at $300—was won by private Wood. We thank both companies for their kind invitations, and regret that we were unable to go to the shooting, and carry off the prizes and champagne.

Railroad Extension.—The Sacramento Valley Railroad Company is now running regular trains to Shingle Springs, only nine miles this side of Placerville, and fifty miles west of Freeport. This company is extending its line with an energy and rapidity which well deserves the increased freight and passenger patronage bestowed upon it by the public. The line is being rapidly pushed toward Placerville, and is to be completed to Mud Springs November 1st. It will reach Placerville by the 1st of January next.

Educational.—Miss M. Lammond's College for Young Ladies, on Silver street, will commence its second half-yearly term for boarding and day pupils on the 6th of July next. Miss Lammond was formerly principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary at Benicia, and in experience, ability and energy is peculiarly adapted to assume the care of an educational institute.

Regatta.—There is to be a grand contest between the pilot yachts and pleasure sail-boats on the Bay, July 4th. Four pilot boats and nine Bay boats (two first-class, five second-class and two third-class) are already entered.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet Summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl:
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

HOW WE TRAPPED THE BURGLARS.

WE lived in a Terrace at the time in which my tale is laid, in what we may term a sub-district of London, for we were within five miles of Charing Cross; and the dark month of December was upon us. Robberies had been frequent in our neighborhood, and no less than three houses out of the ten in the Terrace had been entered by burglars and robbed, and yet no discovery of the thieves had taken place. So ably, also, had the work of entry been accomplished, that in no case had the inmates been alarmed; and it was not until the servants descended in the morning that the discovery of a robbery was made.

In two of the three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry-window, by removing a pane of glass, and cutting a small hole in the shutter. This window was on the ground-floor, and could easily be reached, therefore, from outside. In the third robbery, an upper window was entered by means of a knife which forced back the fastening, and of course allowed the sash to be raised.

So rapidly had these robberies occurred, that the whole neighborhood was alarmed. The police shook their heads, and looked knowing, but did nothing; and what was much to be lamented, failed to find any clue to the robbers, who, they at the same time asserted, were evidently not regular cracksmen.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend come to stay with us a few days. This friend, who was an old jungle-hunter, was *au fait* at every artifice by which the animal creation might be captured. He was delighted at the idea of having an adventure with burglars, and scorned the belief that they were more than a match in cunning for even the average bush hunter. It was in vain that we assured him it was an axiom that an accomplished robber could effect an entrance into any house; and that instruments were used of such a nature as to cut holes in doors without noise, and, in fact, that through roofs and sky-lights, down chimneys, and up water-spouts, an accomplished burglar could easily enter the best-defended house.

Our friend's argument was, that a burglar was a man on watch, who took advantage of the residents being asleep and unsuspecting; "but," said he, "let my suspicions be raised, and I will defy any burglar to enter my house without my my having due warning; because, though I may be asleep, still I shall hear his approach, and can then make my arrangements to welcome him."

Although we were not desirous of having our house robbed, yet we wished much that our friend's confidence should be taken out of him.

A few days after this conversation, the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the alert. Here, then, was a good opportunity to test my friend's skill and wakefulness; so, having informed him of the policeman's warning, I asked him if he felt confident to undertake the defence of the house.

"Certainly," he replied; "I only demand a dark lantern, and stipulate that you have a pair of slippers beside your bed. I also must go to bed last, and no servant is to go down stairs before me in the morning; nor is any one to walk about during the night: then I will defy the burglars."

Thus it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

Three nights had passed, and no alarms had occurred, and no robberies taken place; we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said that *now* was the very time to be most guarded, for that no wise burglar would rob when he was expected; besides, he said, we have not had a windy night yet; it is when doors and windows rattle, and the chimney rumbles, that robberies are best effected, not when every strange noise is audible—thus, he said, he did not give up hopes of yet having something to say to the robbers before his visit terminated.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the fourth night of our watch. It was my friend's voice that answered me, and we were requested to come out at once.

"As soon as I strike a match," I replied.

"Nonsense, man; a light will spoil the whole thing. Come in the dark; put on a dressing-gown and your slippers, and come at once."

I was soon provided as he wished, and ready to descend the stairs in the dark

"Now, remember," said my friend, "there are seven steps to the first landing, twelve others afterwards, and the fourth step creaks abominably, so be careful to descend without noise."

The night was boisterous, and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have alarmed even he most keen-eared listener. We descended to the ground floor, entered the pantry, and then standing perfectly still, devoted ourselves to listening.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise on the shutter, then an interval of quiet, and again a noise; presently the window was gently raised, and again all was quiet. The noise of a heavy vehicle passing the house seemed to afford an opportunity for a more decided effort, for while the rattle of the wheels was loudest, a crack sounded from the shutter, and we could hear that the bolt was forced, for the shutter was gently moved.

"Don't stir till I do, and hold your breath if possible," whispered my friend in my ear.

I found the latter a difficult request to comply with, for my heart was beating with rapidity, and thumping against my ribs in the most excited way; still I stood quiet and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robbers; the shutter was pushed back in the most slow and steady manner; had there been even a bell fastened to it, I doubt whether it would have been made to ring. At intervals there was a rest from work, evidently for the purpose of listening, and then one of the robbers placed his leg across the window-sill, and lightly descended into the pantry.

The night, even out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was black as Erebus; our forms, therefore, were quite undistinguishable, and the only chance of discovering us was by touching or hearing us.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, whilst we could hear that a third, who was outside, was to remain there on watch.

"Now, let's light up," said number two.

"Not yet, till you push the shutter to," replied the other, "or the glim 'll be seen; then you come and hold the box."

The shutter was quietly pushed to, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered By the quiet way in which they walked, it was evident that they were either without shoes or had on India-rubber coverings. Of their size or weapons, we could see nothing, and I began to doubt whether our position was an agreeable one, as I was armed only with a sword, a weapon, however, I knew how to use, whilst of my friend's means of offence or defence I knew nothing.

I had not long to wait, for a lucifer was struck by one of the men immediately, and the room consequently lighted up; at the same instant my friend drew up the slide of the dark lantern and flashed the light on the faces of the two men, at the same time showing the muzzle of a revolver pointed towards them.

"If either of you move, I'll put a couple of bullets in him," said my friend, as he placed his back against the window by twhich the men had entered. "Now drop that crowbar," he continued, in a voice of authority; "down with it, and you," he said to me, "pull open the shutter and shout for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar is, that he is a man of great size, strength and daring, and that he would in an encounter annihilate any moderate man. When, then, the light revealed the faces and forms of the men we had captured, our humble self, although no great pugilist, yet felt able to defeat either of them if it came to a matter of fists, and I must own that the pale and astonished faces of the men were not indicative of any great courage.

Our shout for the police was shortly answered, and the burglars having been subdued by the sight of the revolver, the muzzle of which pointed first at one and then at the other, were captured by the police, three of whom were speedily on the spot, and conveyed to the lock-up, whilst we and a detective who had been brought down from London some days previously, examined the details by which the men had effected an entrance.

"You were very lucky to hear them, especially on such a night," said the detective; "when once they're in, they move like mice. We know them, and I expect they'll get seven years."

The man was about correct, for one, the older offender, was sentenced to six, the other to five years penal servitude.

"It will, I suppose, be of no use trying to sleep again to-night, for it is three o'clock," said my friend.

"I cannot sleep," was my reply; "and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

Being then of one mind, we partly robed ourselves, lighted a fire in the kitchen, and soon being provided with cigars and grog, got very comfortable and satisfied with our work. My friend then began his account, which he gave much in the following words:

"The burglar, as I told you, has usually the advantage of surprise; he can select the time at which he makes his attack, and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously, he enters a house before he is heard. Few men would, however, venture to do so, unless they previously had good information as to the interior arrangements of the house; this they obtain either from servants, tradesmen, or some one who visits the locality, or they come themselves as tramps, or with some trifle to sell. Thus, if there are bells attached to doors or windows, they find it out; and they know tolerably well the domestic arrangements of the locality they purpose trying their skill upon. There are, too, conventional methods of protecting a house, such as bolts, bars, chains, locks, etc., all of which require merely time and proper instruments to overcome. It therefore occurred to me that novelty and simplicity combined would be more than a match for the coarse intellect of a burglar, and thus I made my plans, which, you see, answered very well."

"No doubt about that," we replied.

"Well now, come to my room," he continued, "and see the apparatus."

We entered his room, and there, close beside his pillow, was a tin box, in the bottom of which was a key.

"This is nearly all the apparatus," he said; "but you notice some thread fastened to the key: trace that thread, and you will find it passes through that small hole in the sash; from there it goes down to the back-yard; and now you will comprehend my plan. I knew that no man could approach the back-part of the house without walking up the back-yard, which is only four yards wide. I therefore tied across the back-yard, and about two feet from the ground, some fine black thread; this was made fast on one side, but slipped through a loop, and led up to my window on the other. The thread then passed through the hole I had bored in the window-sash, and was then made fast to this key. Under the key I placed the tin box, you see; and over the key was a bar, to prevent it from being dragged up more than six inches. Each night, before I went to bed, I just drew the string tight, and fastened it in the yard, taking care to free it before morning, so as to keep the plan a secret. If, then, a man, or anything above two feet high, walked up the yard, the string was pressed against, the key was drawn up sharply against the bar, and the string broken, when the key, of course, fell into the tin box, making quite noise enough to wake me. Immediately the string or thread broke, it would fall to the ground; and the person who had done all this would not have felt anything, the resistance being so slight. I must own I should have preferred horse-hair to thread, but as it was, the latter answered very well. I was fast asleep when the key fell, but immediately awoke, and taking my lantern outside my door, lighted it, and came to you, for I knew that a man only in the back-yard could have dropped my key. So now you see how the burglars were trapped, for you know all the rest."

"Certainly, you succeeded, and so we ought not to be critical," we replied. "But suppose they had entered by the front window, instead of by the back, how then?"

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door: "pull it."

I did so, and immediately a tin cup dropped into the hand-basin.

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front window; but I broke that off as I went out of my room, so that it should not impede my journey down stairs. Thus I could at once know whether a man was approaching the back-door or had entered by the front window, and in either case, I think I could have captured him."

Simplicity had certainly been adopted in the present case, but the means had shown themselves to be efficient.

"People are usually very silly," continued our friend, "when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises of a night. The first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and must escape; then they go about the house with this candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or to hide himself. Instead of this, if a person were to listen intently, he would be able to hear any suspicious noises distinctly, and decide upon their cause: then, as he must know his own house better than a robber, he is best off of the two in the dark; and when, having armed himself, he has quietly opened his door, he may wait and listen until the robbers are heard moving about, when he may take such steps as may seem necessary. If every person were merely to plan what was to be done in case of robbers entering his house, and then were to carry out this if the occasion required it, burglary would be too dangerous and unsuccessful a proceeding to be popular or profitable, and thus might be given up for a more honest means of obtaining a livelihood; so that really we may consider ourselves to have done the community at large a benefit, when we capture one of these gentry; whilst those who allow their houses to be robbed with impunity, jeopardize their neighbors' property."

STORY OF ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

LIEUTENANT GERARD was stationed at Serra, on the sides of Aspromonte. His wife, who was one of the most beautiful women of her time, undertook to join him while brigandage was at its height. She was accompanied by a file of troops. After having been exhausted by frequent and sudden assaults of the brigands of Castrovillari, the troops were at last taken in a disadvantageous position, and all shot down. The unfortunate woman suffered every indignity, and was finally killed. Not long after, the brigands of Serra and Mongiana informed the municipal authorities of the former place that they desired to surrender according to the orders of General Manhes. They stipulated that, to save them from public indignity, the rendition should take place at night, and in a house agreed upon. Gerard and the civil authorities accepted the conditions, kept the appointment, and were all murdered. Manhes heard of the atrocious crime, and resolved upon a summary punishment. With an escort of fifty lances he set out for Serra, moving by the shortest roads, and arrived so suddenly that the blare of his trumpets gave the first notice of his approach. He rode into the public square, and the first objects that his eyes encountered were some bloody human heads. Turning to some persons near him, he inquired—

"What horrible thing is this?"

"General, we are the friends of the civil authorities killed in that night. We have taken vengeance upon some of our neighbors who had part in the treachery. Ask anybody. You will find that these were killed by our hands."

The general turned away, sickened at the spectacle, and still more at the fierce barbarity of these avengers of blood. He spent the night in a painful study upon the problem which this case presented. Should he take vengeance for the murder of Gerard, as these mountaineers had avenged their friends? But to what purpose? Sights of blood did not appal people bred in the presence of assassination. Private revenge, then and now the curse of the Neapolitan provinces, had been taken, perhaps upon the innocent, but, at all events, this work only tended to imbrute still more the violent character of those men. Manhes resolved to extend the principle of his proclamation to the inhabitants of Serra. He would outlaw them, cut them off from society, reduce them to the level of brutes. There was one, and only one way to accomplish this. Manhes was not the man to shrink from any means to a desirable end. He, a layman, excommunicated the town. No one who does not understand the nature of these men, can comprehend what is meant in that sentence. Their tender place was and is their intense religious superstition. The next morning Manhes collected the inhabitants upon the public square, and addressed them. They expected a sack of the village, with, perhaps, a dozen executions, and had spent the night in removing their effects to the woods. Manhes, from long service in Italy, not only spoke Italian fluently but is said to have had great facility in the dialects of the Neapolitan provinces. The substance of his address, as preserved in his memoirs, was as follows:

"The sack of your village and the death of you all would be small punishment for your want of faith and humanity. I decree a greater punishment than this. From now forward I condemn you to be no longer a part of human society. I exclude you from all part or lot in the Church or the State. I order and decree that your churches be closed, and your priests, without one exception, be shut up in the prison at Maida. The communes around you will have orders to draw a cordon about you, and to shoot whoever, without my orders, shall attempt to cross the line. Your children shall be born without baptism; your old men shall die without the sacraments; young men and women shall have no magistrate to unite them, no priest to bless them. And this is my inexorable, implacable sentence. I abandon you to your infamous destiny."

This singular address was delivered with indescribable fervor and emphasis, adorned with every figure of speech that could strike these vivid imaginations. The fright of the people was terrible, but the priests endeavored to subdue the popular fear by assurances that the sentence never could be, never would be carried out. They did not know Manhes. He gave orders to the militia of the communes around Serra to shoulder their muskets on a given day, and draw a cordon around the condemned district. Then he ordered the priests to be conducted to Maida. When the priests had disappeared, Manhes set out to leave the town. Outside of it he encountered a procession of spectres, "filling the air with sighs and woes." It was the entire population kneeling by the roadside, beating their breasts with stones, and imploring pardon, or any other fate than this.

"Kill us at once, but do not torment us with eternal pains."

The inexorable Manhes put spurs to his horse, and was soon out of sight, leaving universal dejection behind him. One of the proprietors in the city said to the people:

"There is only one way of escape. You know the brigands who murdered Gerard. Capture or kill them, and Manhes will pardon you."

Inspired with this hope, the whole population gave chase on a given day, and did not rest until every one of the assassins had been killed or captured. The general, informed of this proceeding, revoked his sentence, and Serra was thoroughly cured of the brigandage disease.

JOHN LEECH.

LEECH possessed the finest eye for all objects of natural beauty. A keen sense of the beautiful distinguishes him from almost all other caricaturists. It is to be found occasionally, though rarely, in the earlier works of Gilray, and more frequently in those of Rowlandson, but disappears almost entirely from the later productions of both. In Cruikshauk it finds its chief manifestation when he disports himself amongst the creations of fairyland; and it is well worthy of remark, that, unlike his predecessors, this sense of beauty seems to have strengthened instead of diminishing as time has mellowed the genius of that great master. Over Leech it has from the first exercised an abiding influence, and there is hardly a production of his pencil in which some touch does not appear to bear testimony to his devotion. His power of expressing beauty by a few lines strengthened with years, but with increasing facility of hand came in some degree the defect of mannerism. One type of beauty took possession of his heart, and he too often contented himself with reproducing it. There are other artists of kindred genius to whose works we might refer as examples of a similar habit; and when it is remembered how rapid and unceasing the call upon his creative power was, that, week after week, for a period of twenty years, he produced designs which, for the amount of thought and invention they required, were equal to pictures, our surprise will be at the variety which he introduced in the character and expression of the actors in the scenes of his comedy. Leech's type of beauty is thoroughly English and domestic—the gay, modest, good-tempered girl who is the sunbeam on her father's hearth, the beloved of her brothers and sisters, the adored of her cousins, who passes by natural transition into the faithful wife and fond mother, who bears around her through life a halo of purity and innocence, is the muse that inspires his pencil. This purity is a constant characteristic of Leech's beauties. Constance, who drives her private hansom—Miss Selina Hardman, who asks poor Robinson to "give her a lead" over a five-barred gate—Diana, who slips off at an ugly fence, leaving the skirt of her habit on the pommel of her saddle—have not the most remote affinity to the objectionable young ladies of the present day who ape the graces of Anonyma as she flaunts in the Park, are rather proud to be taken for "pretty horsebreakers," and expose themselves to the ridicule and contempt of their partners by talking of persons and places of the mere knowledge of whose names they ought to be ashamed. It is difficult to say whether the hunting-field, the park, the croquet-lawn, the ball-room or the seaside has furnished the richer field for the display of this phase of the genius of Leech; but we are disposed to think that all these must yield to indoor scenes of domestic life. He revels in the society of children. Baby is a constant source of delight to him; the sports, the loves, the joys and the sorrows of childhood awaken his warmest sympathy. We know of nothing more perfect than some of his representations of children's parties—with what kindly satire he smiles at the affectation of the little premature men and women; and when he takes them out to dabble on the seashore, or mounts the boys on rough ponies and starts them for a ride over the downs, how the joyous shout and laugh ring in our ears.—*Blackwood.*

A BATH that everybody gets into once a week. The Sabbath.

ON THE SEA-SHORE.

A WRECKER.

THERE was not a sail in sight, and we saw none that day, for they had all sought harbors in the late storm, and had not been able to get out again; and the only human beings whom we saw on the beach for several days, were one or two wreckers looking for drift-wood and fragments of wrecked vessels. After an easterly storm in the Spring, this beach is sometimes strewn with eastern wood from one end to the other, which, as it belongs to him who saves it, and the Cape is nearly destitute of wood, is a godsend to the inhabitants. We soon met one of these wreckers—a regular Cape Cod man, with whom we parleyed, with a bleached and weather-beaten face, within whose wrinkles I distinguished no particular feature. It was like an old sail endowed with life—a hanging-cliff of weather-beaten flesh—like one of the clay bowlders which occurred in that sand-bank. He had on a hat which had seen salt water, and a coat of many pieces and colors, though it was mainly the color of the beach, as if it had been sanded. His variegated back—for his coat had many patches, even between the shoulders—was a rich study to us, when we had passed him and looked round. It might have been dishonorable for him to have so many scars behind, it is true, if he had not had many more and more serious ones in front. He looked as if he sometimes saw a doughnut, but never descended to comfort; too grave to laugh, too tough to cry; as indifferent as a clam—like a sea-clam with hat on and legs, that was out walking the strand. He may have been one of the Pilgrims—Peregrine White, at least—who has kept on the back side of the Cape, and let the centuries go by. He was looking for wrecks, old logs, water-logged and covered with barnacles, or bits of boards and joists, even chips, which he drew out of the reach of the tide and stacked up to dry. When the log was too large to carry far, he cut it up where the last wave had left it, or rolling it a few feet, appropriated it by sticking two stieks into the ground crosswise above it. Some rotten trunk, which in Maine cumbers the ground, and is, perchance, thrown into the water on purpose, is here thus carefully picked up, split and dried, and husbanded. Before winter the wrecker painfully carries these things up the bank on his shoulders by a long diagonal, slanting path made with a hoe in the sand, if there is no hollow at hand. You may see his hooked pike-staff always laying on the bank ready for use. He is the true monarch of the beach, whose "right there is none to dispute," and he is as much identified with it as a beach bird.

CAST ASHORE.

Objects on the beach, whether men or inanimate things, look not only exceedingly grotesque, but much larger and more wonderful than they actually are. Lately, when approaching the sea-shore several degrees south of this, I saw before me, seemingly half a mile distant, what appeared like bold and rugged cliffs on the beach, fifteen feet high, and whitened by the sun and waves; but after a few steps it proved to be low heaps of rags—part of the cargo of a wrecked vessel—scarcely more than a foot in height. Once, also it was my business to go in search of the relics of a human body, mangled by sharks, which had just been cast up, a week after a wreck, having got the direction from a lighthouse keeper: I should find it a mile or two distant over the sand, a dozen rods from the water, covered with a cloth, by a stick stuck up. I expected that I must look very narrowly to find so small an object, but the sandy beach, half a mile wide, and stretching farther than the eye could reach, was so perfectly smooth and bare, and the mirage toward the sea so magnifying, that when I was half a mile distant the insignificant sliver which marked the spot looked like a bleached spar, and the relics were as conspicuous as if they lay in state on that sandy plain, or a generation had labored to pile up their cairn there. Close at hand they were simply some bones with a little flesh adhering to them, in fact, only a slight inequality in the sweep of the shore. There was nothing at all remarkable about them, and they were singularly inoffensive both to the senses and the imagination. But as I stood there they grew more and more imposing. They were alone with the beach and the sea, whose hollow roar seemed addressed to them, and I was impressed as if there was an understanding between them and the ocean which necessarily left me out, with my snivelling sympathies. That dead body had taken possession of the shore, and reigned over it as no living one could, in the name of a certain majesty which belonged to it.—*Thoreau's Cape Cod.*

"ALWAYS buy your chestnuts boiled," said Mrs. Snow to Abemlech, who was about investing a penny in that little brown commodity, "cause the raw ones want looking after, and the wormy ones you have to throw away; but with the biled ones it don't make no difference—worms can't hurt nobody when they're biled."

IN Italy and Germany the satires and burlesques on the French Emperor's *Life of Cæsar* sell more readily than the work itself, and are vastly more popular.

NOTICE

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1865.

TO BE SERIOUSLY CONSIDERED.

[Mrs. Extra Billy Smith is accused of appropriating to her private use the spoons and other silver belonging to the gubernatorial mansion at Richmond, and the property of the State of Virginia.—*Exchange.*]

THEFT, considered as an accompaniment of refinement, always attracts the attention of the ethical student. When a gorgeous dame whose connections give her position in society, is caught hiding beneath her mantle of respectability so eccentric a sin as shoplifting, we whisper and wonder over the fact with ludicrous earnestness. It is not theft that she was guilty of: it cannot be the same vulgar sin that sends a penniless culprit to the house of correction. There gathers straightway about the furtive transaction, a halo of romance which dignifies a felony into insanity. We tap our skulls with significant leniency and hunt through the family history for hereditary substantiation of our theory. We turn to medical ethics for an apology for the social disturbance: we do anything rather than believe that high-minded wealth can ever stoop to miserly peculations. Mrs. Smith did not steal spoons after the same dull, stupid fashion attributed to the "Maid and the Magpie." She was merely under the unfortunate influence of a mental aberration, which, for the nonce, destroyed the exact equilibrium there ordinarily exists in the intellectual perceptions of the propriety of a just regard for the laws of property. How could she, a lady who had occupied high social rank, who had wielded feminine political power, who had been the dispenser of the gifts of fortune, who was above the ordinary fears of poverty—how could she —*steal?* The vulgar attorney who might have the audacity to harbor the charge, the grand jury that could have the heartlessness to indict her, would receive a scorching rebuke from her counsel for the raid upon well-digested ideas of medical jurisprudence.

We deem the subject well worthy the attention of the public at this time, when so many eminent kleptomaniacs have fallen into our hands. Let us have our prisoners ably counselled. There is room for the advocate of Howell Cobb to develop a branch of legal defences which has so far been tolerably neglected. Cobb never *stole.* Why should we use expressions grating to social feeling? For the past four years the afflicted patient has been laboring under a strange malady having its root in a weakness about public property, and his medico-legal adviser might hazard the opinion that he was as yet only doubtfully convalescent. The disease has been epidemic among Southern Senators; and though a filthy representative from a Northern State might possibly be indicted for so vulgar a peccadillo, the chivalrous South, when in its palmy days, would never have sent to Washington so humiliating a specimen of its greatness.

Why, too, could not some of our disgraced generals employ the same reasonings to wash away their peculations? Banks lies under heavy suspicions; let him demonstrate to the military commission which investigates his conduct, that whatever dubious facts there may be in his record are attributable to this aristocratic infirmity. Why should Blenker's famous hot-stove-stealing corps tarry under public impeachment? The disease of "cramping" had taken hold of them with the violence of a pest, and was no more to be blamed morally than the famous dysentery of Sterling Price. Then, too, the whole character of the rebellion might be made to

> "Suffer a sea change
> Into something rich and strange,"

And the conduct of the Confederate navy, the Canadian arson-lovers—even the *Salvador* pirates would be covered affectionately with the cloak of medical and judicial learning. We here express our regret that Mr. Pixley had not seen fit to introduce the matter as a sound point in the case of his clients.

Our modesty refuses us the power to elaborate the ideas which we have hastily suggested. We commend them to the attention of the bar, both of the East and West, and we trust that those who have the defence of the illustrious Southern criminality may seriously study the interesting annals of Kleptomania.

(For the Californian.)

ADVOCACY.

EVERY now and then a community is attacked with some moral epidemic, just as at times appear in various countries pestilential diseases which rage violently for a while and then disappear, to be heard of again perhaps not for a century. About every three years we become outrageously good, as if to atone for having during that period been generally bad.—Now it is the Sunday law, then it is the temperence question, and yet again it is the "social evil," whatever that euphemism may mean. The virtuous cholera which is now raging on this coast is to be attributed to an awful contemplation of the evils of advocacy, and Frank Pixley, Esq., not having been kept in conscientious quarantine, seems to be the individual who has infected the body politic. In defending, as a professional advocate, certain persons charged with an attempt to capture the American steamer *Salvador*, and turn the same into a Confederate privateer, it appears to be thought that he has broken all the commandments at once. And though he has done nothing but what hundreds in his profession have been doing, are now doing, and will in future continue to do, in the opinion of a large class of people he is to be looked upon as a legal leper, to be "utterly cast out and trodden under foot of men."

The radical error that lies at the foundation of most that has been said or written upon this subject, is the enormous assumption that an innocent man before a legal tribunal has any more rights than a guilty man—in the concession that "on trial" a man innocent of a crime is to be regarded as any better than a man guilty of a crime. We assert that there is no more sanction for defending a man known to be innocent than there is for defending a man known to be guilty. That an advocate has the right, and that it is his duty to do for the one just exactly what he has the right, and what it is his duty to do for the other. That guilt and innocence, to an advocate in the performance of his task, must of necessity be the same.

Every man charged with crime has the right to be tried by the laws of the land. Admitting for the sake of the argument that the advocate called upon to defend the prisoner knows perfectly well that he has done the deed—murder, if you please—how does that affect the question, has he not the right to be tried by the laws of the land? The advocate enters the Court and demands a fair trial. The fact that the prisoner is known to the counsel to be guilty, would not justify that counsel in sacrificing any one of his client's rights. It would not justify him in permitting the prisoner to be tried by six jurors instead of twelve, in letting in hearsay testimony against the defendant, in allowing witnesses to be examined not in presence of the criminal, in assenting to the Judge's expressing in his charge an opinion as to the facts of the case. Why? Because all this would be illegal, and the guilty man, standing upon his rights, claims through his counsel that nothing illegal shall be done against him. We presume no one contends that because a counsel knows the prisoner to be guilty, therefore such counsel has the right to execute such prisoner. Nor has any one that right until, in accordance with the laws of the State, he has been convicted of the crime with which he stands charged. That he shall be convicted in such manner, if at all, and in such manner only, it is at once the right and the duty of every advocate to see enforced. Whether in fact guilty, and known to be so to the advocate, cannot and does not enter into the matter at all. For how does it stand with the prisoner known to the counsel to be innocent. What more can be done for the innocent than for the guilty. The prisoner who is innocent, and known to be so by his counsel, cannot demand to be tried by sixteen jurors instead of twelve, nor ask that hearsay testimony be given in his favor, nor that depositions taken out of Court be read in evidence, nor that the Judge in his charge shall express an opinion as to the facts of the case. Why? Because all this is illegal, and he cannot claim that anything illegal shall be done to acquit him. The innocent man may object to anything illegal being done. So may the guilty man. The guilty man cannot claim that anything illegal shall be done to acquit him, neither can the innocent man. If a man innocent and known to be so to his counsel is possessed of a single right which is not shared to the full by the man guilty and known to be so to his counsel, we should like to see it pointed out. In fact it seems to be forgotten that lawyers are not priests; that it is no part of their business to rebuke men for their immorality, or praise them for their morality.

"In judicial proceedings the rights of suitors are dealt with according to the law of the country, and by their compliance with or departure from the rules of that law are they to be judged. It may be that by applying the law a criminal escapes punishment, or a just man meets injury. That is the fault of the law. But since men's legal rights are the creatures of municipal law, it is the duty of the advocate to see that his client obtains those rights to which by law he is entitled; and if, by rules of law, a man actually guilty in a moral point of view is not guilty in a legal point of view, it would be as gross an act of injustice in his counsel to abandon him, as it would be in his judges to condemn him. For since it is by the laws of his country, and not by the laws of God, that he is being judged, he has a right to have proper care taken that he is only found guilty according to those laws, by the standard of which he is judged."

We commend this quotation to a correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, who has been writing quite at length on this subject, and giving it as his opinion that "there is much force" in views directly opposite to those here expressed, whereas there is neither force nor justice in his opinion, nor in the views to which he refers. If one would for a moment think that no man, if he choose to demand counsel, can be tried without counsel being allowed him; that it is in the power of the Court to appoint any member of the bar, no matter how distinguished, to defend any criminal, no matter how poor or how guilty, he would see that the counsel who in the first instance consents to be the advocate of a criminal, only does that which the law demands shall be done, and which, if he refuse to do, it can force him to perform. If all the members of the bar should refuse to defend a criminal when called upon, every one of them would violate that law which it is their duty to uphold, and would furnish a cure escape to the criminal, since he could never be tried or brought to punishment "in accordance with the law of the land."

But there is another question entirely distinct from that which we have just considered, which people always contrive to mix with the other. And that is, "Has the advocate, in defending a prisoner, the right to do more than see that the prisoner obtains the benefits of the laws of his country?" Has an advocate the right, and is it his duty to solemnly protest that black is white, or that white is black? Is it for him to charge the witnesses with perjury, when he knows such charge to be false; to destroy the complainant's character, when he has no reason to believe it bad; to fasten, or attempt to fasten suspicion on another, whom he does not know to be guilty, in order to shift the same from the shoulders of his client?

It is not necessary to answer this question point blank, to sustain the assertion we have made, that an advocate has no more right to do for the innocent than for the guilty. We can reply, and do reply: If the advocate may act thus for the innocent man, he may act thus for the guilty man, and if he may not act thus for the guilty, he may not for the innocent. If he know his client to be innocent, we cannot see how that gives the advocate a right to deceive others, or to perjure himself, or how it becomes his duty to acquit his client, whom he knows to be innocent, by endeavoring to fasten suspicion upon one whom he does not know to be guilty; *provided*, that to deceive, to perjure one's self, to bear false witness, is wrong, immoral, and not to be permitted to counsel more than to ordinary men. If, however, it is granted that this may be done for the innocent, then, we claim, it can be equally done for the guilty. If it is not wrong, but right, in the one case, it is also not wrong, but right, in the other case. It does not help the matter any to say that the innocent ought to be acquitted, and the guilty ought to be convicted. Everybody admits that. The question is, What may the advocate do to secure the acquittal of his innocent client? what may he not do to secure the escape of his guilty client. And if it is held that he cannot do that which is wrong, immoral or criminal in aid of the guilty, because of its being wrong, immoral or criminal, he cannot, for the same reason, act thus for the innocent. And therefore it is that we claim, so far as concerns the duties of an advocate, there is no conceivable thing which can be done for a man known to his counsel to be innocent which may not be done for him known to be guilty. We need consider further neither of these questions at this particular time. The first, notwithstanding the correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, has been settled. The second—"Has a lawyer the right to do anything expedient to save his client?—while not settled, has been answered affirmatively by many noble and learned men. Lord Macaulay, with all his prejudice against Mr. Montague, and with all his bitterness toward Bacon, was forced to say, when writing on this very topic: "We will not at present inquire whether *the doctrine held on this subject by English lawyers* be or be not agreeable to reason and morality. * * * Whether it be right, that not merely believing, but *knowing*, a statement to be true, he should do all that can be done by sophistry, by rhetoric, by solemn asseveration * * * to cause a jury to think that statement false. The professional rules, be they good or bad, *are rules to which many wise and virtuous men have conformed, and are daily conforming.*" And we are not aware of any reason why Frank Pixley, in defending the *Salvador* prisoners, should be denied the advantage of these rules, if Delos Lake, in defending the "*Chapman* pirates," is to be allowed their shelter.

We have said thus much to show how unjust have been the aspersions cast upon Mr. Pixley. Why he should be singled out as a scapegoat cannot be explained, except upon the hypothesis of the moral influenza which for a few days, and for a few days only, has been prevailing in our midst. We

have not asked the question, yet to be determined, whether these prisoners *are* guilty, nor commented upon the disgraceful conduct of those newspapers that have passed sentence before there has been any conviction. Nor have we noticed the important fact that Mr. Pixley may not think—may not know—as seems everywhere to be assumed, that his clients are guilty.

In point of fact, the second question we have mentioned hardly touches him at all. We do not agree with all that he said, but in an argument which fills nearly six columns of the *Flag* there is not, all told, a sixth of a column which violates any known rule of advocacy. We know of many in French, English and American jurisprudence, whose very names make "law" respectable in all quarters of the civilized world, who would have said more—scarcely one who would have said less. * * *

(For the Californian.)

SIDEWALKINGS.

THE time occupied in walking to and from my business I have always found to yield me a certain mental enjoyment which no other part of the twenty-four hours could give. Perhaps the physical exercise may have acted as a gentle stimulant of the brain, but more probably the comfortable consciousness that I could not reasonably be expected to be doing anything else—to be studying or improving my mind, for instance—always gave a joyous liberty to my fancy. I once thought it necessary to employ this interval in doing sums in arithmetic—in which useful study I was and still am lamentably deficient—but after one or two attempts at peripatetic computation, I gave it up. I am satisfied that much enjoyment is lost to the world by this nervous anxiety to improve our leisure moments, which, like the "shining hours" of Dr. Watts, unfortunately offer the greatest facilities for idle pleasure. I feel a profound pity for those misguided beings who are still impelled to carry text-books with them in cars, omnibuses and ferry-boats, and who generally manage to defraud themselves of those intervals of rest they most require. Nature must have her fallow moments, when she covers her exhausted fields with flowers instead of grain. Deny her this, and the next crop suffers for it. I offer this axiom as some apology for obtruding upon the reader a few of the speculations which have engaged my mind during these daily perambulations.

Few Californians know how to lounge gracefully. Business habits and a deference to the custom, even with those who have no business, give an air of restless anxiety to every pedestrian. The exceptions to this rule are apt to go to the other extreme, and wear a defiant, obtrusive kind of indolence which suggests quite as much inward disquiet and unrest. The shiftless lassitude of a gambler can never be mistaken for the lounge of a gentleman. Even the brokers who loiter upon Montgomery street at high noon are not loungers. Look at them closely and you will see a feverishness and anxiety under the mask of listlessness. They do not lounge—they lie in wait. No surer sign, I imagine, of our peculiar civilization can be found than this lack of repose in its constituent elements. You cannot keep Californians quiet even in their amusements. They dodge in and out of the theatre, opera and lecture room; they prefer the street cars to walking because they think they get along faster. The difference of locomotion between Broadway, New York, and Montgomery street, San Francisco, is a comparative view of eastern and western civilization.

There is a habit peculiar to many walkers, which *Punch*, some years ago, touched upon satirically, but which seems to have survived the jester's ridicule. It is that custom of stopping friends in the street, to whom we have nothing whatever to communicate, but whom we embarrass, for no other purpose than simply to show our friendship. Jones meets his friend Smith, whom he has met in nearly the same locality but a few hours before. During that interval, it is highly probable that no event of any importance to Smith, nor indeed to Jones, which by a friendly construction Jones could imagine Smith to be interested in, has occurred, or is likely to occur. Yet both gentlemen stop and shake hands earnestly. "Well, how goes it?" remarks Smith with a vague hope that something may have happened. "So so," replies the eloquent Jones feeling intuitively the deep vacuity of his friend answering to his own. A pause ensues, in which both gentlemen regard each other with an imbecile smile and a fervent pressure of the hand. Smith draws a long breath and looks up the street; Jones sighs heavily and gazes down the street. Another pause, in which both gentlemen disengage their respective hands and glance anxiously around for some conventional avenue of escape. Finally, Smith (with a sudden assumption of having forgotten an important engagement,) ejaculates, "Well, I must be off,"—a remark instantly echoed by the voluble Jones, and these gentlemen separate, only to repeat their miserable formula next day. In the above example I have compassionately shortened the usual leave-taking which in skillful hands may be protracted to a length which I shudder to recall. I have sometimes, when an active participant in these atrocious transactions, lingered in the hope of saying something natural to my friend, (feeling that he too was groping in the mazy labyrinths of his mind for a like expression,) until I have felt that we ought to have been separated by a policeman. It is astonishing how far the most wretched joke will go in these emergencies, and how it will, as it were, convulsively detach the two cohering particles. I have laughed (albeit, hysterically,) at some witticism under cover of which I escaped, that five minutes afterward I could not perceive possessed a grain of humor. I would advise any person who may fall into this pitiable strait, that, next to getting in the way of a passing dray and being forcibly disconnected, a joke is the most efficacious. A foreign phrase often may be tried with success; I have sometimes known *Au revoir* pronounced "Oreveer," to have the effect (as it ought) of severing friends.

But this is a harmless habit compared to a certain reprehensible practice in which sundry feeble-minded young men indulge. I have been stopped in the street and enthusiastically accosted by some fashionable young man who has engaged me in animated conversation, until, (quite accidentally,) a certain young belle would pass, whom my friend, of course, saluted. As by a strange coincidence, this occurred several times in the course of the week, and as my young friend's conversational powers invariably flagged after the lady had passed, I am forced to believe that the deceitful young wretch actually used me as a conventional background to display the graces of his figure to the passing fair. When I detected the trick, of course I made a point of keeping my friend, by strategic movements, with his back toward the young lady while I bowed to her myself. Since then, I understand that it is a regular custom of these callow youths, to encounter each other, with simulated cordiality, some paces in front of the young lady they wish to recognize, so that she cannot possibly cut them. The corner of California and Montgomery street is their favorite haunt. They may be easily detected by their furtive expression of eye, which betrays them even in the height of their apparent enthusiasm.

Speaking of eyes, you can generally settle the average gentility and good breeding of the people you meet in the street by the manner in which they return or evade your glance. "A gentleman," as the Autocrat has wisely said, is always "calm-eyed." There is just enough abstraction in his look to denote his individual power and the capacity for self-contemplation, while he is, nevertheless, quietly and unobtrusively observant. He does not seek, neither does he evade your observation. Snobs and prigs do the first; bashful and mean people do the second. There are some men who, on meeting your eye, immediately assume an expression quite different from the one which they previously wore, which, whether an improvement or not, suggests a disagreeable self-consciousness. Perhaps they fancy they are betraying something. There are others who return your look with unnecessary defiance, which suggests a like concealment. The symptoms of the eye are generally borne out in the figure. A man is very apt to betray his character by the manner in which he appropriates his part of the sidewalk. The man who resolutely keeps the middle of the pavement, and deliberately brushes against you, you may be certain would take the last piece of pie at the hotel table, and empty the cream jug on its way to your cup. The man who sidles by you, keeping close to the houses, and selecting the easiest planks, manages to slip through life in some such way, and to evade its sternest duties. The awkward man, who gets in your way, and throws you back upon the man behind you, and so manages to derange the harmonious procession of an entire block, is very apt to do the same thing in political and social economy. The inquisitive man, who deliberately shortens his pace, so that he may participate in the confidence you impart to your companion, has an eye not unfamiliar to keyholes, and probably opens his wife's letters. The loud man, who talks with the intention of being overheard, is the same egotist elsewhere. If there was any justice in Iago's sneer, that there were some "so weak of soul that in their sleep they mutter their affairs," what shall be said of the walking reverie-babblers? I have met men who were evidently rolling over, "like a sweet morsel under the tongue," some speech they were about to make, and others whose lips were framing curses. I remember once that, while walking behind an apparently respectable old gentleman, he suddenly uttered the exclamation, "Well, I'm d—d!" and then quietly resumed his usual manner. Whether he had at that moment become impressed with a truly orthodox disbelief in his ultimate salvation, or whether he was simply indignant, I never could tell.

I have been hesitating for some time to speak—or if indeed to speak at all—of that lovely and critic-defying sex, whose bright eyes and voluble prattle have not been without effect in tempering the austerities of my peripatetic musing. I have been humbly thankful that I have been permitted to view their bright dresses and those charming bonnets which seem to have brought the birds and flowers of Spring within the dreary limits of the town, and—I trust I shall not be deemed unkind in saying it—my pleasure was not lessened by the reflection that the display, to me at least, was inexpensive. I have walked in—and I fear occasionally on—the train of the loveliest of her sex who has preceded me. If I have sometimes wondered why two young ladies always began to talk vivaciously on the approach of any good-looking fellow; if I have wondered whether the mirror-like qualities of all large show-windows at all influenced their curiosity regarding silks and calicos; if I have ever entertained the same ungentlemanly thought concerning daguerreotype show cases; if I have ever misinterpreted the eye-shot which has passed between two pretty women—more searching, exhaustive and sincere than any of our feeble ogles: if I have ever committed these or any other impertinences, it was only to retire beaten and discomfitted, and to confess that masculine philosophy, while it soars beyond Sirius and the ring of Saturn stops short at the steel periphery which encompasses the simplest school-girl. BRET.

A SECOND REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY.

I READ last night of the Grand Review
In Washington's chiefest avenue—
Two Hundred Thousand men in blue
I think they said was the number—
Till I seemed to hear their trampling feet,
The bugle blast and the drum's quick beat,
The clatter of hoofs in the stony street,
The cheers of people who came to greet,
And the thousand details that to repeat
Would only my verse encumber—
Till I fell in a reverie, sad and sweet,
And then to a fitful slumber.

When, lo! in a vision I seemed to stand
In the lonely Capitol—on each hand
Far stretched the portico, dim and grand
Its columns ranged like a martial band
Of sheeted spectres whom some command
Had called to a last reviewing;
And the streets of the city were white and bare,
No footfall echoed across the square,
But out of the misty midnight air
I heard in the distance a trumpet blare,
And the wandering night-winds seemed to bear
The sound of a far tattooing.

But I held my breath with fear and dread,
For into the square, with a brazen tread,
There rode a figure whose stately head
O'erlooked the review that morning,
That never bowed from its firm-set seat
When the living column passed its feet,
Yet now rode steadily up the street
To the phantom bugle's warning;

Till it reached the Capitol square and wheeled,
And there in the moonlight stood revealed
A well-known form that in State and field
Had led our patriot sires;
Whose face was turned to the sleeping camp,
Afar through the river's fog and dump
That showed no flicker nor waning lamp
Nor wasted bivouac fires.

And I saw a phantom army come
With never a sound of fife or drum
But keeping time to a throbbing hum
Of wailing and lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorville,
The men whose wasted figures fill
The patriot graves of the nation.

And there came the nameless dead—the men
Who perished in feverish swamp and fen,
The slowly-starved of the prison-pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Came the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing bright;
I thought—perhaps 'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers!

And so all night marched the Nation's dead
With never a banner above them spread,
Nor a badge nor a motto brandished;
No mark—save the bare uncovered head
Of the silent bronze Reviewer—
With never an arch save the vaulted sky,
With never a flower save those that lie
On the distant graves—for love could buy
No gift that was purer or truer.

So all night long swept the strange array,
So all night long till the morning gray
I watched for one who had passed away,
With a reverent awe and wonder—
Till a blue cap waved in the lengthening line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spake—and lo! that sign
Awakened me from my slumber.

BRET.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A fire occurred on Sunday evening last, commencing in a hay warehouse between Sacramento and Market streets. The Fire Department never worked with more energy, but not withstanding the gallant efforts of the firemen, twenty-five buildings were destroyed; aggregate loss, about $65,000.

AN IMMORAL CONSIDERATION.

I READ in the journals that "an officer of rank" at Vienna has bequeathed the whole of his fortune to his nephew, on the condition that "he should never read a newspaper."

I believe our English law strictly prevents any testator from imposing an immoral condition on his heir; and I therefore am strongly disposed to think that such a bequest as this I have quoted should not be considered as binding.

Had the "officer of rank" declared by his last will that his nephew, in order to inherit, should be blinded or deprived of his hearing, he could not have more egregiously violated every sentiment of right feeling than by this cruel edict. In fact, he would virtually consign his unhappy heir to both of these calamities together.

Now, it may be fair enough to tolerate the eccentricities of the living man. It is not impossible that in his character there may be many traits which will compensate for all his oddities. The whim or caprice he may ride as his hobby may not indispose him to generous actions or kindly sentiments; and we may, besides, always indulge the hope that, with a wider experience of the world and its ways, he may live to get over the delusions which once haunted him, and act and behave like his fellows.

Death, however, excludes this charitable hope, and I think it very questionable policy to give the character of permanence to what every consideration of sound sense or true physiology would regard as an abnormal and mere passing condition.

That the man who made such a will as this was insane, I will not say; but I unhesitatingly declare that he imposed a condition repugnant to good sense, and totally opposed to every consideration of reason and judgment. First of all, he assumed—and of all tyrannies I know of none greater—to dictate to another, for the whole term of his life, a condition of moral blindness. Secondly, he presumed to judge not alone what all newspapers were in all lands, but what they might be in years long after his death.

That any man about to leave the world should like to declare to it before he went, "I have no sympathy with you; I don't care for you—for your wars, your struggles for liberty, your sufferings, or your triumphs. Nothing to me whether you be rich or poor, in sickness or in health: whether your homes be happy, or your fields be desolate; whether the crimes of your people decrease, or that new forms of vice call for new modes of repression. I don't want to know if education be spreading through your land, or to hear what results have followed such enlightenment. I am alike indifferent to the nature of your laws, and the mode in which they are administered. Uninterested in the great changes which affect States, I do not ask to be informed what the world thinks of them; of that public opinion which is the record of what condition humanity stands in at a given era, I have no desire to hear. Enclosed in the shell of my selfishness, I am satisfied to lead the life of an oyster. I compound for mere existence, and no more."

Now, I ask, is it such a nature as this that should be permitted to make a formal bequest of his bigotry and ignorance? Should the law lend itself to ratify a compact whereby this man's cross stupidity shall be perpetuated?

I am aware he was a German; and much may be forgiven him on the score of narrowness. I know, too, that his warning applied peculiarly to the journals of his own land. And it is but fair to own that a German "Blatt" is about the dreariest reading a man can fall upon. The torrent of rubbishy phraseology in which this beer-be-muddled people involve their commonest thoughts—the struggles they make at subtle distinctions through the mazes of their foggy intellects—the perpetual effort to regard everything under some fifteen or five-and-twenty different aspects, belaboring a theme, and kneading it as a baker kneads his dough—make up a mass of entanglement and confusion that would drive a practical, energetic people to the verge of distraction.

That a man should interdict such readings as these is no more strange than that he should forbid the use of some besotting narcotic, dreary in its effects and depressing in its consequences. Perhaps this testator had recognized in his own case some of the dire results of this dyspeptic literature. Still, with all its faults, its story was the world. It spoke of man in his works and ways with other men, how he bought and sold, made peace or war, built up or threw down; of the virtues he held high, of the vices he reprobated; what were the views he extended to the world at large, and what were the hopes that he cherished for those who were to come after him. Even through the labyrinth of German involution glimpses of these might be had; and why should not his heir be permitted to look at life, albeit through the smoked glass of his native language?

One of our most brilliant essayists and most accomplished thinkers has declared that he regards a number of the *Times* as the last report of what the world has achieved of progress; and I thoroughly agree with him. That broadsheet is the morning's "return" of Humanity, not alone recounting what it has accomplished in the preceding twenty-four hours, but how it feels after it. You have not alone the bulletin of the great battle the world is fighting, but you have an authentic report of the effective state of humanity on the next morning.

Take the most thorough man of the world of your acquaintance—the man most perfectly versed in what goes on in life, not in one class or section of society, but throughout all ranks and conditions of men—who knows where and for what the world is fighting in this quarter or in that—how it builds its ships—what it pays for gold—how it tills its fields, smelts its metals, cooks its food, and writes its novels—and I ask you, what would he be without his newspaper? By what possible machinery could he learn, as he sits at his breakfast, the last news from Shanghae, and the last ballet at Paris—the state of the funds at San Francisco—the winner at Newmarket—the pantomime at the Olympic—the encyclical of the Pope? Do not reply to me with a *Cui bono?*

For I say that it is with the actual passing, daily-arising incidents of life a man ought to be thoroughly acquainted, bringing to their consideration all the aid his reading and reflection can supply, so that he neither fall into a dogged incredulity on one side, or a fatal facility of belief on the other. In age so wildly speculative as the present—eager to inquire, and not over-given to scruple—such men as these are invaluable to society, and a whole corps of college professors would be less effective in dispelling error or asserting truth than these people trained in all the dialectics of the daily press.

If the testator, in the case before us—for I return to him now—was simply moved by a desire to conceal from his heir the late events occurring in Germany, I own a plea might without great difficulty be advanced in his behalf. It would be hard to condemn him if he wished to shroud in obscurity the ignominious subserviency of Austria, and the insolent pretension of her ancient rival Prussia. The lamentable part assigned to the Empire in this Danish conflict might well suggest to an officer in the Imperial service such an intention. Austrian wars have not been remarkable for success, but they have always been distinguished for the splendid valor of the troops, and the noble devotion of men who, however worsted, never regarded defeat as overthrow. In the terrible battles of the first Empire, this character of their courage displayed itself on every field. So also was it conspicuous in the last Lombard campaign. What an indignity, then, for such soldiers to be arrayed against the greatly inferior numbers of a nation unused to war—to a brave handful of men ready to sell their lives rather than surrender their native soil to the foot of the invader! The white-coated legions of the Empire had no need to inscribe Duppel or the Danewerk on their ensigns. And what inglorious companionship was that in which they found themselves! Dupes of M. Bismarck! I am not in the least surprised that an Austrian officer might desire to obliterate any memory of these things; but it is not so easily done. A codicil enjoining the condition that his heir should become a Trappist might possibly succeed; I know of nothing else.

I have to speak with diffidence as to how I should feel in any new or untried situation in life: I cannot, therefore, say what my feelings might be if I were to awake and discover that somebody had bequeathed to me something. I can no more answer for my conduct, than could the gentleman on being asked what he should do if he met a white bear. But so far as I can understand my own nature, I should reject a legacy coupled with such a condition as this. Without my newspaper, life would narrow itself to the small limits of my personal experiences, and humanity be compressed into the ten or fifteen people I mix with. Now I refuse to accept this. I have not a sixpence in consols, but I want to know how they stand. I was never—I never in all likelihood shall be—in Japan; but I have an intense curiosity to know what our troops did at Yokohama. I deplore the people who suffered by that railroad smash; and I sympathize with the newly-married couple so beautifully depicted in the *Illustrated*, as they drove off in a chaise and four, the bald old gent at the hall door waving them a last adieu. I like the letters of the correspondents, with their little grievances about unpunctual trains, or some unwarrantable omissions in the Liturgy. I even like the people who chronicle the rainfall, and record little facts about the mildness of the season.

As for the advertisements, I regard them as the glass and mirror of the age. Show me but one page of the "Wants" of any country, and I engage myself to give a sketch of the current civilization of the period. What glimpses of rare interiors do we gain by these brief paragraphs! How full of suggestiveness and of story are they! Think of the social circle at Clapham that advertise for a lodger who has a good tenor voice, and would appreciate the domestic life of a retired family devoted to music and the fine arts! Imagine the more exalted propriety of those who want "a footman in a serious family, where there are means of grace, and a kitchenmaid kept!" Here it is a shooting-box to be disposed of; here a widow in affluent circumstances announces her intention to re-marry; here a scientific naturalist professes his readiness to exchange bugs or caterpillars with another devotee; and here a more practical physiologist wants from three to four dozen lively rats for his bull-terrier. Are not those life-etchings? Do you want anything more plain or palpable to tell you where and how we live?

Now, I neither want shooting-box, beetles, rats, or widow, but I am not to be cut off from my sympathies with the people who do. On the contrary, in the very proportion that all these things do not enter into my requirements, do I desire to know who and what are the people who need them, why they need them, and what they do with them when they get them. Perhaps my nature may have its excess of this fellow-feeling—I cannot say; but I know I'd give more than I should like to say to be able to pass an evening with the musical circle, or even to have the privilege of a few sweet moments with the serious family. I am human to the very tips of my fingers, and there is not a mood in humanity without its interest for me. If, therefore, some admirer of these O'Dowderies, on learning that I am not a sleeping partner in Baring's, or a large shareholder in the Great Western, should desire to express his satisfaction in a testamentary form, let him not couple his bequest with such a condition as I have recorded. I may possibly be able to "rub on" without my legacy, but I couldn't exist without my paper.—*Cornelius O'Dowd.*

CHOOSING A PHYSICIAN.

THERE is an Eastern story of a certain prince who had received from a fairy the faculty of not only assuming whatever appearance he thought proper, but of discerning the wandering spirits of the departed. He had long labored under a painful chronic disease, that none of the court physicians, ordinary or extraordinary, could relieve; and he resolved to wander about the streets of his capital until he could find some one, regular or irregular, who could alleviate his sufferings. For this purpose he donned the garb and appearance of a dervish. As he was passing through one of the principal streets, he was surprised to see it so thronged with ghosts that, had they been still inhabitants of their former earthly tenements, they must have obstructed the thoroughfare. But what was his amazement and dismay when he saw that they were all grouped with anxious looks round the door of his father's physician, haunting, no doubt, the man to whom they attributed their untimely doom. Shocked with the sight, he hurried to another part of the city, where resided another physician of the court, holding the second rank in fashionable estimation. Alas! his gateway was surrounded with the ghosts of reproachful departed patients. Thunderstruck at such a discovery, and returning thanks to the Prophet that he was still in the flesh, despite the practice of these great men, he resolved to submit all the other renowned practitioners to a similar visit; and he was grieved to find that the scale of ghosts kept pace with the scale of their medical rank. Heart-broken and despairing of a cure, he was slowly sauntering back to the palace, when, in an obscure street, and on the door of a humble dwelling, he read a doctor's name. One single poor solitary ghost, leaning his despondent cheek upon his fleshless hand, was seated on the doctor's steps. "Alas!" exclaimed the prince, "it is, then, too true that humble merit withers in the shade, while ostentatious ignorance inhabits golden mansions. This poor neglected doctor, who has but one unlucky case to lament, is then the only man in whom I can place confidence."

He rapped; the door was opened by the doctor himself, a venerable old man, not rich enough, perhaps, to keep a domestic to answer his unfrequent calls. His white locks and flowing beard added to the confidence which his situation had inspired. The elated youth then related at full length all his complicated ailments, and the still more complicated treatment to which he had in vain been submitted. The sapient physician was not illiberal enough to say the prince's attendants had all been in error, since all mankind may err; but his sarcastic smile, the curl of his lips, and the dubious shake of his hoary head, most eloquently told the anxious patient that he considered his former physicians as an ignorant, murderous set of upstarts, only fit to depopulate a community. With a triumphant look he promised a cure, and gave his overjoyed patient a much-valued prescription, which he carefully confided to his bosom; after which he expressed his gratitude by pouring upon the doctor's table a purse of golden sequins, which made the old man's blinking eyes shine as brightly as the coin he beheld in wondrous delight. His joy gave suppleness to his rigid spine, and after bowing the prince out in the most obsequious manner, he ventured to ask him one humble question: "By what good luck, by what kind planet, had he been recommended to seek his advice?" The prince naturally asked for the reason of so strange a question; to which the worthy doctor replied, with eyes brimful with tears of gratitude: "Oh, sir, because I considered myself the most unfortunate man in Bagdad until this happy moment; for I have been settled in this noble and wealthy city for the last fifteen years and have only been able to obtain one single patient." "Ah!" cried the prince in despair, "then it must be that poor, solitary, unhappy-looking ghost that is now sitting on your steps!"

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL THE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known. In curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time,* if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption,* when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
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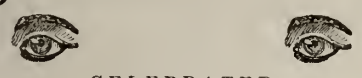
DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

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CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augustura Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood,* and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
jn25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM
OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660.000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.
WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28- 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

W. H. BROOKS,

STATIONER AND NEWS-DEALER,
No. 51 THIRD STREET,

Near the corner of Mission, - - - San Francisco.

DEALER IN

PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,

SCHOOL BOOKS, POCKET CUTLERY, SONGS and SONG BOOKS,

Local and Eastern Newspapers and Periodicals,

And Standard and current light Literature.

A large and well-assorted CIRCULATING LIBRARY on the most liberal terms.

Country orders promptly and accurately attended to.
mh25 3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office.

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.
W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL!!

WONDERFUL TRIUMPH

IN AMERICAN DENTISTRY.

DR. BEERS & CO.,

Having removed from 617 Clay street

To 129 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

ARE NOW MANUFACTURING THE NEW style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH so highly approved at the East, and which to be appreciated only requires to be seen. The Teeth, Gums and Plate are made of one entire piece of Porcelain without seam or joint, combining great strength and beauty with absolute purity and freedom from any metallic taste, while the coloring of the gums and the interior of the mouth are so perfect as to almost defy detection. All interested in the progress of the Arts are invited to examine samples of this work.

Superior Gold and Vulcanite Work also manufactured as usual, but at greatly reduced price. jul8

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. je10-1m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, ETC.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building,* Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET,* near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET,* where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.
ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22 3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tuy8-inc

THEATRICAL TALK.

THIS week the engagement of Mr. Dan. Setchell at Maguire's Opera House terminates. Mr. Setchell has accomplished wonders. During the first five weeks of his engagement he filled the house nightly, in spite of the attractions of two opera troupes. A new comic drama entitled *Artemus Ward, Showman*, was produced on Monday to a fair audience. The *Bulletin* called this piece "only tolerable;" the public thought it intolerable. It is badly constructed, and filled with slang and weak attempts at wit. It took two "dramatic authors," Mr. Fred G. Maeder and Mr. Thos. B. Macdonough, to manufacture this larago of nonsense. Mr. Maeder has made a mess of his part, and it is evident that if "Mac" "dunno" how to make a play by himself, calling in Mr. Fred. G. Mueder will not prove much assistance to him. He had better next time "play it alone," or, better still, leave it alone altogether. I presume they thought it was "good enough for California. *Artemus Ward, Showman*, will remain on Mr. Setchell's hands as very dead stock. It may be good enough for the East, but it will not do for California. On Monday, Mr. Pauncefort, an actor who has achieved a good reputation as a careful and conscientious actor, in Boston, New York, and other Eastern cities, and who, it is to be hoped, will recompense the theatre-going public for the loss of their favorite actor, Mr. Mayo, will make his first appearauce on Monday in the comedy of the *Bachelor of Arts*. This afternoon Mr. Setchell will appear in *John Jones* and the *Dutch Governor*, two of his best, if not his two best, impersonations. In the evening the performance will consist of *Ici on Parle Francais, A Regular Fix*, and *Toodles*. As Spriggins in *Ici on Parle Francais*, Mr. Setchell displays more careful and finished acting than in any other of his characters. A full house will doubtless bid farewell to the comedian who, during seven wecks. has kept the theatre-goers of San Francisco in roars of laughing.

The reigu of comedy being over, after Mr. Pauncefort has appeared in his "specialities" there may be some chauce of the long-promised *Enoch Arden* and other original plays which have been accepted by the management, bcing produced, before another "star" gleams across the theatrical horizon.

The event of the week at the Eureka has been the production of the comedy of *Taming a Butterfly*. This was admirably put on the stage, and very well played. It is an extremely lively comedy. It depends more ou the briskness and vivacity with which ths parts are played, than upon any deep interest in the plot. It tested the capabilities of the Eureka Company severely, and the creditable manuer in which they stood the test. proved them equal to the produc tion of any of the comedies of the day in good style. The Eureka is fast establishing itself iu public favor. *Taming a Butterfly* has drawn a large audience every evening, and this alternoon and evening the house will no doubt be crowded.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.—Gencral Halleck has been ordered to the commaud of the Department of California, and General Ord to that of Oregon...The privateer *Stonewall* was still at Havana in possession ol the authorities...General Graut's congratulatory address to the armies of the Republic, complimenting them on their bravery, endurance, victories, patriotism, and devotion to their country, meets with general commendation...The total indebtedness of the Government, as exhibited May 3d, was $2,635,205,750 50...Some of our men-of-war and two first-class monitors had arrived at Havana, and were creating a great sensation...The U. S. Telegraph Company had contracted for two more lines of telegraph from St. Louis and Chicago to San Francisco, the whole to be completed in eighteen months...The rebel armies in Texas have accepted the usual "terms of surrender," and have disbanded and gone to their homes. Some of the fire-eating generals are reported us gone to Mexico...Recent developments show that the disastrous explosion at Mobile was caused by torpedoes placed between the buildings coutaining powder, on the night previous, by a rebel Major. Torpedoes were also found in the Custom House...The people of many of the Southern States are commencing the work of reconstruction, and establishing "home police" systems for the purpose of maintaining order...Lord Palmerston, in speaking of the *Alabama* indemnity claim by our Government, in the House of Commous, states that "the question will be discussed on the most friendly and amicable terms." The English press were opposed to the paying of indemnity...The trial of the assassins was nearly concluded, and preparations for summing up were being made. Frederick Seward's health was improving. Secretary Seward was convalescent and attending to his duties.

HAS A PREFERENCE.—Jeff. Davis thinks he would prefer *Europe* to *our rope*. Guess he'll have to patronize home manufacture first.—*Esmeralda Union.*

Instead of wearing his wife's *mantilla* about his shoulders he will have to wear a coil of Uncle Sam's *Manila* arouud his neck.—*Sacramento Bee.*

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE attendance at the Academy of Music has improved within the past week, though not in proportion to the award which the performances justified. We are afraid the balance will again be on the wrong side of the sheet for the management. On Monday eveuing *Un Ballo in Maschera* was given, with its general excellence of rendition. On Wednesday Rossini's brilliaut *Il Barbiere* was produced for the first time by this troupe. It is almost superfluous to say that Miss Phillips' "Rosina" was excellent, both in singing and acting. Morelli, as "Figaro," surprised the audience by the ease, grace and vivacity of his impersonation. Sbriglia's "Count Almaviu." and Barili's "Doctor Bartolo," also won high commeudation. The opera was most smoothly rendered, and was especially effective in the concerted pieces which beautilully and appropriately closed each act. The priucipal characters were called before the curtain at the end ol each act. to receive the crowning chaplet which cume in the shape of unusually demonstrative applause. In the music lesson, Miss Phillips sang the sweet ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneeu," und a laughing song, with rare excellence, and modestly declined an *encore*. Last uight gave us *Martha*, which has been fully noticed before in our columns. To-night *Un Ballo* will be repeated, and on Monday Verdi's historical opera of *Nabuco*, will be produced.

EDMUND BASHAM.

[Died, in this city, June 19, Edmund Basham, late of the Army of the Potomac, aged 23 years and 9 months.]

THE patriot martyrs of the Republic are not only those who have fallen in battle. The continued struggle with hardship, the heavy marches, the fever-haunted camps, and the many exposures incidental to a soldier's life, if they do not leave him to a lingering death in hospitals, at least sow the seeds of fatal disease, from which even the comforts of home and peaceful retirement cannot protect him. It has been truly said that "our great struggle has been fought by boys," and it may as truly be said that the youth and immaturity of our volunteers have rendered them peculiarly sensitive to the hardships of a campaign. This is especially true of the young soldier whose name heads this article. Mr. Basham was a veteran at the age of twenty-three. At the age of nineteen he responded to the call to arms, and joined the first company which enlisted for three years—the Fourth Connecticut Volunteers. During this period he was at Alexandria, with Ellsworth, and under McClellan during the Peninsula campaign, participating in the buttle of Malvern Hills, Yorktown, Antietam and Fredericksburg—often in situations of great peril, and narrowly escaping with his life, although by exposure and hardship his constitution was gradually undermined. After an honorable discharge from the service, Mr. Basham came to this city, where his father resides, trusting that a change of climate and more peaceful avocations might restore his health. But in vain. Harrassed by disease, yet too ambitious to seek relief from labor, he tarried long enough with us to witness the final triumph of the cause he had so nobly served, and to win the esteem of his fellow laborers in that civil department of the Government service where he was employed to the day of his death. So perished another martyr to the cause of liberty and civilization. Yet he sleeps well who dies thus, and "nothing can touch him further."

EXQUISITE HUMOR.—The following able joke is from the *Golden Era:*

"*Muzzlin' the Press*—Giving some of the editors new shirts."

It will scarcely be credited that the editors called no attention whatever to this fine creation, while their columns teemed with glaring guide-boards pointing to productions of smaller consequences, such as—"Charles Dickens' 'Mutual Friend' on the first page!" "John Jones on third page!" "Bill Smith on second page." Now why couldn't they have also said, "See 'Entertaining Jack' in Editorial Department!"

SUICIDE.—Peter McDougal, a sailor, late of the English man-of-war *Sutlej*, committed suicide on Front street, near Washington, by cutting his throat. He applied the knife to his throat while on the sidewalk, but being observed, ran across the street, gashing his throat, severing some of the lesser veins and the windpipe. He lived a half-hour. The act was committed, it is supposed, while laboring uuder an attack of delirium tremens.

THIRD WEEK OF DR. BENTON'S LECTURES AT DASHAWAY HALL. Dr. Benton will continue his lectures every evening during the coming week, which will be interspersed with highly amusing as well as instructive evidences of his magnetic power over the mental and physical natures of those who are subject to his mesmeric influences. These lectures are awakening an increased curiosity in the public mind. At his last lecture, on Thursday last, the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. Tickets 25 cents each for adults; children 10 cents. On Wednesday and Friday afternoons, by particular request of the ladies, Dr. Benton will give especial lectures and experiments for ladies exclusively; admission, 25 cents.

BANKING IN CALIFORNIA.—A leading article in the *Morning Call* on the Banking System of California, is replied to us follows on the part of the California Building and Loan Society:

The Banking question is a large and complex subject; has two sides, and admits of many urgnments. Respecting the legislative restrictions which you suggest as necessary to the safety of the public, I shall only refer to one, which I agree with you is salutary. That is, the periodical publication of attested accounts. On the part of the California Building and Loan Society, which, as Secretary, I have the honor to manage, I supply at foot the Book-keeper's sworn statement, to which my own attestation is appeuded, as to the condition of the Company on the 31st of May in this year, from which you perceive that—

The total amonnt of loans out on mortgnge is	$176,909 96
The gold coin on hand	27,595 52
Total assets	$204,505 48
Due to depositors	158,827 25
Balance of assets over liabilities	$45,678 23

This latter balance consists of $40,678 23, paid in by the stockholders for fifty years, and $5,000, a reserve fund from acquired profits to cover unforseen losses, all which—any forty-five thousand dollars—must remain a pledge to the public that the whole of that sum must first be lost before any depositor with the Company can lose a cent. Moreover, not only must the forty-five thousand dollars now permanently invested in our stock be lost, but all the stock of the Company which may in future be sold. and also all the accumulating interests and profits. There yet remains $200,000 of this stock to be allotted to new members who shall hereafter join the Company. Every such one brings in an additional element of security to the public depositor.

Beyond all this, Mr. Editor, I wish to make it known that every stockholder in the California Building and Loan Society is liable, *pro rata*, on his stock, from his private property, to the public depositor for the full payment in gold coin, of his or her deposits. There are at present three hundred and twenty stockholders in the Company—some have ten shares, some five, some one; but all, as a corporate body, pledge their private property to pay in United States gold coin the depositor the last dollar due to him or her.

The foregoing forms that ultimate body of security on which, should all the property mortgaged to the Company prove worthless, the depositor can fall back upon; but, sir, I think all men of plain sense will see how distant the probability is of such a contingency, when they keep in view the principles on which our loans are given out and repaid back, as thus: Suppose a man owning a lot in any part of the city, asks us to assist him to erect thereon a dwelling or a store. Our Board of Directors approve; we take a mortgage on the lot, and we advance his builder, by installments, the sum required to erect the building; we insure it against the risk of fire; we have then pledged to us HIS GROUND, together with the improvements made thereon with OUR MONEY. He is bound by the mortgage to pay us a portion of the principal and interest every month. If he fail to do this, we can foreclose and sell him out. (a thing we never yet had any necessity to do.) As he pays up his installments month after month, he diminishes his liability to us, DIMINISHES OUR RISK, while the original property stands pledged to us for the still diminishing loan; and, as a general rule, improved property increases yearly in value. Now, sir, all our loans are made upon real estate in the city of San Francisco, upon the above principles; and unless we shall see this growing city melted away by civil war, floods, famines, or earthquakes, I contend IT IS THE VERY BEST BODY OF SECURITY offered in this State to the public depositor. I feel a natural pride in so saying, being one of those who first introduced the genuine principle of joint-stock banking to this community, through the California Building and Loan Society. Other banks in this city have latterly converted themselves into joint-stock banks, established a fixed capital and incorporating a body of bank proprietors, and therefore offer abundant security to their depositors. Those are totally different from the rotten banks of bygone years, to which you have alluded. The more joint-stock banks we have the better, for aiding the enterprise and industry, and employment of the people, for, strange as it may appear to distant peoples, while California is the parent of very much of the gold and silver that circulates in America and Europe, money is thrice dearer upon industry in this State than in any other part of the world. This is the great public question, sir, that calls for inquiry, and that interests every working man. It is required that money shall be cheapened here to legitimate industry, and that honest Labor shall be enabled to call capital to his assistance. The more joint-stock banks we have and the less Legislative restraints imposed on their action the better, for depend upon it, sir, if the "politicians" once get to control the banking companies, we get from the frying-pan into the fire. There are two sides to the question, sir, which will afford texts for future communications. Meantime, I remain your very obedient servant,

THOMAS MOONEY,
Secretary Cal. Building and Loan Society,
406 Montgomery street.

San Francisco, June 16, 1865.

STATEMENT FROM THE BOOKS OF THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, OF ITS AFFAIRS AS THEY STOOD AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, ON THE 31ST DAY OF MAY, 1865.

Loans outstanding on real estate amounted to	$176,909 96
Cash on hand	27,595 52
Total assets	$204,505 48
Total due depositors	158,827 25
	$45,678 23

Leaving a remainder of forty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-eight dollars for Reserve Fund, to secure depositors from possibility of loss.

City and County of San Francisco, ss.—Patrick Murphy being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is a book-keeper for the California Building and Loan Society of San Francisco; that the foregoing is a full, true and correct statement of the affairs of said Society, at the close of business, on the 31st day of May, 1865.

PATRICK MURPHY, Book-keeper.

Sworn and subscribed before me, this 17th day of June, 1865.

H. J. WELLS, Justice of the Peace.

[Internal Revenue Stamp.]

THE PIANOFORTE.—There is probably no article of utility or luxury in the purchase of which so much must be trusted to the honor and integrity of the manufacturer as the Pianoforte. The name of Wm. B. Bradbury is a musical household word, and is a sure guarantee to the purchaser that the instrument bearing his name is in all respects perfect. Mr. Bradbury has gained a world-wide celebrity; and having plenty of capital is determined that his instruments shall not be equaled by those of any other maker.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

CONTINENTAL HOTEL, SAN JOSE.—Travellers who have occasion to visit the city of San José, may be assured that they will find in Major Bromley of the "Continental," a gentleman whose urbanity and strict attention to their comfort will commend him to their warmest regard.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET.

(OVER FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT,)

INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS*,

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

—

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

GRACE OF FORM
AND
SYMMETRY OF PERSON.

It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of

BUST,

Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

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OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mb25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

☞ THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING AND LOAN SOCIETY, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co. THOMAS MOONEY, Secretary.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET*,
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,
PRINTERS,
BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.
517
CLAY STREET, BET, SANSOME AND MONTGOMERY.
my27

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

PRINTING! PRINTING!!

H. P. TAYLOR & CO.,
NO. 522 CLAY STREET,
Between Sansome and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fe4-tf

J. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25-tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JULY, 1865:

JULY 3rd - - - - - - SACRAMENTO.
JULY 18th - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
je24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
JULY 13th!

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the commodious and favorite steamship
AMERICA.
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON TUESDAY, - - - - - JUNE 13TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the new and splendid Steamship
GOLDEN RULE,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates.

The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA in August.

For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, AGENT, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
my20 Up stairs, San Francisco.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to
SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
de17-5m NEW YORK.

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street*,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
de31-3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.			
9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40
FROM THE CITY			
10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF
Pulmonary Complaint!
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the

INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggist's and by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf San Francisco

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 2d of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

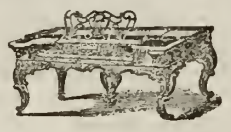
All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME !



WM. B. BRADBURY'S

New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY,
No. 427 Broome street, New York.

A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. ap29-tf

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late eat INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

M. HARKINS,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDRENS

Boots and Shoes.

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS, SHOES and SLIPPERS MADE TO ORDER.

No. 151 *FOURTH STREET,*
Second door above Howard, east side,
SAN FRANCISCO

☞ Repairing of all kinds neatly and promptly done.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price !

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 *Washington street,*

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNdersell anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDST EDS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS,

BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices !

ap22 3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
mu4 3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

M. H. GARLAND, & CO..

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 *Market street, near Fourth street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

np22-tf

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 *METROPOLITAN MARKET,*

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.

sp22-tf

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:

Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.

Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE !

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

REGENERATING

Extract of Millefleurs !

THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION

CLEANSES

—AND—

BEAUTIFIES

THE HAIR!

Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!

It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.

☞ Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
Corner of Clay San Francisco.

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

☞ CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "*Fetridge & Co.*"

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
ja25-tf Agents, San Francisco.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison;* HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

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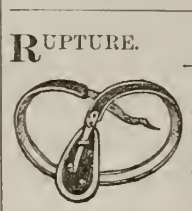

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
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FAMINE ABOARD.

WHEN I was a lad, stories of sea-life captivated me, and I ran away from a good home and went to sea. I came back to England many times, visited secretly my native place, saw my father and mother, and once even beard them speak; but they never saw me again, or knew where I had gone. How this was does not matter, for it is no part of my story. Nearly thirty years ago I sailed from Montreal for Liverpool aboard a vessel laden with timber. We had a crew of thirteen persons, including the captain, besides four passengers—a physician and his wife, and an old Canadian Frenchman and his niece. It was in the month of January, and we had a fair wind; but we soon came among the ice-fields and had bitter cold watches, which make men think of home and comfortable fires ashore. Many a time I went aloft, and holding on with hands or belly to the frozen yards, and fumbling with numbed fingers at the stiffened reefs, have thought that I must go off with every blast that cut me in the face. We kept among the ice a long time, and got far out of our course, so at last the captain told the passengers that, as he had not counted on the delay be must shorten the allowance of food for all.

This set me thinking. What if we should be many weeks in that situation? Our provisions must be all gone, and we must perish one by one of hunger and cold, or do something worse. I had read stories of drawing lots aboard ships in such a situation, and at night I dreamed about it. I do believe it was not so much the dread of death, as of coming to be one at that horrible kind of feast that frightened me. However, I devised a plan—a selfish plan it was—for escaping from such a horror. Our allowance of food was as yet very slightly diminished. Every day I saved some portion, and sometimes, on pretence of being more hungry than usual. I bought the ration of a man who was sickly and could not eat. Such of those hoardings as could be preserved, I put away in a box inside my chest, and now and then, when I went down to my hammock, and found myself alone, I used to open it and contemplate my store with a miserly sort of satisfaction, which it is horrible to me now to think of, for I knew that in my secret heart I looked forward to a time when the bottle of water which I hoarded there, would have become more costly than any wine that mortal lips ever tasted; when, if I had an opportunity, I meant to use my treasure slowly, to maintain my own life while my companions starved.

The Frenchman and his niece I knew well, for I had lodged in their house. He was a superannuated government clerk with a small pension, who was going to live in France for the benefit of his health. The niece was an intelligent and pretty young woman, who spoke English well, for her mother was an Englishwoman. They were cabin-passengers, but had taken a passage at an intermediate sum, which restricted them to plainer food than others got, but they fared no worse than the rest now. The rations were reduced again, and we all began to feel the pinch.

We had heavy snow-storms, succeeded by bright moonlight nights, awful in their silence, but at last the ice became rarer, and we began to sail clear. However, a worse trouble awaited us. From the moment that the last ice left our sides it was manifest that we were sinking rapidly, from some great injury to the vessel's bottom. It was in the night time when we discovered it, and in the hurry and confusion little was done to save stores until too late. One man, who volunteered to go below was killed by the floating timber. The water bilged up the hatches, and kept the vessel flooded amidships; but the upper deck was comparatively dry, for the timber aboard kept the vessel afloat, and there we all took refuge. We knew she could not sink, being merely waterlogged.

When the first alarm was given, I was below, and I thought at once of my box. It was heavy; but taking it on my shoulder, I crept on deck, and groped my way aft with it. On the way I ran against several persons coming forward; but, in the darkness they took no heed of me, and I deposited my treasure in a boat on the after deck, and covered it as well as I could with coils of rope. I knew they would not take to this boat while the vessel floated, and I hoped that no one would think of disturbing the ropes.

For four days I took the share of the rations, which the captain distributed to us all. The physician's wife, who was in ill-health, died, and was cast into the sea. This left us fifteen persons. The old Frenchman was also in weak health; but he held out, and his companion tended him constantly. Everybody took interest in them, wretched as they were, and it was a fine thing to see her bravery and constant care for her charge. I remember looking at them, and thinking that if there were no more than they, I would gladly give them a portion of my store; although, perhaps, I was then too selfish for that, and only flattered myself with the thought. I did not dare myself to go to the boat until the first dark night, when I pulled off my boots, and, groping along, found my box, and stealthily ate a portion of its contents; eating, however, in great fear, lest my secret shoud be discovered, in which case I knew my famished comrades would have killed me for my selfishness. I knew I could have relieved them to some degree, but I did not stir. I heard their murmurs, but I held my tongue; all of which I justified to myself, for, what, thought I, would be my little hoard amongst all these? Better that one should live, than that all should eat, merely to live another day.

Soon after this our case became dismal indeed. The ship sunk deeper, and even the after-deck became gradually immersed, so we all took refuge in the tops and rigging, where we lashed ourselves, and all day long, as shipwrecked men will do, reported a strange sail. As to my box, I had managed to fold its contents in a large sail-cloth, which I carried with me, and of which we all had plenty. And, now, seeing my companions' weakness, I took the devilish idea of feigning weakness equal to theirs, lest otherwise some suspicion might arise against me.

I had lashed myself in the main shrouds, having made a better place for myself with a swinging board and an old coat. Immediately above me, in the main top, were the Frenchman and his niece, but most of the crew were in the mizzen shrouds and top. I used to look up and exchange a few words with the Frenchman and his charge. They were better sheltered than I was, and the girl, who was of a cheerful temper, bore up well. We threw no more bodies in the sea, but several were dead, as I knew by the drooping of their heads, they being lashed to their places. One man, who had untied himself accidentally, fell with a splash in the deep water on the mid-deck, and no one offered to descend, or even spoke. There now began a dreadful silence among us, so that I began to doubt if many lived save I, the Frenchman and his niece, and an old sailor who was on one of the mizzen yards. This man, whose name was Ephraim, sat drooping and apparently very dejected for several days; but one day looking towards him, soon after daybreak, I found his eyes fixed upon me in a manner that perplexed me. He was a man of a hideous countenance, his face being furrowed with scars, as if burnt with gunpowder, and his upper lip slit in a way that showed all his front teeth. He had a low forehead and long black hair, like a Malay, and regarded me with a scowl that at such a time would have terrified the bravest. I could not see him unless I turned towards him, but I felt that his eyes were constantly upon me. He spoke no word, only uttering now and then a dismal cry, not like the sound of any human voice.

All this so fretted me, in my weakness and depression, that one night I did not creep to my box. When day dawned, it was a relief to me to find our ship enveloped in a mist, and just at that time I heard a moan from the top. Touched with sudden pity, I crept up the shrouds, and found what might have moved a stonier heart. The man lay back against the mast quite cold, but his companion was living still, and it was her moans that I had heard. She could not have eaten anything for some days, nor had they had any water for a longer time, save a few drops of rain which they might have collected in the sail-cloth. I crept down again to my box, where I still had some biscuits, a piece of raw pork, some grocer's plums, a bottle containing a little rum, and another small bottle of water. With some drops of the spirits and water I wetted her lips, and after a while revived her a little, though still insensible—a happy thing. For finding the Frenchman quite dead, I moved his body to the edge of the top, and then let it down into the sea.

She remained in this weak, half-senseless state for some days, during which the mist continued, and shrouded me from the terrible gaze of old Ephraim, but I heard him still. By what dreadful means he sustained his life, I only guessed. Sometimes he shouted out my name, and then again began to utter those cries that I had heard before. It was evident to me that he felt some spite against me; why, I knew not, for he could not have discovered my secret. If he had, he might have rifled my box long before. This, however, induced me to remove it by night into the top, where I finally withdrew myself, and now sought, in cherishing my poor companion, to find relief from the burden of evil thoughts. Once, when she opened her eyes, looking around, as if in quest of her former protector, she shuddered, and turned her face to me imploringly, as if she knew that I had power to save him yet; but at other times, even when conscious of my care—as when I wetted some biscuit to a paste and put it to her lips,—she seemed to have forgotten the horrors of the place.

"Hour by hour I felt an interest in the fate of this girl growing up within me, more deep than any feeling I had ever before known. I reduced my own share of food and water to the lowest point, that I might sustain her the longer. I watched her face as she lay sleeping, and it seemed to me so beautiful that sometimes I fancied that my sufferings had brought upon me a kind of delirium in which shipwrecked men see visions which mock their horrible and lonely state; but at most times I clung to her with no thought but that of saving her from death. It seemed to me as if in hiding my store of provisions I had but unconsciously prepared a means of rescuing her from that dreadful end which had befallen our companions. Sometimes, indeed, the idea would come upon me that if she should escape she would remember that I had had the power to prolong her uncle's life—that I had marked his sufferings, and had yet held my hand. Would this make her hate me? The thought was now more terrible even than death.

One night, worn out with tending her, I dropped asleep. I dreamed of warm and sheltered places; of walking in gardens in which the sunlight fell on an ancient red-bricked wall where fruits were ripening, and with me was my dear companion—she my wife, and I no longer a poor horny-handed seaman, but a gentleman, as I had thought to be before I ran from home. This and many such places I had dreamed of—she with me in them all, when I was suddenly awakened by a shriek, and, starting, found a hand at my throat. In an instant, I felt a wound as from a knife upon my arm, but I grappled with my antagonist in the darkness. A cry that he uttered told me in a moment that it was old Ephraim.

"To the devil!" he exclaimed, as he struck at me again with great force; "why should I eat vultures' food!"

He was a man of great strength. I had no weapon, and if I had not warded off his last blow, he had struck me deadf But the top was slippery with the misty night dews, and his foot tripped, and he staggered over the rope and sail-cloth in in which I had been wrapped. Following up my advantage quickly, I thrust him from me, and he fell. I heard a dull splash in the water below. I slipped down the shrouds some distance and listened, but could hear nothing. Old Ephraim had perished.

Gray light was dawning, and the mists had cleared away, when I hastened up again to my companion, calling her by the way, for her silence made me think that she had fallen in a swoon. She gave no answer, nor did she speak as I raised her, and found to my horror that there was blood upon her. My box, in which I had still some biscuits remaining, I had made a resting place for her head, but it had been pulled out, and the sail-cloth which covered her had been drawn aside. The madman or devil who had assailed me, had roused her in endeavoring to remove the box, and when she shrieked had stabbed her. She was still warm and gave some signs of breathing, but they grew fainter. I spoke to her by name, calling aloud, as I would call to some one at a distance; but she was already in the distance of eternity.

Of all that wretched band none now was living except I. Careless of all, and with a superstitious feeling that the box had somehow brought this fate upon me, I arose and cast its contents out into the wind, and sat down upon the edge of the top, with my feet hanging over, and with my head resting on my hand.

Loss of blood from my wound quickly made me feel a drowsiness in which it was strange that I did not fall from that height. Sometime after this—like a man neither asleep nor awake—I heard the noise of voices below, and rousing myself with an effort, I looked down and saw a boat alongside, and there, about a mile on our larboard side was a large brig brought to in a calm sea.

They nursed and brought me round, but did not like me. They thought that I had killed my companion and her protector, and that the wound I had got had been received in the struggle. They whispered together that I had done this to rob them of their stock of food; and when they got into a French port they would have me tried for murder, and hung or sent to the galleys. But they could make no case against me, and I was free. Ay, I was free; but the story has followed and come up against me many a time, forcing me sometimes to fly, and making me sullen and hated.

A PARCEL FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—A young lady at school in Andover recently received a letter from friends in India announcing the despatch of a parcel containing half-a-sovereign and a little present. From the appearance of the letter, which was saturated apparently with the salt water, it was inferred that it with the parcel had been on board a ship recently wrecked. Accordingly, application was made to the postmaster of Andover, who, upon writing to headquarters, learned that there was a parcel lying at the office, but that the address was obliterated by its lying at the bottom of the sea for five weeks; the word "Andover" was the only thing legible. The parcel was forwarded to the postmaster, who opened it in the presence of the school-mistress, and its contents exactly corresponded with the description in the former letter. It contained, besides the half-sovereign, a purse elegantly mounted in silver and ivory, which was a good deal injured, and a brooch in gold and turquoise, which was entirely uninjured.—*Hampshire Independent.*

ÆS TRIPLEX.—Ladies are arming themselves with steel to an immense extent, steel waistbands and bright ribs of steel going round the entire body at about two inches' distance. They wear steel ornaments of all descriptions, even earrings of steel, and a necklace and head-dress of steel bells, which jingle something after the fashion of omnibus horses, but of course more poetically. Whether they are steel-clad like the vessels of war, and in the same direction, no one can tell, but it only concerns the *gandins* to know that all the hearts are not encased in that metal, and that hearts and heads are still soft in Paris.—*Paris Letter.*

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GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1865, in the matter of the estate of Louis Conrad Meyer, a minor, the undersigned, guardian of the estate of said minor, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. & A. Barstow, No. 24 Montgomery Block, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said Louis Conrad Meyer in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Octavia and Fulton streets, thence running south along the west line of Octavia street, 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, easterly 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, northerly 275 feet; and thence westerly along the north line of Fulton street 275 feet to the place of beginning; comprising a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 150, and surrounding streets.

And the said guardian will receive offers or bids therefor from this date to said 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 oclock noon at the place aforesaid.

JOHANNA MEYER, Guardian of the Estate
June 10, 1865.-5t of Louisa Conrad Meyer, a minor.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

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JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29 3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
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THE CALIFORNIAN is published by A. A. Stickney, John Collner, and J. P. Bogardus.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 6.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 1, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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(For the Californian.)

HIS PEN.

THIS is the reed the dead musician dropped,
With tuneful magic in its sheath still hidden;
The prompt allegro of its music stopped,
Its melodies—unbidden.

But who shall finish the unfinished strain,
Or wake the instrument to awe and wonder,
And bid the slender barrel breathe again—
An organ-pipe of thunder?

His pen! what humbler memories cling about
Its golden curves; what shapes and laughing graces
Slipped from its point when his full heart went out
In smiles and courtly phrases.

The truth half-jesting, half in earnest flung—
The word of cheer, with recognition in it;
The note of alms, whose golden speech outrung
The golden gift within it.

But all in vain the enchanter's wand we wave
No stroke of ours recalls his magic vision;
The incantation that its power gave
Sleeps with the dead magician.

BRET.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE musical event of the week was the production of "Nabuco" at the Academy of Music on Wednesday evening. The opera was well placed upon the stage, with new and appropriate scenery and costumes and a full chorus. Morelli, as Nabuco, showed the versatility of his dramatic powers and achieved a new lyric triumph. The efforts of Sconcia and Barilli, who renderrd their parts with considerable spirit and ability, were only second in excellence to the singing and acting of Morelli. The closing of the second act, where a thunderboldt of somewhat palpable significance, struck the crown from Nabuco's head, was very effectively given. The *duo* in the third act, between Morelli and Sconcia, was also excellently rendered. "Nabuco" was repeated last evening. We are glad to learn that "Faust" is reported to be in rehearsal at this house.

The complimentary benefit tendered to Signorina Brambilla at the Metropolitan on Thursday evening was not as well attended as the popularity and individual ability of the beneficiary should have warranted. The professional affairs of this talented artiste do not seem to have been well managed. There was evidently some unpleasant feeling existing, both among the musical public and the profession, in regard to this lady, and with the exception of Roncovieri and Schraubstaedter, as volunteers, and the necessary chorus and orchestra, Signorina Brambilla was left quite unaided in her efforts. Nevertheless, she was enthusiastically received. She was greeted with a shower of bouquets on entering, and the tribute was repeated with the warmest applause at the conclusion of *Casta Diva* and *Una voce poco fa*. We could have wished that her benefit had been so arranged that its success would have been equal to her general popularity, and consequently of greater material "benefit" to her.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

IF San Francisco does not, within a short space of time, become all that can be desired with regard to religious enlightenment, it will not be because vigorous efforts are not being made to effect regeneration. At the last regular monthly meeting of the City Tract Society, Mr. Woodworth, "the City Missionary," made a most encouraging report of his labors for the month. It may be wondered that one city missionary should be sufficient for a city of the size of San Francisco, but the following report will prove that "the City Missionary" is no ordinary man:

"About 35,000 pages of tracts were reported as distributed during the month. The City Missionary, the Rev. Mr. Woodworth, reported having made 394 business calls, 98 visits to families, 12 visits to the hospital, 26 religious meetings attended, 10 sermons and addresses by himself and others, 115 religious conversations, 27 Testaments, 1,234 papers and pamphlets and 3,690 pages of tracts distributed, besides writing several letters and articles for publication."

The preponderance of "business calls" may strike the reader as curious. The question arises, "What is a business call?" Doubtless a call for funds; dollars are of course the sinews of this holy war against the world, the flesh and the devil, equally as much as of any other war. 35,000 pages of tracts! Thickly as leaves in Vallambrosa, do pages of tracts lie scattered in this city. Does not the City Missionary indeed "do good and distribute"—tracts? He appears to shun the hospital. Can it be that the presence of infectious diseases renders that establishment an undesirable place to call at? Perish the thought! The statement of "10 sermons and addresses by himself *and others*," is culpably indefinite; it leads to a suspicion that the City Missionary's report of his labors includes the labors of other city missionaries; that he has not alone and unaided distributed 3,690 pages of tracts, that he has not himself engaged in "115 religious conversations." We cannot divest our mind of a suspicion that "the City Missionary" possesses an extraordinay faculty of making the most of what he does. What constitutes "a religious conversation?" Does he choose people who are already religious with whom to hold these religious conversations? These questions must be decided before a just estimate can be formed of the amount of labor accomplished by "the City Missionary" within the space of one month. It is to be presumed that he is faithful in the discharge of his duty, that he does not leave a pile of twenty or thirty tracts in a grocery store where they come to base uses, that he does not stop a small boy in the street, ask him if he is aware that he has a soul, and on the youthful sinner replying "You bet I do," pursue his inquiries no further, but make an entry in his book of "1 Religious Conversation." Then, again, were the "articles for publication" published or were they "declined with thanks?" On the whole, we consider the form in which "the City Missionary" presents his report ambiguous, and consequently unsatisfactory. It should be more full. If "the City Missionary" credits himself with "115 religious conversations," he should also be careful to enter on the Dr. side of his account any irreligious conversations he may have held. He must, in the course of his labors, be sometimes sorely tried, and it is not uncharitable, we trust, to suppose that he sometimes sins, that he may occasionally, in dealing with a vessel of wrath, express his conviction that the soul of said vessel is in a dangerous condition, in a temper and tone of voice which, if indulged in by an ungodly man instead of "the City Missionary," might lead the vessel of wrath to suppose that it was rather a malediction or an *ex cathedra* consignation of the immortal part of his being to eternal condemnation than a warning uttered for his good. These things, if ever such things do occur, should be entered in the monthly report, and, a balance being struck, it would appear to how much credit "the City Missionary" was entitled. The form in which the report is now presented may be very encouraging to the subscribers to the "City Tract Society," and may lead them to persist in investing in city tracts, trusting to realize from such investment in a future state of existence, when they "read their title clear," etc., but it certainly is not business. We have made the above remarks in no unkind spirit towards the "City Tract Society" or "the City Missionary," on the contrary, we hope that the former will regenerate society in this city, and the latter find the whole population tract-able.

WE notice constantly that in quoting paragraphs in which ungrammatical sentences occur, the word *sic* is appended to such passages. Why is not the *k* put in? No doubt the meaning of putting ("sic") against an ungrammatical sentence is to imply that, although the President's English may not be murdered in this instance it is "sick." For example—we observe in an interior paper: "He done the dirty work." (Sick.) There, that is our protest against the expression. Sick English, very sick English. The k ought certainly to be put in; it makes it so much more expressive. The Gold Hill *News* is requested to notice.

SENATOR CONNESS, in the speech which he made on the occasion of the presentation of the sword sent by Californians to General Hooker, is not happy in his similes and expressions. The closing sentence of his recapitulation of the victorious achievements of General Hooker is as follows:

"The Southern hosts were shattered, and thus the way was opened up for the great march of Sherman through the bowels of the Confederacy."

The image of Sherman marching through the bowels of the Confederacy is an unpleasant one. It is not comfortable to think of Sherman galloping the bowels of the Confederacy out. But let that pass; Mr. Conness is at liberty, if it seems fit to him, to ever institute comparisons between General Sherman and a medicinal preparation; we must, however, enter a protest against a reflection on the character of California. Mr. Conness continues:

"General Hooker, while these great deeds were being done, California, who claims you as her own, was an intent and charmed observer. She, upon whose beautiful neck the slave chain was sought to be hung, and upon whose virgin breast the libertine of the slave mart sported for awhile, early understood what was involved in the contest."

We object to the idea of "the libertine of the slave mart" sporting on the virgin breast of California; we should even object to Mr. Conness, being represented in such a position. Erotic similes such as this are in extremely bad taste, and we are surprised that Mr. Conness should condescend to employ them in connection with the State which choose him to represent her in the Council Halls of the Nation. An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten Mr. Conness's imagination. In some future speech he will be talking of the pirate Semmes sporting for a time on the virgin breast of the Ocean, and Winslow avenging the insult to Oceana's honor by sinking the *Alabama*. We trust no hot-blooded Californian will think it incumbent upon him to call Senator Conness out for his language with reference to California and "the libertine of the slave mart."

WE read the other day that all persons in Richmond desiring to be married, had to take the oath of allegiance before the ceremony was allowed to take place. Here is something of the same kind which we clip from an exchange:

"Every member of a family in Savannah who has reached the age of eighteen is required to take the amnesty oath of allegiance to the United States before being allowed to make use of the mails."

This has reference of course to females. No Savannah belle can make use of a male, make him hold the baby, run errands for her, chop wood or put him to any other base uses to which males come after they have been subjugated by woman, until she has taken the oath of allegiance. We rather imagine that the "loyalizing" the Southern people will be a particularly unpleasant process, and they will be very glad when it is finished. President Johnson will probably make about as quick work of it as any other man. There must be considerable swearing down South just now, and the oaths uttered are not all amnesty oaths.

LONDON *Fun* defines a "Puseyite candle" as "a burning shame." A wicked shame would be as good and equally as new. That's very old, *Fun*. Why didn't you follow it up with a squib about Roman candles being bad fire-works for Protestant churches, and their making the congregation wax wroth. Then you might have said that it would be impossible to make any good Protestant swallow this innovation, he would always find the candles stick in his throat; that the Puseyite clergymen ought to alter their custom and remove the candles from the altar. Then again, what a good joke you might have made about the Baptists—saying that while the Puseyites and Catholics went in for wax candles, the Baptists went in for dips. Bah, *Fun*, don't be so stingy with your puns; punning ought to come as easy to the editor of a funny paper as lying to the proprietor of a political organ.

WE often wonder where those little moral sayings of a line or two, which are so convenient to fill out a column with, come from. For instance who wrote this:

"A bad cold, like a murderer's conscience, often comes upon us about midnight and vexes us for many hours."

What possible connection can there be between a murderer's conscience and a bad cold? There may be some between a murderer and a sore throat, but a murderer's sore throat does not vex him many hours; it only troubles him a few seconds.

THE *Bulletin* refers to an operation which is new to us, in the following words:

"We gave last evening an account of the developments which had been made in the Moses Frank forgery cases, showing that jurors had been packed and bribed."

We have heard of "packing a jury," but of packing a juror, never. Perhaps packing a juryman means "putting drinks into him." Jurymen are sometimes as obstinate as mules; when a juryman is a mule perhaps he is packed.

TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED.

Ensign Harcourt Lowther, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen's Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude; points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and instals himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more and more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whose parties, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become avenged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

Harcourt Lowther continues his daily visits to the house of Tredethlyn, and is constantly poisoning the wife's mind by noting the husband's absence and inventing excuses for him with the mock morality of a "Joseph Surface." Tredethlyn has a secret which calls him frequently from town during the day, which excites Lowther's curiosity, but his efforts to discover it are fruitless. The greater portion of Tredethlyn's time, however, is spent in the old way, with cards, at the race-track, and in dissipation, under Lowther's guidance.

Roderick Lowther, the elder brother of Harcourt Lowther, and much like him in appearance and character, prepossessing, cool, calculating and unscrupulous—a member of the *corps diplomatique* at Belgium—returns to England on a three months' leave of absence, and becomes domiciled with Harcourt. He announces his intention of seeking a good pecuniary match and marrying to secure the approval of an old maiden aunt, whose fortune he expects to inherit. He soon fathoms his brother's schemes, promises his assistance in their furtherance, and asks Harcourt to aid his own. He is introduced into the house of Mrs. Tredethlyn, and there meets Miss Grunderson, a young lady of ordinary appearance and intellect, but an heiress.

Roderick at once perceives that the most feasible way to make an impression upon Miss Grunderson, (who has frequently been courted for her wealth, and is somewhat suspicious of motives,) is to appear eminently disinterested, and rather skeptical, withal, relative to the desirableness of the matrimonial condition. Pursuing this line of policy, he is successful. He next visits his aunt to propitiate her favor. Harcourt Lowther finds Tredethlyn no longer a willing instrument in his hands, but discovers a clue to the mystery that so long has baffled him, in a tradesman's bill for goods and furniture supplied at Brook Cottage, Petersham, the bill having been carelessly left by Tredethlyn in his study.

A pleasure party, consisting of Harcourt Lowther, Mrs. Tredethlyn, Roderick Lowther, Rosa Grunderson and Julia Desmond visit Petersham; Harcourt contrives to give the party a view of Francis Tredethlyn in company with a woman seated very lovingly "under a mulberry tree" near a cottage; he intimates that he has made a discovery which causes him the worst apprehensions.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Concluded.

Maude looked at Harcourt Lowther with a vague alarm in her face, which had grown almost as white as the umbrella that sheltered it. Harcourt's whisper had frightened her a hundredfold more than the sight of her husband, at home in that unknown garden with a woman she had never seen or heard of.

"Who is that lady?" she asked, when they had passed the gate. "Do you know her, Mr. Lowther? You know all my husband's associations much better than I do."

She tried to speak quite calmly, but failed miserably in the effort. Harcourt's whisper had expressed so much.

"No, I do not know the lady," he answered, gravely. "I think you had better make no inquiries about her. Mr. Tredethlyn did not tell you that he was to spend the day at Petersham?"

"No. He only said that he was going a little way out of town."

"Then in that case it will be better for you to leave him to finish his day as he pleases, since you have made no arrangement for meeting him here, and do not know the lady."

Maude did not answer him just then. She walked on a little faster than before; and Harcourt kept by her side, looking furtively every now and then at the pale profile, the tremulous lower lip. He could see that Mrs. Tredethlyn was profoundly agitated, and that she was trying to conceal her agitation. He could see this; and he was determined to make her speak, and speak freely.

"She is not the sort of woman to suffer in silence," he thought. "This kind of trouble is new to her, and she will cry out presently."

Mr. Lowther was not very much at fault in his estimate of Maude's heroism. She spoke to him when they were a few paces from Julia, whose face was lighted by a look of triumph under her gauzy veil.

"You say you do not know that lady. You must at least know who she is?"

This was said in a tone of almost piteous entreaty.

"Upon my honor, no," Harcourt answered, gravely.

There was a pause from some moments. They were in one of the meadows by this time, nearing the water's edge, Julia still in the rear, and Maude still walking very fast, as it is the habit of most people to walk under the influence of agitation. Perhaps in that unreasoning, unnecessary haste there lurks a vague fancy that we can hurry away from our trouble.

All at once Maude turned to Harcourt Lowther and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me what it all means," she cried, "tell me the worst, however bad it is. I know that you are hiding something from me. I know by your manner just now that there is some horrible meaning in Frank's presence in that garden with that woman."

"My dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, you ask me to interfere in a matter which I have no right to approach. It may be everything to you where your husband goes—whom he associates with. I have been his friend—for your sake—and I have done my best to steer him clear of dangerous acquaintance and dangerous amusements—still for your sake. I may have found it a hard matter to keep him out of mischief, and may have regretted the natural tendencies of his character—always for your sake. Beyond this I can have nothing to do with him. I had good reason for being sorry when you married him—on my own account. Of late I have been even more sorry—on yours."

Maude looked at him, white and trembling. The schemer was pleased to see what deadly mischief had been done, and yet stung to the very heart to find that any falsehood of his victim's could wound so deeply. There are triumphs which have a shadow of humiliation upon their brightness, and this was one of them. Julia, seeing that her companions were loitering, seated herself on the lower step of a stile. She had no desire to interrupt this conversation.

"Speak to me plainly," Mrs. Tredethlyn cried, passionately, "or I will go back to that cottage and ask my husband himself for an explanation. Perhaps that would be best. He has a better right to explain his conduct than any one else."

She walked a few paces from her companion, but Harcourt Lowther followed her, and caught her gently by the arm.

"Will Francis Tredethlyn tell you the truth if you question him?" he asked. "My dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, how could you endure the *esclandre* of such a scene as *must* ensue if you go back to that house, and confront your husband in the presence of that woman?"

"Why should there be a scene, or any *esclandre?* The lady may be the wife or daughter of some friend of my husband's. Have I any right to imagine something horrible because I see Frank with a person who is a stranger to me? It was only your manner that frightened me."

"I am very sorry my manner was so foolish. Let us drop the subject. Only—take my advice—don't go back to that house."

"Why should I not, if my husband is innocent? as I am sure he is."

Mr. Lowther shrugged his shoulders.

"Because it is an unpleasant thing to intrude where one is not invited," he answered. "Whatever questions you wish to ask your husband can be reserved until you are both at home; and in the meantime pray let the matter drop. Believe me, it is not a fit subject for discussion between you and me."

There are lawyers who generally inaugurate a consultation by advising their clients not to go to law. They know it is a very safe display of magnanimity. It is only the old story of standing upon the shore to reason with a tempestuous ocean, or interfering with the appetite of a famished wolf in favor of the lamb on which he means to dine. To try to restrain a woman whose jealousy has once been roused from any investigation of her fancied wrongs, is no less wasted labor; and Harcourt Lowther knew quite enough of human nature to be very sure of this.

Mrs. Tredethlyn turned upon him fiercely. He had never seen the woman he loved in a passion until this moment; and though he had so much else to employ his thoughts just now, he could not help pausing for a moment to think how beautiful she looked with that new light in her eyes, that feverish glow so suddenly kindled in the cheeks that had been deadly pale.

"I will not let the matter drop," she cried. "You are keeping some hideous secret hidden from me. I know you are. I could not be mistaken in your tone just now when you saw Francis in that garden. If there were no harm in his being there, why should you express such amazement? Harcourt Lowther, we were friends once, and you affect to be my friend now. If you are what you pretend to be, tell me the meaning of my husband's conduct."

"You love him very much, Maude, to feel his conduct so deeply."

She was too agitated to notice that her old lover had called her by her Christian name. He had perhaps been scarcely aware of it himself. He loved her better at this moment than he had ever loved her in his life, now that she stood before him a beautiful, angry, passionate creature, appealing to him against the husband for whose sake he had been jilted.

"You must be very much in love with your husband," he repeated, bitterly; "and yet I should have scarcely thought it possible you could care for that sort of person."

"He *is* my husband," answered Maude, "and I have a right to be angry if he does me any wrong."

"I acknowledge your right to be as angry as you please, but I am sorry to see you so agitated. I am very sorry we happened to walk this way."

"Will you tell me the truth? I have appealed to you by our old friendship. I shall never again believe in you as a friend unless you speak plainly to-day."

"If you say *that*, you oblige me to speak. Will you take my arm, and walk up and down by the hedge yonder. I see people coming into the meadow, and we look rather conspicuous standing just here."

Mrs. Tredethlyn accepted the offered arm. Harcourt Lowther was silent for some moments while they strolled slowly under the shadow of a tall hawthorn hedge. He was waiting until Maude should have recovered some little calmness, and be in a condition to appreciate the full value of what he was going to say.

"It would be going over very old ground, and awakening very bitter recollections—on my part, at least," he began at last, in a subdued and pensive tone, "were I to tell you what I thought of your marriage with Francis Tredethlyn. When I thought of it most mildly, I believed it the maddest sacrifice that was ever made to the Moloch Wealth since this world began. You had your reasons, you told me, and they were very powerful reasons, but they were to be kept a secret. I had no more to say. All I could do was to hope that you might not be miserable with the man you married—to my mind, the man of all others least adapted to make you a happy wife. I should have done well had I been wise enough to keep aloof from you and your husband after that unhappy marriage. I was so mad as to hang about your house, and accept the friendship of my rival, in the belief that I might save the vessel wherein you had embarked from some of those rocks which I saw a little ahead of the calm bay whence you sailed, with all the stereotyped paraphernalia of pennants flying and guns firing. I *have* saved you from a good deal; but I have not been able to change your husband's nature, and he has taken his own way in spite of me."

"What do you mean?" Maude demanded, breathlessly.

"I cannot, and will not, enter into the details of Francis Tredethlyn's life for the last twelve months. No, Maude, not even your entreaties shall wring from me more than I have a right to tell, or you to hear. And if I spoke the plainest words that ever sullied a woman's ear, I should only be talking a strange language which would convey no meaning to your innocent mind. There are places in London whose names you have never heard in your life—places whose very existence might never be known to honest people if men did not write about them in the newspapers; and amongst the *habitues* of those places your husband has been conspicuous since the first week of his return from the village where you

and he spent your honeymoon. There are dinners given, up at that hotel yonder, to women whose costume is an extravagant copy of yours. but who in everything except their dress differ from you as entirely as darkness differs from light; and Francis Tredethlyn has been foremost amongst the dinner-givers ever since he has had a fortune to squander. So long as he was amused by open follies and dissipations I cherished a lingering hope that custom would bring weariness. and that the very monotony of these poisonous pleasures would render them their own antidote. I made excuses for the man who had so newly succeeded to a fortune large enough to intoxicate a weak brain; and I fancied, when the novelty of his wealth had ceased to bewilder him, he would awake to a better sense of the degrading path in which he was treading. I thought this, Maude, and I believed also that your loveliness, your purity, rendered all the more obvious by contrast with the people amongst whom he wasted his life, must lure him back to your side. How could I think otherwise than this?—*I*, who had loved and lost you!"

It never occurred to Mrs. Tredethlyn that these were the very last words that Harcourt Lowther should have spoken to her, at this moment above all other moments. It seemed as if she scarcely heard this allusion to the past, any more than she had heard her old lover's frequent utterance of her Christian name.

"I think my husband loved me—once," she murmured, in a low, sorrowful voice. "He was so noble in his conduct—so generous to my father."

"My poor girl," exclaimed Harcourt, with supreme compassion, "how should *you* know the difference between a good man's generosity and a profligate's lavish bid for the fair young bride who happens to be the fancy of the moment? There are men who will give as exaggerated a price for a picture as ever Francis Tredethlyn offered when he won you for his wife; but you would scarcely call a man 'generous' because he bid extravagantly for a *Raffaelle* or a *Murillo* at Christie's. There is no creature in this world so selfish as a profligate."

Maude turned sick and cold to the very heart as Mr. Lowther said this.

A profligate! The horrible word wounded her like the stroke of a knife. In a moment this innocent girl, who until now had only known the existence of "profligacy" as an unspeakable noun substantive hidden away somewhere in the close columns of unexpurgated dictionaries, felt the veil rudely torn from the purity of her mind; and was told that her husband, that other part of herself united to her by the solemn service of the Church, was the obnoxious thing which until this hour no one had ever dared to name in her presence. The generosity she had believed in was a sham. The noble nature which had commanded her regard and esteem, even when it could not win her love, had never existed out of her own imagination. She had been wronged, betrayed, humiliated; while in her school-girl simplicity she had been lamenting her unworthiness of a devoted husband's love. She had been bought for money like a slave in some Oriental marketplace, when she had imagined herself a free sacrifice offered as the recompense of a sacred debt.

She did not speak; but looking at her face, Harcourt Lowther saw that his words had gone home. The breach between husband and wife yawned wide enough now. The undermining of the ground had been slow, laborious work, but the result repaid this social engineer for all his trouble. With what a crash the earth fell in when it was time for the convulsion! So some huge mass of Kentish chalk, which sappers and miners have been manipulating for a month or so, and at which a crowd of tired spectators have been staring hopelessly for two hours at a stretch, breaks away all at once from the bosom of the cliff with a thunderous noise, and crumbles into powder.

But Mr. Lowther had not finished yet.

"I thought I could win you back your husband, Maude, and restore him to you a better man," he said; "but I soon discovered how futile such a hope was. I have been by his side in scenes that were horribly repugnant to my own nature, in order that I might hold him back from the verge of deeper gulfs than those into which he had already fallen. Within the last few months I have known that he kept a secret from me, and I knew that it must be a disgraceful one. Only a few days ago it came to my knowledge that he had lately furnished a house somewhere in the suburbs. This gave me a clue to those mysterious absences, those journeys on business a little way out of town, about which your husband had been so reticent. Men of Francis Tredethlyn's calibre do not furnish houses from benevolent motives. I had no means of knowing where the house was—how little could I imagine that it was in this neighborhood, or that accident would lead our footsteps to its very threshold! Mrs. Tredethlyn, you shall not wring another word from me. I am sorry that you have tempted me to tell you so much," exclaimed Mr. Harcourt, who had said all he wanted to say.

It was a long time before Maude answered him; and then she said, very slowly, and with a painful effort—

"I thank you—for having told me the truth. It is always best to know the truth."

(To be continued.)

NURSERY RHYMES

ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

BY J. G. SAXE.

THE WARRIORS.

BEAU and Lee
Went out, you see,
To do a little slaughter;
Beau fell down
And broke his crown,
And Lee came tumbling after!

THE CONSULTATION.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Said the rebel President
To his great commander.
Goosey, goosey, gander,
It's time to meander;
Out of here you'd better steer,
Said the great commander.

FLIGHT OF JEFF DAVIS.

There was a man in Richmond town,
And Yankees came to nab him;
He clomb up to the chimney-top,
And saw they meant to grab him.
So he got down on 'tother side,
And then they couldn't find him;
He rode as fast as he could ride,
And never looked behind him!

THE ARCH-TRAITOR.

Jeff was a cunning dog,
Jeff was a thief;
Of all the rogues in rebeldom,
Jeff was the chief.
But Weitzel went to Richmond,
And then Jeff fled;
Now the Yankees have him,
They'll chop off his head!

SONG OF THE CITIZENS.

We are all in the dumps,
For Yankees are trumps,
And chivalry 's gone to the wall;
Jeff Davis is bit,
And Lee 's in a fit,
And that is the end of us all!

FALL OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Trumpery-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Trumpery-Dumpty had a great fall;
All Jeff's horses and all Jeff's men
Can't put the trumpery together again!

SUMMARY.

Confedery Grundy
Was born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Sickened on Wednesday,
Very ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
And that is the end
Of Confedery Grundy.

[Flag of Our Union.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR INFANT REBELS.

I.

Little Jeff Etticoat
In his wife's petticoat
And a blue nose.
The longer he runs
How short his hoop shows!

II.

Three cavalry mice
Very neat and nice—
They all ran after Jeff and his wife,
They cut off his hoop with a sabre knife—
Three cavalry mice!

III.

Breckinridge, Davis and Slidell,
Three little boys who were idle:
They played with edged tools,
These three little fools,
And then they got whipped on their stools!

IV.

Secession would a wooing go,
A wooing go,
And made love everywhere;
By Vic and by Eugenia snubbed,
At length by Miss Columbia drubbed,
Secession does a Woe-ing go,
A wooing go.

[N. Y. Leader.

ALBERMARLE was the lover of Mdlle Graucher. As they were walking together one evening, he perceived her eyes fixed on a star, and said to her: "Do not look at it, my dear; I cannot give it to you." "Never," says Marmontel, "did love express itself more delicately."

ANA OF THE AUTOCRAT.

[We make the following selections from the latest edition of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE."

DO I think that the particular form of lying often seen in newspapers, under the title, "From our Foreign Correspondent," does any harm? Why, no. I don t know that it does. I supose it doesn't really deceive people any more than the *Arabian Nights* or *Gulliver's Travels* do. Sometimes the writers compile *too* carelessly, though. and mix up facts out of geographies, and stories out of the penny papers, so as to mislead those who are desirous of information. I cut a piece out of one of the papers, the other day, which contains a number of improbabilities, and, I suspect, misstatements. I will send up and get it for you, if you would like to hear it. Ah, this is it; it is headed

"OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.

"This island is now the property of the Stamford family—having been won. it is said, in a raffle, by Sir — Stamford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the *Notes and Queries*. This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallizing in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface, during calm weather, the rainbow tints of the celebrated South Sea bubbles. The Summers are oppressively hot, and the Winters very probably cold; but this fact cannot be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in Winter.

"The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper-tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organized in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. [Note received from Dr. D. P.] It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in England, the natives of Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering the pepper, the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation, or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks, that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backward for great distances at immense speed, on the well-known principle of the æolipile. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgelled another most severely for appropriating a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the "Pecavi" by the Catholic Jews, who it is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *maccaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermicelli*. They have a decided animal flavor, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Maccaroni, being tubular, is the favorite *habitat* of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferociously by being boiled. The Government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the maccaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

"The fruit of the bread-tree consists principally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with the cocoa-nut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoa-nut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit it for the tea-table."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

I LOVE the damask rose best of all. The flowers our mothers and sisters used to love and cherish, those which grow beneath our eaves and by our doorstep, are the ones we always love best. If the Houynhnms should ever catch me, and, finding me particularly vicious and unmanageable, send a man-tamer to Rareyfy me, I'll tell you what drugs he would

have to take and how he would have to use them. Imagine yourself reading a number of the Houyhnhnm *Gazette*, giving an account of such an experiment:

"*Man-Taming Extraordinary.* — The soft-hoofed semi-quadruped recently captured was subjected to the art of our distinguished man-tamer in presence of a numerous assembly. The animal was led in by two stout ponies, closely confined by straps to prevent his sudden and dangerous tricks of shoulder-hitting and foot-striking. His countenance expressed the utmost degree of ferocity and cunning.

"The operator took a handful of *budding lilac leaves*, and crushing them slightly between his hoofs, so as to bring out their peculiar fragrance, fastened them to the end of a long pole and held them toward the creature. Its expression changed in an instant—it drew in their fragrance eagerly, and attempted to seize them with its soft split hoofs. Having thus quieted his suspicious subject, the operator proceeded to tie a *blue hyacinth* to the end of the pole and held it out towards the wild animal. The effect was magical. Its eyes filled as with rain-drops, and its lips trembled as it pressed them to the flower. After this it was perfectly quiet, and brought a measure of corn to the man-tamer, without showing the least disposition to strike with the feet or hit from the shoulder."

That will do for the Houyhnhnm *Gazette*.

Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem which for the sake of being original should leave them out, would be like those verses where the letter *a* or *e* or some other is omitted? No—they will bloom over and over again in poems as in the Summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the Spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars? Look at Nature. She never wearies of saying over her floral *pater-noster*. In the crevices of Cyclopean walls—in the dust where men lie, dust also—on the mounds that bury huge cities, the wreck of Nineveh and the Babel-heap—still that same sweet prayer and benediction. The *Amen* of Nature is always a flower.

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HOW A POEM IS WRITTEN.

Lyric conception—my friend, the Poet, said—hits me like a bullet in the forehead. I have often had the blood drop from my cheeks when it struck, and felt that I turned as white as death. Then comes a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart—then a long sigh—and the poem is written.

It is an impromptu, I suppose, if you write it so suddenly, I replied.

No, said he; far from it. I said written, but I did not say *copied*. Every such poem has a soul and a body, and it is the body of it, or the copy, that men read and publishers pay for. The soul of it is born in an instant in the poet's soul. It comes to him a thought, tangled in the meshes of a few sweet words—words that have loved each other from the cradle of the language, but have never been wedded until now. Whether it will ever fully embody itself in a bridal train of a dozen stanzas or not is uncertain; but it exists potentially from the instant that the poet turns pale with it. It is enough to stun and scare anybody, to have a hot thought come crashing into his brain, and ploughing up those parallel ruts where the wagon trains of common ideas were jogging along in their regular sequences of association.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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[All letters for this department should be addressed to Mr. Mark Twain, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it. Courting Etiquette, Distressed Lovers, of either sex, and Struggling Young Authors, as yet "unbeknown" to Fame, will receive especial attention]

—

Young Actor.—This gentleman writes as follows: "I am desperate. *Will* you tell me how I can possibly please the newspaper critics? I have labored conscientiously to achieve this, ever since I made my *début* upon the stage, and I have never yet entirely succeeded in a single instance. Listen: The first night I played after I came among you, I judged by the hearty applause that was frequently showered upon me, that I had made a 'hit'—that my audience were satisfied with me—and I was happy accordingly. I only longed to know if I had been as successful with the critics. The first thing I did in the morning was to send for the papers. I read this: 'Mr. King Lear Macbeth made his first appearance last night, before a large and fashionable audience, as 'Lord Blucher,' in Bilgewater's great tragedy of *Blood, Hair and the Ground Tore Up*. In the main, his effort may be set down as a success—a very gratifying success. His voice is good, his manner easy and graceful, and his enunciation clear and distinct; his conception of the character he personated was good, and his rendition of it almost perfect. This talented young actor will infallibly climb to a dizzy elevation upon the ladder of histrionic fame, but it rests with himself to say whether this shall be accomplished at an early day or years hence. If the former, then he must at once correct his one great fault—we refer to his habit of throwing extraordinary spirit into passages which do not require it—his habit of *ranting*, to speak plainly. It was this same unfortunate habit which caused him to spoil the noble scene between 'Lord Blucher' and 'Viscount Cranberry,' last night, in that portion of the third act where the latter unjustly accuses the former of attempting to seduce his pure and honored grandmother. His rendition of 'Lord Blucher's' observation—

'Speak but another syllable, vile, hell-spawned miscreant, and thou diest the death of a ter-r-raitor!'

was uttered with undue excitement and unseemly asperity—there was too much rant about it. We trust Mr. Macbeth will consider the hint we have given him.' That extract, Mr. Twain, was from the *Morning Thunderbolt*. The *Daily Battering-Ram* gave me many complimenta, but said that in the great scene referred to above, I gesticulated too wildly and too much—and advised me to be more circumspect in future, in these matters. I played the same piece that night, and toned myself down considerably in the matter of ranting and gesticulation. The next morning neither the *Thunderbolt* or the *Battering-Ram* gave me credit for it, but the one said my 'Lord Blucher' overdid the pathetic in the scene where his sister died, and the other said I laughed too boisterously in the one where my servant fell in the dyer's vat and came out as green as a meadow in Spring-time. The *Daily American Earthquake* said I was too *tame* in the great scene with the 'Viscount.' I felt a little discouraged, but I made a note of these suggestions and fell to studying harder than ever. That night I toned down my grief and my mirth, and worked up my passionate anger and my gesticulation just the least in the world. I may remark here that I began to perceive a moderation, both in quantity and quality, of the applause vouchsafed me by the audience. The next morning the papers gave me no credit for my efforts at improvement, but the *Thunderbolt* said I was too loving in the scene with my new bride, the *Battering-Ram* said I was not loving enough, and the *Earthquake* said it was a masterly performance and never surpassed upon these boards. I was check-mated. I sat down and considered how I was going to engineer that love-scene to suit all the critics, until at last I became stupefied with perplexity. I then went down town, much dejected, and got drunk. The next day the *Battering-Ram* said I was too spiritless in the scene with the 'Viscount,' and remarked sarcastically that I threatened the 'Viscount's' life with a subdued voice and manner eminently suited to conversation in a funeral procession. The *Thunderbolt* said my mirth was too mild in the dyer's vat scene, and observed that instead of laughing heartily, as it was my place to do, I smiled as blandly—and as gnardedly, apparently—as an undertaker in the cholera season. These mortuary comparisons had a very depressing effect upon my spirits, and I turned to the *Earthquake* for comfort. That authority said 'Lord Blucher' seemed to take the death of his idolized sister uncommonly easy, and suggested with exquisite irony that if I would use a toothpick, or pretend to pare my nails, in the death-bed scene, my attractive indifference would be the perfection of acting. I was almost desperate, but I went to work earnestly again to apply the newspaper hints to my 'Lord Blucher.' I ranted in the 'Viscount' scene (this at home in my private apartments) to suit the *Battering-Ram*, and then toned down considerably, to approach the *Earthquake's* standard; I worked my grief up strong in the death-bed scene to suit the latter paper, and then modified it a good deal to comply with the *Thunderbolt's* hint; I laughed boisterously in the dyer's vat scene, in accordance with the suggestion of the *Thunderbolt*, and then toned down toward the *Battering-Ram's* notion of excellence. That night my audience did not seem to know whether to applaud or not, and the result was that they came as near doing neither one thing nor the other as was possible. The next morning the *Semi-Monthly Literary Bosh* said my rendition of the character of 'Lord Blucher' was faultless—that it was stamped with the seal of inspiration; the *Thunderbolt* said I was an industrious, earnest and aspiring young dramatic student, but I was possessed of only ordinary merit, and could not hope to achieve more than a very moderate degree of success in my profession—and added that my engagement was at an end for the present; the *Battering-Ram* said I was a tolerably good stock-actor, but that the practice of managers in imposing such people as me upon the public as stars, was very reprehensible—and added that my engagement was at an end for the present; the *Earthquake* critic said he had seen worse actors, but not *much* worse—and added that my engagement was at an end for the present. So much for newspapers. The *Monthly Magazine of Literature and Art* (high authority,) remarked as follows: 'Mr. King Lear Macbeth commenced well, but the longer he played, the worse he played. His first performance of 'Lord Blucher' in *Blood, Hair and the Ground Tore Up*, may be entered upon the record as a remarkably fine piece of acting—but toward the last he got to making it the most extraordinary exhibition of theatrical lunacy we ever witnessed. In the scene with the 'Viscount,' which calls for sustained, vigorous, fiery declamation, his manner was an incomprehensible mixture of 'fever-heat' and 'zero'—to borrow the terms of the thermometer; in the dyer's vat scene he was alternately torn by spasms of mirth and oppressed by melancholy; in the death-bed scene his countenance exhibited profound grief one moment and blank vacancy in the next; in the love scene with his bride—but why particularize? throughout the play he was a mixture—a conglomeration—a miracle of indecision—an aimless, purposeless dramatic lunatic. In a word, his concluding performances of the part of 'Lord Blucher' were execrable. We simply assert this, but do not attempt to account for it—we know his first performance was excellence itself, but how that excellence so soon degenerated into the pitiable exhibition of last night, is beyond our ability to determine.' Now, Mr. Twain, you have the facts in this melancholy case—and any suggestion from you as to how I can please these critics will be gratefully received."

I can offer no suggestion, "Young Actor," except that the ordinary run of newspaper criticism will not do to depend upon. If you keep on trying to shape yourself by such models, you will go mad, eventually. Several of the critics you mention probably never saw you play an entire act through in their lives, and it is possible that the balance were no more competent to decide upon the merits of a dramatic performance than of a sermon. Do you note how unconcernedly and how pitilessly they lash you as soon as your engagement is ended? Sometimes those "criticisms" are written and in type before the curtain rises. Don't you remember that the New York *Herald* once came out with a column of criticism upon Edwin Forest's "Hamlet," when unfortunately the bill had been changed at the last moment, and Mr. Forrest played "Othello" instead of the play criticised? And only lately didn't the same paper publish an elaborate imaginary description of the funeral ceremonies of the late Jacob Little, unaware that the obsequies had been postponed for twenty-four hours? It is vastly funny, your "working yourself up" to suit the *Thunderbolt*, and "toning yourself down" to suit the *Battering-Ram*, and doing all sorts of similarly absurd things to please a lot of "critics" who had probably never seen you play at all, but who threw in a pinch of instruction or censure among their praise merely to give their "notices" a candid, impartial air. Don't bother yourself any more in that way. Pay no attention to the papers, but watch the audience. A silent crowd is damning censure—good, hearty, enthusiastic applause is a sure sign of able acting. It seems you played well at first—I think you had better go back and start over again at the point where you began to instruct yourself from the newspapers. I have often wondered, myself, when reading critiques in the papers, what would become of an actor if he tried to follow all the fearfully conflicting advice they contained.

Mary, *Rincon School*.—Sends a dainty little note, the contents whereof I take pleasure in printing, as follows, (suppressing, of course, certain expressions of kindness and encouragement which she intended for my eye alone): "Please spell and define *geewhilikins* for me."

Geewhillikins is an ejaculation or exclamation, and expresses surprise, astonishment, amazement, delight, admiration, disappointment, deprecation, disgust, sudden conviction, incredulity, joy, sorrow—well, it is capable of expressing pretty nearly any abrupt emotion that flashes through one's heart. For instance, I say to Jones. "Old Grimes is dead!" Jones knowing old Grimes was in good health the last time he heard from him, is surprised, and he naturally exclaims, "Geewhillikins! is that so?" In this case the word simply expresses surprise, mixed with either joy or sorrow, Grimes' affairs being nothing to Jones. I meet Morgan, and I say, "Well, I saw Johnson, and he refuses to pay that bill." Johnson exclaims, "Geewhillikins! is that so?" In this case the word expresses astonishment and disappointment, together with a considerable degree of irritation. I meet young Yank, and I observe, "The country is safe now—peace is declared!" Yank swings his hat and shouts, "Geewhillikins! is that so?"—which expresses surprise and extreme delight. I stumble on Thompson, and remark. "There was a tornado in Washoe yesterday which picked up a church in Virginia and blew it to Reed's Station, on the Carson river, eighteen miles away!" Thompson says, "Gee-e-e-*whillikins!*" with a falling inflection and strong emphasis on that portion of the word which I have italicized—thus, with discriminating judgment, imbuing the phrase with the nicest shades of amazement, wonder, and mild incredulity. Stephens, who is carrying home some eggs in his "hind-coat pocket," sits down on them and mashes them—exclaiming, as he rises, gingerly exploring the lacilaginous locality of his misfortune with his hand, "*Gee*-whillikins!"—with strong emphasis and falling inflection on the first syllable, and falling inflection on the last syllable also—thus expressing an extremity of grief and unmitigated disgust which no other word in our whole language is capable of conveying. That will do, I suppose—you cannot help understanding my definition, now, and neither will you fail to appreciate the extraordinary comprehensiveness of the word. We will now consider its orthography. You perceive that I spell it with two e's and two l's

which I think is the proper method, though I confess the matter is open to argument. Different people spell it in different ways. Let us give a few examples:

"The horse 'raired' up with a furious neigh,
And over the hills he scoured away!
Mazeppa closed his despairing eye,
And murmured, 'Alas! and must I die!
'GEE-WHILIKINS!'"

[*Byron's Mazeppa.*

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt—!
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The ruffiers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Four syllables by way of prayer:
'GEE-WHILLIKINS!'"

[*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

If the Gold Hill *News* or the *American Flag* say the above excerpts are misquotations, pay no attention to them—they are anything but good authority in matters of this kind. The *Flag* does not spell the word we are speaking of properly, either, in my opinion. I have in my mind a communication which I remember having seen in that paper the morning the result of the presidential election was made known. It possessed something of an exulting tone, and was addressed to a heavy gun among the Copperheads—the editor of the late *Democratic Press*, I think—and read as follows:

"BERIAH BROWN, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* How are you *now?*
"Yours, truly, G. WHILLIKINS."

You will have to accept my definition, Mary, for want of a better. As far as the spelling is concerned, you must choose between Mr. Praed and myself on the one hand, and Lord Byron and the *American Flag* on the other, bearing in mind that the two last named authorities disagree, and that neither of them ever knew much about the matter in dispute, anyhow.

ANXIETY, *S. F.*—Need have no fear of General Halleck. There is no truth in the report that he will compel approaching maternity to take the oath of allegiance.—*Golden Era.*

Another impenetrable conundrum—or, to speak more properly, another fathomless riddle. I shall have to refer to Webster:

"APPROACHING, *ppr.* Drawing nearer; advancing toward."
"MATERNITY, *n.* The character or relation of a mother."

Consequently, "approaching maternity" means the *condition* of being about to become a mother. And according to the profound, the deep, the bottomless expounder who instructs "Anxiety" in my text, General Halleck "will not compel" that *condition* to "take the oath of allegiance." Any numscull could have told that—because how can an insensible, impalpable, invisible *condition* take an oath? That expounder comes as near being a "condition" as anybody, no doubt, but still he cannot take an oath in his character *as* a "condition;" he must take it simply in his character as a man. None but human beings can take the oath of allegiance under our constitution. But didn't you mean that women in the said condition would not be required to take the oath merely *because* they happened to be in that condition?—or didn't you mean that the woman wouldn't have to take it on behalf of her forthcoming progeny?—or didn't you mean that the forthcoming progeny wouldn't be required to take it itself, either before or immediately after it was born? Or, what in the very mischief *did* you mean?—what were you driving at?—what were you trying to ferry across the trackless ocean of your intellect? Now you had better stop this sort of thing, because it is becoming a very serious matter. If you keep it up, you will eventually get some of your subscribers so tangled up that they will seek relief from their troubles and perplexities in the grave of the suicide.

MARK TWAIN.—'Twas a burning shame to misquote Burns. The wretch who deliberately substituted *italic* for the original would, we believe, enjoy martyrdom. Previous thereto his eyes should be stuck full of exclamation points!—*Golden Era.*

Are you wool-gathering, or is it I? I have read that paragraph fourteen or fifteen times, very slowly and carefully, but I can't see that it means anything. Does the point lie in a darkly suggested pun upon "original would" (original *wood?*)—or in the "exclamation *points?*"—or in the bad grammar of the last sentence?—or in— Come, now—explain your ingenious little riddle, and don't go on badgering and bullyragging people in this mysterious way.

GOLD HILL NEWS.—This old scoundrel calls me an "old humbug from Dutch Nick's." Now this is not fair. It is highly improper for gentlemen of the press to descend to personalities, and I never permit myself to do it. However, as this abandoned outcast evidently meant his remark as complimentary, I take pleasure in so receiving it, in consideration of the fact that the fervent cordiality of his language fully makes up for its want of elegance.

GEN. SUTTER'S HOUSE BURNED.—A fire broke out at Hock Farm, the residence of General Sutter, June 21st, and destroyed the old pioneer's homestead, with all its contents and historical relics.

McKean Buchanan and daughter were the "stars" at the Kansas Theatre, Leavenworth, May 22d.

(For the Californian.)

ADORNMENT OF HOMES.

ORNAMENTAL plant-houses may be made of every size, from the little plant-cabinet to the large conservatory, their principal use, in this climate, being to protect the more tender varieties from the cold, chilling winds which prevail most of the year. Plant-cabinets may be constructed of any size and form, having a glazed roof and sides. As they are intended chiefly for preserving and exhibiting plants which have been grown elsewhere, they should be made as ornamental as consistent with the buildings adjoining. It matters but little what the aspect is, as plants suitable for the location can be selected, so as to form an interesting collection, and add to the interest and beauty of the place. Wherever such a structure is situated, and in whatever manner it may communicate with the house, one point in its construction should be always attended to, and that is, it should be as lofty from the floor to the roof of glass as are the rooms adjoining, or it will have an appearance of meanness. The form of the ground-plan must, of course, be determined in a great measure by situation. The roof should *always* be of glass, and the sides, also, when possible. Plants will thrive with all the sides opaque, if the house is as wide as the side walls are high, and the plants are so placed that the light may fall in direct lines on the upper surface of their leaves.

The sides, when of gluss, may be framed and glazed in any mode considered as in character with the windows of the house. Some of the sashes should be made moveable, so as to allow for ventilation. A plant-cabinet may be formed on the roof of some attached building, such as a kitchen, porch or piazza, or a porch or piazza may be arranged for such a purpose. In fact there is no situation where there is a door or window in the house, and where perpendicular light is attainable, in which a plant cabinet may not be formed.

However irregular the plan may be in point of outline, and however uneven the roof which is to form the floor, the situation is still eligible for a place of this kind, on the same principle that an irregular piece of ground is for laying out a flower garden in a picturesque manner. In the plant-cabinet, as in the flower-garden, the whole depends on the contrivances for displaying the flowers. The great art in arranging a plant-cabinet or conservatory consists in the disposition of wires and rods in the form of trelliswork, arches and arcades for climbers, and imitation of rockwork, banks or benches of stone for receiving bushy plants. The smallest, the most irregular, and apparently the most unfit situation for a plant-cabinet, may be rendered interesting by means of climbers on perpendicular props, no matter how irregularly placed, plants rising from groups of rockwork on the floor, and trailing plants suspended in pots or hanging baskets from the ceilings. In some cases the effect of a picturesque grove of climbers may be heightened by the introduction of a little stained glass in the roof; but this ought to be used most sparingly—no larger portion in one place than a star of a couple of inches in diameter, half a dozen of which will suffice for a roof containing upwards of one hundred square feet of glass. In the evenings, on particular occasions, three or four colored lamps may be introduced; but these should also be used very sparingly. Gas must never be admitted, as it is death to the plants. If it is desired to light up at night, so that the plants may be seen to advantage, gas or other lights may be arranged in the rooms adjoining, with strong reflectors, which will illuminate the whole place.

The size, form, style and manner of fitting up, and the collection of plants, may be entirely governed by the wants and tastes of the owner. They may be had by the occupant of the most humble cottage with a double glazed window, to the most magnificent structure which can be erected by the taste and means of the wealthiest. In this climate, where no fire heat is required to keep a collection in perfect health, it is a matter of surprise that more attention is not bestowed on such a means of indoor pleasure. There is scarcely a house but has a piazza, or porch, or an odd corner, but could be arranged for a plant-cabinet, by the expenditure of a small amount of money, and there is no addition to a dwelling which would afford the means of so much real pleasure and true enjoyment as this. The view from a dining-room and parlor window, of a collection of plants, with their bright green foliage and flowers, will suggest thousands of pleasant associations, and form a never-ending subject of contemplation, tempting us to study their habits and history and providing for their wants. The following is a description of a plant-cabinet, fitted up for a gentleman of London for the growth of ferns and orchids, which will give some idea of what may be accomplished by means and taste. The house is on a small scale, but it is a fairy scene, and attests the love with which the proprietor patronizes the delightful science of horticulture. Here there is no similarity to be traced with the erections which are generally seen, and on entering it the eye is at once relieved from that monotony which is so generally apparent. There is no class of plants with which a more marked effect could have been produced than those which were selected; one group growing naturally, for the most part, on the branches and trunks of trees, or attached to stones; the other clothing the cavernous recesses of the rocks with the tenderest and most graceful of vegetable drapery. The first glance of the interior is obtained through a doorway of colored glass that connects with a cavern which is very striking and beautiful: the walls are entirely rugged and irregular, and formed of vitrified brick and cement, built up so as to represent natural rock; on the projecting parts of these rugged walls and also in little hollow places formed for their reception, the plants are fixed, ferns being chiefly placed in these positions. In the centre is a group of rock-work forming an irregular arch over a pool of water. This rock-work is covered with plants much in the same way as the walls. The pool of water referred to is continued beneath the pathway on one side and carried onward into one of the deepest recesses. Gold-fish as well as aquatic plants are introduced into the water. The pathway—or at least the space left for walking—is as informal as the walls, rising and falling in connection with adjoining rock-work, thus affording each plant a suitable location for light and moisture. Much of the beauty and interest of plants are destroyed by the improper arrangement of them when cultivated under glass. Some are placed too high, so that only the under side of the foliage is seen instead of the upper surface; others are too far from the eye to exhibit their delicate beauty.

No one who may devote a little time and care to fitting up and stocking such a place will ever regret it, and the exercise of but ordinary judgment will insure success. Then you will have a scene that will repay you for your attentions, and that will every day suggest something green and sunny to the mind, and give to many a page of poetry a new and higher meaning than it ever presented before to your view. You will certainly read "The Daisy" of Burns, the "Wild Flowers" of Campbell, the "Woodside Sketches" of Bryant and Brainard with a new pleasure, and you will mark many a page in Spenser, Thomson, Clare and Carrington that had before escaped your observation.

"Look on this beautiful world, and read the truths
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New changes to her; with joyous living things
Swarms the wide air, 'tis full of joyous wings,
And myriads still are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. Eternal love doth keep
In His complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep."
—*Bryant.*

IRIS.

THEATRICALS AT THE EAST.

THE New York *Clipper* of June 3d, announces the death of Harry Chapman, the celebrated low comedian, on Tuesday evening, May 23d, of dropsy. The evening before he died, he performed at the Old Bowery, taking the character of "Roberto," in *Gale Breezeley.* He leaves a wife and one child.

At Niblo's Garden, *Fanchon* was withdrawn on the 3d of June, after a long and successful run. It was succeeded by the drama of the *Pearl of Savoy*, exhibiting Maggie Mitchell in a new character.

Fanny Herring and her dogs are still the rage at the Old Bowery. Fair houses greet her performances with great applause.

The Seven Daughters of Satan was the piece announced at the Broadway Theatre, May 29th. The grand Zouave Drill, performed by twenty blooming and blushing damsels; singing, dancing and the brilliant scene of the "Birth of the Butterfly," constitute the principal attractions in the play.

At Wood's Minstrels, a new play entitled *Greenbakina*, has succeeded *Petroliamania.* It is said to be a greater success than the latter. W. D. Corrister, formerly of San Francisco is engaged here.

Miss Lucie Deane appeared for the first time at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic, in the *petite* comedy of *Perfection.* A fair house greeted her *debut.*

The San Francisco Minstrels, consisting of Birch, Backus, Wambold, Bernard and Shattuck, are meeting with great success in New York. Birch's acting in the "Police Court," and Backus' imitations, are applauded nightly by delighted and crowded audiences. May they continue "to draw" from the music-loving public of New York, as they did in California.

At Grover's Theatre, Washington, D. C., *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was being played with a change of "Uncle Tom" every week. On Monday evening, May 22d, Little Katie Bakor took a benefit, performing "Eva" in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* At the end of the piece she was brought before the curtain and received a shower of bouquets; she was also presented with a silver salver. May 29th was announced as the benefit of the Lincoln Monument Fund.

At the old Washington Theatre, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Major Pauline Cushman and Mr. James M. Ward, have met with a decided success. They have been performing a variety of plays. *The Union Scout*, or, *Pauline of the Cumberland*, a drama founded on Mrs. C.'s military career, is their principal card.

GOING TO SLEEP.

I.

THE light is fading down the sky,
The shadows grow and multiply,
I hear the thrush's evening song,
But I have borne with toil and wrong,
So late, so late!
Grim dreams my drowsy senses charm—
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

II.

My life's brief Spring went wretchedly,
My Summer ended fruitlessly;
I learned to hunger, strive, and wait,
I found you, love, oh, happy fate!
So late, so late!
Now all my fields are turning brown,
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

III.

Oh, blessed sleep! oh, perfect rest!
Thus pillowed on your faithful breast;
Nor life nor death is wholly drear,
O tender heart, since you are here,
So dear, so dear.
Sweet love, my soul's sufficient crown!
Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

[*Miss Atkins (Florence Percy.)*

A NEW PHASE OF THE OLD STORY.

WE have it on such high authority that "there is nothing new under the sun," that unless the subject was one on which I had thought a great deal, I should hesitate to own my conviction that the saying—if not utterly unfounded—is only to be interpreted in the most general way. Indeed, it has been a melancholy satisfaction to me in my very severe trial, to think that my own case is probably quite without a precedent; and though it was at first an additional thorn that none, even of my most sympathizing friends, ever listened to my story without smiling, yet now I can watch their polite attempt to keep their features straight with a grin of satisfaction, for I read in every curve of the mouth an additional evidence that I have not grieved as men grieve commonly, and that my love, like others in never running smooth, has at least chosen a new country, and led me along a rough road, which no one, perhaps, has ever explored before me.

My grandfather was an old-fashioned country squire, whose first wife had died at the birth of their second child—my mother. In his old age he took it into his head to marry a second time; and my cousin—of whom I knew little more than that he had been put into the Guards as heir to the property, and used to snub me when we met as boys—took upon himself to express so decided an opinion on the whole affair, that hardly a year afterward a formal letter which I received in India, announcing my grandfather's death, went on to say that, in virtue of a will made immediately after an interview with his elder grandson, I was the owner of Surneaux Hall and all his property, subject only to a few trifling deductions, including a legacy of £100 for my cousin, and a jointure of £500 a year to his young widow of twenty-two. When the news reached me I was at one of the best pig-sticking stations in Bengal; and as there was no immediate necessity for my return, I determined not to hurry, but enjoy as much as possible the change in my fortunes. The tiger skin on which my feet are resting as I write, and the stuffed birds which stand on the top of the book case opposite me, are some of the trophies which remind me of the many pleasant days I spent in the next six months. I did not leave India for more than six months after I had received the news of the old squire's death, when I joined a friend from England on a hunting expedition to the Carpathians, which proved a failure; for we saw nothing larger than a stray deer, and were more than once nearly starved. I left him as soon as we got into inhabited regions again, and after a very leisurely journey through Greece and Italy, stopping a week at one place and a month at another, found myself sitting one fine evening in October, 1858, in an easy chair on the balcony at the Hotel Biron, Ville Neuve, looking out on the still waters of the lake of Geneva. I had had knocking about enough of late. Five days in the Carpathians, with nothing but a measly pig for the whole party to eat, had been a sickener, and beneath the soft influences of the setting sun, and gentle breeze from the lake, I was getting very sentimental, and found myself painting charming pictures of peaceful domestic evenings in the old drawing-room at Surneaux, with a graceful wife on the opposite side of the fire, and model babies up-stairs, and my old school friend, with the poor girl he had been hopelessly engaged to for the last six years in the snug rectory at the bottom of the park. There are, if what doctors tell us is true, certain conditions of the body which render a person more than usually liable to catch any infectious disorder which may be flying about, and there are seasons in every man's life when he is even more helplessly predisposed to fall in love on the slightest provocation. A general benevolence and unwonted appreciation of the beauties of nature are probably two of the earliest symptoms of the state, and I can now see that my perfect enjoyment as I watched the changing colors on the mountains, as the sun set that evening, and the unusual anxiety I felt for the happiness and welfare of the world at large, would, had I been wise, have been enough to warn me that my frame of mind was very dangerous. I remember everything that night now, as if it were only yesterday—the very order in which the stars came out, as the darkness closed in. The blazing comet, curving almost from the Alps, on the left, to the distant mountains on the other side of the lake and the perfect reflections in the still black water below. If I shut my eyes, I can still see it all just as it was. I got up and wandered down to the pier, and as I leant over the railing, the third symptom, a longing melancholy, began to creep over me. It was a heavenly night. Presently the quiet reflection of the comet broke up, and spread into two broad dancing lines of light, as the red and green lamp of a steamer came in sight, and soon the vessel splashing up, woke me from my reverie.

There were not many passengers so late in the season. Three tourists in dirty coats with the regulation knapsacks and alpenstocks, a dozen working men carrying their own atmosphere of garlic with them, a few poor women, and a sprightly French maid, in bustling anxiety for a pile of boxes, and last, her slight young English mistress, dressed in black. One might as well try to paint the scent of a violet as to convey in words any notion of the charms of the sweet face I gazed into, as she stepped out of the boat. Comet, lake, mountains, all were forgotten in an instant in the presence of her higher beauty; and I slept that night—if sleep it were—with the "thank you" which rewarded me as I stooped to pick up her shawl still sounding in my ears, and every nerve fluttering from the contact with her small hand.

It would be sacrilegious to tell all the incidents of the next few days. We met and talked at the table d'hote. She was going to Old Chillon; I had been there twice, but could not leave without another visit. She was curious to explore the salt-mines at Bex; but could not go alone. Acquaintances formed under such circumstances soon ripen into friendships; and friendships easily grow into something more. She was a young widow (Mrs. Smith was her name;) that was all I knew, or cared to know; but long before I left the dear hotel, there was no concealing it, I was over head and ears in love. But what of that? I was twenty-five (a year at least older than she,) the owner of a fine estate; and with all my diffidence felt sure that my presence and attentions were not unpleasant to her.

Never was lover more happy than I, as I said "Good by!" and started off to meet a friend on business in Paris, with a warm invitation to call on her in the Rue ——, where she hoped to arrive very soon after me, on her way home.

* * * * * * * * *

Madame was fatigued with the journey, and was lying down, I learned from Suzette when the tedious days were over, and the time had come for me to know my fate. The absence had decided me, and my mind was quite made up, that life without her would be worthless.

"Would monsieur sit down on the sofa, and madame should know who had called?" said the little woman, as she frisked out of the room, with an arch look over her shoulder, which made me feel hot.

The door opened, and she came softly in. I jumped up and kicked my hat over, blushed, and felt my hand get hot and damp as I held it out.

"Oh, Mr. Jones, it is very good of you to call. I thought you would have been sure to have gone to England, or forgotten all about us. Sit down here, and let me tell you all about those horrid railway people."

I sympathized with her, and wished I had been there, of course as I listened to the story of a trunk which was nearly being put on the wrong train; and as the conversation flagged, felt my forehead getting hotter still (Paris was so close!) I think she guessed why I twiddled my hat and brushed it the wrong way; for she looked shy too, but more beautiful than ever. It was getting painful; I twiddled my hat harder than ever. I don't believe I should ever have spoken another word, but she recovered her presence of mind first, and began again.

"Oh! you must let me show you my photographs; they are so lovely; I got them in Geneva. Here is dear old Dent de Midi. There is one somewhere of the funny old convent we went together to see on the other side of the Rhone, on your last day. You remember my slipping as we were clambering up on to the marble rock behind the garden, to peep at the nuns? You don't know how bad my ankle was afterwards. I did not get out at all the day you went, and could not even come down to dinner. It is so horrid and lonely being laid up in an inn, with no one to care for you. I did get so low-spirited. I did not know a bit how lame I was, till I tried to go up stairs again after you had gone."

I turned over the photogrphs, and stared blindly at them wrong way upwards, as she paused. It must come sooner or later, I thought. She dropped her eyes, and looked frightened, as I got up, and blurted out, "Perhaps we may never see one another again."

Her breath came quickly, and she looked up timidly, and smiled. I was reckless now, and ran on.

"I can't go to England without telling you what I—I—I * * * No, no! don't say anything yet. I never told you I could not all that happy time—that I am on my way home to take possession of my place in Shropshire. I want—I—I—"

I could not say another word; all my courage was gone, and I stood there more sheepish than ever. She had come to the rescue again, and, looking up at me with her big eyes, said:

"You come from Shropshire? How extraordinary that I should never have found that out before! I'm Shropshire, too. I wonder whether you are anywhere near my dear old home, Surneaux?"

* * * * * * * * *

"Oh dear, oh dear! what is the matter?—Are you ill?—Shall I ring? Oh, do speak! Don't look so!—for my sake. Oh!"

* * * * * * * * *

What *was* the matter? Only my chest had been bulged in, and driven up into my mouth—that was all. What *was* the matter?

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! Yes, my mother's name—my grandfather's—was Smith!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Then my angel was the old man's baby wife I had heard so much of!

Her dear old home Surneaux! Good heavens! *And a man may not marry his grandmother!* We were both calmer soon, and I said, "Let me kiss you, grandmamma."

I doubt whether grandmother was ever more touched at a grandson's affection than she was as I threw my arms round her; and (must it be told?) cried like a baby. It was not manly I dare say; but no one saw it but *she* and Suzette, who came in without knocking, and was going to throw a jug of water over us; but I saw her in time.

My old tried friend has the rectory at the bottom of the park, and I go there every day; for it does me good to see his rosy wife, and romp with his little girl.

There is no nursery at Surneaux.

I am a deputy-lieutenant, and man of note in the country; but the chair opposite mine in the old drawing-room is never used except when grandmamma is with me.

She often comes; but we never speak of the happy days in Switzerland, and neither of us has been there since.

[P. S. Since writing this, grandmamma has come down with her younger sister. She is very agreeable; and, barring the weeds, reminds me much of what G. M. was when we first met.]

LIFE is indeed the strangest tragedy that can be found. A proof of it is the following account of the career of a singer whose name was Hammermeister. He was the first tenor of the then celebrated opera at Leipzig, at the time when Marschner's opera, *The Templar and the Jewess*, was first performed, in 1830. Marschner owed a great deal of the success of his work to the splendid performance of the part of the "Templar" by Hammermeister. The young and handsome tenor was almost worshiped by the ladies of the city, and it was not astonishing that at every performance in which he appeared, the house was crammed. It even went so far that a jealous man and husband, in a daily paper, warned his fellow beings not to allow their wives to go to the opera, when Hammermeister sang in the above-named opera. Hammermeister disappeared from Leipzig, where he had a high salary. He was not very much liked by his colleagues, because he possessed a proud and domineering character, and hardly condescended to speak to any of them. He wasted a great deal of money in gloves and perfumery, smoked the best cigars and was a kind of dandy. Having lost his voice, and full of shame and false pride, he crossed the ocean and came to America. In New York he lived and supported himself by selling cheap cigars in bar-rooms and in the streets. A gentleman who was sitting in a hotel, was accosted by a haggard and poor old man, who tried to sell some of his wares. The gentleman recognized Hammermeister, and involuntarily uttered his name. The old man covered his face with his hand, commenced to cry and ran out. He had been often with the gentleman to the opera balls in Leipzig, where champagne was his only drink. Hammermeister died in 1860 in a tenement house in New York, nursed by a poor mechanic. He had lost his hearing and was paralyzed. His pride never left him, and he refused every kind of help which was offered to him.

VOLTAIRE said: "The reputation of Dante will be continually greater and greater, because there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at this point of greatness.

THEODORE HOOK once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very drunk: "Why, you appear to have emptied your wine cellar into our bookseller."

PEPITA, THE HEROINE.

IN the autumn of 1832, the Marquis de Bevenuecho, his daughter Franeisea, Don Cæsar, his intended son-in-law, Pepita, Franeisea's maid, and two male servants, occupied one of those huge coaches drawn by ten mules which are frequently to be met with on the road from Mexico to Vera Cruz. The destination of the party was Paris; the marquis was a widower, and Francisea was his only child. While the lumbering vehicle in which they started on their journey was deseending one of the roughest defiles of the Pinol, a violent jerk put its construction to so severe a test as to threaten its entire ruin, unless repairs were immediately made. What was to be done? The coachman informed the travellers that they could reach, at a short distance from the spot, a *posada*, which, though not much frequented, and greatly dilapidated, was still habitable, and a place where they could pass the night. This plan was accordingly adopted, and the party, bemoaning their misfortune, reached the *posada* at the moment of sunset. It was a desolate habitation, surrounded by broken walls, ruined towers, and gloomy pines, which gave it the air of a chateau of romance. The marquis and his family took possession of a large chamber, Pepita rested as well as she could in a closet, and the servants, wrapped up in their cloaks, slept just where sleep happened to overtake them.

The heroine of our tale, Pepita, had some suspicions that all was not right. In passing before a grated window, which opened upon the court, she fancied she had caught a glimpse of two flashing eyes, which instantly disappeared: and this incident was sufficient to excite her apprehensions. She retired, however, into her cell, and placing her mantle under her head for a pillow, was about to close her eyes, when, casting them to the ceiling of her little dormitory, she remarked a ray of light glimmering through the chinks of the wooden shutter. Using the utmost precaution, she raised herself upon a table, and half withdrawing a curtain which hung before a window, she saw two men sitting near a table, their faces turned from her, and lighted by a lamp which burned in the corner of the apartment. Pepita had enough of Spanish blood in her veins to give her great pretensions amongst her compatriots. She was intelligent, faithful, courageous, and as resolute as the maid of Saragossa.

With a glance she took note of all things in the chamber. It was impossible to mistake the profession of the men, for Pepita saw before them an open chest, which she recognized as belonging to the marquis, and from which the bandits had drawn out the provisions and plate it contained. Both appeared to have done honor to the marquis' wine, and were so much intoxicated that she felt no apprehension of being detected by them. Continuing to observe their movements with anxiety, she arranged the plan of operations which she determined to pursue. For a moment she felt herself chilled by terror, when the words which she heard informed her that the elder of the two was the famous *Capador* himself. She remembered at once that he was generally described as richly clothed, and carrying an axe; and the man before her had an axe resting between his legs, and wore a magnificently embroidered silk dress.

Pepita learned, or rather half guessed, from their broken conversation, that the band of which they were the leaders awaited in the forest for the signal which was to recall them; that this signal was to be given by a hunting-horn which she noticed in the apartment: and that, upon their junction, the travellers were to be attacked. With joy she saw the wine of the marquis was gradually gaining the mastery over them; and, soon after, observing them buried in profound slumber, she quitted her cell, descended into the court, found out the door of the robbers' chamber, and opening it softly, made good her entry with admirable courage and presence of mind. She gained possession of the cloak, hat, and well-known hatchet of the chief, and also of the hunting-horn, and contrived to effect her retreat without accident. She now fastened the doors of the bandits' apartment with the bolts which are often placed outside of the doors of Mexican houses, then flung over her the cloak of the brigand, placed his hat upon her head, and with the hatchet and hunting-horn in her hands, sallied from the court. The night was utterly dark. She reached the border of the pine-wood, and drawing a few low tones from the horn, was immediately answered by a prolonged whistle. A band of ten men issued from the woods; she retreated before them toward the house, contriving, with much address, to let herself be seen no more distinctly than was necessary to enable the robbers to follow her. When they were sufficiently near, she contrived to exhibit the glare of the axe; and enjoining silence with the motion of her hand, led the band into the court. In obedience to her sign, they entered silently into a large chamber, and closing the door upon them, she drew the bolts so gently that the bandits had no suspicion that they were imprisoned.

Then, without a moment's delay, the intrepid Pepita ran to the apartment of the marquis, and related to him the whole of her proceedings. Guided by the advice of Pepita, the marquis awakened Don Cæsar, who, mounted on one of the best mules, set off instantly for Acayete, to procure the assistance of a detachment of cavalry stationed in that village.

The marquis armed the two domestics, and, listening at the door of the apartment where the two chiefs were confined, ascertained that they had awakened, and were endeavoring to effect their escape. The scene now became one of intense anxiety. Shortly, all in the building were roused, and a confusion of voices arose on all sides. Gomez (the chief) and his lieutenant, uttered shouts of rage, and their appeals were answered by their companions as they exerted themselves to break the doors of their prison. The marquis, Pepita, and the servants, shouted likewise in every tone they could assume, threatening with death the first who should offer himself to their aim, and affecting to present a force far beyond their actual number. But we must leave the *posada* and its inhabitants for a moment to follow the track of Don Cæsar.

This young man, one of the most brilliant among the cavaliers of Mexico, although skilful in the management of a well-trained steed, was but little accustomed to the government of a mule. He was in despair at the slowness of his progress, and overwhelmed with the most fearful presages. What would become of his friends—above all, of his betrothed, the pretty Franeisea—if the brigands should escape from their confinement before his return? The day began to break before he could gain the environs of Acayete, but great was his joy when his ears were assailed by the bells of a *conducta*. Don Cæsar presented himself immediately before the commanding officer, told his story in a few words, and implored assistance. The officer and his men set off with him towards the hills, with all the rapidity the wild road would permit. Their expedition was not a little increased by the hope of capturing Gomez, on whose head a price was set, and who had hitherto baffled all the schemes laid to surprise him.

During this time, affairs at the *posada* had reached their most critical point. The robbers had succeeded in shattering the door of the prison so far that it was scarcely held by its hinges. Gomez and his lieutenant had taken the same course, and there was every prospect that the brigands would overcome all the obstacles which had opposed their liberation, when Pepita, armed with a pistol, and concealed behind a pillar in the court, took successful aim at the head of a brigand which showed through the opening. This incident daunted the robbers. It was evident that one of their leaders had fallen, from the deep silence that prevailed. Convinced, however, that they had no time to lose, they once more returned to their attack. The door was on the point of yielding to their blows, when Pepita caught the sound of the galloping of horses on the road from Acayete. Deliverance was now sure. The noise of horses and arms resounded soon in front of the *posada*, and before Don Cæsar had embraced Franeisea, the soldiers had made themselves unresisted masters of the band of robbers.

But it remained to secure Gomez and his lieutenant. From the desperate character of the man, it was not supposed he would allow himself to be taken without resistance. It was proposed by some to force the door and enter in a body, while others desired to try the effect of a parley. This latter advice was followed, it being wished, above all things, to deliver him into the hands of the Mexican authorities.

"Open the door to a lieutenant of the republic," cried the commanding officer; for it was found on withdrawing the outer bolts, that the door was fastened within.

No answer was given.

At this moment the discharge of a pistol resounded from the interior. It was follwed by the faint cry of a woman, which seemed to issue from the apartment where the marquis had passed the night. All hastened in an instant in that direction, and in her closet they found the intrepid Pepita bathed in her own blood. But when they approached her, she had strength to point with her finger to the little window. The officer raised his eyes, and perceived there Gomez and his lieutenant, the former armed with a sword, and the latter reloading his pistol. In an instant he fired on the lieutenant, who fell; and, regaining the corridor with his soldiers, the door of the chamber was at once forced. Gomez fought with savage desperation, but was at length secured.

All eyes were now turned towards the intrepid Pepita, and they learned from herself the cause of the event which had nearly proved fatal to her. Luckily her wound was slight, though it had bled profusely; nor was it long before she was able to resume her accustomed duties.

The journey of the marquis was postponed for a time, and the party returned to Mexico. The reward offered for the capture of Gomez was unanimously adjudged to Pepita, who became the object of universal interest. Her intrepidity had so strongly excited the imagination of the young officer commanding the guard, that she became his bride before the end of the year; and the marquis, considering her as the savior of his family, secured to her a considerable pension during life.

THE VALUE OF A CHEER.—During the fierce struggle in the Pyrenees in 1813, General Picton, in command of a large British and Spanish force, yielding before Marshal Soult and much superior numbers, fell back to Huerta.

Wellington, who was with Hill's division, some dozen miles away, was no sooner made aware of Picton's retreat than he mounted his horse, and accompanied only by Lord Fitzroy Somerset (the late Lord Raglan) rode swiftly towards Huerta. Hill's division was to follow with all possible speed. Arrived at the bridge of Sonneras, the Duke's eagle glance instantly detecting Picton's faulty dispositions, saw that if time could not be gained a terrible disaster would ensue. Dismounting, he wrote, on the parapet of the bridge, exact directions, changing the direction of Hill's approach, with which order Fitzroy Somerset galloped off at utmost speed.

So far so well. But time—time! is the essential condition of success; and how to prevent Soult from attacking till that time is gained, the vital problem—which was solved by a device unmentioned in any book that treats of strategy or tactics. The French and Anglo-Spanish armies, the reader will understand, were in immediate presence of each other; the French columns of attack were formed, and only awaiting the signal to advance in overwhelming numbers against Picton's loosely formed army. Wellington, through his field-glass, could see Soult himself, amidst a brilliant staff, overlooking and controling the movements of his troops, and knew perfectly well that in the eyes of that formidable soldier there was glittering the fire of prophetic triumph. That prophetic aspiration, Duke of Dalmatia, will not be realized, and the reason why it will not is, that a slight, pale man, wearing a glazed cocked hat, whom you and your brilliant staff do not notice, is galloping up in front of the Thirty-Sixth English regiment. The slight, pale horseman waves the the glazed cocked hat; the waver is recognized by the Thirty-Sixth, and instantly bursts forth the stern, triumphant cheer with which the British soldier hails battle and proclaims victory. Those exultant shouts are taken up and reverberate along the whole extent of Picton's line. Wellington, first ordering an English regiment to the support of a Spanish corps already smartly engaged, says, musingly, as if addressing himself, but in the hearing of several officers—"Soult yonder is a skilful but cautious commander, and will not attack in force till he has ascertained the meaning of these cheers. This will give time for the sixth division to come up, and I shall beat him." Soult, naturally supposing those thundering cheers announced the arrival of large additional forces, did not attack till too late. The sixth division had joined; and the French marshal, instead of an assured victory, met with a bloody repulse. Much virtue is in a fierce multitudinous hurrah! well-timed.

THE following incident copied from the New York *World*, May 22d, offers some suggestions that are suited to this latitude:

"The damage occasioned by the fire at Niblo's Garden on Sunday evening, did not occasion a cessation of the regular performances, although all the scenery and wardrobe of the establishment, except that which is employed in the production of *Fanchon* every night, was destroyed. Had the fire occurred on any night other than that of Sunday, we fear that a record of terrible accidents would have resulted. The authorities ought, without further delay, to take measures to prevent the blockading of the aisles of theatres during performances. It is the custom at Niblo's, as well as at other play-houses, to fill the passages of the parquet and dress circle with camp-stools, which are placed at the disposal of late comers for a specific fee. Should an alarm of fire occur at any time when the theatre is so packed with spectators, nothing could prevent the killing or maiming of some persons present. It is especially fortunate for Mr. Wheatley that the late fire took place on the only evening of the week when the establishment is not open to the public. Perhaps so narrow an escape will occasion an alteration in the customs of theatrical managers; if so, well and good. If not, let the police be authorized to regulate the matter.

THE NEGRO.—In an editorial upon the negro the New York *Herald* says: "It is wise to impress upon the negro, very distinctly, that he cannot live in idleness, and it is good for all to agree that he must depend upon his labor. But it is not enough to do this. We do not believe that the negro appreciates the necessity that he should labor, or that he can be induced very easily to go on with the same life that he has hitherto led, seeing practically but little difference between the slavery he hated and the liberty he longed for. It will not do to tell him that he must. It will need the calmest judgment and the nicest discretion to devise a system of labor or apprenticeship that shall encourage the negro to labor and the white man to employ him. Upon the wisdom with which such system is adapted to the wants of the case, it will entirely depend whether or not the South shall become a desolate wilderness and the negro race a great national difficulty. The absolute natural extermination of the race, too, depends upon this; and this, therefore, is the real field of labor for all those philanthropists who have cried out for justice to the negro."

NOTICE

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* THE CALIFORNIAN, *No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

THE COMING HOLIDAY.

BEFORE our next issue, that anniversary familiarly known as "the Fourth," will have passed. Although the occasion is doubly endeared to us by victory, and the triumphant close of our second struggle for liberty on this continent, we can reasonably predict the details, ceremonies and customs, which, having marked this day in times past, will inevitably distinguish the coming anniversary. For twenty-four hours a roar of cannon and small arms will be kept up on that portion of the American continent over which our mythical eagle is supposed to hover, and that part of the earth's surface will probably present a smoky and remarkably blurred appearance to the astronomers of distant planets. The bird of freedom will be apostrophized in every conceivable form that opportunity may offer, and the old flag which we have borne so nobly through battle and siege, will be placed in rhetorical situations of even greater peril and perplexity. A great many vapidities will be uttered, a great many of those political phrases and formulas which, in the history of all countries, gradually come to take the place of ideas, will be promulgated with an air of surpassing freshness and novelty. Orators will rise to remarkable altitudes like sky-rockets, solely by the "fiery gushing" of what Mr. Tupper has practically termed the "vexed bowels of their souls." It is, perhaps, in obedience to some unknown law of compensation that intervals like these must inevitably recur in the history of all nations, when enthusiasm takes precedence of reason, and expression is confined to crackers, small arms, cannon and huzzaing. We cannot be sufficiently grateful that Mr. John Counese is not, as far as we are aware, called upon to speak on this occasion. Judging from his recent efforts at a sword presentation to General Hooker, we might look for alarming results. If he can on such slight provocation as the mere suggestion of a peril encountered by California from the slave power, portray her as a virgin struggling in the arms of a libertine, we may reasonably shrink from encountering his peculiar imagery excited by a more extended review of the rebellion.

Yet there is much reason for quiet and rational satisfaction, for intelligent and well-founded gratulation in the reflections excited by this year's anniversary. It is assuredly something to hear the Declaration of Independence read without feeling its rhetorical flourishes, in regard to freedom and equality for all men, to be a mere trick of the pen and utterly ignored by the laws of our country. It is pleasant to learn from that same remarkable document that the right, "accorded all men, to the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness" does not now also extend to the "pursuit" of fugitive slaves. We can pardon the enthusiasm of the unfledged orator who somewhere or other is predestined to declare on the coming anniversary that "we are the greatest people on the face of the earth," when we reflect upon the crisis through which we have passed during the last five years and yet preserved our national unity, integrity and honor. With genuine Yankee conceit we can excuse the statement that "we can whip all creation" when we remember that we have triumphed over *ourselves*. In the light of this consideration the glory of the principles evolved through the rebellion is greater than the glory of those, the anniversary of whose enunciation we are soon to celebrate. In the colonial struggle we stood apart by sympathy, locality and interest from our enemies. It was to some extent a foreign war. Our latest civil war, in proportion as it approached so nearly that terrible prophecy of holy writ, when brother is to be armed against brother, and son against father, has involved infinitely more sacrifice, and has been followed by sublimer results. That this is in some way recognized by the people, and that an extraordinary importance is given to the coming anniversary, we have certain testimony in the magnitude of the preparations for its proper celebration.

We do not believe in dwelling too much upon the sacrifices of the past, but as there will be no place in the impressive pageant and long procession of Tuesday next, for those who have fallen in the strife, it will be well for us to make good the omission by keeping them in mind, even if the reflection somewhat tempers and subdues our enthusiasm. We have passed not unscathed through a fiery ordeal, and the whole country is undulating with the graves of its patriot children. If these serve us mementos of our unyielding faith, through sore trial, in freedom and the right; if they shall prove sacred altars over which the hands of North and South can be struck again in fraternal fellowship, we shall find in their mute eloquence something that surpasses the highest flight of the orator of the day—in their humble presence a more suggestive spectacle than the grandest pageant.

PERILS OF THE THEATRE.

WE are of those who strive to think the Present is better than the Past, and that we have made great progress in all that relates to the welfare and happiness of man. Nevertheless, at times we receive decided set-backs. The Pope's Encyclical, the Assassination of the President, Alison's Pamphlet, Southern ideas—these, and such as these are cruel buffets which cause us even in our sanguine mood to feel somewhat disheartened. But the most blinding, staggering blow dealt us for many a long year comes from the fist of the Rev. W. C. Huntingdon, of Rochester, New York. This godly man has shot out his left with such tremendous, crashing force as to knock us clean out of the nineteenth and into the ninth century.

In reading his sermon we feel that Huntingdon is but a corruption for "Hunt-them-Down," a race directly related to "Put-them-to-the-Sword" and "Smite-them Hip-and-Thigh." These latter were burning and shining lights in the Scotch kirk centuries ago, and "Hunt-them-Down" cannot but be a great gas-light of grace in the Rochester synagogue of to-day.

When not only America, but the entire civilized world was plunged into the deepest grief at the loss of so noble and good a man as President Lincoln—grief only equaled by the indignation felt everywhere at a crime so atrocious as that which bereft him of life—the Rev. W. C. Huntingdon, of Rochester, New York, comes forward and takes the following comprehensive view of the whole melancholy, terrible affair. To use the Calvinistic style, he seeks to "improve the occasion," by uttering the most bigoted sentiment we have ever had the misfortune to meet with, as the following extract will show:

"True, there is one item in this history over which we wish a veil of secrecy could have been drawn. Our lamented chief magistrate was shot in a *theatre. It is inexpressibly to be regretted that he was at a theatre. A theatre is a place in which no one would wish to die.* He might have been murdered that night if he had not been at a theatre, but if he had not saved his life by being elsewhere, he would have saved the Christian public the double shock of not only knowing that their President was dead, *but that he fell where they would have wept to have seen their sons alive.* He was the head of the nation; the eyes of the civilized world were upon him; thousand of our youth were looking upon him as their exemplar. *and he should not have gone to the theatre.* We will admit that he may have never raised the question of duty in his mind upon that point; we know that, wise and experienced as he was, he was a "young convert" in religion. But we should be unjust to truth if we did not say that our chief magistrate *had no possible business in a theatre.* He was the "minister of God." What a place is a theatre for God's ministers? That he went there *consciously* sinning we do not believe, and no man has a right to say but that his presence there was a lamentable infraction of the proprieties, and a perversion of the influence of his high position, we judge to be quite *certain.*

If proof was needed it is intimated in the fact that his murderer was a vagabond tragedian, whose preparation for crime had been his education in the theatre. There are many villainous men in the country who had hated the President and wished him dead, but when the agent was found who could plan and execute the deed of blood, to express the guilt of which no language will ever furnish a phraseology, the volunteer was a theatrical performer. It took John Wilkes Booth to murder President Abraham Lincoln. An imagination educated to tragedy can put its scenes *in practice with but a short step in advance.* All crimes are first committed in thought, and *he* whose thoughts are continually fed with criminal scenes *belies himself if he does not commit the deeds.* Towards this, *every lesson* in the contemptible hypocrisies of stage-playing *tends*, and the crime of Booth, by which he outranks the most infamous regicide of history, *is but the fruits of his theatrical life.*"

Of course we do not propose to do battle against this massive saint. In an encounter with this gigantic "Great Heart" we feel confident that we should be worsted—as it were, ground 'twixt the upper and nether millstone. We could advance no reasoning which would serve to convince his divinely-illumined mind that he was wrong in the slightest degree. We could not ask him to take a common sense view of the matter, since, as has been well said, common sense is very properly banished from all discussions of this character. We might urge that notwithstanding the theatre was but an indifferent place to die in, it was, on the whole, tolerable enough to live in. We could say, if no places were to be entered except such as would prove particularly choice to die in, we should be driven out of the counting house, the court room, the rail car, the ferry boat, the street. All this would aid nothing with those who take this graveyard survey of the world and all that is therein. Somehow or other the ministerial argument against the theatre, the ball room, etc., always gets round to "these are not places to die in." This triumphant answer is supposed to settle the controversy beyond dispute, and it is deemed impious to attempt even to reply to it.

So, too, we might fairly argue that history and statistics do not bear out the assertion that stage-players are assassins, either by nature or by nurture. That lawyers, merchants, bankers figure in a greater degree in the annals of crime than do players. In short, that an actor in a theatre is no more to be feared than a clerk in a silk shop, or a waiter in an ice cream saloon. Yet history, statistics, every day experience, would be quietly ignored by this grim theologian as unworthy of mention or thought, save by those in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity. Under such circumstances it is the part of wisdom to remain silent. Mr. Huntingdon, with a different application, will very probably echo our words: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."

It were worth while, however, if this voice crying from a Rochester wilderness be that of a true prophet, to seriously consider in what peril we stand. The San Francisco public is decidedly a play-going public. We fear it must be admitted that Maguire does not pipe unto us and we not dance, nor Bianchi mourn and we not lament. We all remember how we rushed to the Kenns. Considering the many years they had been engaged in a profession, "every lesson" of which tends to assassination; considering, too, the antecedents and surroundings of the troupe, the fathers of some, stage-players before them, as the children of others will doubtless be after them, it is surprising, in the language of the honest Irishman, that we did not awake some fine morning and find ourselves murdered in our beds. What risk we now run from the elegant and versatile Wheatleigh, what danger we brave in hearing Sconcia or Brambilla, it is impossible with exactness to state, though something fearful beyond doubt. Barilli is "Mephistopheles," not only in *Faust*, but in fact; and the rich notes of the great contralto now in our midst are perhaps, after all, the hoarse croakings of the raven 'neath the battlements of Zion.

It may somewhat calm our fears to remember that men of the Huntingdon stamp often threaten when they cannot convince, and seek to alarm when they fail to persuade. It is quite as orthodox in America as in China, to kindle some lurid flame and to pound some dreadful gong, to frighten us from evil and save us from sin. This scare-crow, which our preacher has created, may recall the footsteps of the Rochester flock, which perhaps of late have too often strayed into these Temples of Death.

But to all this there is more than that which is ludicrous; there is that which is inexpressibly sad. And while with justice we may be wroth at such abominable denunciation of theatrical art, we ought not to fail in compassion for those who indulge in such sombre belief. It is bad enough to know that a man like Huntingdon—with mind so narrow and culture so mean—exists; but far worse to acknowledge that there are those over whom he exerts his baleful influence. Doubtless the Rev. W. C. Huntingdon is a man of mark in Rochester city. In all probability he is possessed of a church and numbers followers not a few. In his congregation, as in all congregations, we believe there are many men of generous hands and many women of loving hearts. It is hard to think that so many of the good and true should be encrusted, as inevitably they must be, with ethics so corrosive of much that is profitable, of more that is pleasant in this—to most—not overjoyous life. Hard, indeed, to know that the kindly natures of man and boy, matron and maid, are so sicklied o'er with the dark cast of Calvinistic thought. Given Huntingdon and his sermon, and any one can work out the result. The slogan that is weekly sounded against the theatre, the opera, the novel, dancing, card-playing and all carnal things, is only outvoiced by praise of such fascinating dogmas as total depravity, and such blessed hopes as everlasting damnation.

We have in our city quite enough of this class of apostles, but as yet we have been spared the last disgrace of hearing any one reproach President Lincoln for dying in a place "where the Christian public would have wept to have seen their sons alive." In condemning Booth no one as yet has ventured to assert that every lesson of the stage tends to *assassination*, nor that the worst of recorded crimes is but "the fruits of a theatrical life." This brilliant discovery of vulgar piety is to be ascribed to the Rev. W. C. Huntingdon, of Rochester, New York, and thankful are we that thus far no one has sought, by imitating his example, to dim for a moment the exceeding brightness of his glory.

THE New York *Leader* complains that an article is mentioned in THE CALIFORNIAN'S "Table of Contents" which does not appear in the paper. Referring to our file we find that the accidental retention of a line in the "standing" position it *had* of right occupied called forth the paragraph. A small matter, one would think, to be discovered at such a distance. We notice that the *Leader* copies "Jeff. Davis' Vendue," a poem which originally appeared in THE CALIFORNIAN, inadvertently omitting to give this paper credit therefor.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELISTS.

[Anxious to keep up the literary standard of The Californian, its proprietors have, at an enormous expense, recently engaged the principal novelists of Europe and America to contribute to its columns. In view of the objections sometimes offered to "Only a Clod" and other continued tales, arrangements have been made with the different authors to condense their stories into a space that shall not exceed two columns of our paper. By this means The Californian will be enabled to offer its readers a three volumed novel in a single issue, or so to speak, a seventy-five cent book for ten cents. By the last steamer, we have received our first installment from the pen of a well-known moral and instructive writer, which we give below:]

JOHN JENKINS;

OR, THE SMOKER REFORMED.

BY T. S. A-TH-R.

CHAPTER I.

"ONE cigar a day!" said Judge Boompointer.

"One cigar a day," repeated John Jenkins, as with trepidation he dropped his half-consumed cigar under his work-bench.

"One cigar a day is three cents a day," remarked Judge Boompointer, gravely, "and do you know, sir, what one cigar a day, or three cents a day, amounts to in the course of four years?'

John Jenkins, in his boyhood, had attended the village school, and possessed considerable arithmetical ability. Taking up a shingle which lay upon his work-bench, and producing a piece of chalk, with a feeling of conscious pride he made an exhaustive calculation:

"Exactly forty-three dollars and eighty cents," he replied, wiping the perspiration from his heated brow, while his face flushed with honest enthusiasm.

"Well, sir, if you saved three cents a day, instead of wasting it, you would now be the possessor of a new suit of clothes, an illustrated Family Bible, a pew in the church, a complete set of Patent Office Reports, a hymn-book, and a paid subscription to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, which could be purchased for exactly forty-three dollars and eighty cents—and," added the Judge, with increasing sternness, "if you calculate leap-year, which you seem to have strangely omitted—you have three cents more, sir; *three cents more!*" What would that buy you, sir?"

"A cigar," suggested John Jenkins; but, coloring again deeply, he hid his face.

"No, sir," said the Judge, with a sweet smile of benevolence stealing over his stern features; "properly invested, it would buy you that which passeth all price. Dropped into the missionary box, who can tell what heathen, now idly and joyously wantoning in nakedness and sin, might be brought to a sense of his miserable condition, and made, through that three cents, to feel the torments of the wicked."

With these words the Judge retired, leaving John Jenkins buried in profound thought. "Three cents a day," he muttered. "In forty years I might be worth four hundred and thirty-eight dollars and ten cents—and then I might marry Mary. Ah, Mary!" The young carpenter sighed, and drawing a twenty-five cent daguerreotype from his vest pocket, gazed long and fervidly upon the features of a young girl in book muslin and a coral necklace. Then, with a resolute expression, he carefully locked the door of his workshop and departed.

Alas! his good resolutions were too late. We trifle with the tide of fortune which too often nips us in the bud and casts the dark shadow of misfortune over the bright lexicon of youth! That night the half-consumed fragment of John Jenkins' cigar set fire to his work-shop and burned it up, together with all his tools and materials. There was no insurance.

CHAPTER II.

THE DOWNWARD PATH.

"Then you still persist in marrying John Jenkins?" queried Judge Boompointer, as he playfully, with paternal familiarity, lifted the golden curls of the village belle, Mary Jones.

"I do," replied the fair young girl, in a low voice, that resembled rock candy in its saccharine firmness; "I do. He has promised to reform. Since he lost all his property by fire—"

"The result of his pernicious habit, though he illogically persists in charging it to me," interrupted the Judge.

"Since then," continued the young girl, "he has endeavored to break himself of the habit. He tells me that he has substituted the stalks of the Indian ratan, the outer pod of a leguminous plant called the smoking-bean, and the fragmentary and unconsumed remainder of cigars which occur at rare and uncertain intervals along the road, which, as he informs me, though deficient in quality and strength, are comparatively inexpensive." And, blushing at her own eloquence, the young girl hid her curls on the Judge's arm.

"Poor thing," muttered Judge Boompointer. "Dare I tell her all? Yet I must."

"I shall cling to him," continued the young girl, rising with her theme, "as the young vine clings to some hoary ruin. Nay, nay, chide me not, Judge Boompointer. I will marry John Jenkins!"

The Judge was evidently affected. Seating himself at the table, he wrote a few lines hurriedly upon a piece of paper, which he folded and placed in the fingers of the destined bride of John Jenkins.

"Mary Jones," said the Judge, with impressive earnestness, "take this trifle as a wedding-gift from one who respects your fidelity and truthfulness. At the altar let it be a reminder of me." And covering his face hastily with a handkerchief, the stern and iron-willed man left the room. As the door closed. Mary unfolded the paper. It was an order on the corner groeery for three yards of flannel, a paper of needles, four pounds of soap, one pound of starch, and two boxes of matches!

"Noble and thoughtful man!" was all Mary Jones could exclaim, as she hid her face in her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

* * * * * * * * * *

The bells of Cloverdale are ringing merrily. It is a wedding. "How beautiful they look!" is the exclamation that passes from lip to lip, as Mary Jones, leaning timidly on the arm of John Jenkins, enters the church. But the bride is agitated, and the bridegroom betrays a feverish nervousness. As they stand in the vestibule, John Jenkins fumbles earnestly in his vest pocket. Can it be the ring he is anxious about? No. He draws a small brown substance from his pocket, and biting off a piece, hastily replaces the fragment and gazes furtively around. Surely no one saw him? Alas! the eyes of two of that wedding party saw the fatal act. Judge Boompointer shook his head sternly. Mary Jones sighed and breathed a silent prayer. Her husband chewed!

CHAPTER III, AND LAST.

"What! more bread!" said John Jenkins, gruffly. "You're always asking for money for bread. D—nation! Do you want to ruin me by your extravagance?" and as he uttered these words he drew from his pocket a bottle of whisky, a pipe and a paper of tobacco. Emptying the first at a draught, he threw the empty bottle at the head of his eldest boy, a youth of twelve summers. The missile struck the child full in the temple, and stretched him a lifeless corpse.

Mrs. Jenkins, whom the reader will hardly recognize as the once gay and beautiful Mary Jones, raised the dead body of her son in her arms, and, carefully placing the unfortunate youth beside the pump in the back-yard, returned with a saddened step to the house. At another time, and in brighter days, she might have wept at the occurrence. She was past tears now.

"Father, your conduct is reprehensible!" said little Harrison Jenkins, the youngest boy. "Where do you expect to go to when you die?"

"Ah!" said John Jenkins, fiercely; "this comes of giving children a liberal education. This is the result of Sabbath schools. Down, viper!"

A tumbler thrown from the same parental fist laid out the youthful Harrison cold. The four other children had, in the meantime, gathered around the table with anxious expectancy. With a chuckle, the now changed and brutal John Jenkins produced four pipes, and, filling them with tobacco, handed one to each of his offspring and bade them smoke. "It's better than bread!" laughed the wretch hoarsely.

Mary Jenkins, though of a patient nature, felt it her duty now to speak. "I have borne much, John Jenkins," she said, "but I would prefer that the children should not smoke. It is an uncleanly habit, and soils their clothes. I ask this as a special favor!

John Jenkins hesitated—the pangs of remorse began to seize him.

"Promise me this, John!" urged Mary upon her knees.

"I promise!" reluctantly answered John.

"And you will put the money in a savings bank?"

"I will," repeated her husband; "and *I'll* give up smoking, too."

"'Tis well, John Jenkins!" said Judge Boompointer, appearing suddenly from behind the door, where he had been concealed during this interview. "Nobly said! my man. Cheer up! I will see that the children are decently buried." The husband and wife fell into each other's arms. And Judge Boompointer, gazing upon the affecting spectacle, burst into tears.

From that day John Jenkins was an altered man.

THE END.

The Fourth.—The programme of the day is announced in our advertising columns. The Triumphal Arch, which is being constructed at the intersection of Montgomery and California streets, is already the lion of that locality. The assembling of the children of the public schools to greet the procession with patriotic songs will be a novel and happy incident. The sprinkling of the streets will greatly promote the public comfort.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MR. PAUNCEFORT, the new addition to the company at Maguire's Opera House, has made a generally favorable impression. There is but one opinion among those who have witnessed his acting, namely, that he is a thoroughly good actor. His impersonation of the character of "Henry Jasper," in the *Bachelor of Arts*, was an admirable piece of acting. As "Cloudesly," in the afterpiece of *A Practical Man*, he proved most satisfactorily that a San Francisco audience is as easily moved to laughter by a legitimate light comedy style of acting as by the very lowest style of low comedy. Mr. Pauncefort's "John Mildmay," in *Still Waters Run Deep*, was a highly finished execution, and displayed a degree of talent which delighted all present. Everything which Mr. Pauncefort has attempted during the week he has played well. It is really a comfort to be able to praise without any reservation, and as the chance may perhaps not occur again for some little time, I gladly avail myself of it. The dramatic productions of San Francisco authors are positively at length to see the light. The long promised *Enoch Arden* is in preparation; beautiful new scenery is being painted for it, and it will be produced in such style as to insure success if the piece itself merits it. The author may well congratulate himself that the leading characters, "Enoch Arden," "Annie Lee" and "Philip Ray," are to be entrusted to such actors as Mr. Pauncefort, Mrs. Sophie Edwin and Mr. Charles Thorne. *The Silver Chord* and *The Palmetto* will follow *Enoch Arden*, and one continued succession of novelties will be kept up until the advent of another star. The performance at the Opera House this afternoon and evening will consist of *The Corsican Brothers*, Mr. Pauncefort playing the double part of "Louis" and "Fabien dei Franchi."

Wheatleigh's Eureka Theatre has firmly established its claim to liberal support from the public. The comedy of *Taming a Butterfly* had a splendid run, for San Francisco; it was withdrawn last night to give place to the *Colleen Bawn*, in which Mr. Wheatleigh "doubled" the characters of "Danny Mann" and "Miles Na Coppaleen" with miraculous skill. Fanny Morgan Phelps made a decided hit as "Anne Chute." A farce entitled *Jefferson D. in Hoops, or the Confeds in the Last Ditch*, written by a "gentleman of this city," will be produced on Monday. Mr. Wheatleigh has, I fancy, rather stretched a point in order to encourage local dramatic talent, in consenting to appear in the character of "Jeff Davis," in what is probably a slight *piece d' occasion*. However, it may be a strictly legitimate farce. This afternoon and evening the *Colleen Bawn* will be repeated. On the afternoon of the Fourth a dramatic entertainment will be given at the Eureka at half past two o'clock. Perhaps the little people will be regaled with the sight of Jeff Davis in hoops.

Touchstone.

Loss of a Steamer.—The Opposition steamship *Golden Rule*, on her last trip from New York to Aspinwall, was wrecked, on the 3d of May, on Roncador (or Roarer) Island, one of the Antilles. The *Golden Rule* ran on the reef nearly at full speed, and became firmly imbedded on it. She had on board 620 passengers, who, together with the officers and crew, succeeded in reaching the island, some three miles off. Enough stores were taken from the ship to furnish scanty subsistence until communication could be had with the main land, though but little baggage was saved, as the steamer soon went to pieces. The passengers were taken off the island by the U. S. steamers *State of Georgia* and *Huntsville*, and were landed at Aspinwall on the 11th of May. The *America* was to have left Panama on May 13th, with the wrecked passengers, for this city.

The Schools have figured largely in the news records of the dailies during the present week. The mammoth new public school building on the corner of Fifth and Market streets, the Lincoln School, was dedicated on Thursday afternoon. Dr. Huddart's Union College is completing the closing exercises of its present term. Examinations will be continued to-day, and on Monday afternoon the musical exhibition will take place, to be followed by the distribution of premiums. On Wednesday the sixth annual commencement of St. Ignatius College took place, in the basement hall of the church building, on Market street. The collegiate institutes of Santa Clara and San José have also closed their terms with the usual exercises. The Public Schools will open on Monday next. St. Mary's College, of this city, will commence its next session on the 18th of July next. The St. Ignatius College, and the educational institutions of Santa Clara and San José will commence their new terms in August.

Forest City Burned.—On the afternoon of June 27th this flourishing mountain town was consumed. All the buildings, with the exception of the Methodist church, on the outskirts, were destroyed. In half an hour after the first discovery of the fire the whole town was in ashes. Mrs. Sims was burned to death, and Miss Jane Glass was badly burned The loss will probably amount to $70,000.

THE PEDLAR'S DOOM; OR, THE VISION OF TOULOUSE.

AS the junior partner in a commercial house at Lyons, I had been travelling for some time on the business of the firm, when, one evening in the month of June, 1761, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, where I had never before been. I put up in a quiet inn in the suburbs, and, being very much fatigued, ordered dinner at once, and went to bed almost immediately after, determining to begin very early in the morning my visits to the different merchants.

I was no sooner in bed than I fell into a deep sleep, and had a dream that made the strongest impression upon me.

I thought that I had arrived at the same town, but in the middle of the day instead of the evening, as was really the case—that I had stopped at the very same inn, and gone out immediately, as an unoccupied stranger would do, to see whatever was worthy of observation in the place. I walked down the main street into another street crossing it at right angles, and apparently leading into the country. I had not gone very far when I came to a church, the Gothic portal of which I stopped to examine. When I had satisfied my curiosity, I advanced to a by-path which branched off from the main street.

Obeying an impulse which I could neither account for nor control, I struck into this path, though it was winding, rugged and unfrequented, and presently reached a miserable cottage, in front of which was a garden covered with weeds. I had no difficulty in getting into the garden, for the hedge had several gaps in it wide enough to admit four carts abreast. I approached an old well which stood solitary and gloomy in a distant corner, and, looking down into it, I beheld distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds and the wide gashes, whence the blood was flowing.

I would have cried out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. At this moment I awoke with my hair on end, trembling in every limb, and cold drops of perspiration bedewing my forehead—awoke to find myself comfortably in bed, my trunk standing beside me, birds warbling cheerfully near the window, whilst a clear, young voice was singing a provincial air in the next room, and the morning sun was shining brightly through the curtains.

I sprang from my bed, dressed myself, and, as it was yet very early, I thought I would seek an appetite for my breakfast by a morning walk. I went accordingly into the street and strolled along. The further I went the stronger became my confused recollection of the objects that presented themselves to my view. "It is very strange," I thought; "I have never been here before, and I could swear that I have seen this house, and the next, and the one on the left." On I went, till I came to the corner of a street crossing the one down which I had come. For the first time I remembered my dream, but put away the thought as too absurd; still, at every step I took, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. "Am I still dreaming?" I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill through my whole frame. "Is the agreement to be perfect to the very end?"

Before long I reached the church with the same architectural features that had attracted my notice in the dream, and then the high road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same by-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before. There was no possibility of doubt or mistake—every tree, every turn was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn, and was wholly engrossed in the practical details of commercial business. My mind had never dwelt upon the hallucinations, the presentiments, that science either denies or is unable to explain; but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment, and with Pascal's words upon my lips, "A continued dream would be equal to reality," I hurried forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. Who, then, could wonder that I determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every point? I entered the garden and went direct to the spot where I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—well there was none. I looked in every direction, examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible; but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well.

I went back to the hotel, and, after chatting with the landlord for some time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged that was on a by-road which I described to him.

"I wonder, sir," said he, "what made you take such particular notice of such a wretched little hovel. It is inhabited by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsociable. They rarely leave the house, see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them beyond this. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and I believe, sir, that you are the first who, for years, has turned his steps to the deserted spot."

These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but inflame it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street, but the garden and the cottage preoccupied my mind; and at last, snatching my hat, I cried, "I will go, come what may."

I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit and related the whole circumstance briefly and clearly. I saw directly that he was much impressed by the statement.

"It is, indeed, very strange," said he; "and after what has happened I do not think I am at liberty to leave the matter without further inquiry. Important business will prevent my accompanying you in search, but I will place two police officers at your command. Go once more to the hovel, see its inhabitants and search every part of it. You may, perhaps, make some important discovery."

I suffered but very few moments to elapse before I was on my way, accompanied by two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. We knocked, and after waiting some time, an old man opened the door. He received us somewhat uncivilly, but showed no mark of suspicion, nor, indeed, of any other emotion when we told him we wished to search the house.

"Very well, gentlemen, as fast and as soon as you like," was the reply.

"Have you a well here?" I inquired.

"No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance."

We searched the house, which I did, I confess, with a kind of feverish excitement, expecting every moment to bring some fatal secret to light. Meanwhile the man gazed upon us with an impenetrable vacancy of look, and we at last left the cottage without seeing anything that could confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having been by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the sight of a stranger with two armed men engaged in searching the premises, I made inquiries of some of them whether they knew anything about a well in that place. I could get no information at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch.

"A well!" cried she, "is it a well you are looking after?" That has been gone these thirty years. I remember it as if it were only yesterday, how, many a time, when I was a young girl, I used to amuse myself by throwing stones into it and hearing the splash they used to make in the water."

"And could you tell where that well used to be?" asked I, almost breathless with excitement.

"As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"I could have sworn it," thought I, springing from the place as if I had trod upon a scorpion.

Need I say that we set to work to dig up the ground? At about eighteen inches deep we came to a layer of bricks, which being broken up, gave to view some boards which were easily removed, after which we beheld the mouth of the well.

"I was quite sure it was there," said the woman. "What a fool the old fellow was to stop it up, and then have to go so far for water!"

A sounding line, furnished with hooks, was now let down into the well; the crowd pressing around us, and breathlessly bending over the dark and fœtid hole, the secrets of which seemed hidden in impenetrable obscurity. This we repeated several times without any result. At length, penetrating below the mud, the hooks caught in an old chest, upon the top of which had been thrown a great many large stones, and after much time and effort we succeeded in raising it to daylight. The sides and lid were decayed and rotten; it needed no locksmith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and which paralyzed with horror all the spectators who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body!

The police officers who had accompanied me now rushed into the house and secured the person of the old man. As to his wife, no one could at first tell what had become of her. After some search, however, she was found hidden behind a bundle of fagots.

The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted in his denial most pertinaciously, but his wife at length confessed that in concert with her husband she had once, a a very long time ago, murdered a pedlar, whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night at their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep produced by fatigue to strangle him; his body had been put into the chest, the chest thrown into the well, and the well stopped up.

The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had caused no inquiry; there were no witnesses of the crime, and as its traces had been carefully concealed from every eye, the two criminals had good reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience; they fled from the sight of their fellow men; they thought they beheld, wherever they turned, mute accusers; they trembled at the slightest noise; and silence thrilled them with terror. They had often formed a determination to leave the scene of their crime—to fly to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their murdered victim.

Terrified at the disposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man at length made a similar confession; and six weeks after, the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse.

A MODEST OUTFIT.

WE turn to a volume (says an English paper) containing anecdotes of the English aristocracy, and find some account of a lady living in the reign of James I., Elizabeth Spencer, wife of Lord Compton, afterward Earl of Northampton, the greatest heiress of her time.

Her father was Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, who left a fortune estimated at from £300,000 to £800,000—an almost boundless treasure in those days. On the inheritance falling to him through his wife, Lord Compton went out of his wits for joy; but recovering after a time, he received the following letter from her ladyship, which is given as affording a pretty complete, though perhaps exaggerated, picture of the woman of fashion and fortune of that day:

"My Sweet Life—Now I have declared to you my mind for the settling of your state, I suppose that it were best for me to bethink and consider within myself what allowance were meetest for me. . . . . I pray and beseech you to grant to me, your most kind and loving wife, the sum of £2,600 quarterly to be paid. Also, I would, besides that allowance—have £6000 quarterly to be paid, for the performance of charitable works; and those things I would not, neither will be accountable for. Also, I will have three horses for my own saddle, that none shall dare to lend or borrow; none lend but I, none borrow but you. Also, I would have two gentlewomen, lest one should be sick, or have some other let. Also, believe it, it is an indecent thing for a gentlewoman to stand mumping alone when God hath blessed their lord and lady with a great estate. Also, when I ride a-hunting, or a-hawking, or travel from one house to another, I will have them attending; so, for either of those said women, I must and will have for either of them a horse. Also, I will have six or eight gentlemen, and I will have my two coaches, one lined with velvet to myself, with four very fair horses; and a coach for my women, lined with cloth, and laced with gold, otherwise with scarlet, and laced with silver, with four good horses. Also, I will have two coachmen, one for my own coach, the other for my women. Also, at any time when I travel, I will be allowed not only coaches and spare horses for me and my women, but I will have such carriages as shall be befitting for all orderly, not pestering my things with my women's, nor theirs with either chambermaids, nor theirs with washmaids. Also for laundresses, when I travel, I will have them sent away before with the carriages, to see all safe. And the chambermaids I will have go before, that the chamber may be ready, sweet and clean. Also, for that it is indecent to crowd up myself with my gentleman-usher in my coach, I will have him to have a convenient horse to attend me, either in city or country. And I must have two footmen. My desire is, that you defray all the charges for me. And for myself, besides my yearly allowance, I would have twenty gowns of apparel, six of them very excellent good ones. Also, I would have to put in my purse £2,000 and £200, and so you to pay my debts. Also, I would have £6,600 to buy me jewels, and £4,000 to buy me a pearl chain. Now, seeing I have been, and am so reasonable unto you, I pray you to find my children apparel, and their schooling, and all my servants, men and women, their wages. Also, I will have all my houses furnished, and my lodging-chambers to be suited with all such furniture as is fit—as beds, stools, chairs, suitable cushions, carpets, silver warming-pans, cupboards of plate, fair hangings, and such-like. So for my drawing-chamber in all houses, I will have them delicately furnished, both with hangings, couch, canopy, glass, carpet, chairs, cushions, and all things thereunto belonging. Also, my desire is, that you would pay your debts, build up Ashby House, and purchase lands and lend money, as you love God, to my lord-chamberlain, who would have all, perhaps your life from you. * * * So, now that I have declared to you what I would have, and what it is that I would not have, I pray you, when you be an earl, to allow me £2,000 more, than I now desire, and double attendance."

It is said that the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth contained three thousand gowns, many more, we dare say, than the present Queen of England possesses, and much richer in lace and jewels than any in which she attires herself. Every one has learned of her vanity, the long time she spent at her toilet, and yet she was a healthy, strong-minded woman—as good a monarch, perhaps, as ever sat upon the throne of England.

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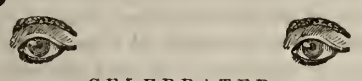

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And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outwnrd appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

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BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.
W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. jc10-1m

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REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING ON STEEL

A PORTRAIT OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SON.

This Picture was photographed by Brady in the White House at Washington, and is the last the President ever sat for.

It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1-2x12 1-2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

☞ Sold only by Subscription.

DEWING & LAWS, General Agents,
je24-tf 511 Sacramento Street.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1865, in the matter of the estate of Louis Conrad Meyer, a minor, the undersigned, guardian of the estate of said minor, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. & A. Barstow, No. 24 Montgomery Block, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said Louis Conrad Meyer in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Octavia and Fulton streets, thence running south along the west line of Octavia street, 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, easterly 275 feet; thence at a right angle, northerly 275 feet; and thence westerly along the north line of Fulton street 275 feet to the place of beginning; comprising a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 150, and surrounding streets.

And the said guardian will receive offers or bids therefor from this date to said 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon at the place aforesaid.

JOHANNA MEYER, Guardian of the Estate
June 10, 1865.-5t of Louisa Conrad Meyer, a minor.

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the host selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.
ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; *vs.* MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LERCHEA, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; *vs.* AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this first day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eighthundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LERCHEA, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tjy8-inc

(For the Californian.)

RATIONAL NAMES.

I SUFFER under an evil, which only those who are oppressed with the same sort of a mental weight, can thoroughly appreciate. It is worse than the loss of a limb, cropped ears, deficient nose, an early imperfect education, or any of those common ills of which humanity fancies it has a right to complain. I have an atrocious Christian name. If a man has an artificial leg, he can so train it and himself that it cannot be noticed. He may even attain eminence in an art to which two perfect limbs would seem an imperative necessity. Witness the enthusiasm with which the unipedal dancer Donati is being received. As to defective ears, whether absent entirely like a Quaker's in the early times of New England, or long like those of Midas, the secret in these latter days may be judiciously kept even from the wife of one's bosom. Indeed, we know of many an undoubted ass whose wife regards him as a hero of perfection. Modern Taliacotianism too can give one a nose more irreproachable in architecture than any furnished by nature.

But for an awkward name, what can be the remedy? You send up your card to a stranger, conscious that the first emotion you excite must be a sense of the ridiculous. You go through with an introduction with the same humiliating feeling. You carry through life a sort of nuncupative boot tied to your personality which leads you, canine-like, as much as possible to court obscurity and solitude. You can derive no pleasure in being addressed familiarly, affectionately, or respectfully, inasmuch as the appellative necessary thereto can but harrow up all that is disagreeable in your sensitive nature. Love itself is obnoxious when through all the tenderness of its flattering epithets you discern the taint of a miserable name, which, like the peculiar soil of that fabled island of the east, renders bitter even the honey gathered from its flowers.

I am yclept Dionysius Vago. Could any one be known by a more frightful compound of vowels and consonants? That ugly name has been my ruin. Not that it flung me out of any whimsical relative's will. Dionysius is eminently ancestral. It has been served up at christenings in the family, until it, Vago, and the odor of good punch have become inseparable.

The Vagos have ever been remarkable for their love of kindred ties, and early home associations, in spite even of a hereditary fondness for roaming. This family rolling-stone disposition led my father, a true chip of the Vago block, or rather a fair specimen of the Vago conglomeration of pebbles, to leave, in a search after fortune, the most beautiful spot in the finest country on the face of the globe. (Need I explain to the travelled reader that the country is Ireland, and the particularly beautiful portion thereof, the County Kerry?) After wandering about this continent for some time, after the genuine Vago fashion, my father found himself settled in a commonplace western village, of flat surroundings, where the phlegmatic people maundered rather than conversed in that uninteresting dialect known as Pennsylvania German, and where scenery and population alike could not but contrast painfully to the Celtic mind with the loveable mountains and gorges, the merry shiftlessness and good natured rackrent associations of the old home across the sea. It was then that my father felt what his wanderings had cost him. It was then that his love of home made him gild into beauty everything that his Irish recollections dwelt upon. It was then too that I appeared in the world and aroused in him the nefarious idea of Abraham-like sacrificing me upon the altar of loyalty to home customs and gential whimsicalities.

Kerry is eminently Celtic. The haughty Saxon has not yet even quite overcome the resistance which once so proudly defied a Fitzgerald "to put so much as a plough into the land of a Desmond." The Celt is there, still strong in character and uncorrupted in language. The only avenue to linguistic impurity lies in the hearty affection nourished by the humble hedge school, by the scholastic parish priest, and by the university bred tutor for the classics. Squire, middleman, and peasant alike worship Horace, and the mountain herdsman is more likely to address the passing traveller ignorant of Erse in Latin than in English.

The result is that old Milesian names like Phaudrig and Teagne do constant battle in popular taste with Roman prænomens such as Terence and Cornelius; and the way in which Latin terminations in *us* precede Celtic O's and Mc's will hereafter, I am happy in believing, puzzle some disgusting modern ethnologist who attempts to theorize about Southern Irish races.

In some such way as this, Dionysius became a damnable heir-loom in our family; and my father in the warmth of his homesick fervor, plastered it relentlessly upon me. In vain did the good-natured neighbors kindly offer their advice and suggestions as to the beauty of Conrad, Heinrich, Hermann or Karl as baptismal names: my impulsive parent rushed frantically with me to a priest twenty miles distant, and I was branded rather than christened by the abominable style of "Dionysius Carraghan O'Carraghan Vago." "Carraghan" is good: it has the true ring; but Dionysius—Ugh!

When I was an infant and asked my name, as is the interesting fashion among slow people, who know little about the art of conversing with childhood, and when my stuttering repetitions finally worked up sufficiently the miserable polysyllabic, a smile invariably came out on the face of the questioner, as he compared my bashful presence with his classical idea of the pedagogue Tyrant of Syracuse. I got finally dimly to understand that the name was ridiculous, and avoided telling it whenever I could. At school, good-natured mistresses, when they took me upon their laps, would pleasantly abridge it to "Dinny;" but as time passed on, awful male instructors of poor taste, but of severe precision in naming, were wont to call me at full length, to the infinite amusement of my jeering companions. At college, I endeavored to render the unsightly, unmanageable absurdity somewhat obscure; but a triennial catalogue crystallized it into durability: and now, I feel that it never will forsake me until the grateful moss shall have effaced it from my tombstone.

I have been the victim of nomenclature. Did you ever pick up an interesting shell or flower, and on learning its name, a long bit of Latin pedantry, pregnant with meaning, but unfit for sensible people with good teeth to pronounce, drop it again with a feeling of unaccountable disgust? It is thus that the world has given me the cold shoulder, when informed of my unhappy name. It has been my frightful skeleton which would not stay quietly in its comfortable closet, or be hidden gracefully behind a lean initial. It marches forth with a sonorous blare of trumpets, aligning its platoon of syllables, and charging mercilessly upon any fortifications of dignity, behind which I may attempt to shelter myself. It is to me a tyrant far worse than he of Syracuse ever could have been to his captives. It has quashed any little ambitious schemes that I may have dreamed of. I am a man of sound larynx and fluent language, and might have been a political orator or something equally gratifying to one as an American citizen, could my name have stood the test of being flamingly posted on street corners for passers-by to repeat and roll unctuously upon their tongues. I am a man of eccentric religious sentiments or I would have long ago taken clerical orders—the only thing with which my name would harmonize—have hidden myself in a Hebrew professorship, and have written lively little quartos on Biblical questions, on the title-page of which "Dionysius Vago, D. D., D. C. L.," would have appeared to advantage.

I once loved—wildly and not judiciously, as Celts always do. How I managed to get so far, I do not know; but when I proposed, the romantic angel of my dreams confessed frankly that Dionysius sounded so oddly, that she doubted her ability ever to overcome the feelings of mirth which it excited. She is now another's; but she always pronounces the objectionable name so tenderly and pitifully when we meet, that I sometimes fancy that—but why stir up one's drowsy sensibilities with that hopeless, emotional spoon. "It might have been?" She has seven children and four folds of double chin.

Although asked with flattering frequency to act as godfather to the chubby boys of old friends, I have, from principle, invariably refused. There was one poor weakly child, whose mother, taking an unholy fancy to the name, proceeded to inflict it upon her darling. But Providence wisely removed the babe from earthly anxieties before it could feel what a blister its name would prove.

Ye parents, who regard with pain the least mortification endured by your darlings, be coolly prudent and philosophical in your choice of names for them. Let them not, on the one hand, be burdened with a *magni nominis umbra*, which will forestall expectation as to the success of their intellectual efforts, or on the other, be vexed with a plebeian designation nipping those efforts in the bud. Do not, above all things, be eccentric in your christenings. Consider the exact impression the name will give. I knew once a Hebrew gentleman of excellent character and great latitude in his dealings with Gentiles. But he named his boy Lazarus. I never could look into that child's face without a wild fancy as to how he would appear rising from a grave, shrouded in sepulchral cerements. My friend should have respected his Christian neighbors enough to have chosen some name as thoroughly Hebraic, perhaps, but less suggestive in sound.

That was a stupid brute of a traitor, who, the other day, as we learn by the papers, named his boy, J. Wilkes Booth. If the son should haply prove smarter than his malicious parent, there will some day be a squabble in that family, from which filial reverence will be properly absent.

But such vulgar wickedness towards children is uncommon. It is in another direction that care must be taken. Good men are apt to have ugly names. But because, my dear madam, the Rev. Dr. Habbakuk Bezaleel Smith is sound in doctrine and a bright example in morals, let it be no inducement for you to christen your hope by his scriptural appellation. It is related that Bishop Chase, whose own name, Philander, quite euphonious in Greek, but exceptionable in American nomenclature, led him to an understanding of the unpleasantness of such appellations, was once about to baptize an infant whose parents were admirers of a Rev. Doctor rejoicing in the style of Marcus Tullius Cicero Blank, and who, fancying that the name had some influence on the Doctor's many virtues, had determined on it for their son, and suggested it at the font. Before the name was half uttered, the good Bishop interrupted with, "Nousense, I baptize thee, *Peter*." If Peter ever falls from grace, he must indeed be a wretch, after the church has done him so kindly an act.

If our *divus* President had had time among his serious duties for such social matters, I doubt not but that he would have issued a merry proclamation, forbidding, under pain of confiscation, the giving to any boy born in his administration the patriarchal name under which he in his youth and manhood probably suffered many a commonplace jibe and would-be witticism.

Names should not be in themselves obtrusive. Charles, for instance, is pleasant. It conveys no idea either odd or offensive. When you hear the name you await its bearer before you form conceptions of him. It is, therefore, a good name; and whether Charles makes his way through the world as a hod-carrier or a Senator, as a poet or boot-black, no absurdity attaches thereto. But who dares to influence futurity by prefixing Napoleon Bonaparte to honest Smith? Avoid, too, the use of names which will indicate either the political or religious sect to which the parents belong. If the child, when a man, differs from you on either subject, you will not then fancy especial propriety in your notions at christening. Remember, too, that among commonplace, dull people, whose ideas have a narrow range, names are liable to be harped and punned upon, until every intellectual nerve of their bearers is in a state of agony, for which there need have been no occasion.

Pay respect to family appellatives when it can be done without injury to euphony and taste. But discard a rich godfather instanter, if his horrible designation cannot be adopted without mercenary consideration. Give your children wholesome styles, whether for infancy or manhood, and you have done them a great favor, of which poverty cannot deprive them, and to which gold cannot add a single charm.

To my brethren in this matter of what Swift calls being "Nicodemused," let me suggest consolation. We can but carry our crosses as gaily as possible, making people believe that we regard them as ornamental toys, curious, perhaps, but in no wise to be laughed at as grotesque. We must make our harsh appellatives the exponents of all good fellowship and human affection. The worst title can, in time, be so displayed that it will meet with nothing but tender regard. I have known men whose characters would have made "Judas" linger lovingly on the lips, had it been their lot to have borne that apostolic brand of treason. A pure life, a warm heart, and a genial address will at last shroud the most oppressive name in the irresistible charm which ever hovers around the personality of a gentleman.

DIONYSIUS VAGO.

AT Evansville, Indiana, Miss Fanny B. Price concluded a very successful engagement on Friday evening, May 19th. She was presented with a magnificent diamond ring, in behalf of the ladies and gentleman of Evansville.

Mme. Scheller and Mr. Charles Pope, have returned to the Academy of Music, Cleveland. *Enoch Arden* failed to make a sensation. *The Streets of New York* made a decided hit.

Kate Fisher opened at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., May 23d, with the Martinetti Troupe and W. Davidge, Jr.

The Keans appeared at the St. Louis Theatre, June 3d, and were well received.

John T. Ford, manager of the theatre where the President was assassinated, was released from the Old Capitol Prison at Washington on the 27th of May. It is also rumored that John S. Clarke was released at the same time.

Mr. and Miss Richings terminated their engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, May 27th.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton and Yankee Locke were at last accounts playing at the Indianapolis Theatre, (Ind.,) to crowded houses.

Central Park has been revived at Wallack's with great success.

Mr. John E. Owens, the popular actor, departed for Europe on the 27th of May.

Helen Western was at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, May 29th, playing to excellent houses.

The Cotton and Murphy troupe of Minstrels were at last advices at Andrew's Hall, Boston, playing to splendid houses.

Miss Bateman was at the Adelphi Theatre, London, May 8th, performing in *Fazio*.

GROCERIES of every description can always be bought *cheap* of B. Sbarboro & Co., No. 531 Washington street, a few doors above the Washington Market. This firm does an extensive cash business, and sells at a small advance only above wholesale rates. Read their advertisement in to-day's paper.

THE "KING OF PIANOS."—Mr. George Hall, one of the most extensive dealers in Piano Fortes, thus writes to the manufacturer:

Having been in the Piano business on a large scale for more than twenty years in the great valley of the West, and bought from all the principal makers in this country, I consider the BRADBURY the KING of Pianos. GEO. HALL.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET*,
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

STERETT'S
STEAM
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533
CLAY STREET.

J. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25-tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JULY, 1865:

JULY 3rd - - - - - - SACRAMENTO.
JULY 13th - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
je24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES,
64, 66, 68, 70 *Silver Street, San Francisco*,
FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS,

Will commence its next Session THURSDAY, July 6th. A few vacancies remaining, early application will be necessary for those desiring admission. Further particulars may be obtained by calling upon or addressing
MISS M. LAMMOND,
je24-1m Principal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE RACKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS RACKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS RACKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 21 of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Numan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

MEXICAN 10 PER CENT. LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE GOVERNMENT OF MEXICO,
A LOAN OF
TEN MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Payable six years from July 1st, 1865,

Is offered for negotiation in the city of San Francisco, for which the bonds of the said Government will be issued in sums of from $50 to $500, respectively, with interest at the rate of
TEN PER CENT. ANNUM,
Upon coupons attached thereto. Principal and interest payable in
UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

Interest Payable Semi-Annually, at the PACIFIC BANK in the city of San Francisco.

The said bonds bearing date July 1st. 1865, and payable six years after date, are now offered for sale at the office of the undersigned,
NO. 430 MONTGOMERY STREET,

The payment and redemption of these Bonds and Coupons are secured by the transfer to Samuel Brannan, Esq., as Trustee, of one-half of the fiscal proceeds of
ALL THE REVENUES AND DUTIES
Derived from the Custom Houses of
MAZATLAN, GUAYMAS, MANZANILLO,
And all the Ports in the States of
SINALOA, SONORA AND COLIMA,
And from the Mines of said States,

Which Revenues and Duties, so soon as collected, are to be deposited and held in the PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, and employed exclusively for the payment of said Bonds and Interest.

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TRADING WITH THE PORTS SPECIFIED.

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CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

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when all others prove ineffectual.
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Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is
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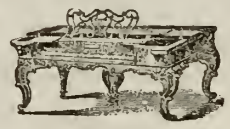

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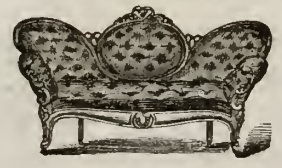

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STOMACH BITTERS.

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DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER,

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NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE,

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We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the:

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

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As a desirable place of resort for health or recreation, the above Hotel is not surpassed in the State.

Excellent accommodations for families, by the day, week, or month, on reasonable terms.

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RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

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Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

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Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
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THE OPERA OF "L'AFRICAINE."

ALTHOUGH *L'Africaine* has no overture, before the curtain rises there is a brief introduction written in a singularly elaborate manner, which presents the more exquisite morsels of the coming opera. When this musical bill of fare has been read the curtain rises. We see a council chamber of magnificent architecture in the king's palace at Lisbon. There is Inez in such agitation as you may conceive a maiden who has heard nothing of him (Vasco de Gama) to whom she plighted her troth on the eve of his departure on a voyage of discovery now two years gone. The past in its azure mantle glides before her with its melancholy step; she remembers her of the song he sang after their last vows had been exchanged, their last kisses given—music alone at such an hour can express the soul's emotions. She repeats it. The last note has scarcely melted away into air when her father, Don Diego, appears. He has been closeted with the king discussing his domestic affairs. The result of the conference is (so he tells Inez) to break her engagement with Vasco de Gama and to affiance her to Don Pedro, a wealthy and powerful nobleman, and consequently the very figure in gouty eyes to play the part of Cupid. Old Don Diego babbles the arguments familiar to mouths which have for twenty years forgotten the charms which lurk in kisses: Vasco de Gama is of obscure birth; he has no money; he is drowned, for nothing has been heard of the squadron under Bernard Diaz, with whom he sailed—you know the fal lal la with which age glozes amorous ditties. Inez is scarcely able to master her grief, at least not from jealous eyes. Don Pedro is present, and, with an anger he takes no pains to hide, sees that if her hand may be, her heart will never be his. His burst of rage is checked at the outset by the entrance of the council. It is a noble procession in which the court, the church, the bench and the field are brilliantly represented in their renaissance costumes. We contemporary theatre-goers require the eye to be flattered, however powerful may be the appeal made to the ear; the former could not be better pleased than by this gaudy scene arranged with the skill they possess here in these matters. Don Pedro is president of the council. When the places are filled the Grand Inquisitor and the prelates present chant a prayer—a bass chorus—which is not only magnificent, but delicately shaded, suited with the sombre religion of these men who held the sword in one hand and the fagot in the other, who knew only our Judge—not our Father which art in Heaven. The prayer is not the accents of piety, but of fanaticism. The masterly touch with which this distinction is made and the magnificence of these rugged appeals (ought not I to say menaces?) to Heaven command great applause. The council discusses in admirable recitatives the fate of Bernard Diaz and his companions. The secular members urge that an expedition of search be sent after them in order that, failing tidings of them, new discoveries might be made. The church shakes its head; it is averse from these lands of which no mention is made in the Bible; who knows if the Evil One does not raise them by infernal magic in order to drag down Christian souls to hell or play some foul trick on children of the church! Are not all the inhabitants of those regions black, and is not this color the devil's livery? Bernard Diaz and his companions are dead, and instead of spending money in searches for them, the best course is to spend the money in founding masses for their souls. The Grand Inquisitor reaches the end of the argument demonstrating these propositions when a weather-beaten, travel-soiled mariner craves admission, as the last survivor of Diaz's expedition. He is ushered in. 'Tis Vasco de Gama. He tells the story of the shipwreck, and ends in a confident tone: "Give me but the requisite vessels and I'll discover a new country which shall pour wealth into Portugal." He supports his assertions by two slaves he purchased in Africa, but were not Africans; they came from the continent he would reach. The slaves are questioned. They refuse to answer. The council bids Vasco de Gama and his slaves retire while it consults. There are three parties in the council: the youthful party full of enthusiasm for the new scheme; the elderly party which likes things to remain as they are; and the ecclesiastical party which sees the Enemy of Mankind in all these new-fangled notions. As Meyerbeer expressed in his prayer the character of the petitioners, so in like masterly manner he portrays in music the effervescence and generosity of youth, the stagnation of age, and the grumbling irritation of the church. His genius always shone with particular brightness in morsels intended to be executed by masses of musicians and its light beams with undiminished splendor in *L'Africaine*. It was not, be it remembered, his last opera—it was conceived in the warmth of youth and executed in the experience of age. The council rejects Vasco de Gama's plan. He is furious, and his language becomes so intemperate as to draw on him the rigors of the law; the curtain falls on a chorus of anathemas hurled at him. There is but one opinion of this finale of the first act—it is sublime.

We see Vasco de Gama in a dungeon, in the second act. His slaves Selika and Nelusko are with him. He dreams as he sleeps, dreams whispered by his ruling passion. His rest is uneasy. Selika attempts to soothe it by a song of that country—her native land—which he would reach. Indolent as a hammock's motion, amorous as the Orient, gently relaxing as the south wind, it quiets his perturbed spirits. Then she bends over him and kisses his brow. While she gazes on the pale face, she hears approaching steps. Nelusko, armed with a dagger, comes to slay him. Selika forbids the assassination. He obeys, and in an admirable song tells how, notwithstanding his hatred for the pale face, his love for Selika masters his hate. Selika wakens Vasea de Gama. He takes a map traced by himself and plans his voyage, for though in prison and denied the necessary vessels, he still hopes to prosecute his scheme. Doth not Heaven ever temper the wind to the shorn lamb? Selika observes him in silence, and then, seeing the route he traced would lead to his certain destruction, (could she bear to see him she loved lose his life?) she points out the true course his ship must sail. He catches her in his arms and vows he adores her. At this moment, Inez, Don Pedro and their suite enter; she has accepted Don Pedro for her husband in order to obtain Vasco de Gama's liberty. Her breast is wrung by jealousy when she sees Vasco de Gama and Selika locked in each other's arms. He detects it, and to extinguish it makes her a present of Selika and Nelusko. Don Pedro saw Vasco de Gama's plans during the debate before the council and determines to appropriate them in order to reap the honors of discovery. Vasco de Gama is almost heart-broken when he hears this intelligence. Here a sextuor which becomes a septuor is sung, in which Vasco de Gama mourns his twice-blasted hopes; Inez weeps that fortune should ever thwart true love's course; Don Pedro rejoices in the possession of wife and fame; Selika mourns over her miscarried love; Nelusko tells his hatred and his love, etc. It is with this vivid contrast of sentiments, predominant in which is pathos, the second act ends.

The third act transports us out of sight of land; we see the famous vessel (which disappoints expectations) rising and falling on the sea, like a lily on the breast of some sleeping beauty. 'Tis early morning; the age of innocence of the day when the sun scatters gold and purple over the smiling and still unlaborious earth—not those fierce beams shot through the quivering air which goad the field to travail and the trees to fruit. Inez swings in her hammock and thinks of faded times; Selika, humbly at her feet, follows her wandering thoughts now roaming over the past, now dwelling in her native land. The sailors sing a hymn of praise to Heaven which has guarded them and whose continual protection they implore. The women then take up the magnificent chant and in turn crave Heaven's arm. While this solemn scene transpires, Nelusko, leaning against the starboard shrouds, secretly jeers the fools who thank Heaven for a blessing it has not deigned to grant. They protected!—every minute, every fathom is hastening them to destruction. He hates the whole race of pale faces, and the whole shipload of them is doomed to destruction. A change comes over the morning. Clouds appear. The wind rises. The sea labors. Nelusko is chief pilot. *Au nord! Tournez au nord!—ou sinon le trépas!* he cries to the pilot in a splendid piece of declamation consisting only of these words, with no modulation but an ascending progression, which produces an effect I cannot pretend to describe. Ship is "bouted;" all are delighted and express their joy at being saved in merry song. He checks their premature delight by singing Adamastor's ballad. Adamastor is a giant of the seas. This ballad is as full of sinister presage as the moaning of the ocean when it chafes a vessel's side before the tempest. A drum is heard! Seemingly distant as the Highland bagpipes which Jessie Brown heard during Lucknow's siege. It draws nearer. It is from a vessel bearing Portuguese colors. A boat puts off. It reaches Don Pedro's vessel. Vaseo de Gama climbs up the ship's side. He knew that if Don Pedro followed the indications contained in his, Vaseo's, maps (made before Selika had pointed out the true route) he and Inez would be lost. He obtained a vessel from the king and gave them pursuit. Don Pedro refuses to believe him; suspects sinister designs; orders him to be tied to the main-mast and shot. Inez and Selika intercede in vain for him. "Soldiers obey your orders! Make ready! Take aim!—" At this instant a terrible noise is heard. The vessel has struck on the reef Nelusko designed it should reach; it heels over. Hordes of wreckers and pirates appear and would massacre every body—a gesture of Selika checks them. They recognize their old queen and do her homage.

Act fourth is laid in India. Selika has been reinstated on her throne. All the persons on Don Pedro's vessel have been put to death (it is reported) except Vaseo de Gama. He wanders about the country, delighted to see his dream a reality; but he is to die, for in that land, as in old Japan, the foreigners must die. He expresses his delight in ravishing song, accompanied by *tremolos* of violins and echoes of horns. Selika's subjects insist on his execution. She saves his life by marrying him. He is for a moment intoxicated with the new land, and with her sings a most amorous duet (Mons. Theopile Gautier calls it the most amorous duet ever sighed upon the stage,) and they go to the nuptial bower. They would be perfectly happy, but for a sigh which seems borne on the wind, from whence no one knows, but which is strangely like Inez' voice. It awakens remorse in Vaseo do Gama's breast.

The fifth act acquaints us with Selika's resolution to restore Vaseo to Inez. She discovers that he still loves Inez. Life has now no charms for Selika, and she determines to seek the Upas tree. We see the Upas tree. It stands alone by the sea shore; a desert is around it. While we gaze on this vacant scene we hear a symphony in the slow measure of a dead march. It consists of only sixteen bars, executed in unison by altos, violoncellos and violins on the fourth string and bassoons. Mons. Theophile Gautier thus describes this symphony: "'Tis of a disquieting, supernatural beauty; of a sonorousness unknown to human ear, and seeming to come from another planet. One is tempted to think it a spirit's sigh, Nature's inarticulate, sympathetic plaint, the sob of the invisible world—what Virgil calls the tears of things. * * * We do not believe a musical phrase ever produced such an impression." Selika appears and bids farewell to life in noble and touching recitative. When she lies down to die, an unseen chorus breathes parting songs, soft and sad as a dying summer's day. The curtain slowly fell. It presently rose. We saw all the actors of the Grand Opera ranged around Meyerbeer's bust, crowned with laurel, and the orchestra played the sixteen bars of the funeral symphony which heralded poor Selika's death.—"*Spiridion*," *in the Boston Gazette.*

ALL DIFFICULTIES MAY BE OVERCOME.—There are few difficulties that hold out against real attacks; they fly, like the visible horizon, before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path will open upon the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent disproportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacles to be encountered. Nothing good or great is to be obtained without courage and industry; but courage and industry might have sunk in despair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the chisel with the pyramid to be raised, or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be leveled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could hardly listen to a concert for two hours, though he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase, we know, has always been the favorite pastime of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure, is to be earned. Efforts, it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. It is better to wear out than to rust out. "There will be time enough to repose in the grave," said Nicole to Pascal. In truth, the proper rest for man is change of occupation. As a young man, you should be mindful of the unspeakable importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defects. An Italian sonnet, justly as well as elegantly, compares procrastnation to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river, and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly over-rated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities; but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but till "it is made hot." Those who have not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not valuly hope to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indolence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence.

ON one of the northern railroads there is a conductor named S——, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he is connected with, and the travelling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During the past year, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream some seven or eight feet deep, the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger carriages into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck, they were borne away by the force of the current. Our friend S—— had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew near the stream, to which he held for dear life. A passenger, less fortunate, came rushing by. S—— extended one hand, saying: "Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket." You can imagine the effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water.

AT a recent meeting of a parish, a straight-laced and most exemplary curate submitted a report in writing of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish. "Are you sure, reverend sir," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?" He said he believed he had.

AN exquisitely dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his delicate person, said to the jeweller that "he would-ah like to have-ah something engraved on it-ah, to denote what he was." "Certainly, certainly. I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,

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This Saturday Evening, July 1st, 1865,

The thrilling Play entitled

The Corsican Brothers!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, July 1st,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS!

In rehearsal,

DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN,

ENOCH ARDEN,

And several ORIGINAL PLAYS in preparation.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

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WE CALL THE ATTENTION of Housekeepers to our fine assortment of Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc.:

PROVISIONS.

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Pepper, Pepper-sauce, Mustard, all kinds,
Oysters, Lobsters, Pie Fruits, Pine Apples,
Spanish Olives, Fruits au Juis, Brundy Fruits,
Honey, Citron, Peaches, fresh and dry,
Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
Corn and Oatmeal, Hams and Bacon,
Chile Negro, Maccaroni, all kinds; Farina,
Figs, Jams and Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
Yeast powders, Crackers, all kinds;
Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Washing Blue,
Rice, Sardines, Starch, Washing-soda,
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Shoe Blacking, Brooms und Brushes, Baskets,
Pails and Cans, Tubs and Wringer,
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Champagne, Heidsiech & Co.; Wine Bitters,
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Vermouth, Noilly Pratt & Co.; Schnapps,
Sonoma Champagne, etc., etc., etc., etc.

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Pure Article of Ground Coffee,

Can have it ground in the mill at our store, in a few moments—Java, Mocha, Rio, and Costa Rica Coffees.

Do not mistake the number the first time you call—**531** Washington, a few doors below Montgomery—**531**—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

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Orders from the interior solicited, and promptly filled.

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A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

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Montgomery street between Pine and California.

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JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 1st,

Will be presented the great Irish sensation Drama, entitled the

COLLEEN BAWN!

In which MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH will personate, for the first time, the *roles* of

MILES NA COPPALEEN

AND

DANNY MANN.

Ann Chute.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Hardress Cregan (his first appearance) Mr. F. Thorne
Kyrle Daly.....Fred Franks
Father Tom.....Geo. Mitchell
Mr. Corrigan.....J. E. Myers
Hyland Creagh.....J. Torrence, Jr.
Eily O'Connor (with song)...Miss Louise Clarkson
Mrs. Cregan.....Mrs. Judah
Sheluh.....Mrs. Francis Guss

It will be produced with NEW SCENERY, painted by Mr. Torniug.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES!

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

In rehearsal, a sprightly Dramatic Sketch, entitled,

JEFF DAVIS IN HOOPS;

OR, THE CONFEDERACY IN THE LAST DITCH.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

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Cotton and Linen Sheetings and Shirtings, Superfine Table Linen, Napkins, Towels, Towelling, Blankets, Quilts, Flannels, Lace and Muslin Curtains, and Jaconets; Swiss, Cambric, Mull and Nainsook Muslins, in plain, striped and plaid.

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Alpaca, Bombazines, Empress and Ottoman Cloths, Delaines, Debages, Prints, Ginghams, Crapes, etc.

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Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Children's Under-Garments, Hose and Half Hose, in Silk, Merino, and Cotton; Gentlemen's Linen and Cotton Shirts, Collars, Cravats, Neckties, etc., etc.

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1,000 dozen Ladies' Cotton Hose, at $3 per dozen;
400 pieces French Print, yard wide, 30 cents;
900 Dress, Plaid, Striped and Plain French Poplins, from from 30 cents to $1 per yard;
600 pieces good Shirting Linens, from 30 to 75 cents per yard;
5,000 Dresses best Merrimac Prints, at $2 per dress;
2,000 dozen Ladies' and Gentlemen's Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, from $1 50 to $15 per dozen.

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FOURTH OF JULY PROGRAMME!

FOR THE

Celebration of the Eighty-ninth Anniversary

OF THE

INDEPENDENCE

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!

San Francisco, July 4th, 1865.

A Federal salute will be fired by the First California Guard at sunrise, and it is requested that the bells in the city and harbor be rung during the firing.

The various divisions which will compose the Procession, will form under the direction of the Marshal and Assistant Marshals below assigned them, as follows:

The divisions will form at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The First Division will form on Powell street, facing east, the right resting on Filbert street.

The Veterans will form immediately in the rear of the Volunteers—Marshal, Harvey Lake.

The Second Brigade, California Militia, commanded by Brigadier General John Hewston, composing the Second Division, will form on Washington Square.

The Third Division, in carriages, will form on Stockton street, north of Filbert.

The Fourth Division will form on Green street, east and west of Stockton.

The Fifth Division will form on Vallejo street, east and west of Stockton.

The Sixth Division will form on Broadway, east and West of Stockton.

The Seventh Division will form on Pacific street, east and west of Stockton.

The Eighth Division will form on Jackson street, east and west of Stockton.

The Ninth Division will form on Washington street, west of Stockton.

The head of the column will move from the corner of Powell and Filbert at 11 A. M. precisely, and as the rear of each division shall arrive at the right of its successor, that will march into column in the order above named.

The column when formed will be in the following order, preceded by ten mounted policemen.

THE ADVANCE.

C. A. TAYLOR, Grand Marshal.
With Aides as follows:
Alfred Barstow, Chief Aide.

H. M. Newell, F. G. Berry,
Geo. Blake, S. H. Wetherbee,
John McGlynn, W. H. Lyon,
O. Livermore, W. W. Haney,
O. F. Willey, W. H. Davis,
Edw. T. Hall,

Maj. Gen. McDowell and Staff.
Maj. Gen. Allen and Staff.

FIRST DIVISION.

The Troops at the Presidio, Point San Jose and Fort Point, under the command of Col. Thos. F. Wright.
Delegation of Veterans, marshaled by Captain Harvey Lake.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brig. Gen. John Hewston and Staff.
First Regiment, C. M., Col. J. Wood, commanding.
Second (Irish) Regiment, C. M., Col. M. C. Smith.
Sixth (German) Reg., C. M., Col. F. E. G. Tittell.
First Infantry Battalion, C. M., Major Lewis.
First Artillery, C. M., Col. J. W. McKenzie.
First California Guard, C. M., Capt. I. Bluxome, Jr.
First Cavalry, C. M., Major J. H. Marston.

THIRD DIVISION.

R. Chenery, Marshal.
G. Congdon and B. W. Hathaway, Assist. Marshals.
President and Orator of the Day, in carriages.
Chaplain, Poet and Reader of the Day, in carriages.
Foreign Consuls, in carriages.
Foreign Army and Navy Officers, in carriages.
Officers of U. S. Army, in carriages.
Officers U. S. Navy, in carriages.
Federal Officers, in carriages.
Officers Revenue Service, in carriages.
Officers Coast Survey, in carriages.
State Officers, in carriages.
Board of Supervisors, in carriages.
City and County Officers, in carriages.
Board of Education, in carriages.

FOURTH DIVISION.

J. D. Hawks, Marshal.
P. B. Cornwall and A. S. Gould, Assistant Marshals.
Band.
Society of California Pioneers.
Society of Mechanics' Institute.
Olympic Club.
Eureka Typographical Union.

FIFTH DIVISION.

David Scannel, Marshal.
Frank Evans and Chas. D. Connell, Assistants.
Band.
Exempt Firemen.
Active Fire Department.

SIXTH DIVISION.

C. D. Carter, Marshal.
Jacob Deeth and C. M. Levy, Assistant Marshals.
Band.
Butchers' Union Association.
Sons of the Emerald Isle.
Irish American Benevolent Society.
Fenian Brotherhood.
Hibernian Society.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

A. G. Randall, Marshal.
W. M. Newhall and Louis R. Lull, Assistants.
Band.
Social Turn Verien.
Scandinavian Society.
Russian Selavonic Society.
Garibaldi Association.
Mexican Citizens.

EIGHTH DIVISION.

M. E. Hughes, Marshal.
E. A. Rockwell and A. F. C. Engert, Assistants.
Band.
Riggers and Stevedores' Association.
Lumber Dealers' Association.
Trades Union.
Ship and Steamboat Joiners' Association.
Ship Caulkers' Association.
Citizens on foot.
Citizens in carriages.
Citizens mounted.

NINTH DIVISION.

——— ———, Marshal.
Colored People.
Chinamen in carriages.

COLORS.

The Grand Marshal, Purple and Gold.
The Aides to the Grand Marshal, White and Gold.
The Marshals, Scarlet and Silver.
The Assistant Marshals, Blue and Silver.

The Marshals, Assistant Marshals and Aides will assemble at 17 and 18 Montgomery Block, at 9 o'clock on the morning of the Fourth.

The President of the Day, the Orator, Chaplain, Poet and Reader, Foreign Consuls and Officers, Officers of the Army and Navy, Federal Officers, Officers of the Revenue Service and Coast Survey, and State and County Officers, who have accepted invitations to participate in the celebration of the coming anniversary, are requested to assemble in the parlor of the Lick House at 9½ A. M., where a Marshal and Aides will be in attendance to conduct them to the carriages provided.

The Board of Supervisors and Board of Education will assemble in their respective chambers, where Aides will be in attendance with carriages.

LINE OF MARCH.

Washington Square to Stockton street, to Washington, to Montgomery, to Market, to Second, to Howard, to Fourth, to Folsom, countermarch on Folsom to Fourth, to Howard, to Third, to Market, to Montgomery, to the Metropolitan Theatre.

For programme of exercises at the Theatre see daily papers.

The First California Guard will fire a national salute at sunrise, meridian and at sunset. It is requested that the buildings in the city and the vessels in the harbor be decorated with the National Flag during the day.

The Fireworks will be exhibited in the evening, on the corner of Sixth and Howard streets, under the direction of the Board of Supervisors.

jy1-1t C. L. TAYLOR, Grand Marshal.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a $50 note.
Two cents " $100 "
Ten " " $500 "
20 " " $1,000 "
$1 " " $5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,

Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency.

JAY COOKE,

my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 7.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 8, 1865.

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- Answers to Correspondents. — By "Mark Twain."
- Intellectual Moss.—By "Dionysius Vago."
- Interesting Plants —By "Iris."
- The Roman Lottery.
- An Eastern Juggler.
- Intolerance.
- Terrors of the Desert.
- Swearing for a Family.
- The Women of Paraguay.
- The Billy Mulligan Tragedy.

EDITORIALS:
- Distinguished Guests.
- Musical Matters.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

POETRY:
- Petrified Poetry, from the *American Flag*.
- Down—(April, 1865.)

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.
- Theatricals at the East.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapter XXXIII.
- Summary of Preceding Chapters.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

THE Board of Health found Gridley guilty of a misdemeanor, but the Grand Jury would not find a bill against him. Quite right! Lots of people like mutton curry; we do not see why Gridley has not a right to make his pig curry. He said that it was only his own peculiar pig that he fed on dog meat. Noble man! He was going to try the experiment on himself—*fiat experimentum in corpore vili*—and if he found that puppified pork agreed with him, *then* he intended to give the public the benefit of his great discovery. The Board of Health lamented that the disclosures concerning Gridley's method of fattening pigs had had a most damaging effect on the pork trade; that, in fact the business was going to the dogs; never since the devils entered into the herd of swine, had the pork butchers received such a blow. We have heard that a subscription is being raised to induce Gridley to emigrate; the pork butchers say he has played the devil with their business, and as long as he is in town it is impossible to sell pork. Even pork-pie hats have gone out of fashion. A millenium has arrived for the dogs; the Dog Star is in the ascendant; no more muzzles; Gridley daren't for the life of him take a dog to the pound lest people should think it is destined for his pigs. We do not justify Gridley; we never did justify Gridley in feeding pigs with parboiled puppies and Indian meal; we do not consider a pig thus fattened would make a good Indian meal, much less a Christian dinner. With regard to dogs before they have undergone a change and become pork, there may be a difference of opinion. In the Sandwich Islands, puppies fed on poë are said to be most delicate and toothsome meat, and are considered a dish fit to set before a king —King Kamahameka III—we suppose the Board of Health of the city of San Francisco would object to board with him. We advise Gridley, his pork business having been destroyed—or materially injured, through prejudice—to import taro from the Sandwich Islands, and devote himself to fattening puppies on poë. In course of time, when the delicacy of the flavor of the meat begins to be properly appreciated, all prejudice against it will vanish, and he will be able to find a much better use for dogs than feeding pigs on them. Every one would, we should imagine, laying all absurd prejudices aside, prefer a nice little puppy which had been fed on nothing but a wholesome vegetable like taro and perhaps a little buttermilk, to a horrid hog which had lived on the garbage of the slaughter house.

SOME people appear to take a delight in disfiguring the English language by coining hideous words. The dramatic critic of the *Call* deserves to be talked to death by Chinook Indians for making use of the expression "*embracive of* the entire strength of the company," in speaking of the cast of a play. What did he do it for? Was he too modest to say "embracing the whole company" for fear people might imagine he would like to do so—that is, as regards the feminine portion of it? We protest that he has no right to pervert "embracing" into "embracive of," nor has any other man.

A. COFFIN publishes an advertisement in a morning paper, warning all persons against trusting Joseph A. Coffin, as he will not be responsible for any debts contracted by him. In spite of this notice we know a coffin will take every one in; but no undertaker will trust Joseph for a coffin, for A. Coffin won't pay for it.

AT a late fire a noble act of heroism occurred, which the daily press have neglected to record. A fireman hearing that there was a sack of oysters in a burning building, rushed in, and, at the risk of his life, saved the poor things from being burnt to death.

WE wish to correct a misapprehension which may arise in consequence of the *Mercury's* stating in its last issue that the celebrated "Twelve" would perform in the brass band march in *Faust*. Now "The Twelve" are not a brass band, nor are they a brazen band; on the contrary, they are most remarkable for their modesty. Not one of the members ever blows his own horn, not even a French horn. "The Twelve" are a vocal quire; sometimes they are more than twelve, but even then they are not called a ream but only a quire. "The Twelve" depend entirely upon the instruments with which nature has provided them to produce music, and not, as the *Mercury* would lead people to believe, on instruments of brass; they don't even depend on organs—except their own vocal organs. A pretty figure "The Twelve" would have cut if forced to play that march in *Faust*; they would never scale the hill of Fame by *Faust* (English pronunciation) marches. If they ever did transmogrify themselves into a brass band, of course the bassoes, or *bassi*, would play bassoons, bass drums and trombones; the tenors would perform on cornets and French horns. We are quite satisfied with "The Twelve" as they are, and so are the public when they have an opportunity of hearing them. "The Twelve" is an admirably constituted musical club; it is formed with a firm base and pursues the even tenor of its way under all circumstances. Whether ten or twelve in number it still bears the name of "The Twelve;" it is not a tenor "Twelve," though, be it understood—its fame rests considerably on its bass. Having thus satisfactorily, we hope, explained what "The Twelve" are, perhaps the *Mercury* will refrain from calling them a brass band. We may remark that "The Twelve" was once a baker's dozen; that was when it had a Judas Iscariot; it however got rid of Judas and has got on well ever since. Success to "The Twelve;" people may talk as much as they like about the "Tuneful Nine," they don't begin to compare with our tuneful twelve.

MESSRS. TRIPP & ROBINSON, Pyrotechnists, advertised for some time before the Fourth of July, that they were "manufacturing pieces appropriate for our recent National calamity." The exhibition on the Fourth proved that they told the truth. Anything more mournful than those fireworks could not well be devised. The rockets had not spirit enough—or powder enough, would perhaps be more correct —to rise in the air; the set pieces spluttered and hissed for a second or two and then expired. We wish Messrs. Tripp & Robinson had not been intent on manufacturing melancholy fireworks. A daily paper offers an apology for these pyrotechnists, saying that but a small sum was paid for the fireworks. Why then did they not, having accepted the contract, give the public quality instead of quantity? Why did they make rockets which committed suicide, before they had attained half the height they should have reached, by bursting their insides out, sickly serpents that had scarcely strength enough to wriggle—symholical of Copperheads no doubt—Roman candles that looked as if they wanted snuffing, wheels that were tired and wouldn't turn round torpid torpedoes, shells that were only half-shells, crackers that had lost their voices and were too weak to wag their tails, blue lights of the most unwholesome hue, and other fireworks which seemed as if they had been wetted down before being let off, and consequently turned out damp failures? Messrs. Tripp & Robinson tripped up most sadly; we have lost all confidence in their squibs and crackers; we hope they will like our little squib.

THE British residents of San Francisco have at length formed a "British Benevolent Society." Britishers are a good deal slower than Americans, but they generally succeed in making things that will last. We imagine from the manner in which this society has been formed that there is no danger of its falling to pieces. William Lane Booker, Esq., has been elected President, and Thomas F. Hulbert, Secretary. It is curious that the English should have been the last nationality in California to form themselves into an association of this kind, and as a proof that they are the least "clannish" of any people in the world. They do not need to club together to preserve their nationality in a foreign country; every Englishman is an Englishman always, even if he does not associate with his countrymen. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, is especially applicable to the Englishman, except that he often, when he does take a run across the sea, changes his mind and runs back again, believing his own foggy sky to be the brightest in the world. The British Benevolent Society is sure to flourish, now it has been brought into existence, and will no doubt accomplish much good.

THE editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle*, in order to prove that he is not a "grammaniac," and to show his contempt for that sort of thing, in describing an occurrence at the Academy of Music, makes use of the following expression:

"The broken piece of the sword, *which should have fell* on the stage, flew among the audience, just grazing the head of a gentleman in the parquet and frightening a number of others."

This may be very good American, but it is certainly not good English.

ALL the papers in the State are publishing the following ridiculous paragraph:

"How to keep on good terms with your creditors—pay them."

Nonsense! If you pay them they are no longer creditors. Pay them and they lose all interest in your welfare; while you continue to owe them money they are anxious about your health and prosperity. During the late war many a tradesman perused the list of killed and wounded with the most intense anxiety, fearing to read in it the name of young Adolphus Fitz Perkins. How they trembled for his safety when they saw that his regiment was ordered into action, and how gladly they welcomed him when, the war over, he came marching home! If he had paid all his little bills before he went to the war, would they thus have watched his glorious career? Not they. Heaven only knows how many prayers for his safety reached there from tailors, bootmakers and proprietors of dry-goods stores while he was fighting the battles of his country. The man who has creditors can never be without well wishers. *Don't* pay your creditors if you wish to keep on good terms with them. If you pay them you destroy them, you break the ties which bind them to you. No; pay them a little, from time to time; keep on paying them, and thus you will keep on good terms with them. A pleasure anticipated is always greater than the reality. They anticipate the payment in full of what you owe them and draw pleasure from that anticipation; do not rob them of it. Keep on good terms with your creditors and keep your creditors, so, when you at length pay the debt of nature, you will be sure of leaving behind you a few, at least, who sincerely mourn your loss.

CONFOUND that correspondent of the *Scientific American*, who advised people to boil their clocks! His advice on the subject is as follows:

"Rough as this treatment may appear, it works well; and I have for many years past boiled my clocks whenever they stopped from accumulation of dust or a thickening of oil upon the pivots. They should be boiled in pure or rain water, and dried on a warm stove or near the fire."

He may boil his clocks if he pleases, but if he possess any feeling at all, he will, we hope, regret the publication of this paragraph when he learns the effect of it on one juvenile mind, and the mischief it caused in one household. The other day, Andrew Jackson Washington Clay, the son of the lady who keeps the boarding house where the present writer administers to the wants of his poor perishable body, collected all the watches on which he could lay his hands, and boiled them for the space of an hour and a half! The young wretch, when remonstrated with, produced the article referred to, said he had only boiled those watches of which he had heard the owners remark that they wanted cleaning, and he considered that clocks and watches, being a good deal alike, the treatment that was good for the one would be equally applicable to the other. He recommended the water in which he had boiled the watches to be used for soup, as, with the addition of a little mutton, a soup might be made and a saving in herbs be effected, for the water must have acquired quite a flavor of time (thyme.)

WE hope that those who refused to turn out in the procession on the Fourth of July because the colored people had "accepted with humble thankfulness" the invitation to participate, extended to them by the committee of arrangements, have become, on reflection, heartily ashamed of themselves; if they are not, they ought to be. On the day on which the obsequies of the late President Lincoln took place, thousands of white men walked in procession with all the negroes in San Francisco, no one on this occasion appeared to feel himself degraded by such association. The negro was allowed to mourn with us without a single voice being raised to protest against being forced to "walk with niggers." The martyred Lincoln was laid in the tomb; the negro and the white man mingled their tears at the grave of him who had fallen a victim to the great principle, dear to all men, whether their skins be black or white—FREEDOM. The day of rejoicing came, the day on which Americans rejoiced that they were freed from despotic rule; the black man humbly exclaimed, "Now I also am free! May I not rejoice with you?" Poor negro! For eighty-eight long years the Birthday of Freedom had been nothing to him. Now at length he had gained *his* freedom. He had fought for it side by side with the white man; shoulder to shoulder they had stormed the deadly breach, their blood had mingled as it sank in the soil of many a battlefield. Might he not now rejoice? He would with humble thankfulness walk last, the very last if so the white men wished it. "No," was the surly answer from hundreds of free and enlighted citizens. "You may fight with us, serve as a shield for white men, ward off the deadly bullets which would else reach hearts hearts. You may mourn with us but you shall have no part in our rejoicings."

SLAVERY being now forever abolished in the United States, we ought to get rid of Mason and Dixon's line. Let it be cut up into short lengths to hang traitors with.

TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PUBLISHED.

Ensign Harcourt Lowther, a gentleman of culture, and Francis Tredethlyn, the hero, (the son of a Cornish farmer,) a soldier in the same regiment, who is detailed as a confidential servant to Ensign Lowther, have been stationed in Van Diemen s Land for five years. In boyhood Tredethlyn had fallen in love with his rich uncle's only child, "cousin Susy," and a secret engagement had taken place between them, which was afterwards broken off, and he enlisted. Although he had written frequently to his cousin he had received no response or any intelligence from home, until the story opens with the reception of information of the death of his miserly uncle and his inheritance of thirty thousand pounds a year. He departs for England to take possession of his inheritance.

Upon his arrival in England, his first action is a vain attempt to find his cousin Susan, who had been forbidden her father's house in a moment of stormy passion, to divide his fortune with her. His monied influence gains him an introduction into the family and social circle of Lionel Hillary, an apparently wealthy merchant, whose family consists of his only daughter, Maude, and her friend and companion, Miss Julia Desmond, both cultivated and prepossessing young ladies. Tredethlyn soon becomes enamored with Maude, though the consciousness of his social inferiority causes him to hide his passion and endeavor to subdue it. Dazzled and flattered by his new position, he is made an easy victim to the designs of Miss Desmond, who sees in his fortune an incentive to the exertion of all her arts with a view to a matrimonial alliance that will at once free her from her situation of dependency, and give her wealth and position. An avowal and declaration is forced from Tredethlyn at a designed interview, by the artful Miss Desmond, and they are engaged.

A panic now occurs in the mercantile affairs of Lionel Hillary, and ruin stares him in the face. His daughter, noticing his changed manners and sleepless nights, watches him, and prevents him from committing suicide; winning from him the avowal that twenty thousand pounds are immediately required to save him from failure, disgrace and poverty. She seeks the frank, good-hearted Tredethlyn, and, in an impassioned manner, appeals to him to rescue her father from his situation. This interview brings forth an equally impassioned declaration from Tredethlyn of his love for her, of his conscious unworthiness, and his willingness to bestow the whole of his fortune for her benefit, if necessary.

Miss Hillary is surprised, shocked and offended by this avowal, and is about retiring in anger, when Miss Desmond, who has overheard enough to obtain a clew to the purport of the interview, enters; charges Maude with mercenary motives in supplanting her, and Tredethlyn with infidelity, and declares all is cancelled between him and herself. Miss Desmond leaves the house early next morning without an explanation. Tredethlyn attempts an apology to Maude, who refuses to listen to him. He, disgusted by the troubles his fortune and new position have environed him with, determines to estrange himself from them and fly to London. The next day twenty thousand pounds are placed to the credit of Lionel Hillary at his banker's, from an anonymous source. The merchant is all gratitude; points to Tredethlyn as his benefactor, and speaks of him in the warmest terms to his daughter.

Tredethlyn seeks again in vain for his cousin Susan, though he learns she has been entrapped into a mock marriage by a villain, who deserted her, and that she then fled to London. Subsequently new meshes are thrown around our hero by the designing Lionel Hillary; ten thousand pounds more are obtained from him, and he is admitted a silent partner in the house of Hillary & Co. Maude, who was betrothed to Ensign Harcourt Lowther—Tredethlyn's old master—before he left England, is commanded by her father to break off all correspondence with him and to look with favor upon an alliance with Tredethlyn. A chance encounter occurs, and Maude's amiability paves the way for a new hope and a new declaration. Acceptance and marriage speedily follow.

Just previous to the marriage, Ensign Harcourt Lowther returns from Van Diemen's Land, and seeks an interview with Maude, only to learn from her own lips the story of her forced engagement. Learning the name of the affianced, he tells her of the old relation of master and man, and makes Maude pledge him not to reveal to Tredethlyn the secret of their earlier love and engagement. Nettled and stung by his jealousy and pride, he plans a cultured and villainous revenge. After the marriage occurs and Tredethlyn and wife have become engrafted into the fashionable circles of London, he seeks him out and instals himself into the graces of the young Cornishman, and becomes his inseperable companion and mentor, leading him gradually into (for Tredethlyn) the dangerous confines of vice and dissipation and widening more und more the gulf between him and Maude, who had become the "sensation," the leading fashionable wife of London, whos sparties, receptions and dinners were notable for their extravagance.

Maude one day encountered Miss Julia Desmond, who is occupying the position of governess, seeks her forgiveness and tenders her a home. Julia, still rankling with jealous passion, refuses the offer, except as a hired companion. Maude humors her foible, but insists on her promising to come as a "friend." Envy and jealousy urging Julia to seek a proper opportunity to become avenged, she dissembles and accepts.

Tredethlyn, sickened by the constant round of gay and dissipated life, is withdrawn from the dangerous highways by the discovery of his cousin, whom he encounters one night as a supernumerary of one of the London theatres. He seeks an interview, with the determination of bestowing on her a portion of that fortune, which his innate convictions have always told him should have been hers.

Harcourt Lowther continues his daily visits to the house of Tredethlyn, and is constantly poisoning the wife's mind by noting the husband's absence and inventing excuses for him with the mock morality of a "Joseph Surface" Tredethlyn has a secret which calls him frequently from town during the day, which excites Lowther's curiosity, but his efforts to discover it are fruitless. The greater portion of Tredethlyn's time, however, is spent in the old way, with cards, at the race-track, and in dissipation, under Lowther's guidance.

Roderick Lowther, the elder brother of Harcourt Lowther, and much like him in appearance and character, prepossessing, cool, calculating and unscrupulous—a member of the *corps diplomatique* at Belgium—returns to England on a three months' leave of absence, and becomes domiciled with Harcourt. He announces his intention of seeking a good pecuniary match and marrying to secure the approval of an old maiden aunt, whose fortune he expects to inherit. He soon fathoms his brother's schemes, promises his assistance in their furtherance, and asks Harcourt to aid his own. He is introduced into the house of Mrs. Tredethlyn, and there meets Miss Grunderson, a young lady of ordinary appearance and intellect, but an heiress.

Roderick at once perceives that the most feasible way to make an impression upon Miss Grunderson, (who has frequently been courted for her wealth, and is somewhat suspicious of motives,) is to appear eminently disinterested, and rather skeptical, withal, relative to the desirableness of the matrimonial condition. Pursuing this line of policy, he is successful. He next visits his aunt to propitiate her favor. Harcourt Lowther finds Tredethlyn no longer a willing instrument in his hands, but discovers a clue to the mystery that so long has baffled him, in a tradesman's bill for goods and furniture supplied at Brook Cottage, Petersham, the bill having been carelessly left by Tredethlyn in his study.

A pleasure party, consisting of Harcourt Lowther, Mrs. Tredethlyn, Roderick Lowther, Rosa Grunderson and Julia Desmond visit Petersham; Harcourt contrives to give the party a view of Francis Tredethlyn in company with a woman seated very lovingly "under a mulberry tree" near a cottage; he intimates that he has made a discovery which causes him the worst apprehensions.

Mrs. Tredethlyn, agitated and angry, demands the name of her husband's companion. He protests his inability to inform her; accuses Tredethlyn of infidelity; refers to their own former happiness, and regrets her present unfortunate situation, a fate which, he declares sadly, he has been unable to avert, Francis having, despite his counsel, given himself up to dissipation. She thanks him for his frankness, and accepts his statements as true.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROSA'S REVELATION'S.

AFTER this there was no more said between Harcourt Lowther and Mrs. Tredethlyn upon the subject of her husband's delinquencies. They walked slowly back to the stile, where Julia was sitting as patiently as if she had been that monumental patience of whom the poet had told us. There is something wonderfully expressive in natural pantomime; and Miss Desmond, sitting on that rustic stile, tracing figures from Euclid on the dusty pathway under her feet, with the ivory point of her parasol, had yet contrived to keep a sharp watch upon those two people on the other side of the meadow, and to form a tolerably clear idea as to the gist of their conversation.

"Julia, dear," Maude said, wearily, as they walked to the riverside, "would you mind going back to town as soon as we can get to the carriage? I have such an intolerable headache that I'm sure I shall be quite unfit to dine with papa."

Of course Julia declared that dining in London, or at the Cedars, was equally indifferent to her. It was very often her humor to affect the dull, characterless manner of a paid dependent; and it was her humor to do so just now.

"I am afraid Mr. Lowther and I have kept you waiting an unconscionable time," said Maude, looking at her watch.

"Not at all," replied Miss Desmond; "I rather like waiting."

Roderick Lowther and Miss Grunderson were loitering at the little landing-stage; the young lady's showy draperies looking pre-Raffaelite in the sharp edges which she exhibited against the hot blue sky.

"Oh, you darling Mrs. Tredethlyn!" exclaimed Rosa; "I thought you never were coming. If your 'pa is half as particular about his dinner as mine is, won't he be cross with us all? Its close upon seven o'clock!"

Maude looked piteously at Harcourt Lowther. He understood that appealing glance.

"I have given Mrs. Tredethlyn a violent headache, by putting her in an awningless boat under a broiling sun," he said, "and then beguiling her into a fatiguing walk, and I deserve to be horsewhipped for my stupidity. If you have any regard for your friend's health, Miss Grunderson, you will forego the pleasure of dining with Mr. Hillary, and get her home as quietly as you can."

Rosa Grunderson might be silly, but she was by no means stupid; and, looking at Maude's ashen face, she saw that something more than a headache had caused the change in her friend. She saw this, and that vague distrust which she felt about the brother of the man she adored shaped itself into a positive dislike.

"That Mr. Lowther has been saying something to annoy her," thought Miss Grunderson; "and I hate him. What business has he to be always dancing attendance upon her instead of her husband? And now he's not content with getting her talked about, so he must needs go and make her unhappy, poor darling!"

Thus mused the meditative Rosa, while Roderick Lowther rowed her homeward over the placid water. The diplomatist's fascinations were almost thrown away upon her during this brief journey from Richmond to the Cedars, although he had progressed so far in Miss Grunderson's affections, during a leisurely promenade on the terrace, that he had serious thoughts of calling on Grunderson *père*, within the week, to make a formal offer for the young lady's hand and fortune.

"I have no idea of wasting my time and trouble upon the girl, to find myself thrown out at the last moment by an impracticable parent," thought Roderick, as he shot through the water with that long, deliberate stroke, for which the Oxonians are celebrated. "I must know exactly where I am, before I devote myself to the plump Rosa. There must be no nonsense about settlements, and so forth. I won't have any legal brick wall and *chevaux de frise* between me and my wife's fortune. A man doesn't quarter a cabbage with the arms of the oldest untitled family in Hampshire without getting well paid for the humiliation. I must understand what I'm going in for, when I propose to my charming Rosa."

Lionel Hillary was in the drawing-room when the water-party returned to the Cedars; but he accepted his daughter's assurance that she was too tired and too ill to dine with him, and escorted her to her carriage as soon as it was ready for her. Maude was quite composed now, and there was no suspicion of the truth aroused in the merchant's mind when he kissed her, and bade her good-by.

"It was foolish of you to go on the water in the hottest part of the day, darling," he said; "and I'm afraid you're going out a little too much in town; but the season will soon be over, and I suppose you will soon be leaving London."

Mrs. Tredethlyn murmured something unintelligible, and the barouche rolled away. She saw her father and the two Lowthers, standing on the broad stone steps, dimly through a mist, athwart which the group seemed only a confusion of familiar faces and dark garments, and then she found herself driving Londonward through the still evening, with Julia by her side and Rosa'a anxious face opposite to her.

She accepted unquestioningly all that Harcourt Lowther had told her. Her husband was false to her. There was so much in Francis Tredethlyn's life since since his marriage which seemed an evidence of his accuser's truth. And then Harcourt had not wished to accuse. The cruel revelation had been extorted from him. No trouble that Maude had ever yet endured had been so bitter as that which had come upon her to-day—the shame, the humiliation, the unutterable horror of that discovery, made in the summer sunshine, amidst the perfume of flowers, the joyous caroling of a skylark, high up in the warm, blue sky. She did not love her husband, and the agony which gnawed her breast during this homeward journey was the sharp pang which belongs to to wounded pride rather than to betrayed affection. At least this was what she said to herself, as she remembered, with an angry flush upon her brow, those sneering remarks of Mr. Lowther's about her love for such a man as Francis Tredethlyn.

"I do believe he loved me once, let Harcourt Lowther say what he will, and he was nobly generous to my father; and now he deserts me altogether, and devotes himself to some horrible woman!" thought Mrs. Tredethlyn, whose ideas were not particularly sequential this evening.

She meditated upon so much as she knew of the life that Francis had led since the close of his honeymoon. His late hours, his frequent absences, all seemed to confirm Harcourt's account of dissipated habits and degraded tastes.

Yes, everything combined to prove the miserable truth; She was a neglected wife, abandoned by the man who had once seemed the veriest slave that ever bowed beneath the supreme dominion of love. She remembered what he had been, or what she had believed him to be, and was all the more indignant with him for the discoveries of the day. Rosa Grunderson, anxiously wathing Mrs. Tredethlyn in the twilight, wondered that so dark a cloud could overshadow the fair face of her friend.

"It must be something very dreadful," thought Rosa; "but whatever it is, that Mr. Lowther is at the bottom of it. If Roderick does propose—which I've every reason to think he will, from the way he conducted himself on the terrace—and he and 'pa can come to any arrangement about me, I won't have much to do with my brother-in-law, that's certain, for I hate him. But, I dare say, those horrid ground-rents will always stand in the way of my being married to anybody but a Rothschild; and Rotbschilds don't trouble themselves about ground-rents."

The drive from Twickenbam to Stuccoville is not a very long one, and Mrs. Tredethlyn's bays got over the ground at a pace that did credit to the judgment of Mr. Lowther who had chosen the animals for his friend. It was nearly nine o'clock when the barouche drew up before the Doric colonnade which imparted a funereal darkness to Maude's dining-room; and before the three ladies could alight, a handsome cab dashed up to the curbstone, a pair of slamming doors were flung open, and Francis Tredethlyn sprang out upon the pavement.

His wife's face flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale. She turned to Rosa Grunderson, and murmured in faint, broken accents:

"Will you dine with us, Rosa, or shall Martin drive you home?"

"Thank you, darling," Miss Grunderson answered promptly; "I think I'll come in for just a few moments. Pa will have gone to the Bell and—to his club by this time," added Rosa, whose parent was wont to pass his evenings in the parlor of a very respectable tavern in the Brompton road, where he and several other worthies assembled nightly to discuss the affairs of the nation amidst the fumes of their cigars, the primitive clay being strictly tabooed in that select little coterie.

Maude alighted and entered the hall. Francis had handed her from the carriage, and followed her into the house. He threw away his cigar as he stepped into the hall, and approached his wife, radiant with good spirits and perfumed with tobacco.

"I'm so glad you've come," he said. "I thought you were going to dine with the Governor. and that I should have to sit in that dreary room all by myself, with only Landseer's staghounds to keep me company; though if half the people one calls company were as much alive as they are, a dinner party wouldn't be such a dismal business as it is. Of course you haven't dined: no more have I; and unfortunately there doesn't seem to be any dinner," added Mr. Tredethlyn, as he opened the door and looked into the dining-room, where the table was blank and ghastly under a faint glimmer of gas. "No one was expected, I suppose? However, they can get us something. Geoffreys, just see about dinner, will you? How do you do, Miss Grunderson? I dare say you're hungry after your drive. Are you going up-stairs, Maude?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Tredethlyn. The syllable had a startling effect as it fell from her lips, like one solitary drop of hail falling suddenly on a summer day.

"I am going up-stairs," said Miss Desmond, confidentially, to Rosa; "will you come with me, and take off your things?"

"No, thanks, dear," answered Miss Grunderson, who would have endured tortures rather than say "thank you," when fashion required that she should say "thanks." "I don't think I will take off my things. Mrs. Tredethlyn doesn't seem very well; and it's almost too late for dinner; so I think I'll just go up to the morning-room, and rest for a few minutes before I go home. The carriage needn't be kept, you know, please," added Miss Grunderson, to a male domestic hovering in the shadowy depths of the hall: "for I can have a cab fetched when I want to go.

Mr. Tredethlyn had followed his wife to the drawing-rooms; and the two girls standing at the foot of the staircase heard one of the doors close with a sonorous bang.

Miss Desmond went upstairs, and Miss Grunderson followed slowly. The morning-room of which Rosa had spoken was on the second floor; but the young lady did not go any further than the first landing-place. The door of the front drawing-room was closed, but the door of the back drawing-room stood wide open; and peering into the lighted apartment, Rosa saw that it was quite empty. She paused for a moment, looked about her, and then went quietly into the back drawing room, and closed the door very softly behind her.

Francis Tredethlyn followed his wife to the drawing-room because that one frozen syllable, together with the strange expression of her face, had been quite enough to tell him that something was wrong. This husband and this wife had never quarreled. There had been between them none of those little stormy passages which are apt to interrupt the serenity of the best-regulated households; and the Cornishman's heart turned cold with the thought that anything like ill-feeling could arise between himself and Maude. The altered expression of her face boded so much; and yet what could arise to displease her, when he was nothing but her devoted slave, ready to obey her commands, willing to lay down his very life for her pleasure?

"Maude," he said, as he closed the drawing-room door; "you speak to me and look at me as if you were offended. And yet I have no consciousness of having done anything to displease you."

Mrs. Tredethlyn looked at her husband with supreme contempt; not the cool scorn which is akin to indifference, but rather a passionate disdainfulness. Taking into consideration the fact that Maude did not care for her husband, all this feminine rage seemed a sad waste of feeling.

"Do not add hypocrisy to the wrong that you have done me," said Mrs. Tredethlyn. "I have been most cruelly awakened this day to a knowledge of the life you have been leading ever since our marriage. I cannot speak of this subject; it is too horrible; I think the words would choke me. I thought that I should have been able to write what I had to tell you; but since I have been so unfortunate as to meet you, I may as well say with my own lips what I meant to have said in a letter. It is very little. I have only to tell you that from this moment we must be strangers to each other. After my discoveries of to-day, I should consider myself a base and degraded creature if I ever suffered your hand to touch mine in friendship again. The obligation of my father's debt to you must rest upon him henceforward, and not upon me."

"But, Maude, explain yourself!—your discovery of to-day, you say! What discovery?"

"Your affectation of unconsciousness is a deeper insult than your— No, I will not discuss this subject with you!" cried Maude, passionately. "It is shameful—it is cruel—that I should have been wronged so basely, when I trusted you so completely. Do not speak to me; do not touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking away from him with a shudder; "your presence inspires me with disgust and abhorrence. Why do you make any poor pretence of inhabiting this house, which has only afforded you an ostensible shelter, while your amusements and your friends have been found elsewhere? I set you free from this hour, Mr. Tredethlyn. Seek for happiness, after your own fashion; where you please. I have nothing more to say to you."

She swept from the room before her husband could arrest her. Unspeakably bewildered by her passionate words, which were almost meaningless to him, Francis Tredethlyn stood motionless as a statue a few paces from the doorway by which his wife had just left him. He was standing thus when the voluminous curtains which were drawn across the archway between the drawing-rooms were cautiously divided, and a plump little figure in blue muslin appeared among the amber drapery. The Cornishman heard the rustling, and turned abruptly toward the portiere.

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Grunderson; "it's me; no, it's I! but, goodness gracious! what does it matter about grammar, when there's so much trouble in the world?—yes, and I've been listening," continued the young lady, answering Mr. Tredethlyn's inquiring stare; "and I know that listening in a general way is considered mean; but I think the amount of 'pa's ground-rents ought to exempt me from any imputation of meanness. If I didn't love that sweet lamb so dearly; and if I hadn't a very sincere regard for you, Mr. Tredethlyn—having come into money suddenly myself, and knowing how trying it is to carry it off carelessly, and not look as if one was always conscious of being richer than other people; if I didn't—in short, I shouldn't have stopped behind those curtains, and run the risk of being considered a sneak and a listener. But do say that you forgive me, please, and believe that I meant it for the best?" pleaded Rosa, whose diction was apt to become rather obscure under the influence of excitement.

"What, in Heaven's name, does it all mean, Miss Grunderson?" asked Francis, piteously.

He was ready to cling to the frailest spar by which he might float on the wide ocean of perplexity, whose billows had so suddenly encompassed him.

"Goodness gracious knows—I don't any more than the dead, though if there is anything in drawing-tables balancing themselves on tiptoe, and greatcoats flying about the room like awkward birds, the dead may know more than we give them credit for," exclaimed the lively Rosa, without a single stop; "but it's very certain there is something wrong, and whatever it is, that Mr. Lowther is at the bottom of it."

"Harcourt Lowther?"

"Yes. My 'pa hears a great deal of gossip at the Bell and —at clubs, and such places; and he always tell me everything he hears. And oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, if you knew how long I have wished to speak my mind to you, I am sure you would forgive me for listening just now."

"My dear Miss Grunderson, what could you have to say to me?" asked the bewildered Cornishman.

"Oh, lots of things. But then you know the grand maxim in society is that you mustn't speak your mind. It's like that Latin person's rule of "nil thingamy;" you mustn't admire anything, you know, and so on. And one must unlearn all one's catechism, about loving one's neighbor as one's self, and doing unto others as one would they should—which always reminds me of a winter Sunday afternoon at school and broken chilblains, because one did break while I was saying it. And you see in society the thing is to let your neighbor go his way, and to go yours, and to say, 'Bless my soul! exactly as I anticipated; paw creatchaw!' if your neighbor tumbles over a precipice, from which it would be the very worst of bad manners to hold him back; and in society, if you saw the good Samaritan—no, the other person—lying wounded in the road, it would be a dreadful incon—what's its name?—to pick him up and take him to an inn and pay for his lodging, because he might call you to account for your impertinent officiousness as soon as he got well. So, though I've been bursting to speak my mind almost ever since I've known you, Mr. Tredethlyn, I've held my tongue until to-night; but to-night the climax has come, and I must speak. Oh, you poor dear thing!" cried Rosa, in a sudden outburst of sympathy, "how you and your wife have been talked about!"

"Talked about!—by whom, when and where?"

"By everybody, always, everywhere. You don't know—though you ought to know, if you ever listened to what was going on around you—how people do talk. They've talked about your dissipation, the hours you have kept, the places you have been seen at, the people you have been seen with; about your coming home in hansom cabs in the middle of the night; and I think if quieter vehicles could be invented for people who stay out late, or at least the doors made to open differently, there wouldn't be so much scandal. They've talked about your getting tipsy!" exclaimed Rosa, shaking her head solemnly, and laying a tremendous stress upon the obnoxious word; "and they've said you were drinking yourself into an early grave, and that Harcourt Lowther was leading you on to your death, in order that he might marry your wife afterward."

"Harcourt lead me—to my death—and—marry Maude! Oh, no, no, no; it is too horrible!" gasped Francis, staring at Miss Grunderson, with his head clasped in his hands, and big beads of perspiration upon his brow.

"I know it is," answered Rosa; "but they say it; and you must own it was not a wise thing for you to be so very intimate with a man who was engaged to your wife before you married her."

"Engaged to my wife! Who was engaged to my wife?"

"Why, Harcourt Lowther, of course! Did you not know all about it?"

"No; so help me Heaven!"

Miss Grunderson looked very grave. All that she had said had been spoken in perfect good faith; but, all at once, she began to see that mischief might come of this free utterance of her thoughts.

"I thought you knew it," she stammered, in considerable confusion, "or I'm sure I should never have said a word about—"

"How did you come to know it?" asked Francis, turning fiercely upon the terrified Rosa.

"Miss Desmond told me."

"It is a lie, a malicious lie, invented by Julia Desmond!"

"I dare say it is something in the way of a story," responded Miss Grunderson, who was very anxious to extinguish the sudden conflagration which her unconscious hand had fired; "people do tell such stories, you know; not that I think Miss Desmond would speak so positively unless —but I'm sure if Mrs. Tredethlyn was ever engaged to Mr. Lowther, she had quite forgotten him when she married you; only, if it is so, I don't think it was quite honorable of him to be so friendly with you without telling you all about it."

Thus Miss Grunderson—floundering helplessly in a conversational quagmire—endeavored to undo any mischief which her indiscretion might have made. But Francis was not listening to her; he was thinking of all his life during the last year, and a host of trifling circumstances recurred to his mind, in evidence against the wife he had loved and the friend he had trusted.

"Yes," he thought, as he sank moodily down into the nearest chair, and covered his face with his hands, as heedless of Miss Grunderson's presence as if that young lady had been one of her father's cabbages; "yes, it is no lie of Julia Desmond's. A hundred recollections arise in my mind to bear witness to its truth. Maude's confession about the some one whom she had loved, but whose poverty was a hindrance to a marriage with her; Harcourt Lowther's letters from that beautiful heiress, whose father's wealth stood between him and happiness. I knew that they had known each other before he sailed for Van Diemen's Land; but I believed him implicitly when he told me casually one day that they had never been more than the most indifferent acquaintances. He had a careless, half-contemptuous way of talking of my wife that galled me to the quick, and that I have sometimes resented. Fool and dupe that I was! That affected cynicism, that pretended indifference, was only a part of his scheme. He loved her all the time; and while with one hand he pushed me away from her into the drunken orgies that only kill a little more slowly than the secret doses of the assassin, with the other he held fast the chain that bound him to her; waiting till he should be able to say. 'You are free, and I claim the fulfillment of your broken promise. You are enriched by the poor dupe who loved you, and poverty need separate us no longer.' O God of heaven! what a fool I have been; and how clearly I can see my folly, now when it is too late! False wife, false friend! so deeply, fondly loved, so blindly trusted. I can remember my wife's face the day she spoke to me of Harcourt Lowther. Has she been in the base plot against me? No, I will not believe it. If I have been this man's blind dupe, his helpless tool, she may have been as blind, as helpless as myself. O God, give me strength to trust her still, for my heart must break if she is base and cruel!"

A man's ideas are not apt to arrange themselves very consecutively at such a time; but it was something after this fashion that Francis Tredethlyn reflected upon his friend's treachery, while Rosa stood by watching him very anxiously, with that fiery eagerness which prompted her to speak her mind considerably cooled down by the aspect of her companion's distress.

"Miss Grunderson," said Francis, presently, "whatever the world may have said against Harcourt Lowther, it is a false and lying world if it ever slandered the goodness and purity of my wife."

"I know that," answered Rosa, becoming energetic once more; "for of all the sweet darlings that ever were, she's the sweetest and the dearest. And how should she know that people made nasty disagreeable remarks about Mr. Lowther's always happening to go to the parties she went to, and calling here oftener than other people, and so on—"

"He went to parties!" cried Francis. "He told me that he hated parties; that he scarcely went anywhere."

"Ah, but he did, though; and it has been his flirting way —not the things he has said, you know; but his way of saying them; his ompressmong, you know, that has caused those ill-natured remarks about Mrs. Tredethlyn. Nothing sets people talking like ompressmong.

Francis did not answer. Little by little the mists cleared away from his mental vision; and he saw that Harcourt Lowther had been from first to last the subtilest schemer who ever plotted the ruin of an honest blockhead. It had needed Miss Grunderson's *ad-captandum* assertion to let sudden light into the cavernous depths of the deepest pitfall that ever treachery dug under the ignorant footsteps of its victim. Francis remembered all the bitter ridicule, the sneering compassion, that Harcourt Lowther had heaped upon the respectable world, from which he held his dupe aloof, while he plunged him to the very lips in the dissipations of Bohemia. By this means he had effected as complete a separation between the husband and wife as if the same roof had ceased to shelter them.

"I had thought—when my tempter gave me time to think —that it was Maude's coldness alone which separated us; but I know now that it was the schemer's work from first to last. She did not love me—O Heaven—she loved him perhaps: but I might have had some little chance of winning her love if I had remained at her feet—her slave, her worshiper; but he has held me away from her, and now she abhors me. She has no feeling but disgust and disdain for

the wretch who has abandoned her to waste his days on a race-course, his nights in the drunken orgies of a gaming-house."

Francis Tredethlyn sat with his face hidden in his hands, thinking of his folly, and hating himself for it. Why had he given himself up body and soul into the power of Harcourt Lowther? why had he been so poor a dupe in the toils of this man? It was not that he had entertained any special regard for the gentleman who had pretended to be his friend. In Van Diemau's Land he had often good reason to despise the peevish grumbler, the selfish Sybarite; and yet for the last year he had taken the man's dictum upon every subject, even that one vital question on which the happiness of his life depended. Why had he trusted so blindly; why had he submitted so slavishly to follow the guiding-strings that led him into places where he found no pleasure, among people who inspired him with disgust?

Little by little the answers to these questions shaped themselves in Francis Tredethlyn's mind; and he saw that his uncle Oliver's hoarded wealth had been at the root of all his misery. The wealth which had lifted him suddenly into a world which had been strange to him; the wealth which had made him the mark of every schemer; the wealth which had won him the hand of the woman whose heart could never have been won by his true and honest love. Adrift in that strange world, the man who had kept his name unsullied, his soul untainted, his head erect before the faces of his fellow-men, while his pockets were empty, and his very existence dependent upon the day's work that earned him a day's food, found himself all at once the most helpless creature that had floated at the mercy of the winds and waves upon a trackless ocean; and he had been very glad to grasp the first rope that was thrown out to him in all friendly seeming to guide him safely to the shore. His ignorance had flung him, unarmed and powerless, into Harcourt Lowther's arms; and the man to whom he had felt himself superior while blacking his boots and obeying his orders out in Van Diemen's Land, became all at once, indeed, the master, to work his own will with that most helpless of all creatures, an uneducated millionaire.

"If I had a son," thought Francis Tredethlyn—and a faint thrill was stirred in his breast by the mere hypothesis—"I should send him to school before I sent him out into the world. Yet I, who am as ignorant as a baby of the world in which I live, have plunged recklessly into its vortex, expecting to emerge unhurt. My own folly is the cause of my destruction. And yet I might have met with an honest friend; I might have had a loving wife."

"A loving wife!" Ah, how the poor faithful heart ached as Francis though this! A man's fireside is the same peaceful sanctuary, whether the hearth is gorgeous with encaustic tiles and an Axminster rug, or poorly covered with a scrap of faded Kidderminster, in some humble chamber where the fire-light glimmers on the dell platters that adorn a cottage-dresser.

"If Maude had loved me," Francis argued, brooding moodily upon his wrongs, "my money need have brought me no misery; my ignorance would have brought me into no danger. Her voice would have regulated my life; her counsel would have been my law. And it would have been very hard if the companionship of a lady had not in time transformed me into a gentleman. But what are the people with whom I have herded since my marriage—the acquaintances whom Harcourt Lowther has chosen for me? What! pshaw! why do I stop to think of all this? She never loved me. I should have tried to win her love if he had left me to do so. I might have failed then as miserably as I have failed now."

He groaned aloud as he thought this, and startled Miss Grundersou, who was sitting at a respectful distance from him, folding and unfolding her parasol, and wondering why she had got into this galere, and how she was to get out of it; and registering a mental vow that she would never again be tempted by her recollection of her duty to her neighbor to depart from the manners and customs of polite society. But to her relief Francis looked up presently, and addressed her.

"I thank you heartily for having spoken so frankly to me," he said: "it is only right that I should be acquainted with the common talk about the man whose hand I have clasped in friendship almost every day for the last twelve months. But I hope you will believe that, whatever Mr. Lowther may or may not be, my wife is good and pure, and worthy of the warmest affection you can feel for her. Your warmth of feeling has touched me deeply, Miss Grunderson. I have been living in so false an atmosphere lately, that I must be dull indeed if I were not affected by your friendly candor. If—if anything should happen to separate Maude and me, I should be very glad to think she had such a friend as you. And—if ever you saw her trusting as I have trusted, in the truth and honor of Harcoart Lowther, you would stand between her and that dangerous adviser, that false friend—would you not, Miss Grunderson?"

"I would," answered Rosa, valiantly; "I should speak my mind to her and to Mr. Lowther into the bargain, as candidly as I have spoken it to you to-night."

"I believe you would," said Francis; "and now, my dear, God bless you! and good-night."

He held out both his hands and clasped Rosa's pudgy little paws in a brief grasp, and then strode past her on his way toward the door.

"You are not going out to-night, are you, Mr. Tredethlyn?" she asked, anxiously; "it is so very late."

Poor little Rosa was rather alarmed by that resolute stride toward the door, which might only be the first step in some ghastly vengeance to be taken upon Harcourt Lowther by the stalwart Cornishman.

"I shouldn't like to have his blood upon my head, though I hate and despise him," thought Miss Grunderson; "for in these days of spirit-rapping, there's no knowing how he might spite himself upon me. I might have him tilting and tiptoeing every table I ever sat down to."

"I'm only going to my room to write a letter," answered Mr. Tredethlyn; "shall I order my wife's carriage for you?"

"No, thank you; as our house is so near, I think I'll ask one of your servants to see me home," replied Rosa, who had no idea of leaving the ground just yet. "I'll run up to Mrs. Tredethlyn's room and say good-by. Shall I take her any message from you?"

"None, thank you; good-night."

"Good-night."

Rosa left him still standing in the drawing-room. The spacious and grandiose apartment, in all of whose costly adornment—from the pictures on the walls to the Louis-Seize snuff-boxes and lapis-lazuli bonboniéres, and all the expensive frivolties so lavishly scattered on the tables—there was no single object which had been chosen with any reference to his taste, with any thoughts of his comfort or pleasure. No exquiste joys of "picking-up;" no delicious bargaining with dirty brokers in the purlieus of Holborn; no evening excursions, treasure-hunting, among dingy byways, where remnants of choice old china lurk sometimes, unrecognized and unvalued amongst the rabbish in a dimly-lighted shop window; none of the pleasant struggles, the proud triumphs, which attend the collection of Poverty's art and virtu, had attended the decoration of this splendid chamber. The Cornishman had given carte blauche to his friend, and had not remembered five minutes after writing them—in favor of a celebrated dealer in Bond street, and an upholsterer in Oxford street; and that was all. He smiled bitterly now as he paused to look round the room before he left it—perhaps forever.

"And this has been my home," he thought. "Home! Better to sit by my uncle Oliver's miserly fire, in the dreary house on the Cornish moors, than to loll in one of those yellow-satin chairs, playing at ball with a gold snuff-box, and watching the traitor whom I have trusted talking to my wife!"

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All letters for this department should be addressed to Mr. Mark Twain, who has been detailed from the editorial staff to conduct it.]

Inquirer, *Sacramento*.—At your request I have been down and walked under and around and about the grand, gaudy and peculiar

INDEPENDENCE ARCH

which rears its awful form at the conjunction of Montgomery and California streets, and have taken such notes as may enable me to describe it to you and tell you what I think of it. [N. B. I am writing this on Monday, the day preceding the Glorious Fourth.] My friend, I have seen arch-traitors and arch-deacons and architects, and archæologists, and archetypes, and arch-bishops, and, in fact, nearly all kinds of arches, but I give you the word of an honest man that I never saw an arch like this before. I desire to see one more like it and then die. I am the more anxious in this respect because it is not likely that I shall ever get a chance to see one like it in the next world, for something tells me that there is not such an arch as this in any of the seven heavens, and there certainly cannot be anything half as gay in the other place.

I am calling this *one* arch all the time, but in reality it is a cluster of four arches; when you pass up Montgomery street you pass under two of them, and when you pass up California street you pass under the other two. These arches spring from the tops of four huge square wooden pillars which are about fifteen or twenty feet high and painted with dull, dead, blue mud or blue-mass, or something of that kind. Projecting from each face of these sombre columns are bunches of cheap flags adorned with tin spear-heads. The contrast between the dark melancholy blue of the pillars and the gorgeous dyes of the flags is striking and picturesque. The arches reach as high as the eaves of an ordinary three-story house, and they are wide in proportion, the pillars standing nearly the width of the street apart. A flagstaff surmounts each of the pillars. The Montgomery street arches are faced with white canvas, upon which is inscribed the names of the several States in strong black paint; as there is a "slather" of gory red and a "slather" of ghostly white on each side of these black names, a cheerful barber-pole contrast is here presented. The broad tops of the arches are covered (in the barber-pole style, also, which seems to have been the groundwork of this fine conception,) with alternate patches of white and sickly pink cotton, and these patches having a wrinkled and disorderly appearance, remind me unpleasantly of a shirt I "done up" once in the Humboldt country, beyond the Sierras. The general effect of this open, airy, summer-house combination of arches, with its splashes and dashes of blue and red and pink and white, is intensely streaky and stripy; and altogether, if the colossal bird-cage were only "weatherboarded" it would just come up to one's notion of what a grand metropolitan barber-shop ought to be. Or if it were glazed it would be a neat thing in the way of a show-lamp to set up before a Brobdignag theatre. Surmounting the centres of two of the arches—those facing up and down Montgomery street—are large medallion portraits of Lincoln and Washington—daubs—apparently executed in whitewash, mud and brick-dast, with a mop. In these, also, the barber-shop ground-plan is still adhered to with a discriminating and sensitive regard to consistency; Washington is clean-shaved, but he is not done getting shampooed yet; his white hair is foamy with lather, and his countenance bears the expectant aspect of a man who knows that the cleansing shower-bath is about to fall. Good old Father Abe, whose pictured face, heretofore, was always serious, but never unhappy, looks positively worn and dejected and tired out, in the medallion—has exactly the expression of one who has been waiting a long time to get shaved and there are thirteen ahead of him yet. I cannot help admiring how the eternal fitness of things has been preserved in the execution of these portraits. To one who delights in "the unities" of art, could anything be more ravishing than the appropriate appearance and expression of the two countenances, overtopped as they are by sheaves of striped flags and surrounded on all sides by the glaring, tinted bars that symbol the barber's profession? I believe I have nothing left to describe in connection with the two arches which span Montgomery street. However, upon second thought, I forgot to mention that over each of the two sets of portraits stoops a monstrous painted eagle, with wings uplifted over his back, neck stretched forward, beak parted, and eager eye, as if he were on the very point of grabbing a savory morsel of some kind—an imaginary customer of the barber-shop, maybe.

The arch which fronts up California street is faced with white canvas, prominently sewed together in squares, and upon this broad white streak is inscribed in large, plain, black, "horse-type," this inscription:

"Honor to the Founders and saviours of the Republic."

For some unexplained reason, the "Founders" of the Republic are aggrandized with a capital "F," and the equally meritorious Saviors of it snubbed with a small "s." True, they gave the Saviors a "u"—a letter more than is recommended by Webster's dictionary—but I consider that a lame apology and an illiberal and inadequate compensation for "nipping" their capital S. The centre-piece of this arch consists of an exceedingly happy caricature of the coat-of-arms of California, done in rude imitation of fresco. The female figure is a placid, portly, straight-haired squaw in complete armor, sitting on a recumbent hog, and so absorbed in contemplation of the cobble-stones that she does not observe that she has got her sack of turnips by the wrong end, and that dozens of them are rolling out at the other; neither does she observe that the hog has seized the largest turnip and has got it in his mouth; neither does she observe that her great weight is making it mighty uncomfortable for the hog; she does not notice that she is mashing the breath out of him and making his eyes bulge out with a most agonized expression—nor that it is as much as he can do to hold on to his turnip. There is nothing magnanimous in this picture. Any true-hearted American woman, with the kindly charity and the tenderness that are inseparable from the character, would get up for a minute and give the hog a chance to eat his turnip in peace.

The centre-piece of the opposite arch is a copy of the one just described, except that the woman is a trifle heavier, and of course the distress of the hog is aggravated in a corresponding degree. The motto is—

"Mine Eyes have seen the Glory of the coming of the Lord."

This is an entirely abstract proposition, and does not refer to the surrounding splendors of the situation.

I have now described the arch of which you have heard such glowing accounts (set afloat in the first place by incendiary daily prints, no doubt,) and have thus satisfied your first request. Your second—that I would tell you what I think of it, can be done in a few words. It cost $3,000, and I think it cost a great deal too much, considering the unhappy result attained. I think the taste displayed was very bad—I might even say barbarous, only the tone of some of my preceding paragraphs might lead people to think I was making a pun. If you will notice me you will observe that I never make a pun intentionally—I never do anything like that in cold blood. To proceed—I think the same money expended

with better judgment would have procured a set of handsome, graceful arches which could be re-trimmed and used again, perhaps; but I think these can't, as we have no ferry slips now that require gateways resplendent with cheap magnificence; I think the whole affair was gotten up in too great a hurry to be done well—the committee was appointed too late in the day; I suppose the appointing power did not know sooner that the Fourth of July was coming this year; I think the committee did as well as they could under the circumstances, because a member of it told me so, and he could have no object in deceiving me; I think many people considered the cluster of arches, with their Sunday-school-picnic style of ornamentation, pretty, and took a good deal of pride in the same, and therefore I am glad that this article will not be published until the Fourth has come and gone, for I would be sorry that any remarks of mine should mar the pleasure any individual might otherwise take in that truly extraordinary work of art.

Now you have the arches as they looked before the Fourth—the time when the above paragraphs were written. But I must confess—and I don't do it *very* reluctantly—that on the morning of the Fourth they were greatly improved in appearance. One cause was that innumerable small flags had been mounted on the arches, and hid the broad red and pink patchwork covering of the latter from sight, and another that the fiery colors so prevalent about the structure had been pleasantly relieved by the addition of garlands and festoons of evergreens to the embellishments, and the suspension of a champagne basket of other greens and flowers from the centre of it, chandelier fashion. Also, as by this time 'all Montgomery street was a quivering rainbow of flags, one could not help seeing that the decorations of the arches had to be pretty strong in coloring to keep up any sort of competition with the brilliant surroundings.

As I have disparaged this work of art before it had a chance to put on its best looks, and as I still don't think a great deal of it, I will act fairly by it, and print the other side of the question, so that you can form a just estimate of its merits and demerits by comparing the arguments of the prosecution and defence together. I will re-publish here the opinion entertained of it by the reporter of the *Alta*, one of its most fanatical, and I may even say, rabid admirers. I will go further and endorse a portion of what he says, but not all, by a good deal. I don't endorse the painting "in the highest style of the decorative art," (although it sounds fine—I may say eloquent,) nor the "magnificent basket," either:

"The most noticeable feature of the display on this street was the

GRAND TRIUMPHAL ARCH,

at the intersection of California and Montgomery streets, designed by M. F. Butler, Esq., the architect: erected by A. Snyder; painted, in the highest style of the decorative art, by Hopps & Son; and draped and adorned with flags and flowers by Chas. M. Plum, upholsterer, and A. Barbier, under the management and supervision of a Committee, consisting of John Sime, W. W. Dodge and M. E. Hughes. This arch was one of the chief attractions throughout the day and evening. On Montgomery street, distributed on both north and south sides, were the names of the thirty-six sovereign States of the Union, to each one a separate shield, and the names of the leading Generals of the Revolution, side by side with those of the war for the Union, and on the California street side the names of officers of the Army and Navy, past and present, the face of the arch on the east side bearing the words: 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.' And on the west side: 'Honor to the Founders and Saviors of the Republic.' The centre of both the arches on Montgomery street were ornamented with portraits of Washington and Lincoln, and surmounted with flags beautifully and tastefully grouped. The flags of various nations were also grouped under the base of the arches at the four corners, and the whole structure was hung with evergreens, wreaths and flowers, while a magnificent floral basket hung suspended under the centre of the structure by wreaths depending from the arches. As the procession passed under this arch, the petals of the roses and other flowers were constantly falling upon it in showers as the wreaths swung to and fro in the Summer breeze."

Now for my side again. The following blast is from the *Morning Call*. The general felicity of the thing is to be ascribed to the fact that the reporter listened to some remarks of mine used in the course of a private conversation with another man, and turned them to account as a "local item." He is excusable for taking things from me, though, because I used to take little things from him occasionally when I reported with him on the *Call*:

STRAIGHTENING UP.—The likenesses of "Pater Patriæ," and "Salvator Patræ," on the ornamental (!) barber-shop at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, have been straightened up, and now wear a closer similarity to what might be supposed to represent men of steady habits. While we hold in the most profound veneration the memory of those illustrious men, as well as the day we propose to celebrate, yet we defy any person to look at that triumphal structure, its *blue* pillars and tawdry arches, utterly ignoring architecture and taste—and not laugh.

Now for the other side. The following highly-flavored compliment is also from the *Morning Call*, (same issue as the above extract,) but was written by the chief editor—and editors and reporters will differ in opinion occasionally:

A FINE DISPLAY.—All things promise a fine display to-day, the finest probably that has ever been witnessed in this city. The splendid triumphal arches at the intersection of Montgomery and California streets, will be especial objects of admiration. They were designed by M. F. Butler, Esq., the architect, have been erected under his supervision, and are at once splendid specimens of his artistic skill as well as of the taste of the Committee who chose his designs over all others presented for the occasion. Mr. B. is the pioneer, as well as among the best architects of this State, and this last work, though of a somewhat ephemeral nature, is worthy of the artist who designed and superintended it, and was properly entrusted to one of our oldest citizens as well as one of the most loyal men of the State.

Now for my side. The following is also from the *Call*, (same issue as both the above extracts:)

THAT ARCH.—The following bit of satire, from a correspondent, is pretty severe on the anomalous structure our Committee have designated with the name of triumphal arch: "The grand Patriotic or Union Arch erected at the corner of Montgomery and California streets, is a magnificent affair. I presume it will be retained there for a number of weeks. But isn't there a very important omission about the structure? Erected in commemoration of the Nation's birthday and all its subsequent glories, should not the portrait of the author of the Declaration of Independence crown one of its beautiful arches? '76."

Now for the other side once more. The following is from the *Bulletin*. The concluding portion of the first sentence is time-worn and stereotyped, though, and I don't consider that it ought to count against me. It is always used on such occasions and is never intended to mean anything:

"The triumphal arch which is now being completed under the direction of M. F. Butler, architect, at the junction of California and Montgomery streets, is the most imposing structure of its kind that has ever been erected on this coast. [Here follows a description of it in dry detail.] The arches are beautifully trimmed with evergreens, and the whole structure is to be adorned with a profusion of flags representing all nations, with appropriate mottoes and names of popular Generals scattered here and there among the Stars and Stripes."

And, finally, for my side again. Having this thing all my own way I have decided that I am entitled to the closing argument. The following is from the *American Flag*:

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.—A triumphal arch had been erected at the intersection of California and Montgomery streets, at a cost of $3,000. It consisted of four arches, one fronting and spanning each street, and resting upon four large pillars, thirty feet in height, painted a dingy blue, festooned with flags of various nations, and exhibiting upon each side, painted upon shields the names, two upon each shield of the heroes of 1776 and 1865—Grant, Greene; Sheridan, Montgomery; Dahlgren, Decatur; Dupont, Porter, etc. Near the centre of the arches fronting on Montgomery street, were rather poorly painted portraits, also painted upon a shield, of Washington and Lincoln, surrounded by large spread eagles, and bearing beneath, the initials "W. L;" upon these arches were inscribed upon red and white shields, the names of all the States; the arch facing California street, west, bore the inscription "Honor to the Founders and to the Saviors of the Republic;" and that opposite, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;" and near the centre of both was a picture of a female of rather a lugubrious countenance, seated upon a lion couchant, bearing in her left hand a staff, and upon her head something bearing a striking resemblance to the metalic caps worn by the mail-clad warriors of ancient Greece, all of which, we presume, was intended to represent the "Goddess of Liberty victorious over the British Lion," but as we were unable to read the name of the damsel upon the shield which she held in her right hand, we will not be positive on that point. The whole affair was finely decorated with evergreens, flowers, wreaths, flags, etc., and would have been creditably ornamented, had more taste and skill been displayed in the paintings.

The prosecution "rests" here. And the defense will naturally have to "rest' also, because I have given them all the space I intend to. The case may now go to the jury, and while they are out I will give judgment in favor of the plaintiff. I learned that trick from the Washoe judges, long ago. But it stands to reason that when a thing is so frightfully tawdry and devoid of taste that the *Flag* can't stand it, and when a painting is so diabolical that the *Flag* can't admire it, they must be wretched indeed. Such evidence as this is absolutely damning.

STUDENT OF ETIQUETTE.—Asks: "If I step upon one end of a narrow bridge just at the moment that a mad bull rushes upon the other, which of us is entitled to precedence—which should give way and yield the road to the other?"

I decline to answer—leave it to the bull to decide. I am shrouded in doubts upon the subject, but the bull's mind will probably be perfectly clear. At a first glance it would seem that this "Student of Etiquette" is asking a foolish and unnecessary question, inasmuch as it is one which naturally answers itself—yet his inquiry is no more absurd than a dozen I can find any day gravely asked and as gravely answered in the "Correspondents' Column" of literary papers throughout the country. John Smith meets a beautiful girl on the street and falls in love with her, but as he don't know her name, nor her position in society, nor where she lives, nor in fact anything whatever about her, he sits down and writes these particulars to the *Weekly Literary Bushwhacker*, and gravely asks what steps he ought first to take in laying siege to that girl's affections—and is as gravely answered that he must not waylay her when she is out walking alone, nor write her anonymous notes, nor call upon her unendorsed by her friends, but his first move should be to *procure an introduction in due form*. That editor, with a grand flourish of wisdom, would have said: "Give way to the bull!" I, with greater wisdom, scorn to reply at all. If I were in a sarcastic vein, though, I might decide that it was Smith's privilege to butt the bull off the bridge—if he could. Again—John Jones finds a young lady stuck fast in the mud, but never having been introduced to her, he feels a delicacy about pulling her out, and so he goes off, with many misgivings, and writes to the *Diluted Literary Sangaree* about it, craving advice: he is seriously informed that it was not only his privilege, but his duty, to pull the young lady out of the mud, without the formality of an introduction. Inspired wisdom! He too, would have said: "Back down, and let the bull cross first." William Brown writes to the *Weekly Whangdoodle of Literature and Art* that he is madly in love with the divinest of her sex, but unhappily her affections and her hand are already pledged to another—how must he proceed? With supernatural sagacity the editor arrives at the conclusion that it is Brown's duty, as a Christian and gentleman, to go away and let her alone. Marvelous! He, too, would have said: "Waive etiquette, and let the bull have the bridge." However, we will drop the subject for the present. If these editors choose to go on answering foolish questions in the grandiloquent, oraeular style that seems to afford them so much satisfaction, I suppose it is no business of mine.

MARY, *Rincon School*.—No, you are mistaken—*bilk* is a good dictionary word. True, the newspapers generally enclose it in quotation marks, (thus: "bilk,") which is the usual sign made use of to denote an illegitimate or slang phrase, but as I said before, the dictionaries recognize the word as good, pure English, nevertheless. I perfectly agree with you, however, that there is not an uglier or more inelegant word in any language, and I appreciate the good taste that ignores its use in polite conversation. For your accommodation and instruction, I have been looking up authorities in the Mercantile Library, and beg leave to offer the result of my labors, as follows:

From Webster's Dictionary, edition of 1828.

BILK, *v. t.* [Goth *bilaikan*, to mock or deride. This Gothic word appears to be compound, *bi* and *laikan*, to leap or vault.]

To frustrate or disappoint; to deceive or defraud, by non-fulfillment of engagement; as, to *bilk* a creditor.—*Dryden.*

BILKED, *pp.* Disappointed; deceived; defrauded.

From Walker's Dictionary.

BILK, *v. a.* To cheat; to deceive.

From Wright's Universal Pronouncing Dictionary.

BILK. To deceive; to defraud.

From Worcester's Dictionary.

BILK, *v. a.* [Goth. *bi-laikan.*] To scoff; to deride; to defraud.

"But be sure says he, don't you *bilk* me."—*Spectator.*

From Spiers and Surenne's French Pronouncing Dictionary.

BILK, *v. a.* 1, *frustrer*; 2, (argot,) *flouer* (escroquer, duper.)

From Adler's German and English Dictionary.

TO BILK, *v. a.* Schnellen, prellen, betragen, im Stiche lassen (besonders um die [mit der] Bezahlung;) *joc.* einen Husaren machen.

From Seoane's Spanish Dictionary.

TO BILK. Enganar, defraudar, pegarla, chasquear, no pagar lo que se debe.

From Johnson's Dictionary.

TO BILK, *v. a.* [Derived by Mr. Lye from the Gothick *bilaican.*] To cheat, to defraud, by running in debt and avoiding payment.

"*Bilk'd* stationers for yeomen stood prepared."—*Dryden.*

"What comedy, what farce can more delight,
Than grinning hunger and the pleasing sight
Of your *bilk'd* hopes?"—*Dryden.*

From Richardson's Dictionary.

BILK. Mr. Gifford says: "Bilk seems to have become a cant word about this (Ben. Jonson's) time, for the use of it is ridiculed by others, as well as Jonson. It is thus explained in Cole's English Dictionary: 'Bilk, nothing; also to deceive.'" Lye, from the Goth. *Bilaikan*, which properly signifies *insultando illudere*. To cheat, to defraud, to elude.

Tub. Heo will ha' the last word, though he take *bilke* for't.
Hugh. Bilke? what's that?
Tub. Why, nothing, a word signifying nothing; and borrowed here to express nothing.—*B. Jonson, Tale of a Tub, Act* 1. *sc.* 1.

(He) was then ordered to get into the coach, or behind it, for that he wanted no instructors; but be sure, you dog you, says he, don't you *bilk* me. *Spectator, No.* 498.

Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the bard should make his bow
At coming in, and every now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
—*Churchill. Independence.*

The tabooed word "bilk," then, is more than two hundred years old, for Jonson wrote the "Tale of a Tub" in his old age—say about the year 1630—and you observe that Mr. Gifford says it "seems to have become a cant word in Jonson's time." It must have risen above its vulgar position and become a legitimate phrase afterwards, though, else it would not have been uniformly printed in dictionaries without protest or explanation, almost from Jonson's time down to our own—for I find it thus printed in the very latest edition of Webster's Unabridged. Still, two centuries of toleration have not been able to make it popular, and I think you had better reflect awhile before you decide to write to Augustus that he is a bilk.

PIONEERS.—This society, after the dismissal of the procession on the Fourth, held their accustomed social re-union, with more than their accustomed sociality, speeches, wit and wine. The annual election of officers for the ensuing year was held last night, but we are not able to state the result.

DOWN.

(April, 1865.)

YARD-ARM to yard-arm we lie
Alongside the Ship of Hell;
And still through the sulphury sky,
The terrible clang goes high—
Broadside and battle-cry,
And the pirates' maddened yell!

Our Captain 's cold on the deck;
Our brave Lieutenant's a wreck—
He lies in the hold there, hearing
The storm of fight going on overhead,
Tramp and thunder to wake the dead,
The great guns jumping overhead,
And the whole ship's company cheering!

Four hours the Death-Fight has roared,
(Gun-deck and berth-deck blood-wet!)
Her mainmast's gone by the board,
Down come topsail and jib!
We 're smashing her, rib by rib,
And the pirate yells grow weak—
But the Black Flag flies there yet,
The Death's Head grinning apeak!

Long has she haunted the seas,
Terror of sun and breeze;
Her deck has echoed with groans;
Her hold is a horrid den,
Piled to the orlop with bones
Of starved and of murdered men!
They swarm 'mid her shrouds in hosts,
The smoke is murky with ghosts!

But to-day her cruise shall be short!
She's bound to the Port she cleared from,
She's nearing the Light she steered from—
Ah, the *Horror* sees her fate!
Heeling heavy to port,
She strikes, but all too late!
Down with her cursed crew,
Down with her damned freight,
To the bottom of the Blue,
Ten thousand fathom deep!
With God's glad sun o'erhead—
That is the way to weep,
So will we mourn our dead!

[*H. H. Brownell, in the Atlantic Monthly for June.*

TERRORS OF THE DESERT.

A FEW stars began to gleam in the heavens when we reached the sandy desert. We maintained the stillness of death during our march, in order that we might escape the notice of the Turkomans probably then in our vicinity. They might, perhaps, not see us on account of the darkness of the night, the moon not rising till later. We wished, also, that no sound might betray our position to them. On the soft ground the tread of the camels produced no echo. We feared, however, that some freak of braying might occur to our donkeys, for their voices would echo far and wide in the still night. Toward night we reached a place where we were all obliged to dismount, as both donkeys and camels were sinking down to their knees in the fine sand. This, indeed, formed there an uninterrupted chain of little hills. In the cool night-march I could just manage to tramp on through this endless sand, but toward morning I felt my hand beginning to swell from continually resting upon my staff. I, consequently, placed my baggage on the donkey, which, although breathing hard, was still more at ease in the sand than I with my lame leg.

Our morning station bore the charming appellation of Adamkyrylgan (which means "the place where men perish,") and one needed only to cast a look at the horizon to convince himself how appropriate is that name. Let the reader picture to himself a sea of sand, extending as far as the eye can reach, on one side formed into high hills, like waves lashed into that position by the furious storm; on the other side, again, like the smooth waters of a still lake, merely rippled by the west wind. Not a bird visible in the air, not a worm or beetle upon the earth; traces of nothing but departed life, in the bleaching bones of man or beast that has perished, collected by every passer-by in a heap, to serve to guide the march of future travelers! Why add that we moved on unnoticed by the Turkomans? The man does not exist on earth that could make a station here on horseback; but whether the elements would not oppose our progress was a point, the consideration of which shook even the *sang froid* of the Oriental, and the sombre looks of my fellow-travelers during the whole way best betrayed their anxiety.

According to what the kervanbashi told us, we should have had, altogether, on this way from Tunuklu to Bohara, only six days' journey, half through sand, the rest over firm and even ground, where, here and there, grass is met with and shepherds resort. Consequently, after examining our skins, we calculated that we should only have to apprehend a deficiency of water during one day and a half; but, the very first day, I remarked that the Oxus water did not bear out our calculations; that that most precious liquid, although we made a most sparing use of it, diminished every moment, either from the heat of the sun, its own evaporation, or some such cause. This discovery made me watch my stores with double carefulness; in this I was imitated by the others, and, in spite of our anxiety, it was even comical to see how the slumberers slept, firmly embracing their water-vessels.

Notwithstanding the scorching heat, we were obliged to make, during the day, also, marches of from five to six hours duration, for the sooner we emerged from the region of sand the less occasion we had to dread the dangerous wind, the *tebbad;* for on the firm plain it can but bring with it the torture of fever; whereas in the region of sand it can in a moment bury everything. The strength of the poor camels was taxed too far; they entered the desert wearied by their nocturnal journey; it was not, therefore, surprising that some fell ill through the torments of the sand and the heat, and that two died even at this day's station. It bears the name of Shorkutuk. This word signifies salt fountain, and one, in fact, is said to exist here, adequate for the refreshment of beasts; but it was entirely choked up by the stormy wind, and a day's labor would have been necessary to render it again serviceable.

But, let alone the *tebbad*, the oppressive heat by day had already left us without strength, and two of our poorer companions, forced to tramp on foot by the side of their feeble beasts, having exhausted all their water, fell so sick that we were forced to bind them, at full length, upon the camels, as they were perfectly incapable of riding or sitting. We covered them, and as long as they were able to articulate they kept exclaiming "Water! water!" the only words that escaped their lips. Alas! even their best friends denied them the life-dispensing draught; and when we, on the fourth day, reached Medemin Bulag, one of them was freed by death from the dreadful torments of thirst. I was present when the unfortunate man drew his last breath. His tongue was quite black, the roof of his mouth of a grayish-white; in other respects his features were not much disfigured, except that his lips were shriveled, the teeth exposed, and the mouth open. I doubt much whether, in these extreme sufferings, water would have been of service; but who was there to give it to him?

It was a horrible sight to see the father hide his store of water from the son, and brother from brother; each drop is life; and when men feel the torture of thirst, there is not, as in the other dangers of life, any spirit of self-sacrifice or any feeling of generosity.

We passed three days in the sandy parts of the desert. We had now to gain the firm plain, and come in sight of the Khalata mountain, that stretches away toward the north. Unhappily, disappointment again awaited us. Our beasts were incapable of farther exertion, and we passed a fourth day in the sand. I had still left about six glasses of water in my leathern bottle. These I drank, drop by drop, suffering, of course, terribly from thirst. Greatly alarmed to find that my tongue began to turn a little black in the centre, I immediately drank off, at a draught, half of my remaining store, thinking so to save my life; but, oh! the burning sensation, followed by headache, became more violent toward the morning of the fifth day; and when we could just distinguish, about mid day, the Khalata Mountains from the clouds that surrounded them, I felt my strength gradually abandon me. The nearer we approached the mountains the thinner the sand became, and all eyes were searching eagerly to discover a drove of cattle or shepherd's hut, when the kervanbashi and his people drew our attention to a cloud of a dust that was approaching, and told us to lose no time in dismounting from the camels. These poor brutes knew well enough that it was the *tebbad* that was hurrying on; uttering a loud cry, they fell on their knees, stretched their long necks along the ground, and strove to bury their heads in the sand. We entrenched ourselves behind them, lying there as behind a wall; and scarcely had we, in our turn, knelt under their cover, than the wind rushed over us with a dull, clattering sound, leaving us, in its passage, covered with a crust of sand two fingers thick. The first particles that touched me seemed to burn like a rain of flakes of fire. Had we encountered it when we were six miles deeper in the desert, we should all have perished. The air now became heavier and more oppressive than before, yet we struggled on as well as we were able.

Toward evening we reached fountains that had not yet been visited this year by the shepherds; the water, undrinkable by man, still refreshed our beasts. We were ourselves all very ill, like men half-dead, without any animation but that which proceeded from the now well-grounded hope that we should all be saved.—*Vambery's Travels in Central Asia.*

An unsophisticated countryman, the other day, coming in to Washington with a load of wood, saw a military officer, followed at a respectful distance by two orderlies—all three mounted, and in full gallop. "Good gracious!" said he, "havn't they caught him yet? I was in about three weeks ago, and they was a-runnin' him then."

Swearing for a Family.—Rev. R. S. Maclay, for thirteen years a missionary in China, relates the following anecdote:

During one of our examinations of candidates for the baptism of Nnghang, I observed that one woman and three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"I observe you all have the same surname; are you all members of the same family?" I inquired.

"Yes," one replied, "this is mother, and these are my brothers."

"Where is your father?" I continued.

"He is at home attending to business."

"Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?"

"Yes; he is entirely willing."

"Why does not you father himself become a Christian?"

"He says it would not answer for all the family to embrace Christianity."

"And why," I asked, with some curiosity, "does he think so?"

"He says that if we all become Christians, our heathen neighbors will take advantage of that circumstance to impose upon us."

"How will they do that?"

"Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain that we have embraced Christianity, they will proceed to curse and maltreat us. Hence, father says to us: 'You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen, so as to retaliate on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family.'"

The Women of Paraguay.—The author of "Sketches in Paraguay" gives us this fragrant morsel: Everybody smokes in Paragnay, and nearly every female above thirteen years of age chews. I am wrong. They do not chew, but put the tobacco in their mouths, keep it there constantly, except when eating, and instead of chewing, roll it about with their tongues and suck it. Only imagine yourself about to salute the rich red lips of a magnificent little Hebe, arrayed in satin and flashing with diamonds; she puts you back with one delicate hand, while, with the fair taper fingers of the other, she draws forth from her mouth a brownish black roll of tobacco, quite two inches long, looking like a monstrous grub, and depositing the savory morsel on the rim of your sombrero, puts up her face and is ready for a salute. I have sometimes seen an over-delicate foreigner turn with a shudder of loathing under such circumstances, and get the epithet of *el saraco* (the savage) applied to him by the offended beauty for this sensitive squeamishness. However, one soon gets used to this in Paragnay, where you are by force of custom obliged to kiss every lady you are introduced to; and one-half you meet are really tempting enough to render you reckless of consequences; you would sip the dew of the proffered lips in the face of a tobacco battery—even the double-distilled "honeydew" of old Virginia.

The Wind as a Musician.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars which love music most and sing it first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses; mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths.

There recently lived at Palermo, Sicily, an old priest who passed for a little cracked *un poco motto*, as the Italians say. His name was Don Liberatore. He had an odd whim: whenever a carriage passed by him he would bow profoundly. The idle young fellows would laugh and say: "Don Liberatore, you have strangely aristocratic acquaintances for a man of your station of life. Where in the deuce did you make the acquaintance of all those lords?" "Bless your heart, child, I don't salute the lords; I salute their horses." "Their horses? And pray why do you salute their horses?" "In the first place, child, because I think it very good-natured to drag about people as they do; in the second place, because I feel I am under personal obligation to the horses, therefore I tender them my thanks; because, if those aristocratic people had not horses to drag them about, they would take you and I."

AN EASTERN JUGGLER.

WHILE traveling through India, between Surat nnd Nagpore, my body servant one day iuformed me that a great juggler and snake-charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his wonderful skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous, I've been told," was the answer I received.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, nnd returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing very remarkable, except his eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know that the man could see in the dark, like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so otteu observed in night-prowling animals. He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a sort of crimson petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and red morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, aud, with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judged to be rising of sixty, and his short moustache was almost white. He made a low salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name?" said I, in Hindoostanee.

"Paunjar, your excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders!"

"If your excelleuey will."

"Well, what ean you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and eannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss into my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me, at least ten feet, saying, as he did so—

"Will your excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I *saw* that ball of twine when he threw it as plaiuly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come toward me, saw it unroll, and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my kness quiekly together to catch it—and yet, when I put my haud down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—*nothing was there*—and at the same instaut I perceived the juggler balancing it on the end of his finger.

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceived me by making me believe you threw it toward me."

"Does your excelleney think I have it?" he asked; and before I could answer, I saw, in place of the ball, a large, beautiful rose, which he was balancing by the stem, and yet he had not altered his position and scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a large eup, and in his left the rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose dowu on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table, with its false top, eoncealed apartments, and confederate, perhaps, to effect the change, as we see similar tricks performed iu a place fitted up by the magician for the purpose—but ouly my own quarters, in the full, bright light of day, with myself sharply watching him within five feet, and my attendants grouped around almost as near. Having covered the rose with the eup, as I would be willing to make oath—for I saw the rose distinctly, as the hollow vessel, held by the top, weut slowly dowu over it—the eonjurer resumed his former plaee, and said—

"Will your excellency be kind enough to lift the eup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expeeting some trick, I had kept my eye on it till the last momeut, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after the hand had let go of the cup at the top. I complied with his request, stepped forward, and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it, and bounded back with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the red rose, was one of the little, green, deadly serpents of India, coiled up and ready for a spring, with its small glittering eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror; and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who, with cries of alarm, enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as these, conjurer!" said I, sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it up by the neck, putting its head into his mouth, and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half-believed the juggler possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from, or went to, I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress, either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake, it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up! It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind!

Through the brass tube the conjurer now passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He theu placed the tube between his lips, threw back his head, and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine on the upper end. Then suddenly this ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had been run off on a reel. What turned it, or where it went to, no one could see. The juggler then set the tube the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width and of different colors. These rolled up, as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel of two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He then introduced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, showed something that looked like an egg, advanced the same as before, and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally horrifying.

"Will any one lift the eup?" he said, turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it in the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up nnd alighted on his shoulder. He took it in his hand, muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

He performed some other tricks similar to these, and concluded with the mysterious bag. This bag—which somehow came into his hands, as did all other things he used, in a manner unknown to myself—was from two to three feet long and about a foot wide. It looked as if it had been used to hold some kind of flour, and I certainly saw something like the dust of flour fly from it when he turned it inside out and beat it across his hands. He turned it back again, and tied up the mouth of it with a striug, muttering a low incantation all the time. This done, he threw it ou the ground and stamped on it, treading it all out flat with his feet. He theu stepped back a few paces and requested us all to fix our eyes on it. We did so; and after a lapse of perhaps thirty seconds, we saw it begin to swell up, like a bladder when being expanded with wind. It continued to swell till every part became distended, and it appeared as round and as solid as if filled with sand. Its solidity, however, was only appareut—for when the juggler went up and placed his foot on it, it yielded to the pressure, but immediately sprung back, or rounded out, as soon as that was removed. He then jumped on it with both feet, and flattened it all out as it first. He then went away again; and the bag, being left to itself as before, again began to rise or inflate, but this time as if some animal like a cat were inside of it. In fact I could see where there appeared to be legs; and then, to my utter amazement, I may almost say horror, *it began to move toward me, as if impelled by the unknown something in it.*

I do not think I am a coward—my worst enemy has never accused me of being one, at least—but I confess that on this occasion my nerves would not let me remain passive, and I retreated from the advancing mystery, and informed the magician that I had seen enough to satisfy me of his wonderful occult powers. At this he smiled grimly, walked up to the bag and trod it down again, picked it up and beat it with his right hand across his left, caused it to unaccountably disappear from my sight, and then made his concluding salaam.

How these wonders were performed—by what art, power or magic—I do uot and never expect to know. I have eonversed with mnny persons who have seen quite as strange and unnatural things, but never heard any one give any explanation that I considered at all satisfactory. I simply relate what I *saw*, but scarcely expect any one to credit my statement, well knowing that I myself would not have received such marvels as facts on the testimony of the most reliable friend I have in the world.

"If your excellency wills, I shall now have the honor of showing you how I charm wild serpents," said the necromancer.

I hnd heard something of this singular power, and was desirous of seeing it displayed. Accordingly myself nnd attendants all repaired to an open field, at no great distance, where, after some search, Paunjar discovered a hole, in which he said he doubted not there was a snake.

"But before I call him forth," he proceeded, "I must be assured that some one of sufficient courage will stand ready to cut him down when I give the signal—otherwise, should he prove to be a *copra capella*, my life may be sacrificed."

"I will myself undertake that business," said I, drawing my sword.

The man hesitated, evidently fearing to insult me by a doubt, and yet not eager to risk his life on the strength of my nerves, after the display of timidity I hnd already made. I thought I read nll this in the man's face, and I said, very positively:

"Never fear, good sir! I will eut down whatever you briug up this time, be it snake or devil!"

"My life is at your excellency's mercy," bowed the man, with a show of humility. "Remember the signal. When I raise my hand above my head, may the blow be swift, sure and deadly!"

He then gave his whole attention to the business before him. Putting an instrument, not unlike a small flageolet to his lips, he began to play n shrill, monotonous, disagreeable sort of tune, keeping his eyes riveted upon the hole in the ground; and soon after, to my utter astonishmeut, though I should have been prepared for anything, I saw the ugly head of the hooded snake, the dreaded cobra capella, the most poisouous of all deadly reptiles, come slowly forth with its spectacled eyes fixed steadily upon the strange musician, who began to retreat backwards slowly, a step at a time, the snake following him.

When at length, in this manner, he had drawn the creature some ten or fifteen feet from his hole, he suddenly squatted down and began to play more loudly and shrilly. At this the serpent raised itself on its tail, as when about to make its deadly spring, and actually commenced a dancing motion, in time with the music, which was continued for about a minute, when the charmer gave me the signal to strike. Guardedly and stealthily I advanced near enough for the blow, and then struck, cutting the reptile in two, and sending its head flying to some distance. I never took life with better satisfaction.

Whatever deception there might have been about the juggler's tricks, there was certainly none about the snake, for I have the skin still in my possession. I gave the man a couple of gold mohurs, and he went away perfectly satisfied, wishing my excellency any quantity of good luck. I was perfectly satisfied, too, and would not have missed seeing what I did that day for ten times the amount paid.

ENGLISH LAW.—In England, as a married woman cannot, except under special circumstances, make a will, she will probably die intestate as to her leaseholds, which will, on her death, belong to the husband. All personal goods and chattels in the possession of the wife at the time of the marriage, become the absolute property of the husband, whether he survives his wife or not, with this exception, that the wife's paraphernalia, that is, her wearing apparel and personal ornaments, suitable to her position and degree in life, will remain her property if she survive him, although he may dispose of them at any time during his lifetime. As the law gives the husband control over his wife's person and property, it also imposes upon him the duty of maintaining her and the children they may have: and if he fail to do so, she may obtain necessaries for the purpose on his credit; but the husband is not bound to provide for his wife if she leave his house against his will, unless she has been obliged to leave in consequence of ill-treatment. Another advantage which the law affords a woman in consideration of her husband taking all her property, is her dower, which acerues to her if she survives her husband. Her dower is her right to enjoy for her own life, after her husband's death, the third part of all the inheritable freehold property of which the husband was seized during the marriage, and of which any issue that she might have had could by any possibility have been heir. If the husband dies intestate, his real property will not go to the widow, but to the heir-at-law, and she will receive a third or half of the personalty, according as there are, or are not, any children of the marriage. If there are children, the widow will get one-third of her deceased husband's personalty; if there are no children, she will get half; the remaining half will be divided among the intestate's next of kin; and even if there are no such next of kin, the widow will only get one-half of her husband's personality, the other half going to the crown, although, in such a case, the crown would remit it back to the widow.

"SUSPENDED LIKE MAHOMET'S COFFIN."—There is a deal of "see-saw" in science. First it is pointed out that the idea of Mahomet's coffin suspended between heaven and earth is a strictly scientific one which indicates a possible effect of magnetism. Then it is proved that such a suspension is not scientifically possible. Then again, we find Prof. Tyndall, in one of his recent lectures on electricity, at the Royal Institution, showing the idea to be, after all, a strictly scientific one. A piece of gold leaf, 2½ inches long and 1¼ inches wide, is cut into the form of a kite or fish, placed on a piece of paper, and presented to the knob of a large Leyden jar charged with electricity. When detached by a knife, the leaf springs toward the knob, but stops within 2 inches, and remains hovering in the air, the tail waving like that of a fish. When the jar is moved, the gold leaf follows, and continues to float for nearly an hour. The experiment may be made with a smaller jar and smaller pieces of gold leaf.—*English paper.*

AMONG the numerous costly presents to the daughter of Baron Lionel Rothschild, on her marriage with her cousin, Baron Ferdinand, was a magnificent pearl necklace, of the value of ten thousand pounds.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1865.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

WE cannot but be greatly rejoiced at the fact that the progress of Speaker Colfax and his associates through the towns of the Pacific Slope has been a hearty ovation, more gratifying probably, to the various members of the party, from the fact that it was unexpected and really impromptu in its character. Hospitality is a charming virtue under any conditions, and both host and guest derive therefrom one of the most unselfish pleasures allotted to humanity. The man who exerts his energies in the entertainment of his friends has a claim on them which is proverbially respected. Who indeed ever stretched his limbs beneath the mahogany of Dives and did not feel some degree of gratefulness to the rich dinner-giver which any number of vices could not eradicate? On the other hand, who ever staid at a log cabin on the western frontier and departed without a wholesome regard for backwoodsmen and their character?

California is neither a haughty, rich host, nor a poverty-stricken poor one, though she in many respects combines the noticeable features of both. She cannot exhibit herself as one so far removed from want that her hospitable spirit may need no attempt at response; nor is she so poor that her attentions will not honor him upon whom they are bestowed. She may not demand a tangible return, and will not be necessitated to make such a demand. Her hospitality requires only the normal reward of an affectionate place in the memory of the recipient. This, she is certain to have. We are so far removed from Eastern sympathy, that every prominent statesman, writer, or citizen who comes hither, either from curiosity or real interest in our gold, political or social interests, and who returns to the Atlantic Coast with a favorable idea of us, becomes, as it were, a champion in a field where we need him most. The mere barren constitutional representatiou of two Senators and three Congressmen is insufficient to do battle for California ideas. We should give them allies all over the East. It is not enough that we send men to Congress, who can declare truths about us and our necessities. There must be there and elsewhere some portion of the audience who are directly in sympathy with those declarations. There must be a secouding influence, an applauding influence, a voting influence, or the seed will be sown upon a rock.

It has been a constant complaint among Californians, whether politicians, or private citizens, that their most urgent pleas for measures beneficial to our coast are received with an indifference, which arises to some extent from an entire ignorance of our character as a State and our necessities as men laboring in a direction entirely dissimilar to any enterprise known at home.

Every time we make an assault upon that ignorance, every movement we make towards exhibiting ourselves in our true light to our Eastern brethren, adds to onr own power and resources. We need Eastern capital. We can have it, if we demonstrate our capacities for using it properly. We must seek for Eastern friendship and cherish it whenever it is extended to us. It is a flat and ignorant denial of every true principle of political economy to expect that we, from the outset—and we have but just made a feeble commencement toward the prosperity we are destined to have—will be able unaided to expand with the necessary rapidity the magnificent resources of our country.

That we are making that desirable impression at home with some degree of success is demoustrated by the fact that year after year the number of distinguished travelers who venture among us is increased. It is becoming the fashion, too, for young men to make a trip hither, either by the sea or overland, for the purpose of detailing their novel experiences to the circle of home friends.

It is to be wished that this sort of enthusiasm will extend to others—that the statesmen who have for the past four years been working out the peace problem will seek their recreation in a visit to the Pacific. We note that Chief Justice Chase has been traveling over the South for the purpose of examining into its interests. Could he not attempt a longer tour, and learn of this State, towards which, Gossip has it, he has imbibed some sort of prejudice? It is a great deal to ask of a man who has reached so venerable a position; but we feel certain that the vitality so long tried by political labors has been by no means exhausted. That the distinguished Bishop of Pennsylvania should have lost his life in the attempt to visit us is a misfortune which even selfishness might well mourn. Apart from the high respect which he had won as a churchman, the venerated prelate was a man of wide views, of unselfish genius, and of general authority in the East, and his sojourn in California would have made us a warm friend, whom God in His Provideuce has seen fit to deny us.

Now that the present and probable future Speaker of the Lower House has made California a personal study, we feel certain that its interests will receive an impetus in that branch of the Federal Legislature, grateful to every one who takes a pride in the success of his State. We cannot but heartily thank Mr. Colfax and his party for their cheerful endurance of the hardships of so long and perilous a trip to inspect our peculiar conditiou and resources.

(For the Californian.)

INTELLECTUAL MOSS.

THERE is an architectural absurdity outside of my office window in the shape of a brick wall joining the two adjacent buildings, and acting as a sort of portal to the common staircase. On the top of this purposeless bit of masonry, is a dressing of a mild kind of moss, which shines with agreeable verdancy in the rainy months, but changes to a desolate brown as the dry season progresses. That wall with its cap of vegetable life, its dusty lamp-shade, and rusty gas fixtures, has interested me more, and gives a more grateful impression to the eye, than would a whole block of elegant but glaring novelty, built after the most severe ideas of the *Alta's* Eusebius, and lit up in all the splendor of gala-day illumination. Its charm lies in the fact that it has a comparatively ancient look for anything belonging to so young a city as San Francisco. The moss coping demands much the same sort of respect from taste that is called forth by the silver hair and worn temples of beautiful old age.

In turning my material sense to intellectual things, I cannot help but regard my friend "Ancient," with his Latin oddities and old-fashioned weaknesses, as one, whose imperfections and shortcomings have been veiled by a robe of parasitical softness. He has become in the world of speculation and action, what the German university slang would designate as a "bemossed head." He has staid in it too long as a disciple and an observer to be available in practical uses of what he has studied so long and faithfully. Yet his failure in life, if it can philosophically be called a failure, has more in it to entice forth from his fellows a feeling of affection, a tenderness of treatment joining on the one hand with pity and on the other with reverence, than would be elicited by a score of presumptuous successes gained by men of more dashing but brazen tendencies. He has never intruded himself or his abilities upon the public, when nothing could be gained from the effort beyond selfish acknowledgements of his own capacities. He is eminently social in his instincts, and yet society has not been vexed by the slightest demand on his part for sympathy. His fondness for literature has never led him to attempt the least effort of that character himself, fearful lest he should be convicted thereby of trespassing egotistically upon fields where greater genius and more competent laborers only had the right to reap. Had he been a clergyman, he would sooner have rusted away as the parish priest of a desolate village, than have betrayed the ambition requisite to secure a mellow city call, where his scholarship and gentleness would have found fuller appreciation. As an advocate, he would have grown seedy with a copy of the *Pandects* before him, and a hopeless ignorance of the daily business of the courts. As it is, with no profession, no refuges, no props in the way of acquaintances, he has traveled reflectively through the world, an object for sneers by brassy *parvenus*, and a man of loveable characteristics and action to his scanty number of friends. He is too old now to change and fix the trail of his life in any other direction. He can only manage to move along the radius which he has fallen upon to guide him beyond the circle of earthly life, and when he steps beyond its circumference, mayhap, there will be One to receive him who will torture him with no demands for egotistical assumptions, but will grant him his station with perfect discernment and Divine appreciation.

While I would counsel no youth for whose future I have hopes, to adopt my venerable friend as a perfect model in life; and while I cannot but note with disappointment the almost practical uselessness into which so much of honesty and scorn of humbug has degenerated, I feel as though the opposite course would be disgustingly undesirable. There are young men who never miss an opportunity for self-display. They dabble in politics, shine in secret society lodges, get on committees, force the acquaintance of men of position, and never allow a week to pass without a demand for favorable notice by local reporters. They are generally able, as talent goes in the market; useful, for they accomplish much that is necessary to be done; but whenever you see them, in whatever connection you find their names, you feel irresistibly that it is not that they are afflicted with an insane desire to spend their time and talent for the benefit of the public, so much as that they are laboring for themselves and laying a foundation upon which time is to build them an arch of future triumph.

We demand, or rather we should demand from the priest, the advocate, or the physician special care in the respective studies of divinity, law, or medicine. We have a right to ask also of each a full and delicate exposition of his politics. The sentiment so applauded in the Roman theatre, "*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto*" should be one of the great rules of every professional man in our Republic; but we may be pardoned if we ask the Rev. Mr. Jenkins to be as pure in theology and in the preparation necessary thereto, as he is boisterous in patriotism. William Jones, Esq., makes a brilliant speech on the great questions of the day in a country school-house: we would much prefer that the argument in his last ejectment suit had shown a little more care in preparation. Dr. Hydrastis is doubtless a pleasant gentleman at a primary meeting; but he should have seen to it that his surgery is as available for purposes of operation upon the physical man, as are his elocutionary assaults upon the body politic. If Mr. Jenkins expects me to take a pew in his church, he must be as forcible from the reading desk as at the mass meeting. That was mild qualification for a bishop required by the English minister—to have edited a Greek play and have written a successful religious pamphlet. I would like to have my spiritual adviser at least a constant reader of the Greek Testament and something of an oracle on the writings of the Fathers. Jones Esq. may find clients at the primaries; but it is ungentlemanly and therefore slightly unprofessional for a dignified jurisconsult to look for them there; while, if Dr. Hydrastis expects that I will laugh and grow fat on a sick bed because I was amused by his wit at the last political gathering, let me assure him that he does not understand my system.

Jenkins, Jones, and Hydrastis appear too glaring to reflective visions. They must not permit their worthy efforts at notoriety to jut out in so salient a manner. That they should endeavor to be known among men, is but a part of their business in life. But it must not be a hurried task. Such premeditated selfishness in youth augurs badly for the quality of their intellects. They should let Time cover gradually with its softening moss the little fabrics of ability which they have built, before they stand forth shouting to the world to come and admire. Jenkins had better win his way to the hearts of the old women of his congregation, get a firm hold upon the Sunday School children, weave a crafty web around the footsteps of the young men and maidens, before he casts his net in partisan waters and becomes a fisher of worldly political men. The religious tone of the sanctuary is only a sort of hanging moss, which gathers around the silent halls of devotion. Jones ought to get embedded in the black letter of Year Book jurisprudence, with samples of dust from the wigs of the entire dynasties of chancellors and judges scattered over his head, before he attempts the political side of the profession. I remember once hearing a distinguished lawyer of Philadelphia lay down as a maxim to a set of young students "never to enter for political contests until worth at least fifty thousand dollars by professional efforts." "*You* will be better by carrying out such a resolution," said he; "the profession will be better; and the political atmosphere much purer." Such a conservative practice may be distasteful to the young limbs of California law; but who can doubt its force? We certainly need a little moss about the political temple. As to Hydrastis, I can scarcely imagine how caucuses and consultations can be of kin. The political slate and prescription Latin are literature of such odd diversity that no one hand should attempt to scribble for both *currente calamo*. Give me the medical enthusiast, whose mind is not above the gallipot, or rather who is equal to the requirements of his grand art and science. Such a soul is too much honored by the crown that rests on the head of honest practitioner to need any gew-gaws of political honors.

Jones, Jenkins and Hydrastis will probably have supporters in spite of any denunciations which I might throw out as to their ideas or practices. Indeed, it is not to client, patient, or the Christian hearer that I address myself. It is to the culprit himself. By the right of the freemasonry of education, by the privilege of professional fraternity, I ask Jenkins, Jones, and Hydrastis not to be such atrocious humbugs. You are men of ability in your business; you know that you ought to succeed fairly and honestly in a dignified path fit for the tread of a gentleman. If you do not know that fact, you are hypocrities to yourselves. Leave off advertising your trades in the unprofessional manner you have been adopting. I know that Jenkins would scorn anything so insincere as the sending to a daily paper a puff of his last sermon. Actors and such might do it, but Jenkins—never. Why then try the political-platform statuary dodge, which is, to my thinking, equally reprehensible? Jones would not dream of slipping a piece into the reporter's fist, and asking him to review favorably his last brief; and yet, Jones, why did you make that purposeless political oration the other day, and get your modicum of praise from the poor editor without being out of pocket at all? As to Hydrastis—the professional scorn of advertisement is well known; but is it not quite as shabby to seek, quack-like, the notoriety of a political sawbones?

There are men who have earned places above profession. There was one to whom I was proud to listen, whether he strode the political boards, lectured on literature and manners, or spake of things holy from the elevation of the chancel; there are jurists whose opinions on matters extraneous to their profession are golden; and there are physicians whose range of thought well enables them to pluck from the brain its rooted sorrow by their deftly planned essays at arousing the mind to its normal interests. To these I am a grateful listener; and if aught of political respect from me can reward their efforts, I cheerfully give it. The moss has so softened and toned down their characters that admiration and reverence rest cheerfully and confidingly upon them.

DIONYSIUS VAGO.

"PUCK" for July is with us; witty, spicy, punny, humorous and satirical; and, withal illustrated by Nahl's pencil.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELISTS.

[Anxious to keep up the literary standard of The Californian, its proprietors have, at an enormous expense, recently engaged the principal novelists of Europe and America to contribute to its columns. In view of the objections sometimes offered to "Only a Clod" and other continued tales, arrangements have been made with the different authors to condense their stories into a space that shall not exceed two columns of our paper. By this means The Californian will be enabled to offer its readers a three-volume novel in a single issue, or so to speak, a seventy-five cent book for ten cents. By the last steamer, we have received our second installment from the pen of a well-known moral and instructive writer, which we give below:]

TERENCE DEUVILLE.

BY CH—L—S L—V—R.

CHAPTER I.

MY HOME.

THE little village of Pilwiddle is one of the smallest and obscurest hamlets on the western coast of Ireland. On a lofty crag, overlooking the hoarse Atlantic, stands "Deuville's Shot Tower"—a corruption by the peasautry of *D'Euville's Chateau*, so called from my great grandfather Phelim St. Remy D'Euville, who assumed the name and title of a French heiress with whom he ran away. To this fact my familiar knowledge aud excellent pronunciation of the French language may be attributed, as well as many of the events which colored my after life.

The Deuvilles were always passionately fond of field sports. At the age of four, I was already the boldest rider and the best shot in the county. When only eight, I won the St. Remy Cup at the Pilwiddle races—riding my favorite bloodmare *Hellfire*. As I approached the stand amidst the plaudits of the assembled multitude, and cries of "Thrue fur ye, Masther Terence," and "Oh, but its a Diuville!" there was a slight stir among the gentry, who surrounded the Lord Lieutenant, and other titled personages whom the race had attracted thither. "How young he is—a mere child; and yet how noble looking," said a sweet, low voice, which thrilled my soul.

I looked up and met the full liquid orbs of the Hon. Blanche Fitzroy Sackville, youngest daughter of the Lord Lieutenant. She blushed deeply. I turned pale and almost fainted. But the cold, sneering tones of a masculine voice sent the blood back again into my youthful cheek.

"Very likely the ragged scion of one of these banditti-Irish gentry, who has taken naturally to 'the road.' He should be at school—though I warrant me his knowledge of Terence will not extend beyond his own name," said Lord Henry Somerset, aid-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant.

A moment and I was perfectly calm, though cold as ice. Dismounting, and stepping to the side of the speaker, I said in a low, firm voice:

"Had your Lordship read Terence more carefully, you would have learned that banditti are sometimes proficient in other arts beside horsemanship," and I touched his holster significantly with my hand. I had not read Terence myself, but with the skillful audacity of my race I calculated that a vague allusion, coupled with a threat, would embarass him. It did.

"Ah—what mean you?" he said, white with rage.

"Enough, we are observed," I replied, "Father Tom will wait on you this evening; and to-morrow morning, my lord, in the glen below Pilwiddle we will meet again."

"Father Tom—glen!" ejaculated the Englishman, with genuine surprise. "What? do priests carry challenges and act as seconds in your infernal country?"

"Yes!" I answered scornfully, "why should they not? Their services are more often necessary than those of a surgeon," I added significantly, turning away.

The party slowly rode off, with the exception of the Hon. Blanche Sackville, who lingered for a moment behind. In an instant I was at her side. Bending her blushing face over the neck of her white filly, she said hurriedly:

"Words have passed between Lord Somerset and yourself. You are about to fight. Don't deny it—but hear me. You will meet him—I know your skill of weapons. He will be at your mercy. I entreat you to spare his life!"

I hesitated. "Never!" I cried passionately; "he has insulted a Deuville!"

"Terence," she whispered, "Terence—*for my sake?*"

The blood rushed to my cheeks at the loving epithets, and her eyes sought the ground in bashful confusion.

"You love him then?" I cried bitterly.

"No, no," she said agitatedly, "no, you do me wrong. I—I—cannot explain myself. My father!—the Lady Dowager Sackville—the estate of Sackville—the borough—my uncle, Fitzroy Somerset. Ah! what am I saying? Forgive me. Oh, Terence," she said, as her beautiful head sank on my shoulder, "you know not what I suffer!"

I seized her hand and covered it with passionate kisses. But the high-bred English girl, recovering something of her former *hauteur*, said hastily, "Leave me, leave me, but promise!"

"I promise," I replied, enthusiastically: "I *will* spare his life!"

"Thanks, Terence—thanks!" and disengaging her hand from my lips she rode rapidly away.

The next morning, the Hon. Capt. Henry Somerset and myself exchanged nineteen shots in the glen, and at each fire I shot away a button from his uniform. As my last bullet shot off the last button from his sleeve, I remarked quietly, "You seem now, my lord, to be almost as ragged as the gentry you sneered at," and rode haughtily away.

CHAPTER II

THE FIGHTING FIFTY-SIXTH.

When I was nineteen years old my father sold the *Chateau d'Euville* and purchased my commission in the "Fifty-sixth" with the proceeds. "I say, Deuville," said young McSpadden, a boy-faced ensign, who had just joined, "You'll represent the estate in the army, if you won't in the House." Poor fellow, he paid for his meaningless joke with his life, for I shot him through the heart the next morning. "You're a good fellow, Deuville," said the poor boy faintly, as I knelt beside him; "good bye!" For the first time since my grandfather's death I wept. I could not help thinking that I would have been a better man if Blanche—but why proceed? Was she not now in Florence—the belle of the English Embassy.

But Napoleon had returned from Elba. Europe was in a blaze of excitement. The Allies were preparing to resist the Man of Destiny. We were ordered from Gibraltar home, and were soon again *en route* for Brussels. I did not regret that I was to be placed in active service. I was ambitious, and longed for an opportunity to distinguish myself. My garrison life in Gibraltar had been monotonous and dull. I had killed five men in duel, and had an affair with the Colonel of my regiment, who handsomely apologized before the matter assumed a serious aspect. I had been twice in love. Yet these were but boyish freaks and follies. I wished to be a man.

The time soon came—the morning of Waterloo. But why describe that momentous battle, on which the fate of the entire world was hanging? Twice were the Fifty-sixth surrounded by French cuirassiers, and twice did we mow them down by our fire. I had seven horses shot under me, and was mounting the eighth, when an orderly rode up hastily, touched his cap, and handing me a despatch, galloped rapidly away.

I opened it hurriedly and read:

"Let Picton advance immediately on the right."

I saw it all at a glance. I had been mistaken for a general officer. But what was to be done. Picton's division was two miles away, only accessible through a heavy cross fire of artillery and musketry. But my mind was made up.

In an instant I was engaged with an entire squadron of cavalry, who endeavored to surround me. Cutting my way through them, I advanced boldly upon a battery and sabred the gunners before they could bring their pieces to bear. Looking around, I saw that I had in fact penetrated the French centre. Before I was well aware of the locality, I was hailed by a sharp voice in French:

"Come here, sir!"

I obeyed, and advanced to the side of a little man in a cocked hat.

"Has Grouchy come?"

"Not yet, sire," I replied—for it was the Emperor.

"Ha!" he said suddenly, bending his piercing eyes on my uniform; "a prisoner?"

"No, sire," I said proudly.

"A spy?"

I placed my hand upon my sword, but a gesture from the Emperor bade me forbear.

"You are a brave man," he said.

I took my snuff-box from my pocket, and taking a pinch, replied by handing it, with a bow, to the Emperor.

His quick eye caught the cipher on the lid.

"What! a D'Euville? Ha! this accounts for the purity of your accent. Any relation to Roderick D'Euville?"

"My father, sire."

"He was my schoolfellow at the *Ecole Politechnique*. Embrace me!" and the Emperor fell on my neck in the presence of his entire staff. Then recovering himself, he gently placed in my hand his own magnificent snuff-box, in exchange for mine, and hanging upon my breast the cross of the Legion of Honor which he took from his own, he bade one of his Marshals conduct me back to my regiment.

I was so intoxicated with the honor of which I had been the recipient, that on reaching our lines I uttered a shout of joy and put spurs to my horse. The intelligent animal seemed to sympathize with my feelings, and fairly flew over the ground. On a rising eminence a few yards before me stood a gray-haired officer, surrounded by his staff. I don't know what possessed me, but putting spurs to my horse, I rode at him boldly, and with one bound cleared him, horse and all. A shout of indignation arose from the assembled staff. I wheeled suddenly, with the intention of apologizing, but my mare misunderstood me, and again dashing forward, once more vaulted over the head of the officer, this time unfortunately uncovering him by a vicious kick of her hoof. "Sieze him!" roared the entire army. I was siezed. As the soldiers led me away, I asked the name of the gray-haired officer. "That—why that's the Duke of Wellington!" I fainted.

* * * * * * *

For six months I had brain fever. During my illness the grapeshot were extracted from my body which I had unconsciously received during the battle. When I opened my eyes I met the sweet glance of a Sister of Charity.

"Blanche!" I stammered feebly.

"The same," she replied.

"You here?"

"Yes, dear; but hush! It's a long story. You see, dear Terence, your grandfather married my great aunt's sister, and your father again married my grandmother's niece, who, dying without a will, was, according to the French law—"

"But I do not comprehend," I said.

"Of course not," said Blanche, with her old sweet smile; "you've had brain fever; so go to sleep."

I understood, however, that Blanche loved me; and I am now, dear reader, Sir Terence Sackville, K. C. B., and Lady Blanche is Lady Sackville.

THE END.

[Petrified Poetry from the *American Flag*, showing where "he" fell, as the ranks marched on like a surigng tide, as the ranks marched on like a surging tide:]

SONG—"THE STANDARD BEARER."

BY JEAN L. BRUCE.

He bore our flag to the fight that day,
Where the columns moved in bright array,
And each soldier's heart beat high with pride,
As the ranks marched on like a surging tide;
As the ranks marched on like a surging tide;
Thro' the fiercest strife and over death's despair,
He waved our Banner aloft in air,
And there 'mid the flying shot and shell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell!
Oh! 'twas there he fell!

[More Petrified Poetry from the *American Flag*, showing how L. M. C. is hankering after B. F. H., and wants her to come oh come to his halls of festivity and pride, down there in Los Angeles, where it is mostly a dreary desert to him, now, without her presence, dear one, at his side:]

COME BACK TO ME.

TO B. F. H.

Come to me, for oh, I'm weary, pining—
Watching for thy welcome, safe return;
Come, for oh, I'm vainly longing, sighing,
And passion my inmost heartstrings burn.
In dreams my thoughts are all of thee,
And in halls of festivity and pride,
All seems a dreary desert to me,
Without thy presence, dear one, at my side.

L. M. C.

Los Angeles, California, 1865.

[Some more Petrified Poetry from the *American Flag*, showing how, when oh, you think upon that crowd with which their bosom swell, on Independence Day, 'tis only God can tell:]

RAISE THE BANNER HIGH.

Song for the Fourth.

BY S. R.

Oh! think upon that crowd—
Who ne'er before could say,
"We have a right to shout
On Independence Day!"
Say, can you tell the joy
With which their bosoms swell?
'Twere vain for you to say—
'Tis only God can tell!
Then raise the banner high
O'er city, hill and plain,
This Fourth of July
It waves without a *stain!*

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE opera season is evidently rapidly drawing to a close. Manager Maguire, having learned from sad experience that the available resources of this locality are not sufficient to sustain the expenditures of his harmonious army, is, like a judicious general, making as speedy a retreat as possible from his untenable position, by forced marches. *Nabuco, Il Barbiere, Faust, Lucrezia Borgia, Un Ballo in Maschera* and *La Favorita* have been sung since our last issue, with an intervening full programme concert, on the afternoon of the Fourth. These operas have been excellently rendered by the principal artistes, with fine orchestral and choral accompaniments; yet too often has the cadence and swell of delicious and refining harmonies greeted a thin, though, we are pleased to add, always appreciative audience. *Faust*, on its first production, drew a fine full house. Morelli repeated his triumph as "Mephistopheles," and Sconcia achieved one as "Margarcta." Miss Phillips, also, won an additional laurel from the public in condescending to assume the minor part of "Siebel," to give strength to the opera. Sbriglia scintillated most brilliantly as "Ricardo" in *Un Ballo*, on Thursday night, for his benefit, and won abundance of applause and bouquets in the second and third acts. Space will not permit us enumerate the individual excellencies of the week's performances. We can only add our hearty commendation of the general fidelity, perfectness and fervor of the whole troupe in their nightly representations, which never flag or falter amidst the immense labor necessarily exacted from them, or become indifferent before an indifferent audience.

Martha will be given to-night. The graceful and brilliant *Don Giovanni* will be produced on Monday night.

THE ROMAN LOTTERY.

EVERY Saturday, at noon, the lottery is drawn in Rome, in the Piazza Madama. Half an hour before the appointed time, the Piazza begins to be thronged with ticket-holders, who eagerly watch a large balcony of the sombre old Palazzo Madama (built by Catherine de' Medici,) where the drawing is to take place. This is covered by an awning and colored draperies. In front, and fastened to the balustrade, is a glass barrel, standing on thin brass legs and turned by a handle. Five or six persons are in the balcony, making arrangements for the drawing. These are the officials—one of them being the government officer, and the others persons taken at random, to supervise the proceedings. The chief official first takes from the table beside him a slip of paper on which a number is inscribed. He names it aloud, passes it to the next, who verifies it and passes it on, until it has been subjected to the examination of all. The last person then proclaims the number to the populace below, folds it up, and drops it into the glass barrel. This operation is repeated until every number from one to ninety is passed, verified by all, proclaimed, folded, and dropped into the barrel. The last number is rather sung than called, and with more ceremony than all the rest. The crowd shout back from below. The bell strikes noon. A blast of trumpets sounds from the balcony; a boy dressed in white robes advances from within, ascends the steps, and stands high up before the people, facing the Piazza. The barrel is then whirled rapidly round and round, so as to mix in inextricable confusion all the tickets. This over, the boy lifts high his right hand, makes the sign of the cross on his breast, then, waving his open hand in the air, to show that nothing is concealed, plunges it into the barrel, and draws out a number. This he hands to the official, who names it, and passes it along the line of his companions. There is dead silence below, all listening eagerly. Then, in a loud voice, the number is sung out by the last official, "*Primo estratto, numero* 14," or whatever the number may be. Then sound the trumpets again, and there is a rustle and buzz among the crowd. All the five numbers are drawn with like ceremony, and then all is over. Within a surprisingly short space of time, these numbers are exhibited in the long frames which are to be seen over the door of every *Prenditora di Lotti* in Rome, and there they remain until the next drawing takes place. The boy who does the drawing belongs to a college of orphans, an admirable institution, at which children who have lost both parents and are left helpless are lodged, cared for, and educated, the members of which are employed to perform this office in rotation, receiving therefor a few *scudi*.

It will be seen by the manner in which the drawing of the lottery is conducted, that no precaution is spared by the government to assure the public of the perfect good faith and fairness observed in it. This is, in fact, absolutely necessary in order to establish that confidence without which its very object would be frustrated. But the Italians are a very suspicious and jealous people; and I fear that there is less faith in the uprightness of the government than in their own watchfulness and the difficulty of deception. There can be little doubt that no deceit is practised by the government, so far as the drawing is concerned—for it would be nearly impossible to employ it. Still there are not wanting stories of fortunate coincidences which are singular and interesting; one case, which I have every reason to believe authentic, was related to me by a most trustworthy person, as being within his own knowledge. A few years ago, the Monsignore who was at the head of the lottery had occasion to diminish his household, and accordingly dismissed an old servant who had been long in his palace. Often the old man returned and asked for relief, and as often was charitably received. But his visits at last became importunate, and the Monsignore remonstrated. The answer of the servant was, "I have given my best years to the service of your Eminence—I am too old to labor—what shall I do?" The case was a hard one. His Eminence paused and reflected; at last he said, "Why not buy a ticket in the lottery?" "Ah!" was the answer. "I have not even money enough to supply my daily needs. What you now give me is all I have. If I risk it, I may lose it—and that lost, what can I do?" Still the Monsignore said, "Buy a ticket in the lottery." "Since your Eminence commands me, I will," said the old man; "but what numbers?" "Play on number so and so for the first drawing," was the answer, "and God bless you!" The servant did as he was ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, the first number drawn was his. He was a rich man for life—and his Eminence lost a troublesome dependent.

A capital story is told by the author of the article in the *Civilta Cattolica*, which is to the point here, and which, even were it not told on such respectable authority, bears its truth on the face of it. As very frequently happens, a poor shopkeeper, being hard-driven by his creditors, went to his priest, an *uomo apostolico*, and prayed him earnestly to give him three numbers to play in the lottery.

"But how under heaven," says the innocent priest, "has it ever got into your head that I can know the five numbers which are to issue in the lottery?"

"*Eh! Padre mio!* what will it cost you?" was the answer. "Just look at me and my wretched family; if we do not pay our rent on Saturday, out we go into the street. There is nothing left but the lottery, and you can give us the three lucky numbers that will set all right."

"Oh, there you are again! I am ready to do all that I can to assist you, but this matter of the lottery is impossible; and I must say, that your folly, in supposing I can give you the three lucky numbers, does little credit to your brains."

"Oh, no! no! do not say so, *Padre mio!* Give me a *terno*. It will be like rain in May, or cheese on my maccaroni. On my word of honor, I'll keep it secret. *Via!* You, so good and charitable, cannot refuse me the three numbers. Pray content me this once."

"My son, I will give you a rule for always being content: Avoid Sin, think often on Death, and behave so as to deserve Paradise—and so—"

"*Basta! basta! Padre mio!* That's enough. Thanks! thanks! God will reward you."

And, making a most profound reverence, off the *bottegaio* rushes to his house. There he takes down the *Libro dei Sogni*, calls into consultation his wife and children, and, after a long and earnest discussion and study, the three numbers corresponding to the terms Sin, Death and Paradise are settled upon, and away goes our friend to play them in the lottery. Will you believe it?—the three numbers are drawn—and the joy of the poor *bottegaio* and his family may well be imagined. But what will you not imagine is the persecution of the poor *uomo apostolico* which followed. The secret was all over town the next day, and he was beset by scores of applicants for numbers. Vainly he protested, declaring that he knew nothing about it, and that the man's drawing the right numbers was all chance. Every word he said turned into numbers, and off ran his hearers to play them. He was like the girl in the fairy story, who dropped pearls every time she spoke. The worst of the *imbroglio* was, that in an hour the good priest had uttered words equivalent to all the ninety numbers in the lottery, and the players were all at loggerheads with each other. Nor did this persecution cease for weeks, until those who had played the numbers corresponding to his words found themselves, as the Italians say, with only flies in their hands.

The stupidity of many of the common people in regard to these numbers is wonderful. When the number drawn is next to the number they have, they console themselves with thinking that they were within one of it—as if in such cases a miss were not as bad as a mile. But when the number drawn is a multiple of the one they play, it is a sympathetic number, and is next door to winning; and if the number come reversed—as if, having played 12, it come out 21—he laughs with delight. "Eh, don't you see, you stupid fellow," said the chemist of a village one day to a dunce of a peasant, of whose infallible *terno* not a single number had been drawn. "Don't you see, in substance all your three numbers have been drawn? and its shameful in you to be discontented. Here you have played 8—44—26, and instead of these have been drawn 7—11—62. Well! just observe! Your 8 is within only one point of being 7; your 44 is in substance 11, for 4 times 11 are 44 exactly; and your 26 is nothing more or less than your 62 reversed; what would you ask more?" And by his own mode of reasoning, the poor peasant sees as clearly as possible that he has really won, only the difficulty is that he cannot touch the prize without correcting the little variations. *Ma, pazienzia*, he came so near this time, that he will be sure to win the next—and away he goes to hunt out more sympathetic numbers, and to rejoice with his friends on coming so near winning.

Dreams of numbers are, of course, very frequent, and are justly much prized. Yet one must know how to use them, and be brave and bold, or the opportunity is lost. I myself once dreamt of having gained a *terno* in the lottery, but was fool enough not to play it, and in consequence lost a prize, the very numbers coming up in the next drawing. The next time I have such a dream, of course I shall play; but perhaps I shall be too late, and only lose. And this recalls to my mind a story, which may serve as a warning to the timid and encouragement to the bold. An Englishman, who had lived on bad terms with a very quarrelsome and annoying wife, (according to his own account, of course,) had finally the luck (I mean the misfortune) to lose her. He had lived long enough in Italy, however, to say "*Pazienza*," and buried his sorrows and his wife in the same grave. But after the lapse of some time, his wife appeared to him in a dream, and confessed her sins towards him during her life, and prayed his forgiveness, and added, that in token of reconciliation he must accept three numbers in the lottery, which would certainly win a great prize. But the husband was obstinate, and absolutely refused to follow the advice of a friend to whom he recounted the odd dream, and who urged him to play the numbers. "Bah!" he answered to this good counsel; "I know her too well; she never meant well to me during her life, and I don't believe she's changed now that she's dead. She only means to play me a trick, and make me lose. But I'm too old a bird to be taken with her chaff." "Better play, them," said his friend, and they separated. In the course of a week they met again. "By-the-way," said the friend, "did you see that your three numbers came up in the lottery this morning?" "The devil they did! What a consummate fool I was not to play them!" "You didn't play them?" "No!" "Well, I did, and won a good round sum, too." So the obstinate husband, mad at his ill-luck, cursed himself for a fool, and had his curses for his pains. That very night, however, his wife again appeared to him, and, though she reproached him a little for his want of faith in her, (no woman could be expected to forego such an opportunity, even though she were dead,) yet she forgave him, and added: "Think no more about it now, for here are three numbers, just as good." The husband, who had eaten the bitter food of experience, was determined at all events not to let his fortune slip again through his fingers, and played the highest possible *terno* in the lottery, and waited anxiously for the next drawing. He could scarcely eat his breakfast for nervousness that morning; but at last mid-day sounded, and the drawing took place, but no one of his numbers came up. "Too late! taken in!" he cried. "Confound her! she knew me better than myself. She gave me a prize the first time, because she knew I wouldn't play it; and, having thus whetted my passions, she then gave me a blank the second time because she knew I would play it. I might have known better."

From the moment one lottery is drawn, the mind of the people is intent on selecting numbers for the next. Nor is this an easy matter, all sorts of superstitions existing as to figures and numbers. Some are lucky, some unlucky, in themselves, some lucky only in certain combinations, and some sympathetic with others. The chances, therefore, must be carefully calculated, no number or combination being ever played without profound consideration, and under advice of skilful friends. Almost every event in life has numerical signification; and such is the reverence paid to dreams, that a large book exists of several hundred pages, called *Libro dei Sogni*, containing, besides various cabala and mystical figures and lists of numbers which are "sympathetic," with directions for their use, a dictionary of thousands of objects with the numbers supposed to be represented by each, as well as rules for interpreting into numbers all dreams in which these objects appear, and this book is the constant *vade-mecum* of a true lottery-player. As Boniface lived, ate, and slept on his ale, so do the Romans on their numbers. They are scrawled over the ruins, on the shop doors, on the sides of the houses, and are given in the almanacs. The very children "lisp in numbers, for the numbers come," and the fathers run immediately to play them. Accidents, executions, deaths, apoplexies, marriages, assassinations, births, anomalies of all kinds, become auguries and enigmas of numbers. A lottery-gambler will count the stabs on a certain body, the drops of blood from a decollated head, the passengers in an overturned coach, the wrinkles in the forehead of a new-born child, the gasps of a person struck by apoplexy, the day of the month and the hour and the minute of his death, the *scudi* lost by a friend, the forks stolen by a thief, anything and everything, to play them in the lottery. If a strange dream is dreamed—as of one being in a desert on a camel, which turns into a rat, and runs down into the Maelstrom to hide—the *Libro dei Sogni* is at once consulted, the number for desert, rat, camel and Maelstrom are found and combined, and the hopeful player waits in eager expectation of a prize. Of course, dream after dream of particular numbers and combinations occurs—for the mind bent to this subject plays freaks in the night, and repeats contortedly the thoughts of the day—and these dreams are considered of special value. Sometimes, when an incident occurs of a special numerical signification, the run upon the numbers indicated becomes so great, that the government, which is always careful to guard against any losses on its part, refuses to a low more than a certain amount to be played on them, cancels the rest, and returns the price of the tickets.—*Story's Roba di Roma.*

RATHER TOO SMART.—A Russian soldier, recently, whilst enjoying himself at a rustic ball in one of the Polish villages, boasted that he could put a bullet through a man's hat at a hundred paces, without touching his head. A peasant accepted the wager, but in order to foil the marksman, squeezed his hat so low down over his eyes that the ball went through hat and head both, and left him a corpse on the ground. The soldier was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for homicide by imprudence; but he appealed against his sentence, alleging that the fault lay with the peasant, and offering, at the same time, to repeat the experiment with the judge, provided the latter did not "bonnet" himself so completely. We are not informed whether the learned functionary accepted the soldier's very fair offer.

TEETOTUM tells us that Miss Buchanan, once rallying a brave soldier on his courage, said: "Now, Captain ———, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?" "Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

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Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

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WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

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BEDDING, ETC.,

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ap22 3m

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WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on band.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
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ap22-tf

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.

ap22-tf

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Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Viuton, Americau Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.

Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

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Has fully established the superiority of

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AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

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is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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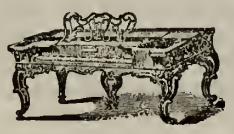
ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



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New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimouials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

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H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

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FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

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Fine Clothing

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GENTLEMEN'S

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TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

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OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

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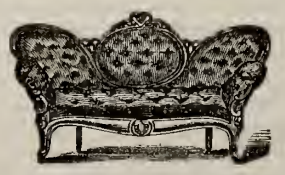

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LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the Californiu Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

no5-tf J WHITNEY, JR., Presiden

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House the new comedy of *Woodcock's Little Game* was produced during this week. It is a neat little comedy with a very flimsy plot. Mr. Pauncefort was very good in the character of "Woodcock," and was most ably supported by Mrs. Saunders as "Mrs. Colonel Carver." On Thursday this piece was followed by *Black-Eyed Susan*, in which Mrs. Sophie Edwin made her re-appearance after a short absence from the stage caused by sickness. She received a most enthusiastic welcome from the audience. She played "Susan" delightfully. In pathetic characters Mrs. Sophie Edwin has few equals on the American stage. Mr. Pauncefort's "William" elicited much applause, and the piece was as a whole most creditably performed. Miss Sallie Hinckley, during her absence from San Francisco, must have devoted herself closely to the study of her profession. She exhibits the most marked improvement in her acting and reading, and has filled every part entrusted to her since she joined the company at the Opera House most creditably. Last night *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* was performed, Mr. Pauncefort rendering the chief character in a style which left nothing to be desired. Mr. Pauncefort, in pathetic passages, never allows his expression of grief to degenerate into a whine; his sorrow is a manly sorrow which the audience can sympathize with without forfeiting their self-respect. This afternoon and evening *The Romance of a Poor Young Man* will be repeated. On Monday the drama of *Enoch Arden, or Under the Palm*, by the author of *Assessments, or Look after my Josephine. Do You Know Jones?* and numerous other successful local pieces, will be produced in magnificent style, with beautiful new scenery and stage effects. Tennyson's beautiful poem, which numbers its readers by tens of thousands, will here be faithfully presented on the stage. Mr. Pauncefort, as "Enoch Arden," Mrs. Sophie Edwin, as "Annie Lee," Mr. Charles Thorne as "Philip Ray," Mrs. Saunders as "Miriam Lane," and the promising and talented young actor, Mr. Aldrich, in an eccentric comedy part, make an undeniably strong cast. The popularity of the poem will insure a full house. The vision scene, "Under the Palm," is a fine piece of scenic art, which fully repays the time and money spent in its production.

Wheatleigh's Eureka Theatre has been doing a splendid business all the week. Wheatleigh may well cry *"eureka!"* for he has certainly "struck it." The *Colleen Bawn*, born again in capital style, with fine scenery and good acting, has filled the house, in conjunction with something called a "farce," entitled *Jeff Davis in Hoops, or the Confederacy in the Last Ditch*. That there *is* something in a name is pretty plainly proved by the fact that people go to see this production. It is simply the scene of Jeff Davis' capture produced on the stage, without the slightest pretence at fun. It is an even worse attempt at a dramatic composition than *Artemus Ward, Showman*. The daily papers have passed it over in silence, and I only mention it as a curious proof of how bad a thing can be put upon the stage and tolerated. Poor Wheatleigh has a heavy burden, and his being successful in drawing several laughs during such a piece is the most stupendous proof of his talent that could possibly be given. Wheatleigh is great! The intensely sensational drama of *Pauline* will be produced on Thursday next. This afternoon the performance will consist of *The Bonnie Fishwife, Two Can Play at that Game* and *Jeff Davis in Hoops;* this evening *The Colleen Bawn* and *Jeff Davis in Hoops* will be given.

Miss Louisa Clarkson, whom the *Call* aptly termed a chrysalis, is giving many signs that she will ere long emerge from the *pupa* condition and become a butterfly. By the by, that word *pupa* is extremely appropriate. One of those stupid country editors called Miss Clarkson an "animated doll," and *pupa* happens to be the Latin, both for a doll and a chrysalis. I am sure she will prove an apt pupil, (also from *pupus*,) and under Wheatleigh's tuition become so good an actress that when she next takes a trip in the interior she will astonish the editorial puppies (*pupus* again) who called her names. Having twisted that Latin word sufficiently, I will state in plain English that if Miss Louisa Clarkson takes as much pains to succeed as she did in the character of the "Colleen Bawn," she will certainly attain a good position in the profession which she has chosen.

Every one regrets the death of Mr. Alfred Proxe, the finest scenic artist on this coast. His friends mourn a kind-hearted, good man, while to the profession his loss is a most serious one.

I believe that Lady Don is at the present time on her way from Australia to San Francisco. On her arrival she will commence an engagement at Maguire's Opera House. Lady Don is the widow of the late Sir William Don, Bart., a distinguished member of the histrionic profession. Lady Don has lately filled several highly successful engagements in Australia. Her line of business is burlesque and comedy; she is very pretty and graceful, and will no doubt prove a grand success.

TOUCHSTONE.

SEE Middleton & Son's advertisement of Homestead Lots for sale, in another column.

(For the Californian.)

INTERESTING PLANTS.

ANY one having any a plant-cabinet, or glass structure, such as was described in the last number of THE CALIFORNIAN, would be enabled to grow and maintain in health and luxuriance many plants of interest that are rarely seen for the want of a little forethought when stocking a place with plants. The fitting up and furnishing of plant structures are managed much on the same plan as is pursued with a dwelling-house—the furniture dealer and the upholsterer are about the only ones whose taste is consulted, if the expense does not go beyond a certain amount; if it does, then the owner or occupant may have some change made in the programme. So with the plant-cabinet: the gardener or florist is sent for, and the structure to be filled with plants is shown him. What will it cost? If the amount is within the limit, he is engaged; he then sends such things as he has on hand and that will make the most show for the least money.

Why do not persons possessing such places fill them with plants which will be of interest to themselves as well as their friends and visitors? How many of our citizens and families have ever seen the trees and plants from which we derive many of our daily articles of use, such as our tea, coffee, spices; the woods from which our furniture is made; the dye-woods and medicines; each and every one possessing an interest far surpassing all the common plants usually seen, and, further, affording practical information on subjects which are hardly ever alluded to?

Perhaps a short account of a few plants may lead some one who has such a plant-cabinet, or conservatory, to look about and fill it with those things which may be a source of interest and pleasure from the various uses they are applied to as well as their intrinsic beauty:

The Tea plant, *(Thea Viridis.)* derived from *Teha*, the Chinese name for tea,) has beautiful evergreen foliage, with small white flowers, very fragrant. The cultivation is the same as that given to the Camellia Japonica. Who would not think of Cowper's beautiful allusion, when seeing this plant:

> "Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
> And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Coffee. *(Caffea Arabica,)* according to Abbé Raynal, is a native of Upper Ethopia, whence it was transported to Arabia toward the end of the fifteenth century. Bruce is also of the opinion that it is a native of Africa, and that it derives its name from Caffee, a province of Narea, where it grows spontaneously in great abundance. The foliage is very elegant and glossy, the flowers are star-shaped, like the Jasmine, and with a perfume almost overpowering. When in fruit, with its bright scarlet berries afterward turning to a rich purple, there is no plant more ornamental.

Cinnamon *(Cinnamomum verum*, derived from the Arabic of *Kinamon.)* belongs to the Laurel family, is a native of Ceylon, of which island it constitutes the chief wealth. It forms a small tree, with leaves somewhat like those of the laurel, but of a lighter hue, having their strongly-marked ribs running lengthwise, with fine cross-fibres. The blossoms are white, nearly destitute of odor, but so abundant that the tree is perfectly covered. The fruit somewhat resembles an acorn, and is often crushed and boiled for its fragrant oil. The cinnamon in use is the peeled bark of the shoots.

Camphor, *(Camphora Officinarum.)* another of the same family of the Laurel tribe, is a native of China and Japan. It is a very handsome plant.

The Pepper plant *(Piper Nigrum* and *P. excelsum)* is a climbing shrub, with jointed stems, parallel-ribbed leaves and catkin-like spikes of flowers.

Nutmeg *(Myristica moschata)* is a native of the East Indies. The leaves are oblong-oval, glossy on the upper surface and whitish beneath, with a strong aromatic taste. The flowers are small, of a yellowish color. The fruit is about the size of a peach, which, when ripe, splits and discovers the spice in the form of a porous, woody seed (the nutmeg,) within a shell, and surrounded by a fleshy envelope or *arillus* (the mace.) The latter is a leaflike network of a fine red hue.

The Clove, *(Caryophyllus Aromaticus*, from *karyon*, a nut, and *phyllon*, a leaf,) is a beautiful plant, resembling the Bay tree in its foliage. Every part of it is highly aromatic and pungent, and its beauty and fragrance make it a favorite. Sir T. Raffles says that "Clove trees, as an avenue to a residence, are perhaps unrivaled, the beauty of their form, the luxuriance of their foliage, and above all, the spicy fragrance with which they perfume the air, produce, on driving through a long line of them, a degree of exquisite pleasure only to be enjoyed in the clear light atmosphere of a tropical climate."

India Rubber *(Ficus elastica)* is also a beautiful plant, with its thick waxy leaves always looking bright and clean. This is one of the very best of room plants, and will bear more neglect than almost any other, and at the same time, if the proper care and attention is bestowed on it, none will show improvement sooner.

The list may be extended indefinitely, embracing many kinds and varieties of plants. Let any one begin with any class of plants, and how soon their care will create a love for them and a desire to possess others of the kind. What can be introduced into the family that will give so much pleasure and stimulate a love of acquiring information—what the habits of the plants are, the various processes of manufacture they have to go through to be fitted for use, etc.?

Why should not our schools have conservatories where the children could learn, from Nature herself, the form and varieties of the trees which produces so many of the various articles of daily use?

IRIS.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE "BILLY MULLIGAN" TRAGEDY.—William Mulligan, better known as "Billy Mulligan," locked himself in his room at the St. Francis Hotel yesterday morning, while laboring under an attack of delirium, and forbade any person approaching his presence under penalty of death. He had been flighty for two or three days previous, and to entertain the idea that some parties were seeking his life. He had been locked up in the Station House for safe keeping by his friends on Thursday night, but was released yesterday morning. Subsequent to his release he went to a pawn-broker, and pledged a coat for a revolver, and then sought his room, where his landlady endeavored to see him and procure his pistol. He told her he held her in the kindest esteem, but warned her to go away, and stated that no living being should approach him. The occupants of the St. Francis, from the situation and desperate character of the man, became alarmed and sought the assistance of the police. Officer Chappell endeavored to approach his room by the balcony, which extends around the whole building, but as soon as Mulligan saw him, he fired through the window at him without effect. Mulligan had now the house to himself, all the occupants having vacated it. Jack McNabb, a friend of Mulligan, next attempted an interview with him, with the intention of soothing and disarming him: but Mulligan had become thoroughly frenzied, and told him he would shoot him if he ascended the stairs. McNabb, against the advice of his companion, who endeavored to hold him back, mounted the stairs; he advanced two steps when Mulligan shot him dead. Billy next fired at random up Dupont street, from a window, and shot a young man named Hart, Foreman of Eureka Hose Company, No. 4, the wound soon proving fatal. The whole available police force were now summoned and the house surrounded. After waiting nearly an hour for his next sally, one of their number in the building opposite shot him, through the window, with a Springfield rifle, the ball entering his forehead and causing instant death. Mulligan had locked himself up in the forenoon, and it was after three o'clock when he was shot. An immense crowd gathered in the vicinity, and that portion of the city became greatly excited as events progressed.

THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.—The day was pleasant, slightly clouded, with but little wind. There was an immense display of National colors from flag staffs, windows, doorways and the shipping. The streets were thronged, and every balcony and window along the route of the procession was filled with ladies and children. The military portion of the procession was very effective in display and organization. The civic portion fell short of last year's in extent and variety, owing to the prejudice existing against permitting the colored people to join in and bring up the rear of the procession. Nevertheless, the celebration passed off happily, and but few accidents marred the festivities of the day. The oration, by J. W. Dwinelle, was worthy of the occasion, but the poem was not so well conceived. The fireworks in the evening did not exactly meet the approbation of the large crowd that had assembled to see them—in fact they proved almost a failure, some going off prematurely, others hardly going off at all, and none equaling similar exhibitions of the two previous years. Our city paid very liberally for them, and we are afraid our Supervising Fathers were rather Tripped up on their contract.

OUR public schools have never been in so prosperous a condition as at present. With the facilities offered by the splendid new school buildings and the many improvements made in the various departments, it is believed that no city in the Union excels our own in educational advantages. The most recent improvement has been the engrafting on the High School, under the title of "The Latin School," a new department, where the student is given a higher and more complete preparatory Classical course of studies. Superintendent Pelton announces the course of instruction given at the Latin School elsewhere in our paper.

THE MEXICAN LOAN.—Mr. Samuel Brannan has assumed direct personal management and agency for the sale of the bonds of the Mexican ten per cent. loan—a loan to be secured by one-half the revenues derived from the customs of all the principal ports on the Pacific coast of Northern Mexico. From the agent's well known ability and energy, backed by the current of public opinion, which must eventually enforce the Monroe Doctrine and re-establish the Mexican Republic, we do not doubt but that the subscription list to the loan will speedily be filled.

ACCIDENTS ON THE FOURTH.—A man was killed by the sprinkling car of the Omnibus Railroad Company, just before daylight on the Fourth. He had been ejected from a grocery in a drunken state, and was lying on the track... A child of Mr. Woodthorpe, connected with the *Mercantile Gazette*, fell through a skylight on the roof of the Pacific Fruit Market, and it is supposed, received fatal injuries... A boy named W. Powell, had his hand so terribly lacerated by the explosion of a pistol, that it was found necessary to amputate three of his fingers.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6.500.000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

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415 *WASHINGTON STREET*,
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my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

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—AND—
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☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25 tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of JULY, 1865:

JULY 3rd - - - - - - SACRAMENTO.
JULY 18th - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
je24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

CALIFORNIA COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE FOR YOUNG LADIES,
64, 66, 68, 70 *Silver Street, San Francisco*,
FOR BOARDING AND DAY PUPILS,

Will commence its next Session THURSDAY, July 6th. A few vacancies remaining, early application will be necessary for those desiring admission. Further particulars may be obtained by calling upon or addressing
MISS M. LAMMOND,
je24-1m Principal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

AMALIE J. R. SCHAEBEN, Plaintiff; vs. AUGUSTE A. SCHAEBEN, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to AUGUSTE A SCHAEBEN, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 1st day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETBNER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney, office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap8-tjy8-inc

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Exective Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S, HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

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WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
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to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewstor & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
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Between Sansomo and Montgomery, - - San Francisco.

All Descriptions of JOB PRINTING done cheaper and as good as anywhere else in the city.
fc4-tf

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,
517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.
BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,
NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(OVER FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT,)
INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED
Skirt Supporters and Chest
EXPANDERS,
For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess
GRACE OF FORM
AND
SYMMETRY OF PERSON.
It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of
GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of
BUST,
Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS
PAIN RELIEVING AND STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.
THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. dc17-3m

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to
The Floral Repository,
Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street*,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.
3m

MARKET STREET RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

A NEW INVENTION!
LEWIS'S
Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-1f

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF
Pulmonary Complaint!
COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often
YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,
when all others prove ineffectual.
AS A MEDICINE,
Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is
UNSURPASSED!
while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is
INCOMPARABLE!
and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the
INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggist's and by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf San Francisco

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use. For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the host selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22-3m

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE RACKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS RACKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS RACKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office:

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracten with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no chargo.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. je10-1m

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REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING ON STEEL

A PORTRAIT OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SON.

This Picture was photographed by Brady in the White House at Washington, and is the last the President ever sat for.

It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1-2x12 1-2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

☞ Sold only by Subscription.

DEWING & LAWS, General Agents,
je24-tf 511 Sacramento Street.

GUARDIAN'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 24th day of April, 1865, in the matter of the estate of Louis Conrad Meyer, a minor, the undersigned, guardian of the estate of said minor, will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, payable in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court, on the 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, at the office of D. P. & A. Barstow, No. 24 Montgomery Block, corner of Montgomery and Washington streets, in the city and county of San Francisco, all the right, title and interest of said Louis Conrad Meyer in and to that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded and described as follows, viz.:

Commencing at the northwesterly corner of Octavia and Fulton streets, thence running south along the west line of Octavia street, 275 feet; thence, at a right angle, easterly 275 feet; thence at a right angle, northerly 275 feet; and thence westerly along the north line of Fulton street 275 feet to the place of beginning; comprising a portion of Western Addition, Block No. 150, and surrounding streets.

And the said guardian will receive offers or bids therefor from this date to said 12th day of July, 1865, at 12 o'clock noon at the place aforesaid.

JOHANNA MEYER, Guardian of the Estate
June 10, 1865.-5t of Louisa Conrad Meyer, a minor.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29-3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25-3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL TYPE

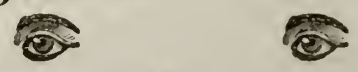
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'



CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augusture Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root. Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood*, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
ap29-tf San Francisco.

INTOLERANCE.

"And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other."—Acts xv., 39.

OFF the coast of Cornwall, fourteen miles west from the great naval station of Plymouth, and full in the track of homeward-bound ships sailing up the British Channel, there rises in deep water a great ridge of rocks, whose sharp and rugged crest, sometimes quite hidden by the waves, and at other hours of the tide appearing above them, was known and dreaded for ages under the name of the Eddystone. Many a good ship, bearing many a precious life, after having passed in safety the dangers of the outer ocean, was wrecked on those rocks, within sight of the English shore. For the danger was a hidden one: even by day, and still more by night, the poor sailor was in the jaws of destruction before he was aware. At last, means were taken to warn off from that peril. A lighthouse was built on the Eddystone: and so confident was its builder in the strength and stability of his work, that he was accustomed to say that he wished no better than to spend a night in it during the fiercest storm that ever blew. He had his wish. One afternoon, while he was visiting his lighthouse, a fearful hurricane arose, which lasted all the night. When the morning broke, the people on shore looked out for the well-known tower, rising from the waves; but it was gone—swept clean away: and no one that had been in it was ever seen again. Another lighthouse followed, built of wood, which used to bend like a tree before the gale: but after standing fifty years it was destroyed by fire. Finally came the present noble structure, which has borne the brunt of the fierce storms of the channel, and cast its saving light over the dark waters, now for more than a hundred years. It is pleasant to think of the religious spirit in which architect and workmen wrought together on that slight-looking, yet strong tower. Round the highest chamber you may read, cut in the stone, these words: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" and the last mason-work done on the structure was the cutting on the topmost stone words in an ancient language, which mean *Praise to God.* You will think, I know, that it was a good and noble work, to erect, in the face of unheard-of difficulties, in the midst of a stormy sea, and off an iron-bound coast, that lighthouse tower, to warn away from the fatal reef where so much treasure and so much life had perished.

My Christian friends, right in our track, sailing over the sea of life, there is (as it were) a perilous reef, on which many more, that were not utterly lost, have suffered damage of spars and hull. If I were called to name this perilous rock in a single word, I should call it Intolerance: intolerance of people who differ from us. I will grant that the disposition to be intolerant of those who disagree with them, is found in the highest degree in the very best, noblest, most honest and earnest of mankind: it is present in the highest degree just in those persons who have the warmest hearts and the clearest heads. It is very hard, when you see, clear as the daylight, what ought to be done, and when you are earnestly desirous that it should be done, to bear patiently with stupid and wrong-headed people who will not think as you do; or who, even after they know quite well what ought to be done, hang back and will not do it. And there can be no doubt at all, that there is nothing which helps a man so effectually to show what seems a fair and tolerant spirit in any matter, as the fact that he really cares nothing at all about the matter. The churchman, who cares exceedingly little for the Church—who cares for it nothing at all in comparison with his own ease or popularity—finds it quite easy to bear with those who want to pull the Church down. But that is not a tolerant spirit: that is an indifferent, selfish, mean, contemptible spirit; the spirit of the man who can tolerate any opinion, because in truth he cares much for none. The true tolerant spirit is with him who holds his views and beliefs strongly as his life; who feels their truth and importance deeply and keenly; and yet who can give other people credit for honesty and sense when they think quite differently—can bear without irritation the temperate expression of these different opinions—can feel that such difference need not excite unkindness—need not break off friendship; need not bring things to this point, that men cannot meet and speak. Because one person thinks that one way of appointing ministers to vacant parishes is the right way, and another person thinks that another way altogether is the right way, *that* is no reason why they should cease to exchange a friendly greeting, and pass each other with an angry scowl. Yet there is a strong tendency to all this mischief and misery, in fallen human nature. There can be no doubt whatsoever, that intolerance is a rock ahead in every honest man's course and in every earnest Christian's, of which he must diligently strive and pray, by the help of God's Blessed Spirit, that he may steer clear.

Now it is possible that the words in which I have described this peril of which I desire that we all may be warned, have turned your thoughts too exclusively to differences in matters political, ecclesiastical, or religious; to differences on those public questions which we all know do excite such keen and angry feeling; and which only very fair, temperate, thoughtful, well-informed and large-hearted people are able to discuss without getting into a rage. But we are to remember that the self-same spirit which has made some men, claiming to be very religious men, refuse to speak peaceably to such as would not think as they did on some trumpery matter of ecclesiastical detail, may appear just as really in all the ordinary business and conversation of life. The rock against which I think my text warns us, is Intolerance of difference from ourselves, in its largest sense: the desire in everything to have our own way; the disposition not to yield to others, to give and take; the tendency to quarrel with such as differ from us in opinion or belief; and to split off altogether from such, parting from them in anger. It will be a good work to plant a beacon on this rock, to erect a lighthouse here, that we may all diligently shun it. It is a dangerous rock: the consequences of striking on it are painful and humiliating, and there is a natural current setting in that direction; there is a tendency that way in the hearts of us all. We all want to get our own way. We are all ready to be angry if any one comes across our getting it. And indeed the beacon is already built for us in the sad story, to which I am to turn your thoughts. We may well write upon it, the thankful words cut in the last stone of the Eddystone lighthouse—the solemn Praise to God! For if it often helps to cheer us, to look back upon the good examples recorded in Holy Scripture, I think it often does us as much good, and perhaps there is something that comes even more warmly and touchingly home to our weak and wayward hearts, when we are invited to learn and profit by the wrong-doings of good men.—*Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson.*

General Custer—An Incident of the Review.—The Third Cavalry approaches, and while it is yet far in the distance a notable and romantic episode occurs. A horseman is seen dashing up the street at break-neck pace. His large bay horse leaps in the air as if it were his proper element. Only a centaur should keep his seat on such a stallion. But the horseman, whose white gauntlets are wound in the taut reins, has tamed men as well as horses. His name is Custer, and he is of a shape to recall the picturesqueness of feudal years, of a spirit indomitable and erratic. His complexion is that of a follower of Odin, the fair and ruddy, and set in a sunrise of golden hair, which ripples upon his blue shoulders, shrouding the double stars; and on his left arm hangs a broad wreath of evergreens. His steed, as if in the lists, has leaped so high as to throw his foot from the stirrup and shake his sword from its scabbard. His hat blows away, and in the sunshine his locks, unskeined, stream a foot behind him. It is a runaway, like the charge of a Sioux chieftain, and all the people rise half in wonder, half in shudder. The cheer that was to have greeted him falls to a sibilant hush—a dozen orderlies sweep in pursuit, the President and Cabinet start up in involuntary fear; but to those passing, Custer throws a rapid salute, and bends his wild horse's hit down to his stirrups, and stops him as if a strong man's had chained a thunderbolt. So, tamed and docile the steed ambles back, the President salutes this soldier-Rarey, and the street rings with the involuntary homage of the everyday heart to the man of romance. Custer should have lived in a less sordid age. His day passed away at Ashby de la Zouche. The staff of Custer is of his own dashing mettle, and they as well as his entire division wear red neck-cloths, the oddest, most fanciful and most effective device in the army.—*N. Y. World.*

A "Poker" Reminiscence.—What steamboat man or traveler of that day does not remember Charley Russell—a steamboat clerk then, a captain afterwards, and a clever fellow always? Charley perpetrated a sell, in conjunction with a party of boys, regular blades. Charley met the celebrated Captain Marryatt, at the Galt House, and added immensely to the tourist's stock, with anecdotes and high-colored stories of Western life, including steamboat explosions, murders, duels, and "how poker was played." Charley consented to gratify Marryatt's wish to see the game. "You shall see to-night," said Charley, and forthwith arranged the plan. The night came, and the wonder-seeking Englishman was ushered into the room where the "boys" were got up in style for the occasion. Each had a pair of pistols and a bowie-knife in his belt, and piles of bank notes before him. Marryatt became alarmed, but pluckily stood his ground. The game commenced, the players, in high spirits; money was lost by the thousands, and drinks and oaths, the necessary concomitants of poker, were plentiful. Then came the sell. Charley lost vast sums in a bet, the charge of foul play was made, and a fight commenced; bowie-knives flashed in the air, pistols were fired, the lights were extinguished, and the terrified Marryatt rushed from the room. The next day he saw Charley in the capacity of steamboat clerk. On his return to England, Marryatt published an account of this scene, and to illustrate the character of Western people, of whom he took Charley Russell as a specimen, he said: "The next day I saw this young man clerking for a living, though he lost $30,000 the previous night." Charley had lost it in Brandon money, worth something less than half a cent on a dollar.

A "Great" Man Gone.—One of the greatest men that the present century has produced (says the London *Times*) was buried at the pretty little new church at Hertford Heath. We allude to the well-known big man of Hertfordshire, Mr. G. J. Coleman, who died on the fourth of April, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. Mr. Coleman was formerly purveyor to the East India College, at Haileybury, and hence will be well known to many of our readers. In very early manhood he weighed as little as eleven stone, a moderate weight for a man standing about five feet ten inches in his stockings. Upward of a quarter of a century since he began to increase in size, and steadily progressed until he obtained the enormous weight of thirty-one stone. Some idea of his great size may be gathered from the fact that his thigh measured four feet in circumference; his knee was thirty-two inches round, and his ankle twenty-eight inches. Until within a very few months, he took his daily constitutional walk; and his fatal illness (an attack of bronchitis) was only of a few days' duration. His exterior coffin was three feet four inches in breadth, and, from its vast size, had to be conveyed to the church on a bier, as no ordinary hearse was sufficiently capacious to receive it. The total weight of the coffin and contents was upward of eleven hundred weight. We believe that Mr. Coleman was the heaviest man of the present time, though he fell considerably short of the weight attained by the celebrated Daniel Lambert.

A Good Snake Story.—I have heard a most astonishing story of a snake, which I will relate, to show the wonderful degree of forethought displayed by the reptile in question.

It is well known that snakes are fond of milk. There was once a snake, not exempt from this weakness of its fellow reptiles, which hit upon the following ingenious expedient to gratify its taste: It visited a room in which a black nurse and her nurseling slept, and every night his snakeship would creep into the bed, cunningly insert the tip of its tail into the baby's mouth to amuse it, and prevent its crying, while the hideous reptile substituted itself for the infant which it thus deprived of its natural food, the nurse sleeping on, unconscious of having such a monstrous nurseling.

This went on for some time, until the infant, being thus cheated of half its allowance of food, became so thin that suspicion was excited, and an old negress was set to watch the nurse at night, the delinquent was caught in the act, and expiated its offense with its life, while the poor baby, being no longer kept on short commons, recovered its strength, and grew fine and fat as before.

I was unfeeling enough to laugh at this story, told me in the most pathetic manner by a lady who firmly believed it; and I made matters worse by expressing my regret at the snake's life not having been spared on account of its inventive genius.—*Brazilian Sketches.*

The Old Country.—Crowded as England is with a hungry population, five per cent. of her soil is not under cultivation. Yet the proportion of cultivated to the uncultivated land is higher in England than in any other country in Europe. In Russia less than one-fifth of the soil is under cultivation; in Sweden, one-seventh; in Austria and Holland, one-fifth; in Switzerland, one-fourth; in France, fifty-four hundredths. There is really no need of emigration. In England, it appears by a Parliamentary report, there are sixteen millions of acres wholly unproductive that might easily be made productive. The reason why those acres are permitted to be unimproved is that as soon as they are enclosed, and before they can be sufficiently reclaimed to produce a paying crop, they become subject to tithe and tax. Hence only men of large capital dare undertake the task, and they prefer to invest their capital where the return is more speedy and more certain.

A Petrolian who is doing the "tower" of Europe thus graphically describes Constantinople: "Konstantinopul has a capitle sight. It looks from seving hills up on bewtiful specticles ockerpieing the hole feeld in vishun. Thars the Phosphorus, the sea of murmurer, Mount Limpus, the Hellspond, and cetery, a panniramer that brings to mind the wurds of the sellybrated Moor:

"And O! ef thar be a lyceum upon airth,
It is this, it is this!"

A new candidate for the honors of *Camille* lately appeared at Winter Garden, New York. Her name is Miss Hosmer. The *Clipper* says: "*Camille* has become quite a favorite with our star actresses since Miss Heron set the ball in motion. We have had Miss Heron in the part, Mrs. Bowers, Miss Davenport, Miss Western, and others, and now we are called upon to pass judgment on the efforts of Miss Hosmer; she is to be assisted by Barton Hill as 'Armand.'"

A French paper relates that when Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become temporal King of the Jews in Palestine, he said: "O, no, I would rather be Jew of the Kings than King of the Jews."

A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says: "For the effects of intemperance see our inside."

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SATURDAY, July 8th,

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AT HALF PRICES,

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The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

The next session commences July 18th.

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 3m REV. P. I. GREY, President.

OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC SCHOOLS, San Francisco, July 1, 1865.—The San Francisco Latin School.—At a meeting of the Board of Education, held June 27th, 1865, a plan for the organization of a Classical School was adopted. The object of this school is to fit boys for Colleges of the highest standing; or if a College course be not desired, to secure a full preparation for professional studies. Particular attention will be paid to the Latin and Greek languages. Instruction will also be given in Mathematics, Geography, History, Declamation, English Grammar, Composition, and in the French language. Candidates for admission to this school, from both public and private schools, will present themselves for examination at the Boys' High School building, corner of Clay and Powell streets, on Saturday, July 8th, at 9 o'clock A. M. No candidate under ten years of age will be admitted. Each applicant must be able to read English fluently, to spell words of common occurrence, and to write a legible hand. He must be well versed in Mental Arithmetic, and in Colburn's Common School Arithmetic, to page 144 or its equivalency, be able to answer the most important questions in Geography, and must have a sufficient knowledge of English Grammar to parse common sentences in prose, or an equivalent knowledge of Latin Grammar. The above requirements are such as would fit a pupil for promotion to the first class of a Grammar School of this city. Hence those pupils who stand high in the second classes of the schools, as well as those who have entered the first classes, may apply for admission to to the Latin School. J. C. PELTON, Superintendent.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 8. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

"WHAT will he do with it?" What will Uncle Sam do with the negro now he has freed him? This is the question of the day. To shirk it is simply cowardice. The New York correspondent of the *Alta* says the radicals are "down on" President Johnson because he declines to assume the power of saying that negroes shall vote in all the Southern States. The *Alta's* correspondent talks very sensibly on this subject. He says:

"What would the Californians say if the President were to insist that all the Asiatics in their State should be allowed to vote? It is true that California has not been in rebellion or revolution, but neither are any of the Southern States at the present time. If President Johnson were to assume a power, he could, with equal propriety, regulate all the other domestic institutions of the States. Even in New England, the indiscriminate voting of negroes is not allowed, for the qualification of being able to read and write is a pre-requisite, even in Massachusetts."

We are rather inclined to believe that being able to read and write is as important a qualification for participation in framing the laws of the country as wearing a white skin. We should be unwilling to see Alexandre Dumas refused the right of suffrage on account of his complexion should he be desirous of becoming an American citizen, while a white animal whose superiority over an intelligent dog rests in the power of always standing on his hind legs, while the dog finds it inconvenient to do so for any great length of time, and in the belief that there is concealed somewhere in his being a germ of something which may possibly, in course of time, grow into a soul, has equal privileges with the man of intellect. It is from this class of human beings, from these bipeds without feathers, that the outcry against recognizing the negro as a man comes. No doubt a mule would feel dreadfully insulted by being yoked with a jackass; the ass is too like him for such an association to be pleasant. The best men in the State had no fear that in walking in the Fourth of July procession with negroes they would forfeit the respect of their fellow citizens; but the uneducated classes were terribly frightened. No educated man will be frightened by the bugaboo, negro equality, which is dressed up in such terrors to frighten the rabble. By the time the Birthday of Freedom returns again public opinion will have undergone an immense change. There will be no such pitiable spectacle as was seen this year. The man who would say to the negro, "you're a black man, you shan't walk with me," will be laughed at. When this was shrieked at him in Stockton this year, the negro meekly answered: "So be it. We can wait. We have waited long. We can well wait a little longer." So Ethiopia, the Cinderella of Uncle Sam's great household, stood humbly in the street and saw her proud sisters flaunting in their pride, casting looks of scorn at their poor sister whom they had forced to do their drudgery for so many years, and now, when they pretended to rejoice that she too was free, refused to allow her to make merry at the same time as they. They can wait. Not long will they wait! The negro has bought his freedom with his blood; he has paid the price and none can rob him of it. Let him feel that it has not been given to him grudgingly; trust him a little and he will not wrong the trust reposed in him. The negro has a right to ride in the cars; the law has decided it. Has he, since that decision was rendered, thrust himself into the cars where he knows he will be regarded as an annoyance by the white passengers? We have not found it so. We know a poor old colored woman who lives high up on Green street, who has to trudge on foot the whole distance to the Metropolitan Market to make her purchases for the family in which she is engaged as cook; she may not ride in the cars; if she were a slave in the South her master would insist upon her being admitted to ride with white people, and they would not consider themselves polluted by coming in contact with her. The stain of freedom is on her, and white "ladies" would gather up their skirts were she to enter a car. She *could* ride and the law would protect her, but she will not thrust herself where those who look on her with scorn, simply because she is free, would shun her as if she carried with her some far more deadly disease than the air of freedom. This absurd prejudice will ere long cure itself. *Southerners* will overcome it very soon; Yankee pedlers who acquired it from fear of offending their Southern customers, who laughed at them and despised them for it, will be the last to give it up. Irishmen, who fear that the negro will come into competition with them in labor in the North, not reflecting that as many hands are required to till the ground in the Southern States now as before the negro was freed, and that every negro bred in the South loves it as his home and will stay there, will do their utmost to keep it up; but when they find the danger they have conjured up is purely an imaginary one, they too will relinquish it. Let the negro wait, yet a little while longer.

THE position of local reporter on a daily paper is not one which calls for the possession of much intellect i the man who fills it. The local reporters for the London press are a very low class; they hang round beer shops, and when they hear of an accident having happened, a fire having broken out, or any other event of interest, they start off to the scene, collect the facts, write an account, take it to the office and receive payment for it at the rate of a penny a line. How much more enviable is the position of local reporter for a San Francisco paper, and what a very superior class these reporters are to the London penny-a-liners. Take the local reporter of the *Alta* as an instance. What sparkling witticisms do we find in his column. In Thursday's paper, in his Police Court report, he says, "Mary Kane was again convicted on the charge of getting drunk and raising her namesake." Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he. Don't you see? Raising Cain. True he has made that joke every time Mary Kane has appeared in the Police Court, but it is a good joke, a very good joke, and bright things can never die. Then he tells us that "John Odor, a soldier who is in bad odor with the police, was convicted." Isn't that funny? Couldn't do that sort of thing, you know, for a penny a line. We are glad to see that the proprietors of the *Alta*, fully aware of the fact that they have a treasure in this young man, allow him considerable license. For example, in Monday's paper he had a very funny "item" headed "Alameda County Invaded," it was all about there being a number of mosquitoes in Oakland; he made a good many jokes; said they "were thicker than the locusts of Egypt," (what whoppers they must have been!) said they "seemed to enjoy the blood of the Oaklanders more than wild honey," (he evidently thinks locusts live on wild honey, which is a mistake—but let that pass,) talks about men with goggles, and says a number of other excruciatingly funny things. This appeared on Monday, near the bottom of the second column. To encourage him in this sort of thing, the proprietors let him publish it again on Tuesday, on the third column near the top, so that every one who had not seen the *Alta* on Monday, might have a chance of reading it. They did not state whether or not it was "republished at the request of numerous subscribers" like the *Flag* does when it reproduces one of its awful leaders. Lokulitems of the *Alta* is so pleased at being allowed to publish this item two days running, that he has been making jokes ever since, and the *Alta* is quite proud of him, and they say in the office that it's real nice to have a funny man who can write interesting items to make the paper sell while the wires are down.

WHAT a wonderful invention the telegraph is, and what an energetic individual the telegraphic reporter of the Associated Press must be! On Monday last he sent the following astounding news across the wires: "The horse *Gladiateur* won the Grand Prize." The steamer which arrived on Sunday brought English newspapers containing a full account of the Epsom Races, and how *Gladiateur* had won the Derby stakes. English racing news by telegraph *via* Paris! Let us be thankful for the telegraph; without it, though we should have known that *Gladiateur* won the Derby, we should not have known that they were aware of the fact in Paris.

THE New York *Times*, with reference to the short stay made by the Keans in New York, says:

"It is a thousand pities that such fine artistes are compelled to skim through the city with such unsatisfactory haste."

No doubt the Keans were successful in "skimming" the *creme de la creme*.

CAPTAIN CALLAHAN, when he arrested John Mitchell, expressed his surprise that he should be a rebel when he "pretended to flee from the oppression of the Old World to the freedom of the New." We cannot see anything to be surprised at. John Mitchell is remarkably consistent; he was a rebel at home and is a rebel here.

THE *Monitor*, in the same issue in which it publishes two Fenian communications full of "suffering Ireland" and threats to "trail in the dust the hated flag of Ireland's oppressor," has an editorial, which, containing as it does sound sense, affords a remarkable contrast to the incendiary documents referred to. The *Monitor* regrets that the Prince and Princess of Wales do not more frequently visit Ireland as representatives of the Queen. It says:

"It does seem a great pity that the Prince and Princess of Wales should not more frequently represent her where their appearance would call forth such heartfelt gratitude. Ireland abounds in princely mansions, and there are English noblemen who would feel it a high honor to entertain them. Irish discontent, so far as it is real, is closely allied to a sense of neglect, and for this feeling there could be no better palliative than the occasional residence of the heir-apparent in Ireland."

After the publication of this we should imagine the hold Fenians would lose all confidence in the *Monitor*. The view of the case taken by this paper is perfectly just; the periodical visits of royalty to Ireland would cause such a rapid growth of loyal sentiment and attachment to the crown, that the redoubtable Fenians, when they accomplished their long threatened invasion of Ireland, would be treated as a foreign foe. Irishmen at home have no wish to see the flame of civil war kindled in their beautiful isle, and the majority will be very thankful to the Fenians if they will stay where they are.

THE High Church clergymen in England wear a coat with remarkably long skirts, which is termed by their enemies the M. B. (Mark of the Beast) coat. The Edinburgh *Courant* states that one of these clergymen, a short time ago, had the misfortune to tread on the skirts of his coat and fall, receiving injuries which confined him to his bed for some time. It appears that the reverend gentleman had no need to cry, like Paddy, "Will some of yez tread on the tail of my coat?" The paragraph relating this accident has been going the rounds of the English press headed, "A Warning to Clergymen," and all the Low Church people of course look upon the occurrence as a "judgment" on the clergyman for being a "Puseyite."

EVERY true patriot will of course go to hear *I Puritani* to-night, and enjoy "the old Puritan spirit" of the music, which is the identical spirit which animated the Pilgrim Fathers. Every lover of the noble game of chess will also go to witness the performance of this opera, in which they will see how the queen, protected by a castle, is taken by a knight, and, the queen being taken, the king is check-mated. In spite of Signor Muzio having refused to allow the glorious anthem of "John Brown's Body" to be interpolated and sung by the Puritan chorus, the music will no doubt prove all that can be desired.

A SOLDIER writes from Fort Point to the *Flag*, giving a most heart-rending account of how the soldiers marched to town and brought their tin cups with them; he says:

"We were informed that refreshments would be furnished us on the line of march, but we saw nothing of them, and consequently had no use for our tin cups."

How very sad! No doubt they all expected to come here with their tin cups and go home with the hiccups.

TENNYSON, the poet laureate, has an event to celebrate. Alexandra, Princess of Wales, was delivered of another little Prince on July 3d. We presume he will write his birthday ode in *Alexandrines* out of compliment to the royal mamma. If the Princess of Wales had any friendly feeling towards this country, she would have postponed the event until the next day, so that it might occur on our glorious Fourth, and thus paid us a delicate compliment which would have done much to establish a friendly feeling between the two countries; but the Prince was born the day before. So much for British sympathy!

IS there any one in San Francisco who admires the twelve-o'clock whistle at the Mint? There is such a thing as paying too dearly for one's whistle, and a whistle which nearly ruptures the *tympana* of one's ears every time it sounds is a dear whistle. We always feel inclined to yell out, "What are you blowing about?" when we hear that diabolical whistle. It sounds like the warning shriek of the banshee, or the agonized scream of the gnome whose soul has just been crushed out of a mass of gold.

WE are grieved. We have always stuck up for Gridley. Alas! Gridley is deposed. John Short is elected Pound Keeper, and the pound pigs, instead of enjoying Gridley's fattening feed, will all be put on short rations.

WE notice a book advertised under the name of *A Son of the Soil*; it is not, as might naturally be supposed, *Only a Clod* under a new name, but a distinct work, though of course a son of the soil is only a clod.

TREM.

REUNION.

AN end at last! The echoes of the war—
The weary war beyond the western waves—
Die in the distance. Freedom's rising star
Beacons above a hundred thousand graves:

The graves of heroes who have won the fight,
Who in the storming of the stubborn town
Have rung the marriage peal of might and right,
And scaled the cliffs and cast the dragon down.

Peans of armies thrill across the sea,
Till Europe answers: "Let the struggle cease,
The bloody page is turned; the next may be
For ways of pleasantness and paths of peace!"—

A golden morn—a dawn of better things—
The olive-branch—clasping of hands again—
A noble lesson read to conquering kings—
A sky that tempests had not scoured in vain.

This from America we hoped and him
Who ruled her "in the spirit of his creed."
Does the hope last when all our eyes are dim,
As History records her darkest deed?

The pilot of his people through the strife,
With his strong purpose turning scorn to praise,
E'en at the close of battle reft of life,
And fair inheritance of quiet days.

Defeat and triumph found him calm and just;
He showed how clemency should temper power,
And dying left to future times in trust
The memory of his brief victorious hour.

O'ermastered by the irony of fate,
The last and greatest martyr of his cause;
Slain like Achilles at the Scæn gate,
He saw the end, and fixed the "purer laws."

May these endure, and, as his work, attest
The glory of his honest heart and hand—
The simplest, and the bravest, and the best—
The Moses and the Cromwell of his land.

Too late the pioneers of modern spite,
Awe-stricken by the universal gloom,
See his name lustrous in Death's sable night,
And offer tardy tribute at his tomb.

But we who have been with him all the while,
Who knew his worth, and loved him long ago,
Rejoice that in the circuit of our isle
There is no room at last for Lincoln's foe.

[*London Spectator.*

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE LADY AT PETERSHAM.

THE letter which Francis Tredethlyn wrote in his study was a long one; a very painful one to write, as it seemed from the face of the writer, and the weary sigh which every now and then escaped from his lips. He addressed the envelope, and then threw himself back in his chair to think. He had so much to think of. Maude's extraordinary conduct, Rosa Grunderson's revelation, had overthrown the whole fabric of his life; and he found himself surrounded by ruins whose utter chaos he could not contemplate without bewilderment.

For the last few weeks his thoughts had been almost exclusively devoted to his cousin Susan, and her wrongs. Found at last, after so many failures and disappointments, so much delay, the lonely girl had been welcomed as tenderly as any wanderer who ever returned to the lost friends of his youth. But Susan Lesley had a sad story to tell her cousin. The missing link in the chain that Francis Tredethlyn had put together piece by piece was the letter which had been written from St. Petersburg by the man whom Susan had loved and trusted—the man whose diary had revealed to Francis the utter worthlessness of his character.

Robert Lesley's letter was only a worthy companion to Robert Lesley's diary. In it he coldly and deliberately told the girl who loved him, that she was not his wife; that the Marylebone marriage was no marriage; the registrar no recognized official, but a scoundrel hired for a twenty-pound note to play the part of that functionary; that the registrar's office had been no office, but a lodging-house parlor hired for the occasion, and half-a-dozen doors from the real office. In conclusion, the writer stated the pitiful stipend which he was prepared to offer to the woman he had abandoned, and the child he had disowned.

Susan showed her cousin this letter, and told him how, after receiving it, her mind had almost given way under the burden of her great agony. Then it was that she had gone to Mrs. Burfield, and had written to her father a long letter, telling him something of her story, but not all; appealing piteously to the only friend to whom she could appeal; for faithful Frank was far away in some unknown country. She told her cousin how she had waited, at first with a faint sickly hope, then with a blank despair, for some answer from the father to whom she had appealed. But none came; and when her little stock of money had sunk to its lowest ebb, she left the dull quiet of Coltonslough to begin a weary, lonely struggle for bread, which had endured, without one ray of sunlight to illumine its blank misery, until the summer Sunday afternoon on which Francis Tredethlyn found her sitting in the nurse's cottage with her boy in her arms.

"Perhaps I ought to think myself very happy, Francis," Susan said when she had told her story; "for I was always able to pay the nurse somehow for her care of my darling; and the deadly fear of not being able to do *that* was the worst trouble I knew in all that dreary time. I have sometimes thought that bitter struggle for my daily bread was only a blessing in disguise, for it kept me from brooding upon my great sorrow; it sometimes shut from me the thought of Robert's cruelty and my own disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried the Cornishman; "no, Susan, there is no shadow of disgrace upon you except the disgrace of being united to a scoundrel and a liar. The marriage before the registrar was a *bona-fide* marriage, as binding as if it had been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

And then Francis told Susan of his visit to the registrar's office. This was the balm which he was able to pour into the deepest wound that ever tortured a woman's heart. But the identity of the husband who had lied in denouncing himself a liar was entirely unknown to Susan. Messrs. Kursdale and Scardon had instituted an inquiry as to whether a Mr. Robert Lesley had been inscribed on the books of St. Boniface any time between 1845 and 1852 and the answer had been in the negative. No person of the name had been a member of that college within the last ten years.

"But your husband was visited by his brother, was he not, Susan?" said Mr. Tredethlyn, when this subject was discussed between the cousins.

"Yes; but I knew no more of Robert's brother than of Robert himself. He did not come to us often. I heard that he was a lawyer—a barrister, I think—and that he lived in the Temple. I heard even that by accident, and Robert seemed almost vexed that I should know so much."

All these trifling circumstances seemed to point inevitably to one conclusion: Robert Lesley had intended from the first to abandon his wife, whenever his own interests rendered it advisable that he should throw off the tie that bound him to her.

"But this man shall be made to acknowledge his wife—to give a name to his child," cried Francis, "if he can be found."

"If my husband is alive, Providence may throw him across my path some day," Susan said resignedly. "He could not be more dead to me than he is now if he were buried in the deepest grave that ever held the ashes of the lost; but if he gave my boy the name that is his right, I think I could forgive him all the past."

It was quite in vain that Francis Tredethlyn sought to carry his cousin and her son home to his own house.

"I am used to poverty, Francis," she said; "Let me be poor still. Leave me alone in my obscurity. I have a lodging near here, and I can see my darling every day. I will freely accept from you a little income which will enable me to live as I have lived, without working as hard as I have worked; but I will accept no more. I am delighted to think that my father left his fortune to you, Frank; and I thank and bless you for having taken so much trouble to find me out."

Francis Tredethlyn found it hard work to win Susan away from this determination, so quietly expressed. But he did at last persuade her to agree to his own plans for her life, on condition that he should tell Maude nothing, nor ask Susan to meet her until the missing husband was found, and compelled to acknowledge his wife and son.

"You must accept the home I shall prepare for you, Suzy," said Francis, "or I will have a deed of gift drawn up to-morrow, transferring half my fortune to you. I am ready to divide your father's wealth with you as soon as ever I understand your legal position. In the mean time let me have the sweetest pleasure my money has ever given me yet—the pleasure of making a happy home for you and my little kinsman."

Thus it was that Francis Tredethlyn had withdrawn himself in a great measure from the society of Mr. Lowther, while he scoured the prettiest suburbs in search of a home for his cousin, and superintended the necessary improvements and decoration, the selection of the simple furniture, the arrangement of a garden, in which Robert Lesley's son might play happily, his life undarkened by the baseness of an unknown father.

Energetic though Mr. Tredethlyn was in the carrying out of his arrangements, Susan had been established little more than a week at the cottage, and the paint on the venetian shutters was still rather sticky, when Harcourt Lowther found the upholsterer's bill, which gave him the clue to his pupil's mysterious conduct. To hasten down to Petersham, find the cottage, refresh himself with dry sherry and soda-water at the nearest tavern, was all incomparably easy to Mr. Lowther. From the landlord he heard all about Brook Cottage. How it had been to let for nearly a twelvemonth; how it had been taken all in a hurry at the end of May by a dashing-looking gentleman from town, who had been reported scouring the neighborhood in hansom cabs, inquiring for houses to let, for three days at a stretch; he heard also, how a lady, very pretty and quite young, but a little pale and worn-looking, had arrived at last to take possession of "the prettiest little box that was ever put together, without regard to expense;" how she was attended by an elderly female in black, who had evidently seen better days, and who acted as nurse to a little boy; how two respectable young women had been hired in the neighborhood to act as cook and housemaid, and how, coming regularly to the Feathers in quest of the kitchen-beer, they had already reported their mistress as the sweetest and pleasantest of ladies, and first-cousin to the dashing gentleman in the hansom cab. The landlord tried to look as if he had no uncharitable thoughts about this cousinship; but Harcourt Lowther saw that Francis Tredethlyn and the lady had been subjects of grave scandal in that quiet country-place.

"Secrecy is only another name for guilt," thought Mr. Lowther. "Our friend has gone to the bad in real earnest this time, and I can make a *coup*. I was getting very tired of the slow game."

Armed with this information, the schemer went back to town, to take his place in Maude's opera-box, and to lead up to that idea of a morning at the Cedars, which seemed to originate in Mrs. Tredethlyn's own brain. Chance, which had been against him so long, had gone with him unfailingly in this business. The lucky moment had come; he had got his lead at last, and had only to play his winning cards. Chance had been constant to the schemer, even in that interview between Francis and Rosa; for it so happened that in all Miss Grunderson's candid outpourings she had not dropped a word about Mrs. Tredethlyn's stroll in the Petersham meadows; though, even if she had done so, the Cornishman might have been very slow to perceive that an accidental glimpse of himself and gentle Susie in friendly companionship could have been the primary cause of that stormy greeting which he had received at the hands of his wife. Francis accepted his wife's passionate outburst as only the climax of the disgust and weariness with which he had inspired her. "She reproaches me for the life I have been leading lately," he said bitterly; but she does not understand her own feelings. It is not my life, but me she hates. It is myself that inspires the loathing and contempt which she talked of, and not my late hours or my gambling and horse-racing."

After sitting for some time plunged in a gloomy reverie, Francis stirred as the little black marble clock on the mantelpiece chimed the quarter after twelve, and felt in his waistcoat pocket for a note which he had found waiting for him on his table the previous night. It was a tiny twisted *poulet* from Harcourt Lowther:

"*Dear Frank*—A line to remind you of to-morrow night. You will be expected any time after nine.

"Yours always, H. L."

This reminder referred to a bachelor's supper which Mr. Lowther had arranged at his lodgings; a party at which there was to be what the host called a quiet rubber. A rubber played with that deadly quiet which attends the science of whist when heavy amounts tremble in the balance, and a sum that a poor man would call a fortune may depend on the player's judicious choice between a five and a seven. Francis looked from the clock on the chimney-piece to the scrap of paper in his hand; hesitated for a few moments, with a black frown upon his face, and then started hastily from his lounging attitude, and looked about him for his hat.

"There couldn't be a better opportunity," he muttered, "for saying what I want to say to him."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HASTY RECKONING.

HARCOURT LOWTHER had never played so bad a rubber as that with which he beguiled the evening while awaiting Tredethlyn's appearance at the little bachelor-party assembled in his rooms. He was thinking of Maude. It was not the face of the queen of spades which he saw as he sat hopelessly staring at the card in a vain endeavor to concentrate his attention; it was Maude's speaking, passionate countenance which looked at him, all aglow with angry feeling. He saw her in all her beauty as he had seen her that afternoon—the tremulous lips, the flashing blue eyes—for there are blue eyes which in anger have more fire than starriest orbs that ever veiled their lightnings under the cloudy lace of an Andalusian marchesa. His love for her—which was of the most selfish nature—had grown and strengthened day by day since the hour of his return, and had kindled into an all-absorbing flame now that he seemed so near his triumph.

Was he near his triumph? He had been playing for two stakes—the woman he loved and the fortune he envied. To-day's business, Harcourt Lowther argued, as he played that unfortunate rubber, could not be otherwise than a lucky

stroke, likely to hurry matters to a crisis. Francis had slipped out of his hands so often of late, had kept better hours and drunk less. But a serious quarrel with Maude would inevitably fling Mr. Tredethlyn back upon the spurious Lethe of the brandy-bottle, and would hasten the schemer's work to its fatal close.

Beforo twelve o'clock Mr. Lowther had abandoned his place at the whist table to his brother; and after lounging behind the chair of a young man who was playing écarte, and making a random bet now then, the host proposed supper—a proposition which was received very warmly by the men who were losing money, and very coolly by the winners.

Mr. Lowther's visitors enjoyed themselves immensely, and the supper-party was becoming boisterous in its gaiety, when the door was opened and Francis Tredethlyn walked in.

Harcourt Lowther called for a chair, which was edged into the corner at the host's right-haud.

"You'll have some supper, Tredethlyn?" he said, while Fraucis was shaking hands with some of the men. They were all known to him, and all knew his story, and had a pretty clear idea that Harcourt was what they called "cleaning him out," in the most approved style by which the process can be performed. "These things are all cold, I'm afraid. Jones, run across and get some fresh oysters, and you can get another spatchcock—to be ready in a quarter of an hour at the latest. Sit down, dear boy. What the deuce have you been doing with yourself all night?"

Francis called back the man as he was hurrying from the room. "Stop!" he cried; "you needn't order anything more—for me. I shan't eat supper to-night."

Harcourt Lowther looked at Tredethlyn nervously. The marital quarrel had come off, evidently, and Francis took matters very seriously.

"Come, Mr. Troublefeast," cried the host, "we're not going to stand this sort of thing, you know. We'll have no statue of the Commander stalking upon us in the midst of our fun—without Mozart. What the deuce is tho matter with you, dear boy? Roderick, pass that tankard this way, will you? Come, Frank, take down the shutters, and light up; you've made us all as quiet as the frozen crew described by that pertinacious old bore, the Ancient Mariner. Take a long dip into that tankard, old boy, and come up bright again."

Mr. Lowther struck his small white hand lightly upon his friend's shoulder as he concluded. Francis had dropped into the place offered to him, and sat there looking like nothing *but* the Commander, in his stony rigidity of face aud figure. As Harcourt Lowther's hand alighted on his shoulder, he startled every one by throwing it deliberately away from him.

"I have had enough of your friendship, thank you," he said; "henceforward, if we are to be anything at all to each other, I had rather we should be foes—I may have better luck perhaps that way."

"Tredethlyn! are you drunk? Or mad?"

"Neither; but I *have* been both; for I have trusted you. You needn't ask me what I mean," said Francis, interrupting Harcourt Lowther's exclamation by a rapid gesture of his uplifted haud. "I am going to tell you; and very plainly. Gentlemen, you were going to listen to a song just now; have you any objection to hearing a story instead? My story is not a long one.

Harcourt Lowther had turned very pale. His light blue eyes glittered, and the slim white fingers of his right hand closed involuntarily on the knife that had been lying near them. He looked as a man might look, who, marching proudly upon the road to victory, saw the earth yawn asunder beneath his feet, and knew all at once that his next step must hurl him to a dreadful death. The guests at Harcourt Lowther's supper-table pricked up their ears with one accord, and it was with considerable difficulty that they managed to keep up a faint attempt at that kind of conversation which had engaged them, in twos and threes, before Francis Tredethlyn's entrance. When they spoke to one another now, it was only in undertones, and their disjointed sentences revealed the fact that they were listening to the speaker at the end of the table. But when Francis spoke of telling a story, the company dropped all pretence of indifference to him; and listened with a polite appearance of perfect unconsciousness as to any unfriendly intention on the part of the late visitor.

"I daresay it's a common story enough in your set," continued Francis; "but it isn't a long one. It is the story of a man who was lifted one day from poverty to wealth, and found himself all at once alone in a world as strange to him as if he had been transported out of this planet into another inhabited by a different species.

"For some time the country-bred cub—he was country-bred, and what you call a cub—got on well enough. He floundered into a few mistakes, and he floundered out of them, after his own ignorant fashion. I think there is a providence for such men, as there is for druukards, and so long as they stagger along *alone*, they come to very little grief. He did a great many silly things with his money, I dare say; but I think he *once* did a generous thing—though God knows, in doing it, he followed the blind impulse of his undisciplined heart as ignorantly as if he had been some blundering Newfoundland dog that pulls the mistress he loves out of the water, where he sees her drowning. His wealth prospered with him, though he had cared little enough for it when it fell into his hands. By means of it he was enabled to save the woman he loved from a great trouble; and in her boundless gratitude for the service which he valued so lightly, she abandoned herself to the purest impulse that ever stirred a noble breast, and offered him her hand. If he had been generous or wise, he would have refused the hand which could not give him a heart. He was only—in love. Selfishly, stupidly, he seized the proffered sacrifice; too besotted in his blind passion to perceive that it was sacrifice."

Mr. Lowther's guests stared blankly at one another. They had not dropped their own talk to hear such stuff as this. Harcourt sat very still, with his hand always upon the knife. At the other end of the table lounged Roderick, the very picture of well-bred indifference. He felt that his brother had dropped in for it; but he had no idea of interrupting the action of the little drama by any fraternal championship.

"Let them fight it out their own way," he thought; "I like to see the white man suffer."

"The country-bred cub was still fresh to the intoxication of his fancied happiness when a man who had been familiar with him in his poverty came from the distant part of the world where they had met and known each other, and offered to be his friend. The cub's ignorance of life was so complete that he did not know it was possible for a man who bore her Majesty's commission, and called himself a gentleman, to be a liar and a villain. He trusted his old acquaintance implicitly, and accepted him as a friend—believing, still in his boorish ignorance, that there was such a thing as friendship, or, at the worst, an honorable good fellowship between honest men. His friend did not tell him that he had been the engaged lover of the woman the boor was going to marry, and when the young couple began their new life, he planted himself in their house; and his first act was to shut the husband from the home whose dingiest room was a paradise, so long as it was sanctified by the presence of an idolized wife. Will any one at this table guess the plot which the boor's friend hatched against him in the hour when their hands first met in friendship? I think not. The gentleman—polished, well-born, highly-educated—allowed the country cub to marry the woman he loved, reserving to himself the hope of marrying her, enriched by the cub's money, when the cub was dead. This once arranged, there was only one thing more to be settled; and that was the cub's life. Unluckily he was a brawny six-foot fellow with the constitution of a prize-fighter. But then prize-fighters are not always long-lived; their habits are so apt to be against them. Well, gentlemen, there have been men who have undermined a victim's strength with small doses of antimony, while they smiled in his face, and called him brother. We manage these things better now-a-days. The gentleman resolved that the poor boor should drink himself to death."

"Is this the plot of a French novel?" asked Roderick superciliously, after a brief silence, in which Francis Tredethlyn had paused to take breath; "if it is, you had better tell us the title of the book, and let us read it in the original. There may be some chance of our thinking it interesting *then*."

"There are shameful things done out of novels as well as in them, Mr. Lowther," answered Francis. "What I am telling you is the truth. The gentleman took the wealthy boor under his protection, and from that hour the cub's mind and the cub's body began to wither under the influence of a vice which of himself he held in abhorrence, but which in the dull indifferenee of a man who has no hope to elevate him, no aim to strive for, he was weak enough to accept as the cure for all his troubles. What did it matter how many glasses of brandy he drank, or how often he staggered across his dreary threshold in the early morning, stupefied by foul gaslit atmospheres and bad wiues? His friend took care to remind him that there was no one to be sorry for his misdeeds, or to rejoice in his repentance if he repented. He could not sink so low that his wife would be affected by his degradation; he could not rise so high that she would be proud of his elevation. His friend dinned the bitter truth into the wretch's ear. The beautiful young wife despised him; the wealth that other men envied was useless to him, except in its power to buy the oblivion of the brandy-bottle. From the hour in which his well-born friend took him under his protection, the boor never did a generous action, or heard a noble sentiment; and he very rarely went home sober. He was drinking himself to death as fast as a strong man can, when Providence took compassion on him, and gave him a duty to fulfill. A helpless girl, his kinswoman, was thrown across his path, and all at once he found himself of use in the world. From that moment his friend's scheme was overthrown. Good-by to the brandy-bottle and tho bad wiues! The boor had a friendless woman dependent upon his protection, and he had something to live for. He determined to sink the past, bid farewell to the wife whose affection he was unable to win, turn his back upon the circle he had lived in, and the people who had knowu him, and finish his days honestly among honest men."

"So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," exclaimed one of the guests. "It's a very good story, I daresay; but *apropos* to what?" demanded the gentleman, looking at Harcourt Lowther with a malicious twinkle in his little black eyes. "What does it all mean?"

"It means, gentlemen, that I am the boor who has been the dupe of a villain, and will be so no longer; and the name of the villain is Harcourt Lowther."

There was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat, and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling with each other in a fierce struggle.

It was uot with Francis that he was angry. What did it matter how this man spoke of him or thought of him? What did it matter that these other men should hear him accused of a baseness, which was only an intellectual improvement upon the vulgar process by which the gentlemanly birds of prey plucked the tender plumage of their victims? All this was nothing. It was against himself—agaiust his own failure—that Harcourt Lowther's fury was raging; only, like all fury of that kind, it was ravenous for vengeance of some sort. It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredthlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully.

"We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my country," Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster-shells.

Roderick Lowther would have sprung upon his brother's foe in the next minute, but the other men hustled round him and hemmed him in.

"Don't you see the fellow's a Hercules?" cried one of them; "let him alone, Lowther."

"Let me go," roared the diplomatist, "I kuow my brother is a false-hearted rascal, but I won't staud by and see a Lowther played at ball with by any boor in Christendom. Let me get at him, Boystock, or I shall hurt you." But Francis had walked quietly to the door, and turning with his hand upon the lock, waited for a moment's pause in the confusion before he spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are witnesses that your friend attacked me. I have no quarrel with Mr. Roderick Lowther; and as I am the bigger man of the two, there would be no credit for either him or me in a scuffle between us. If Harcourt Lowther wants to see me, he will be able to find me any time this week, at the Grand Hotel, Covent Gardeu; after this week I shall sail for South America by the first packet that leaves for Liverpool."

He paused a second time. There was no answer. The diplomatist had thought better of his thirst for fraternal retribution.

"Why should I get myself into a mess about the beggar?" he thought; "he wouldn't see *me* out of a scrape, I daresay."

So Francis departed unquestioned; not to return to Stuccoville mansion, but to walk up to Southampton street, and across Covent Garden, to seek a shelter in the old lodgings where he had lived so pleasantly in his bachelor days.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

POOR FRANK'S LETTER.

MAUDE shut herself in her own rooms after her interview with Francis, and refused to see any one but Julia. She wanted some one to cling to in her sudden distress, and was fain to throw herself upon the Irish girl's bosom for consultation.

Then Julia Desmond had her revenge. The pleasure that thrilled through her breast as she held Maude Tredethlyn in her arms, and heard her declare, amidst passionate sobs, that Francis had been false and base and wicked, and that she was the most miserable woman in the world, was a sensation more exquisite than Miss Desmond had ever known before. For the honor of humanity, that pleasure did not last very long. It was her rival's insolent happiness—happiness always *does* seem insolent to the unhappy—that had galled her to the quick. The two women were on a level now, and Julia forgave her old companion.

"I told you he was a villain," she said; and that was the only unkind speech she uttered. After that, she was comforter, confidante, friend, and she was almost sorry to see the endurance of Maude's grief. "You have your fine house and your carriage still," she said, as the young wife sat on the ground at her feet in the abandonment of her sorrow; "you could never have married Francis Tredethlyn for any other reason than the wealth he could give you. What does it matter to you whether he is true or false? You never loved him."

"No," answered Maude, naively; "I suppose not. But it is so shameful of him to care for anybody else. And from what Harcourt Lowther says he does care for that horrible person; and to leave me, Julia, day after day, and to be—there—all the time—in a garden—smoking—looking as much at home as if he had lived there all his life—I never can forgive him, Julia!"

The Cornishman's letter was very simply worded. Maude opened it in the hope that it might contain some justification of her husband's conduct. But he did not even allude to his delinquencies, and confined himself to bidding an earnest and friendly farewell to the wife who had never loved him. Tears of disappointment, humiliation, regret poured slowly down Maude's cheek as she read the letter. It was the first time Francis had written to her since her marriage; and there was something almost strange to her in the sight of his bold commercial hand, whose accustomed regularity had been a little disturbed by the writer's agitation:

"My very dear Wife: I write to you for the first time since it has been my privilege to address you by that sacred name. If I could tell you the pride and happiness I once felt in that privilege when first you laid your hand in mine, when first I heard you called by name, I should be a very different person from what I am; and then it is possible this letter need never have been written. I write to bid you good by, Maude; and I think the best proof I can give you of my love is the proof I give you now, when I bring my mind to the necessity of our separation, and resign myself to the knowledge that I may never see your face again upon this earth.

"I will not tell you how soon I discovered your indifference—how soon another person demonstrated to me that your feeling toward me was even something worse than indifference; that it was disgust and contempt which I inspired in your mind. My dense ignorance of the world, and your amiable nature would have prevented my making this discovery of my own accord. But there are always plenty of those good-natured friends that the man in the play talks about. *I found such a friend.* If you have any curiosity upon the subject, Rosa Grunderson, who is a good, honest-hearted little girl, will tell you the name of the man who opened my eyes to the full misery of my position. In writing this, Maude, I have no thought of reproach against you. To me you have been and always will be something so bright and lovely as to be amenable to none of the common laws which govern common natures. When you offered to be my wife, you yielded to a generous impulse; and it is I who deserve reproach for having been so base in my blind selfishness as to accept the sacrifice you were willing to offer in repayment of a fancied obligation. I cannot undo the past; but I can at least set you in some manner free from the fetters you forged for yourself under the influence of that brief enthusiasm. So long as I live one of the miseries of my life will be the knowledge that I shut you out of a brighter fate; that I deprive you of a more worthy companion; that the greatest sacrifice I can make in atonement of the past will only make you the lonely widow of a living husband. But I can at least rid you of the society of a man whose presence inspires you with disgust and loathing. Oh, Maude, I am quoting your own words; spoken so deliberately, so coldly, that I should be indeed mad and cowardly were I to shrink from accepting them in their fullest import. I might have doubted until to-night; I might have hugged myself with the notion that a liar and a scoundrel, for his own base purposes, had taught me to think myself despised and disliked; but your own lips have spoken, and I can doubt no longer. Oh, my darling, my pet, my beloved, this seems so like a reproach; but it is not, it is *not*.

"I am going to South America. When you read this my preparations will no doubt have begun. If possible, I shall sail immediately. Of all the men who ever left England for that fiery young world out yonder, there was never, perhaps, any one better adapted to be happy and successful there than I am. I bid good by forever to the idle dissipations, the drunken orgies, in which I have sometimes found distraction, but never happiness. And I begin a new life in a new field of labor. My uncle's money has been the root of all my misery, and I shall take very little of that useless gold to the other shore. I don't think I was ever guilty of any great folly while I was a poor man; but since I have been a rich one, my life has seemed one long mistake.

"If my death should set you free in your youth, marry again, dear, by all means; but marry a man whose truth and loyalty have been proved by a life of unblemished honor; marry a man who has made his mark upon the age—who has done something; for such a man is scarcely likely to be a scoundrel. Above all, darling, accept my warning against *one* man—*do not marry Harcourt Lowther.*

"All the privileges that you have enjoyed during your bondage you shall retain in your freedom. Before sailing I shall make my will, in which you will be left residuary legatee and recipient of the bulk of my fortune. While I live your income will be large enough to support the style in which you have lived during the past year; and there will be a wide margin left for the indulgence of every impulse of your generous heart. I shall place full directions as to the management of my fortune in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Kursdale & Scardon, and they will call on you by my direction to explain your position immediately after receiving my instructions. You will find yourself the mistress of the larger part of the income derived from my late uncle's investments and from the Cornish estate, and you will have no further trouble than to sign your name now and then, when the lawyers want you to do so. In the interim I enclose you a check for £500, so that you may not be without ready money. Your father's affairs are now, he tells me, in a very easy state, and I do not leave him in troubled water. He may consider you his creditor for the interest of the thirty thousand sunk in his business; and I don't suppose he will find you a very importunate one.

"And now good-by indeed. I leave you with all confidence in your noble heart, your high principles. You are too good and pure to be otherwise than happy. Far away on the Pampas, lying under canvas, with the long silvery trail of the moonlight on the gray expanse beyond my tent, the whisper of faint winds among the long grasses sounding in my ears, I shall think of you, and see you happy in the old English garden at Twickenham, loitering on the terrace by your father's side. In that trackless loneliness, fever-parched, perhaps, and far away from the chance of water, I shall think of the blue English river, but never think of it without seeing your image standing by the tide, your bright face reflected in the glassy stream. Oh, Maude, I have loved you so dearly, so fondly; and now that it comes to saying good-by, it seems almost as difficult to tear myself from this lifeless sheet of paper as it would be to take my lips from yours in a last long kiss. My pet, my darling, God bless you and good-by! Think of me sometimes; but never with pain. Some midnight, when you are waltzing in a crowded ball-room, with a brazen band braying in your ear, and the hum of a hundred voices round about you, think that in some savage wilderness a man is kneeling under God's blue sky, praying for you as few people are prayed for on this earth; think sometimes, if a special peace comes down upon you like the cool shadow we have watched drop slowly upon the river when the sun was down—think, darling, that I am saying, 'God keep and guard her safely through the night! God fill her heart with peace and gladness, whether she sleeps or wakes.'

"And so, my own dear wife, for the first and last time in my life, I sign myself your true and loyal husband,

"Francis Tredethlyn."

Julia had fluttered out of the room and into the little conservatory, where there were always faded leaves to be snipped off, or bird-cages to be replenished with fresh water. Miss Desmond, in her darkest mood, was too much of a lady to sit by and stare while Maude possessed herself of the contents of her husband's letter. She lingered among the twittering canary birds and sprawling ferns so long as she considered that delicacy demanded she should be absent, and then she strolled back to the breakfast table with a look of supreme unconsciousness. But she gave a little scream as she glanced across the table at Mrs. Tredethlyn and flew to the bell. Maude had finished her letter, which lay in scattered sheets at her feet, and she had fallen back upon the sofa-pillows in a dead faint.

(To be continued.)

(For the Californian.)

IN THE COUNTRY.

I HAVE been in the country. No matter where. Except in the degrees of discomfort, Nature is pretty much alike all over California. She offers grandeur, sublimity, picturesqueness, and delights in heroic attitudes before the tourist, but of purely pastoral and bucolic comfort she knows nothing. She offers you quantity instead of quality—opulence in place of refinement. The same law she obeys in producing monstrous cabbages and gigantic trees is shown throughout all the details of her landscapes. If she has to make a mountain, it is something stupendous; if a valley, it is a perpendicular chasm of several thousand feet; if she has even to cover a field with flowers, it is done so extravagantly that the odorless blossoms seem to have been furnished by contract, and are scattered without taste or judgment. Her rains are deluges—her droughts are six months long. She projects splendid studies for the artist about as unavailable for practical enjoyment as the painted canvas itself. What she loses in delicacy, she makes up in fibre—whether it be strawberries that look as if they had been arrested on their way to become pineapples, or a field of wild oats, whose every stalk is a miracle of size, but whose general effect is most unpastoral and unmeadowlike. For these reasons, I prefer not to name the spot where I have been ruralizing. It is always safer to be attacked for a general heresy than for a mere doctrinal difference; it is less dangerous to commit treason against the State, than to "go back" on one's native village

My retreat lay near one of the routes of fashionable Summer travel. Groves of fine sturdy trees surrounded it, which bore a faint resemblance to a plucked apple orchard. The soil at this late season (late for Californa) seemed to be actively engaged in producing straws for sherry cobblers, and there was a marked similarity between the crop in the barrooms of the waysides hotels and those in the fields beyond. Handsome villas dotted the landscape, and a few pretentious gothic redwood palaces were going up the vicinity. City people, bearing an unmistakable atmosphere of Montgomery street about them, occasionally made their appearance and insulted Nature with their dapper and artificial smartness. For the country was neither neat nor clean. We have the authority of an American writer and painter that the picturesque never possesses either of these qualities, and it would really seem as if Nature took a malicious pleasure in revenging herself upon these smart folk by powdering their shiny boots with her dust, reddening their faces with her sunshine, and blowing their hair out of curl with her zephyrs. There was something peculiarly Californian in the occasional odd juxtaposition of civilization and barbarism. A ride of only a few miles would bring you to rocky cañons, hills clothed with primeval redwoods, and here and there a rude log cabin or frontier shanty. Yet in the midst of this wilderness, a turn in the rough mountain trail brings you suddenly upon a vision of smoothly-shaven faces, pork-pie hats, bright dresses, ribbons and light-colored gloves, in a smart rockaway, drawn by well-groomed horses with shining harness. Perhaps a few yards further on you meet the indigenous ox-team, toiling along with its load of rails, preceded by the teamster, unshaven and unshorn, looking as if he might in time so closely assimilate to his oxen as to change places with them. Such is the influence of civilization, however, that it is the ox team which seems the intruder. The teamster recognizes the fact as he turns out of the way to let you pass. In the struggle with civilization and art, nature and simplicity meekly retire. I remember that one day I was lying on the grass under a tree—to me the simplest form of rural pleasure—when a well-dressed horseman, "cutting across lots," rode close by me. He stared at me for a moment, but his glance conveyed such a sense of the outraged propriety of Montgomery street, that had I been reclining on the sidewalk in front of Wells, Fargo & Co., I do not think I could have felt more keenly the sense of ridiculous exposure. But I braved it through, despite the stranger and even despite the ungrateful conduct of Nature, who employed the interval in projecting caterpillars in my face and filling my pockets with coleopterous insects. I would not advise too free an indulgence in this bucolic practice, as the grassy carpet at this season is worn in places, and contact with the soil is productive of sciatica. As I turned into the main road on my way home, I felt a new and mysterious significance in those sign boards with which the whole country abounds, and which bear the unvarying legend, that while it is so many miles to such a place, it is at the same time so many miles to Heuston, Hastings & Co. I could not help feeling that this last fact really *was*, as the guide board intended it to be, the most important. In proportion as we approximate to Nature and rural felicity we increase our distance from our fashionable clothier.

The natives of this region were of pastoral but reticent habits. The effect of a question upon the rural mind was similar to a blow. After the first stunning effect was over, recovery was followed by the attitude of resistance. As the small roads in that neighborhood led nowhere in particular, and were originally organized by cattle in search of water, travelers were often obliged to fall back upon the population for a knowledge of their whereabouts and for directions for their guidance. When an answer could be extracted from these people, it was usually given in a vague, unsatisfactory manner, which generally led the unfortunate man to ask again at the next house and receive a reply equally mysterious. There were allusions to such landmarks as Jones' Mill, Brown's Store and Robinson's Field—local authorities of course utterly unknown to the stranger—and directions as to keeping to the right and turning to the left, which generally brought him to a state of miserable perplexity and confusion.

The country is still, but not pulseless. There is such a vague impression of unseen vitality at work, that the silence of a vast open field has a throbbing intensity which affects the tympanum as palpably as sound, and I do not wonder that Horace—I think it was Horace—spoke of that "dreadful noise of nothing" as being peculiarly rural. I speak of the meridian quiet, of course, and not of those hours of the morning and afternoon given up to vocal exercises of bird and insect. But for genuine repose the rural night is the most sincere. There is such a palpable folding of leafy hands, and such nestling beneath the green coverlid. Then the moon, lifting herself cautiously over the pines that fringe the mountain, looks down with a subdued and timid lustre, as if half afraid of disturbing the sleep of birds and flowers. Then with the whimsical tenderness of her sex, she invests with poetry and loveliness, all that else were harsh, uncouth and rugged. A shingle mansion lately built, and just visible through the trees from my window, she touched here and there with caressing fingers, and straightway the coarse unsightly sham became a palace, whose wooden colonnades were turned to marble, whose broad portico shone without a gleam of sickly paint or staring color. She touched the whitewashed fences beyond, and their glaring freshness was subdued to silvery outlines. Even the dusty road became a shining ribbon. As I have a great temptation here to make the usual allusion to Endymion, without which no description of any moonlit landscape was ever complete, I close somewhat abruptly and leave the slumbers of that gentle shepherd for once undisturbed.

Bret.

Maps.—The first regular map on record was one of brass or copper, made for Cleomenes, King of Sparta, just before setting out on his expedition to attack the Persian empire. There exist several evidences that the Athenians were well acquainted with the use of maps. Roman generals, after a victory, were in the habit of showing to the people on their return, a painting or map of the country they had conquered. Maps and charts were introduced into England about 1489, by Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus, who was detained for some time in England by Henry VII., and procured a maintenance by making and selling them.

The Coming Circus.—Manager Wilson is in the city, and has perfected his arrangements for giving, about the first of August, the best and most complete equestrian entertainments ever offered to the San Francisco public.

(For the Californian.)

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED.

Once when the world was lost
All in the waters dark,
And the ark,
Tempest-tost,
Wherein were cherished
Only the good and brave,
Wrestled with wind and wave,
While they were spared the grave,
All the rest perished.
Fear could not overwhelm
Trust, at that steady helm.

Then, when the rain was through,
Then when the storm was done,
And the sun—
Risen new—
Had dried the fountains,
Loosing a dove to mourn
O'er the waste, leaflets shorn
Found they the bird had borne
Green from the mountains;
Prayers, sweet as incense burned,
Rose when the dove returned.

We were such voyagers, late,
Stemming war's crimson tide,
For the pride
And the hate
Of erring brothers:
O'er our ark strong and vast,
Thank God! the worst was past—
Broke the bright day at last,
Blest of all others;
Purged of a sin were we,
White-robed eternally.

Morn filled our hearts with praise,
For we had put to flight
Sorrow's night,
Hemming days
Of petty quarrels;
Sending our eagle out
In the cloud, as a scout,
Lo! he dispelled all doubt;
Palm boughs and laurels
Reaped he. Beneath his wings
Peace sits, and joyous sings.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

A Trait of Greek Religion and Manners.—The agents of the British Consul at the Dardanelles were robbed of 40,000 piastres. The robbery was traced to the people of the village, and after some days the priest of the place declared in church that he had a charm which would infallibly discover the thief. This charm was "the leg bone of a wolf, which if boiled in milk with a plowshare and then burned, has the extraordinary property of rendering the thief lame. The moment the bone is put into the fire one of the legs of the thief is forthwith paralyzed." The priest announced this in the morning, adding that he would not burn the wolf's bone till the next day. The same night the whole of the property was thrown down into the garden of the rightful owner in a bag, and so the thief escaped his punishment.

A New Use for Photographs.—The commercial travelers in England have now seized upon photography, and pressed it into their service. On one side of a card is the usual notice about "our Mr. —— will have the pleasure of calling upon you," etc., and on the other, the photographic *fac-simile* of Mr. —— himself, samples in hand. The idea might be advantageously carried out as regards collectors of accounts, so as to prevent the wrong "parties" calling for tradesmen's little bills.

The painter Rothman, of Dusseldorf, has made a will in which he bequeaths four hundred dollars to four friends, to "go on a spree" with, and one hundred dollars to his colleagues, to drink a "memorial punch" for him.

"Waiting for the Verdict."—This play, which has been *the* sensation drama of the dramatic world in the East for many months past, has a curious origin; it is the elaboration and working out of the deeply pathetic sentiment embodied in Solomon's wonderful picture. The dramatic interest is skilfully worked up to the highest pitch of intensity, and during its representation thousands have sat with breathless anxiety waiting for the verdict. Much expense has been incurred in placing this dramatic marvel on the stage at Maguire's Opera House, which will, we hope and confidently anticipate, be fully reimbursed to the management by the crowds who will flock to witness this wonderous creation of the brain of the playwright and the painter.

Public Readings.—Miss Angela Starr King, sister of the late eloquent divine and distinguished orator, will give a public reading from the Poets in Platt's Music Hall on Tuesday, July 18th. As a professional reader, Miss King has already won a favorable reputation before critical Eastern audiences. As the sister of the great orator and patriot whose memory is yet fresh in the hearts of all Californians, she is certain to win the attention and consideration of her audiences.

(For the Californian.)

CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PLANTS.

It was once the remark of an intelligent peasant, after being conducted through the aisles of the British Museum, "I never saw so much of God before!" And surely this quaint but beautiful expression applies with equal force to the humblest student in the great garden of nature; to him who stoops to take a nearer view of the daisy under his feet, or, bending over the slowly unfolding rosebuds, sees, fully and clearly developed there, the perfect flower. Flowers are in the volume of Nature what the expression "God is Love" is in the volume of Revelation. They are playthings for childhood—ornaments for the grave—innocently simple, and sublimely complex. Do they not unceasingly expand to Heaven their *grateful* and to man their *cheerful* looks? Can any one examine closely the structure of a plant or flower without loving it? One of the most interesting plants, and particularly for its connection with literature, is the Papyrus of the Nile, (*Papyrus Antiquorrum,*) from which the Egyptians made their paper, still grows in the marshes of Egypt or in the stagnant waters of the Nile. It is also found in Sicily, Syria and Nubia, and extends even to Senegal. This plant rises with a triangular stem to the height of eight or ten feet, surmounted with a large head of flowers; the lower part is clothed with long, hollow, sword-shaped leaves of brown color. It can be grown in great perfection in a large pot or tub with rich mud, covered with water, and forms one of the most interesting plants for the decoration of a conservatory or plant-cabinet. When growing naturally, the root-stocks are long and tortuous, four or five inches thick; when young they are sweet and nutritious; when old they are hard and woody; they were converted into cups, moulds and other utensils. The leaves and stems were twisted into ropes, and with the vertical fibres cloth was made. The ancients made their paper from the pellicle found between the pith and bark of the thick part of the stalk. The plant being called Babeer, in Syria, this word furnished the appellation Papyrus, from which our word paper is derived. With the rays of the umbels of the flowers, the Egptians made chaplets for the heads of their gods. Under the arm of a great many of the mummies a small bunch of Papyrus is found. It is supposed that it was this plant that Pharaoh's daughter made the "ark of bulrushes" in which she hid the infant Moses. Darwin celebrates the invention of paper, to which he attributes the origin of letters, in the following lines:

"Papyra, thron'd upon the banks of Nile,
Spread her smooth leaf, and wav'd her silver style;
The storied pyramids, the laurel'd bust,
The trophied arch, had crumbled into dust;
The sacred symbol, and the epic song,
(Unknown the character, forgot the tongue,)
With each unconquer'd chief, or sainted maid,
Sunk undistinguished in oblivion's shade.
Sad o'er the scattered ruins Genius sigh'd,
And infant Arts but learn'd to lisp, and died.
Till to astonish'd realms Papyra taught
To paint in mimic colors Sound and Thought,
With Wisdom's voice to print the page sublime,
And mark in adamant the steps of Time."

Another curious and interesting plant is the Pitcher Plant, *(Nepenthes distillatoria;)* the end of each leaf is protracted into a stalk, which, in curving downwards and then upwards, bears at the end a pitcher-like reservoir, something like the bowl of a tobacco-pipe, but deeper and narrowed at the mouth. When young a lid like a tankard-lid covers it tightly, fitting very close; at which time the pitcher contains a quantity of water, distilled from the plant itself, which tastes like lemon-juice much diluted, but as it grows older the lid opens, and this liquor evaporates. This water is a secretion of the plant and not as was once supposed an accumulation of dew. Nothing can exceed the sportive variety which nature has displayed in the adornment of these singular plants. Their chief peculiarity is the urn-shaped appendage to the leaf, the use and purpose of which it is not easy to discover. Some naturalists who think it necessary in all cases to give an answer to the question '*cui bono*,' have expatiated with more imagination than truth, on the benevolent provisions of these vegetable fountains for the refreshment of the thirsty traveler in tropical regions. What the intention or use of this water is, has not been ascertained, but being sweet, it serves to attract and decoy a number of flies and other insects, which, when they once enter, seldom escape alive, their exit being intercepted by the reversed glands on the inside of the base of the pitcher acting like a rat-trap and keeping them back till they are ultimately drowned in the water.

The Venus Fly-trap *(Dionœa muscipula)* is one of the most singular plants, and from the nature of its leaves, would almost lead one to imagine that Providence had so designed them as to serve for a machine to catch food. These leaves are composed of two lobes, furnished on their margins with long bristly hairs, and on their inner surface with about three erect highly irritable bristles, from which it is supposed a sweet liquor is discharged, and this forms the bait.

When an insect, attracted by the sweet bait, alights on the leaf, that instant the two rows of bristles lock together like the teeth of a rat-trap and squeeze the little captive to death. Should it however remain quiet, the lobes will gradually re-open and it will regain its liberty, but the greater agitation it makes, the more certain will its death be. The sensitiveness resides only in these hair-like processes on the inside of the leaf, as it may be pressed or touched on any other part without any sensible effects. The plant cannot distinguish an insect from any other substance, for it will grasp a straw or anything by which the hairs or bristles are irritated. This interesting plant is a native of North Carolina, found in the swamps and marshes. It can be grown finely in a Wardian case, and affords one of the most interesting and curious objects of study in the whole range of the vegetable kingdom.

Who has not heard of that wonderful plant, El Spirito Santo *(Peristeria elata?)* It grows from three to four feet high, bearing spikes of large globular flowers of a delicate white which look as if modeled in wax, the petals being thick and fleshy. Within the blossom the column forms a very remarkable and perfect resemblance of the head of a dove looking downwards, and at each side appears a purple-and-spotted wing spread and extended forward so that the dove seems brooding over the centre of the flower. The flower is very striking indeed, and has given rise in its native country, Mexico, to a name at which, however we may be shocked by the profanation, yet, when we consider the superstitious nature of the people we cannot wonder that they call it El Spirito Santo, or the Holy Spirit. The flowers of this, as well as many other rare tropical plants, are largely used in all their religious ceremonies.

The Butterfly Flower (*Oncidium Papilis*) of Trinidad is a very curious plant. The leaves, which are large and oval, beautifully marbled, spring from a kind of bulb; the flower stalks are very slender and grow to the length of six and eight feet, and bearing a flower the exact resemblance to a butterfly. Although a solitary flower is all that is open at one time on the same stalk, yet such is its endurance that it will continue to produce a succession of flowers for many months and often years. The flower stalk is so slender, and, owing to its color, nearly invisible, when moved by the slightest breath of air it has all the appearance of life and locomotion. It prefers to grow on a piece of decaying wood, such as has become soft and retentive of moisture, into which the roots can insinuate themselves. There is an endless variety of plants, all of which have some peculiarly interesting and curious feature in their habit of growth or their flowering. There is no pursuit for the professional man, or the lady, when tired of company or household duties, or the child with its studies or play, that will afford the relief to the mind and pleasure to the senses, so much as the care and attention of plants, either in the garden or under glass, but where the latter can be had, the opportunities are much greater for the development of the choicer kinds of vegetable life.

If but a small portion of the money spent in the usual foolish ways were devoted to a thing of this kind, the pleasure and satisfaction derived from it would be a continual cause of thankfulness. If our rulers had taken the means spent on the past Fourth of July, and devoted it to building a suitable structure, in some of our parks or plazas, filling it with beautiful plants and dedicating it on that day with appropriate ceremonies, and making it free to the citizens and strangers, where they might see the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, what a constant source of pleasure it would be. When that grand Triumphal Arch is taken down and removed, what will we have to show for the money spent or what lessons of profit have been learned by it? Why should not this city have its Botanic Garden as well as the older cities of the world? There is no place where such facilities of collecting from all parts of the world, and there is no place which has its equal in point of climate suitable for such an endless variety as may be grown here in the greatest perfection, with but little care and attention. Will not some of our public men think of this and give it a start?

IRIS.

"Ariel," in the New York *Leader*, says: There is a good story current about Barnum's band—I mean the band which makes night and day hideous in front of his Museum. A trombone player in want of a situation applied to Barnum for permission to play in his band, which was at once granted. On Saturday afternoon he walked down to the office to get his money for the industrious tooting of the preceding week. To his surprise he was handed a bill of five dollars, in this form:

Mr. —— ——

To P. T. Barnum, Dr.

For opportunity to practice trombone.....$5 00

"Sir," said he, "what does this mean?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "that is the way we do. Gentlemen like to learn to play on various instruments, and as the noise annoys their neighbors if they practice at home, we let them come here and practice at five dollars a week." Overcome by this coolness, the trombone player paid the bill, but declined to practice any longer on those terms. You have only to listen to Barnum's band to fully appreciate this joke.

See advertisement of "A Pleasant Home for Children," on the sixteenth page.

A MISTAKE, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER I.

IT seems a long time ago since the journey from Cork to Dublin took two days. There are those living, I suppose, who remember when it was a matter of three or four, but I speak of a more modern period, albeit the railway from Dublin to Kingstown was then the only one in Ireland. At this time, Bianconi's large four-horse cars formed the grand trunk from the south to the metropolis; while smaller vehicles, meeting the principal conveyance at different points, acted as branch-lines to the main one. From one of these latter I took the large car at Mitchelstown, on an intensely cold day, the last but one of October, 18—. I was going to Dublin for my Michaelmas Term examinations in Trinity College; and having idled the whole Summer, I felt some apprehension about the result of the ordeal through which I had to pass, and wondered much whether I should come back "plucked." The dark leaden sky, and the cutting northeast wind, were in dreary keeping with the sombre thoughts that troubled me. I occupied the box-seat, an honor that was dearly purchased by facing the blast: and Stapleton, the driver, predicted snow (early in the season as it was) before we reached Kilkenny, our destination for that night. We delayed for half an hour, I remember, at Clonmel about two o'clock; there was a good deal of excitement in the town, from the expectation of a special commission for the trial of prisoners connected with two terrible agrarian murders of recent occurrence in the South Riding of Tipperary. As we journeyed on, the driver entertained me with details of different outrages that he knew of, pointing out, now and again, the scenes where they took place, and winding up with the ominous announcement: "Mark my words for it, but the Ribbon boys will give them enough to do this Winter; they won't let much grass grow under the peelers' feet anyways."

I forget how many stages we had traveled from Clonmel when we stopped to change horses at a small public-house on the roadside; something was amiss with the shoe of one of the horses, and a sharp altercation ensued between the driver and the stable-boy on the subject, that ended with an injunction to "hurry off like blazes" to a neighboring forge for the smith to remedy the defect. As I foresaw that there would be some delay, I proposed to one or two of my traveling companions to join me in a run to warm our feet until the car overtook us. As they declined, I set off alone, calling back to Stapleton, when I was a few paces on, to know if there were any turns upon the road.

"No, sir," he replied; and then added, "keep to the left, and you'll be all right."

Laughing at this unintentional pun, and repeating the old couplet to myself:

> If you go to the left, you'll be sure to go right;
> If you go the right you'll go wrong—

I dashed on at full speed, and very soon noticing a road that branched off at right angles to the main one, I concluded that this was the reason of his direction. I was at all times a very swift runner, while the intense cold of the evening braced my energies still more. "By Jove!" I exclaimed, "I'll astonish them a bit; old Jehu will think I'm lost before he picks me up;" and the expectation of gaining credit by my prowess as a walker, accelerated my speed to unusual rapidity. The day, I have already remarked, was specially gloomy, and the evening shadows were now darkening into night with more than ordinary swiftness. Once I was for a moment at fault about the road, as I came upon a slight divergence from the direct line, but recalling Stapleton's words, "Keep to the left"—I followed that direction, and trudged out upon this unknown way into the thickly-gathering darkness. At last I began to wonder why the car did not come up; but concluding that the smith's operations caused the delay, I still went forward until the road became unusually rough and broken; and then, as far as the dim light allowed, I observed that the vegetation at the sides encroached far more than I had ever known upon a mail-coach road. "Oh, 'tis impossible I have gone astray!" I exclaimed, not allowing the unpleasant thought to intrude; and I still continued my course, though at a more doubtful pace, until I suddenly halted on perceiving that the narrowing line of roadway appeared to cease altogether, and I found myself actually walking on moist boggy ground. "Where on earth am I?" I cried, in consternation, peering through the darkness. As far as I could descry, I seemed to have wandered into some moor or commonage that stretched along the base of a steep acclivity; not a sound could I hear on any side, but the moaning sigh of the wind as it swept by with penetrating bitterness, and once the wild cry of some bird, startled from its rest by my approach. I made two or three efforts, but they proved ineffectual, to retrace my steps, and each time I became more bewildered, stumbling over rocky projections or roots of trees, and occasionally sinking ankle-deep into wet miry ground. "God help me!" I exclaimed at last in utter despair, and almost bursting into tears of vexation. "I'll have to wander about here all night, and perish with cold before morning." Another desperate effort to reach some pathway met with a like issue, save that by, I suppose, some consequent change of position, a bright light suddenly broke upon me, so bright and so close, that I was considerably startled at the unexpected appearance.

I thought of the Will-o'-the wisp, and fancied, from the evident nature of the ground, that it might be the meteor of the marsh; but as I moved cautiously forward, I saw that it came through the open door of a cabin, and a closer access showed me why I had not sooner detected it. The tenement before me was curiously constructed; the ground on three sides rose at a considerable elevation, and it seemed as if a deep cavernous recess had been formed in the yielding soil, and in it this rude habitation erected. I walked straight to the door, but saw no one in or immediately near the cabin; the light came from a large peat-fire, piled upon a hearth-stone at one side of the room; and so bright was the illumination, that it not only disclosed every object inside, but enabled me to notice distinctly the nature and peculiarity of the building without. I hesitated to enter, notwithstanding the tempting look of the fire, where there was no one to invite me. I called loudly once or twice, but no reply came; and at length I passed within the doorway, and proceeded without ceremony to warm my chilled limbs at the welcome blaze. "Some one is sure to be here in two or three minutes," I thought; "this fire has been freshly made up." The room where I stood seemed to be the only one the place could boast of, and wretched enough it was; an old bedstead, with a tattered curtain, occupied one corner; beside the fire rose a huge pile of dried sticks flung loosely together, that nearly reached to the ceiling; a large log of timber against the wall at the side opposite the fire, formed a kind of rude seat; while a stool or two, and an old rickety table, made up the remainder of the furniture. When some short time elapsed, I began to feel a little nervous at the position in which I found myself; apart from the vexation I experienced at having gone astray, and the difficulty I might find in reaching Dublin in time for my college duties, I remembered the remembered the troubled state of the country; and this lonely spot, at the foot of some mountain, was no desirable place to be caught in at night, alone and unarmed.

CHAPTER II.

I was deliberating whether I had better make another attempt to find my way, or stay until some one came, when the dead silence was broken by the noise of evidently more than one person approaching. As the parties came nearer, I could discern that some conflict or struggle was going on; at first, there were no voices, but a peculiar panting sound, such as accompanies the movement of people where effort is met by resistance, until at length, in a low, deep voice, like the growl of a mastiff, the words reached me: "Curse you, will you come on? I'll knock you on the head, if you don't." The ominous tone in which this brief sentence was uttered, evidently close to the doorway, made me bound back from the glare of the fire, and without a moment's thought, I glided in behind the pile of brushwood before referred to, between which and the end-wall of the cabin a narrow passage afforded bare space for concealment. I had scarcely effected my purpose, when three men entered the apartment, or rather two dragged in another between them. "Shut the door, Bill," gasped the elder of the two, for he was out of breath, and perspiring profusely. The younger man addressed as Bill complied, and then drew a large iron bar across the closed entrance. The screen behind which I was ensconced was so loosely constructed that I could see through the interstices all that went forward, while I devoutly hoped that it would prove sufficient to hide me from observation. The third individual of the party, who seemed to have been brought in as a prisoner, was a mere stripling, did not look more than twenty, and had. I could notice by the firelight, an expression of extreme alarm on his pale young face as he looked upon his captors. "There!" cried the elder man, giving him a violent push backwards, and shaking his closed fist at him, "you are cocht at last, you miserable spalpeen, you! I had my eye upon you when you little thought it. I suspected you even the very night you took the oath; and to-night I tracked you down to the police barrack, and saw what you were after; but as there's a heaven above us, it's the last chance you'll ever get of doing the like!"

"I tell you, Barney, on my solemn oath," began the young man, in a voice that trembled with agitation; but before he could utter another word, a quick, sharp knocking at the door interrupted him, and seemed to startle the whole party. The two men looked inquiringly at each other for a moment. "Oh!" exclaimed the younger, who had been addressed as Bill, "'tis Gran, I suppose;" and walking forward, he admitted, after a moment's parley, an old gray-haired woman, with a cloak thrown over her head. "An' where were you now, at this hour of the evening?" asked Barney, accompanying the inquiry with an oath.

"An' where was I, is that it? After them divils of goats there, that were wandhering off a good two miles and more from here; and near enough I was, bad luck to them! tumbling in the dark into the Wizard's Hole above there in the bog; and 'tis a night, glory be to God! that would shiver the heart out iv your body. But what's along here?" asked the old woman suddenly. "What's the matther? Isn't this Ned Sweeny?"

"Matther enough!" returned Barney, gruffly. "He only wanted to get the rope round my neck and Bill's here; he was turnin' informer on our hands; but never you fear; we'll stop that work. Here, Bill, lend a hand, will you," and the speaker strode across the room with some strong cord in his hand, that he had drawn from his pocket. The poor youth uttered a wild cry of terror that rung through the whole place, as the two men seized him.

"I tell you, Barney," he cried imploringly, "I wasn't going to tell a word to mortal soul; all I wanted with Connors was to ask him about the rabbits down at the colonel's."

"Whist your jabber you thin-skin varmint, you. Keep your breath to cool your porridge. I wouldn't believe ye, if ye kissed all the hooks in the barony. Ye'd have told that same foxy cub of a peeler of our tramp to-night, if I didn't stop your tongue. Them was the rabbits at the colonel's ye were after. Ha! you'll never see daylight again, plase Providence. Here, Bill, tie that knot tight, will ye?"

I could see from the spot where I was sheltered, that after a brief and feeble struggle, their unfortunate victim had been bound hand and foot, and was left sitting upon the log of timber before mentioned. I was at first so absorbed in interest at what I witnessed, as to be half unconscious of my own peril, but a terrible sense of it soon recurred. That I had most unfortunately fallen upon a party of desperate ruffians, there was no doubt, nor could I entertain a hope of escaping speedy death, if I were detected, and that might be expected every moment. A cold shudder crept through my whole frame as I realized the horrible position I was in. I was afraid, too, to stir, as an unguarded movement might so disturb the frail screen in front as at once to betray me; and the narrow passage between it and the wall scarcely afforded standing room. Bitterly did I curse the mad stupidity that led me into such danger; nor did many minutes elapse before a fresh accession of alarm was caused by the anticipation of instant discovery. Barney and Bill, as I had heard them named, after binding their prisoner, returned to the fire, where the old woman had remained, holding her long skinny hands over the blaze, apparently not much interested, one way or other, in the operations that were going on.

"I say," asked Bill, as he seated himself on a stool, "will you bring him before Captain Rock, and the rest of the boys to-morrow night, and have him tried reg'lar?"

"Faith, I'll do no such thing," replied the other; "I'll be judge, jury, and all myself. I caught him in the act, and that's enough. Death and no mercy to the spy and the informer—them's the laws among the Ribbon boys. Besides, I don't like a bone in the young vagabond's skin;" and the ruffian muttered something that I could not hear.

"May be," responded the other in low tone, "you may get into trouble."

"No fear, Bill, my boy. I dunno," he continued, "either, but it may be best to finish him at once. Faith, here goes." As he spoke, the man lifted a square stone somewhere near the hearth, and from a concealed receptacle he drew out what appeared to me, as well as I could see it, to be a large pistol; from the same opening, he took the other appliances, and proceeded deliberately to load the weapon. The poor bound creature leaped up with a desperate effort, as he noticed those fearful preparations, but fell back again helplessly upon the seat.

"Oh, for the love of God, Barney, don't murder me!" he cried in a hoarse, half-choking voice. "Speak to him, Nelly, speak to him!" he continued appealingly to the old woman. None of them took the least notice of his entreaties, the old woman merely shook her head, and continued gazing into the fire. I felt tingling from head to foot with horror at the prospect of witnessing this cold-blooded murder, and was inclined, on the first impulse, to rush out at all hazards, and interfere.

"I say, Barney," again exclaimed Bill, "why waste powder and shot on the likes of him; 'tisn't so much we have to spare. Tell you what we'll do; as we go down to meet the boys on the way to the Colonel's to-night, pitch him into the Wizard's Hole; and, mind me, he'll not come up again to tell tales."

"You're right, Bill—the very—thing," returned Barney, laying down his pistol, "I remember the last chap as we tucked into the soft sheets there; laws! what a splash he made as the black slush closed over him; it made me almost shiver."

A deep moan of agony, that broke from the wretched man, told the effect that this fresh arrangement had upon him.

"There's a weight, a half-hundred, somewhere," said Barney; "where is it, Nell?"

"Oh, the old weight, is it? It's behind the sticks there, I believe. Do you want it?"

My heart leaped to my throat at this inquiry, for just at my foot, where I stood, I felt the hard substance, that I had supposed to be a stone. "Now for it!" I thought, as I listened in an agony to the next words.

"We'll just tie it round his waist, Bill; 'twill be a nice buckle for his belt, and will keep him down a while in the bottom of the hole."

"Shall I get it now?" asked the old hag.

"Time enough," responded the other, "when we set out. Get us the supper, though."

Some relief was afforded by this respite; but the faint hope which I had just begun to entertain, that I might possibly be able to evade discovery until the men departed with their victim, and I had the old woman only to deal with, now vanished, as, when the weight came to be looked for, I was sure, of course, to be found, and as certain to be murdered. Some food was placed upon the small table drawn in front of the fire, while a candle fixed in a sconce against the wall added a feeble illumination to the firelight. The three partook of the meal in silence, and then the men smoked, during which an hour might have passed; scarcely a sound being heard save a low moan or restless movement from the poor lad, who was evidently writing in agony from the physical torture of the tight cording of his limbs, as well as harassed, no doubt, with the horrible apprehension of his coming doom.

"Look out, Nell," were the first words spoken by Barney, that broke the stillness—"look out, and see what time of night it is."

The old woman rose, opened the door, and, judging by what external appearances I know not, in a few moments turned in again. "'Tis no more than eight o'clock," she said.

"Eight o'clock! Four or five hours yet, Bill. Let's have a sleep; we're not to meet at the cross till one. Do you sit up and watch, Nell," he continued; "and wake us about twelve, mind."

In a few minutes, the two miscreants had disposed themselves beside the fire, dragging over them some loose garments supplied by Nelly; and in a very short time their deep heavy breathing betokened that both were fast asleep. A turmoil of anxious thoughts literally seethed through my brain in the brief period of stillness that followed. Could I take advantage of their sleep? Could I take any step, and what, for my extrication from this dreadful peril? At length, a low parched voice, a kind of husky whisper, it seemed, rose upon the quiet of the place. "Nelly, for the dear love of God, have pity on me, and save me, now that they are asleep."

There was no answer. "Who knows but she's dropped off too," I thought.

"Nelly, if you hope for mercy yet, listen to me, save me," again whispered that weak voice of anguish.

"Whist, will ye," replied the old woman, evidently quite awake. "It's no use your talking; you'd have sold Bill to the gallows; and if the liftin' of my little finger would save yees, I wouldn't."

"Give me a sup of wather, will ye?" he asked. "I think I'll go mad."

"I'll give you that much, at any rate," she said; "though it's enough of it you'll get afore long, I'm thinking."

The old hag rose and gave him some water from a tin vessel, but bitterly persisted in her refusal either to aid his escape or even to loosen the cords that were so cruelly tormenting him. When Nelly replaced the water-can on the table, she replenished the fire, settled the covering more carefully round the young man Bill, and then muttered, in a kind of soliloquy: "No fear but I'll wake in time; an hour at most will do me." She moved towards the old bed, eyeing the prisoner's bonds, as she passed him, to see that all was right there, and threw herself upon the rickety resting-place that groaned and creaked beneath her weight, as she turned away from the light. Thank God, almost passed my lips in an audible utterance. For the first time, I ventured to alter my position. I was so numbed and cramped that I could hardly stir. Soon the deep breath of the third sleeper was heard; the candle had been extinguished. The fire burned less brightly, yet shed a crimson glow through the whole apartment, showing me, as I gazed with less apprehension round the wood-work screen, the dusky figures and swarthy frowning faces of the two sleeping men; while it illuminated with a fainter light the recumbent form of the doomed culprit, disclosing a ghastly face, stamped with an expression of the deepest anguish, with the eyes closed, but not in sleep, as a low sighing moan that occasionally escaped from his lips but too plainly indicated.

CHAPTER III.

To take swift advantage of so unexpected a turn in the tide of danger, was of course my foremost thought, and I was just about to glide out from my hiding-place, when I remembered that considerable caution was necessary with reference to the youth Sweeny, who, utterly unconscious of my being in the apartment, might, in his surprise, give expression to some sound that would arouse the sleepers, and destroy us both. To release him from his bondage and peril, I was, of course, as resolved on as to extricate myself. I crept out as gently as I could, and stood for a moment on the floor, to see if I could attract his notice. I was just by the bed where the old woman lay, a propinquity that I dreaded, as her softer breathing intimated a lighter sleep than seemed to have locked the two ruffians at the fire. Still the young man remained with closed eyes, and it was only as I was just beside him that he started with a bound, and glared upon me with a new terror in his face. I doubt not but that he thought, as I rose up before him so unexpectedly in that dusky light, that I was a spirit from the other world. "Hush!" I whispered putting my lips to his ear—"not a word," pointing to the men. "I was over there; I know all about you; wait till I cut those cords." When with my penknife I had done so, it was some minutes before he could use his freed limbs. It required but few words to enjoin speed and caution. "Do you unbar the door," I again whispered; "and, for your life, take care of a sound." Slowly and softly we moved on. I possessed myself of the loaded pistol that lay close by one of the sleepers, as I passed him. But our chief difficulty lay in getting the door opened. The iron bar that crossed it was fixed in a staple, and fitted it so tightly as to require considerable effort for its release, while the nervousness with which his whole frame shook made Sweeny but a clumsy hand.

"Let me try," I said at last in despair.

I had just succeeded in drawing out the bar, and with scarcely a sound, when my companion in a horrified tone cried: "For God's sake, hurry; I hear the old woman stirring."

I instantly pulled the bolt back more rapidly; and not aware of its weight, it fell with a dull heavy clang on the earthen floor. I hardly know now what at that terrible moment we did. There was an instantaneous rustling movement from the bed; but we waited for nothing. All I can recollect is, that quick as lightning, we were both out upon the heath. "I'll hold you; I don't know the way," I gasped, as I dreaded that my companion might think only of himself, and desert me. I am sure that he never dreamed of doing so. He seized me tightly by the arm; and on we went headlong, plunging through swamps, and more than once falling over some unseen impediment. The night was very dark, and I trusted entirely to my guide. Want of breath at last compelled us to halt, and we stood panting for a moment. Not a sound of any kind reached us. If pursued at first, our foes must have been at fault, as we heard nothing of them.

"Tell me, what was to be done to-night at the Colonel's?" I asked Sweeny.

"Fire and murder," was his expressive answer.

"Come on there at once—you know the way," I said—"will you?"

"Yes;" and without another word, diverging a little from the course we had been pursuing, we again hurried forward with fresh speed. We soon reached the termination of the bog, crossed a road, and got into some fields.

"Over here," whispered Sweeny, "is the Colonel's." "Colonel Grey," he added, in reply to an inquiry. "What are you going to do there?"

"To warn them—to save them, I answered. "And never fear," I continued, as I noticed some reluctance on the part of the lad; "I saved you already, and I'll take care of you still; no harm shall come to you."

We continued our course through two or three fields, and turned out on what appeared to me be a narrow by-road, when suddenly, as from a ditch close to us, a deep hoarse voice gave a challenge: "Who goes there?"

"May I never!" ejaculated Sweeny, in a trembling whisper; "if 'tisn't the boys; they're waitin' here for the rest to go up to the Colonel's."

"Answer them boldly," I whispered.

Sweeny replied to the challenge, when a rapid cross-questioning ensued, and some passwords were demanded and given.

"Who's with you?" asked the speaker who challenged us, now standing out on the road, and who seemed to be the leader of the party who were still concealed in the ditch.

A momentary hesitation nearly proved fatal to us.

"Oh," he answered, and his voice shook, "'tis Bill sure. We are to go on, Barney said, and see all's right, and give you the signal."

"You had better stay here," gruffly responded the speaker. "Go on, indeed. What signal?"

"Just a whistle, an' no more; I must be ruled by Barney, as he's the leader to-night," replied Sweeny, with an affectation of sulkiness in his tone that showed more presence of mind than I had hoped for.

"Well, on with you then; and if you spoil it all, 'tisn't my doing." And, to my infinite relief, the speaker sank again into the shelter from which he had emerged.

We passed leisurely forward beside the lurking party, afraid to go fast, lest suspicion should be aroused; but we had not advanced a dozen paces when the hard heavy tramp of feet, running at full speed upon the road, distinctly reached our ears; and from the stir among the ambushed men, was evidently heard by them too.

"On, on, for our very lives!" exclaimed Sweeny. "Come this way—quick;" and he plunged in among some thick plantations, through which it was no easy task in the darkness to advance. We caught, as we forced our way through, voices loud and furious behind us, and the single terrible expression: "Hell's fire, man, be after them!" discovered to us at once the danger we had to apprehend.

"This way, this way," cried Sweeny, dragging me forward; "we may do them yet."

In two or three minutes, we reached a small wooden door in a wall, with which my companion seemed acquainted. He opened it quickly; and then we passed through and bolted it on the other side. It admitted us into what looked like the extensive back-premises of a spacious mansion, that rose up dark and gloomy on our left. Sweeny strode rapidly on to where a single light was burning in small window, low, near the ground. At this he gave two peculiar taps. At once the light moved.

"The moment he opens the door," whispered Sweeny—"that he's coming to do—you manage him with that," pointing to the pistol that I had. "'Tis Griffen, the butler, I mean; he's in the plot; and then you can alarm the house; and there's not a moment to be lost."

Most cautiously, an old gray-haired, respectable-looking servant opened the door at which we had stationed ourselves.

"Is it all right, Barney?" asked a low voice.

"Yes, to be sure," exclaimed Sweeny, pushing in, as I followed; and instantly shutting the door again behind us, he seized the candle from the man's hand, while, with the butt end of the pistol, I dealt the treacherous servant a blow that effectually hindered his interfering.

"Go up the stairs there now," cried Sweeny, "and wake them up: "I'll stay here."

I dashed on with my pistol, and narrowly escaped being shot down myself, as a close to my strange adventure, by a half-dressed gentleman, who confronted me on the lobby.

"Stop!" I cried, "till I explain. Your house is just about to be attacked; I am here to warn you."

A few words put him in possession of all that was necessary then to inform him. A night of alarm and confusion followed within the building; but, to our surprise, no attempt was made. My strange first acquaintance with Colonel Grey led to a close intimacy—though not in Tipperary, as he soon after left the county. The poor lad Sweeny was well provided for, and sent abroad; and for myself, I only add, that I never had reason to regret the mistake that led to such unexpected consequences.

SALA IN AFRICA; THE WOMEN; AN ARABIAN SULTANA. No, you are in Africa: this, indeed, is Algiers; and the Arabian Nights are all around you. There goes the Sultana Scheherazade. The Sultana in walking costume resembles a clothes-bag bifurcated, or say a pair of well-inflated pillows, surmounted by a bolster, and covered with a mosquito curtain. The Sultana may be one of the wives of a wealthy Morcseo, or she may be a washerwoman. She is Mauresque, and her out-door costume is invariable. It consists of a pair of very baggy galligaskins, not at all of Zouave cut, but precisely that kind of Turkish trousers which Mandane wears in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. These—the *shintiyan* of the Turkish women—are of plain white muslin; above is a quantity of semi-diaphanous drapery, which I cannot attempt to describe; and over all is thrown a long robe, or feminine toga, of very fine white linen or gauze, called a *haik*. Sometimes another *haik* of a somewhat stouter material is worn over the first. This drapery does not fall in graceful folds. It is drawn close to the form, and the general composition of the pillow-case legs and bolster body is, in the entire effect, droll. The feet and ankles are bare, and from the hue of those extremities the Algerine expert, is, I suppose, enabled to judge whether the veiled lady is dark or fair. Of course I only presumed to look at the Sultana Scheherazade's supporters for the purpose of verifying the fact that her feet are thrust into wide shoes called *sebabath*, which, again, are encased in looser slippers of yellow morocco, the *papouches* or *babouches*. Looking at these slippers I could not, however, avoid regarding that which the slippers covered; and I must admit that the greatest part of the flesh I peeped at was very dusky indeed. The upper class of Mauresques, however, are said to be as fair as Europeans. You see nothing of the Sultana Scheherazade's face but her eyes. The upper *haik* comes well down over her temples; then you have a pair of big, black, sloe-like orbs, the lids so prolonged that they almost meet, or are darkened at least with *kohl* until they seem to join. The rest of the face is hidden by a handkerchief tied tightly behind. Some Arab ladies are said coquettishly to make use as a veil of a handkerchief so very transparent that their features can be perfectly well discerned beneath; but with the vast majority of the Sultanas I have seen to-day the gauze mask has been a reality, and the concealment effectual. I don't wonder at this veil, answering to the Turkish "yashmak," having been, through so many centuries, so obstinately retained. It may be regarded as a beautiful dispensation of Providence for promoting outdoor equality among the ladies. A pretty woman may let the passers-by know, even through her veil, that she is comely; but an ugly woman is, by the merciful interposition of the knotted handkerchief, enabled altogether to hide her ill-favoredness.—*Letter from Algiers.*

NOTICE

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

THE "DAILY EXAMINER."

IT has been the comfortable fallacy of many sensible people that wounded Error was in the habit of "writhing in pain," and dying, as it were, to slow music, "among his worshippers." This theory, promulgated we believe originally in verse, does not seem to have been borne out in prose or practice. The assassination of the President, and the letter of Judge Campbell, occurred at a time when Error ought to have been flat upon its back. When Error was stricken in California through the *Democratic Press*, the *Daily Examiner* arose, a typographical Phœnix—from the scattered pi. When we come to look at it, there is really something terrible in this persistent and vindictive wriggling. The vitality attributed to angle-worms, eels. frogs and turtles, is feeble, compared with the tenacity with which sham Democracy still clings to existence.

It must be confessed that in certain qualities which excite respect, the *Democratic Press* was far superior to the *Daily Examiner*. The former paper was published in the heat of the conflict, when passion ran high, when Alcatraz yawned for traitors, and it was risky to attack the Government. It has been the misfortune of the *Examiner* to appear after the battle has been fought, and to consequently lose some of that respect with which the element of danger might have invested it. But this awkward circumstance is overcome by extra shrilluess and redoubled invective. To read the *Examiner*, nobody would believe the war was over. The claug of trumpets is heard in its columns—the groans of the dying and the beating of kettle-drums—and ever and anon the editor charges madly over the whole field, like Sir John Falstaff, stabbing and hacking the bodies some one else has killed. Frightful as all this appears, it must be confessed that the real risk is small, and that the *Daily Examiner*, on the whole, is far inferior in audacity and ability to the *Democratic Press*. It is, at best, a wriggle.

Yet, as we look through the columns of the *Examiner*, there is a flavor of decayed gentility which excites our respect. We meet our old friends "the Constitution" and "Thomas Jefferson," the usual editorial outfit. We meet also the expression "white slaves" without which no modern Democratic utterance is complete. Indeed, a Southern politician at present finds it as difficult to get along without a "white slave," as of old he found it impossible to do without a black one. The epithet "Puritan" occurs frequently, sometimes in a darkly enigmatical manner, which we fancy must be peculiarly exasperating to the descendants of the *Mayflower*. These severe formulæ are diversified by glowing accounts of outrages committed by negroes—or mysterious details of cases of amalgamation in the first families of New York and Boston. If we never meet these stories out of *Democratic Presses* and Daily *Examiners*, it is because a venal Abolition press suppresses them. After these statements there usually follows an editorial inquiry "And is this *free* America?" a fact somewhat patent we should think from the context. From the unfailing recurrence of this question we should judge that the line was left "standing" in the office of the *Democratic Press*, and survived the vengeance of the mob.

Impotent and senile as is this kind of babble, it is painful to think that in the nineteenth century there are those who still accept its utterance as that of a youthful and manly opposition. Long after the death of the Pretender there were many honest rustics and country gentlemen who still believed in his divine right and ordained majesty, and we do not wonder that the *Daily Examiner* still endeavors to invest the sham Confederacy with real virtues; that it should pooh pooh the accounts of Jeff Davis' petticoat episode, or that its readers should believe it. It may be that its editor is sincere, even as Rip Van Winkle was sincere in hurrahing for King George, on awakening from his long slumber, during which period of unconsciousness the Revolutionary struggle had occurred. But whatever be its motives, we believe in giving the largest liberty to the *Examiner*. If the *Democratic Press* had not been suppressed we should have had no *Examiner*. Like the Pope's Encyclical Letter, ignorance and error in their highest and most concentrated expression are less to be feared than in the form of diluted conservatism, and the *Examiner* is better than the *Democratic Press*.

HOW TO GET UP ELECTIONEERING ENTHUSIASM.

A PRIMARY meeting is a singularly unwholesome place to practice refinement in. The patriotic individual who enthrones himself as chairman, and calls the attention of the audience to the matters in hand by his flowing rhetoric, addresses an assembly of somewhat different tone from that which applauds Signors Morelli and Barilli from the soft cushions of the Academy. We have always kept shy of these little hot-beds of political blossoms. Not that we feel unpatriotic, but we somehow find ourselves playing so insignificant a part as a free and enlightened citizen whenever we happen in on a ward meeting of our party, that we turn disgusted away, and leave the whole affair in the grip of professionals. Why should they not have the superintendence of things? They are the only class who have time from their pursuits of pleasure to carry through the proper ticket; they are the only ones who demand and receive pay for their work; and they are solitary in the possession of abilities to be successful. This kind of reasoning is not our political rule alone. It is the principle upon which the political conduct of most good-natured, selfish people is based. There is nothing about a party fight interesting enough to wake up the ordinary, humdrum, average citizen to earnestness about elections, wherein it has not been demonstrated to him clearly and unanswerably that his political religion and convictions run some danger of destruction.

But he is not allowed to slumber. If he is ignorant of the merits of the controversy and avows it as an excuse for his lukewarmness, straightway some vituperative partisan among his friends tortures him into a state of enlightenment. If he hints that he knows none of the able candidates who have joined in the log-rolling battle, he is treated immediately to a series of succinct biographics, whereof one would be too good for an archangel and the rest too bad for Satan and his family friends. He is told that by voting for one he will successfully resist the encroachments of any number of wicked and designing men, while by casting a ballot for any of the others, he will prove in an humble way the instrument of his country's ruin. He finds, too, that politics are personal; that he must sustain the coolness or perhaps the loss of some pleasant social acquaintances; that he must submit to any amount of abuse, be crucified politically, perchance in the newspapers, be obliged to defend any number of wrong acts, until the road to the polls, instead of being to him a triumphal journey, becomes a disgusting tramp through the miry ruts of party. He is honest and means well by his country. He does not admire strife, where the most blatant and vulgar antagonist wins the day by sheer force of impudence. He does not like the game, and yet he is dragged ruthlessly forward, merely because he is good-natured. Perhaps, if left to his studies; if allowed to examine history for light; to look up political economy, and draw forth a definite opinion, he might go to the polls with a clear idea of what he wanted to do. But the political campaign of to-day is an arid, unpleasant prospect, about as tempting as a picnic on an alkali plain.

Bribery, like small bets among thimble-riggers, makes the game interesting to some; personal considerations attract a few more; party spoils tempt their quota; but the real class interested, the men who own the election privileges, and who should control it, are merely bullied through the work, without deriving the least pleasure therefrom.

To the patriotic candidates who now stand in the market-place, or who, preparatory to coming forward, are getting the holes slit in their togas, through which their party scars are to shine, we make a humble request. You are doubtless all of you good men. We have not an imagination vivid enough to make any one of you out a black-hearted villain; nor reverential enough to picture you to ourself as a political sort of radiant saint. You are human. You have ambition; we shall be glad to see it gratified. It is a pity, as Mr. Colfax said the other night, that we cannot send you all and any others who have hankerings that way to the Senate. We shall vote for one of you. That is about as much, in these days of anti-ballotbox-stuffing, as you can ask of us. But do, please, keep the hot side of the question away from us. Election returns are not our intellectual food. We spit upon the political slate, and would be glad to see its blue-black surface pure of every figure. We read the papers mostly for news, and are far more interested in seeing Mr. Sherman clear himself of all suspicion, or in learning that the Overland Ronte is clear, than in the fact that the Hon. —— is fixing the party all right in Siskiyou, and that he is sure of a strong vote in the Assembly. If you want us to get excited, do something to make us enthusiastic. The world is atrociously venal. Not for money; some bank accounts forbid the idea; nor for patronage; some are too old to hold office. But we would like to be bamboozled pleasantly. Get up a social demonstration, and, provided the subject of politics is tabooed at it, it will be a success. We once knew an eminent lunatic at home, who ran for Congress. He was not mad enough to be elected, but he started out in the right direction. He gave a huge public grape picnic on his grounds. Everybody went home gratified and voted with the utmost good nature. It was true that a sane man was elected; but that was an accident. Everybody knows the story of the Duchess of Devonshire winning over a stalwart butcher to the Fox party by a kiss. The butcher's politics may have been somewhat shaky, but his taste, in being persuaded by the most beautiful woman in England, was unexceptionable. We would ourself thaw out at the prospect of such a bribe, and our vote would be flung gladly for any man who voted for Lincoln last year, who did not get drunk except in his own house, who wore a clean shirt occasionally, and who did not spell Jehovah with a small j. Give us, then, ye party chiefs, something to be energetic about. Decree a sort of war of roses that will be fit for us to engage in. Make your court by somebody else than ticket pedlars, or rather make ticket pedlars more interesting. "He-e-r-r-es your right ticket! The only good candidate!" sounds disgusting. We never employ a shouting hackman, and are unnerved by noise anywhere. Suppose that you make up your cases like counsel do briefs, carefully shutting out every word of reviling, and alluding to one another as "able" and "learned." Speak of one another in courteous terms, and make the party journals do the same. Because the immigrated Klamath Indians who are among us will not use their shillalahs—we mean their war clubs—on your side, don't call them dirty, raw barbarians with hair all over their teeth. It is wrong to use such language and hurts the feelings of the better specimens of Klamathdom. In fine, try to carry on a political fight without tearing up the honest attachments of society and disgusting disinterested people with false and malicious gossip and cowardly backbiting. The Senatorial candidate who conducts himself in a cool and reasonable way, and who energetically attempts to innoculate his friends high and low with the same feeling, may fail to reach Washington, but he has attained a higher rank as a democratic nobleman.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE features of the week at the Academy of Music, were the production of *Don Giovanni* on Wednesday evening and Gottschalk's concert, assisted by the major portion of the troupe on the evening previous, both of which drew good houses. Morelli's "Don Giovanni" was, of course, most excellently rendered, and was excellently seconded by Barili's "Leporello." Miss Phillip's "Zerlina" was arch, artistic and charmingly natural, with traits of coquetry and vivacity that were forcible reminders of "Rosina." Our wicked friend Don Giovanni, too, though widely different in some characteristics from the gay "Figaro," still, apparently, bears a near relationship to him. Both *Don Giovanni* and *Il Barbiere* are strongly marked as to nationality and have so many similar touches of Spanish character and traces of idiom, as to necessarily somewhat assimilate. The costumes and properties of *Don Giovanni* were in good keeping, with the exception of the mock baud introduced in the banquet scene of the last act, whose make-believing was a little too palpable for the effect of the scene, and was suggestive of Leporello's serenade on an enlarged scale—the audience, and not "Donna Elvira," being the recipients thereof.

Gottschalk's impromptu concert, announced at a late hour, to fill the vacancy caused by the non-production of *I Puritani*, on Thursday evening, proved an unproductive entertainment in more senses than one, and no performance was given. The green curtain remained down, with the "celebrated Chickerings" thrust forward in front of it with significant prominence, as usual, but, alas, no Gottschalk appeared to back them up. To-night Miss Lucy Simmons will make her *debut* in *I Puritani*. This afternoon Gottschalk will give his second regular concert.

On Monday evening another new opera season is to be inaugurated, with the addition of Signorina Brambilla to the troupe. It is reported that a portion of the troupe will visit and give concerts at Stockton and Sacramento during the coming week.

San Francisco Amateurs.—This association gave their second dramatic entertainment on Thursday evening, at the armory of the Franklin Light Infantry. The audience was composed entirely of invited guests, and was a very large one. The play chosen was the *Lady of Lyons*, (amateurs never meddle with anything lighter than *Richelieu* or heavier than *Othello*,) and it was very creditably performed, considering all the circumstances. Mr. Robert Fulford, who personated "Claude Melnotte," acted his part with spirit and feeling, and graced it with an excellence of elocution that made it difficult to believe he was not an ancient and experienced professional. He showed a thorough conception and appreciation of the character of Clande, and rendered it with an ability which justly entitles him to feel prond of his performance. The other characters in the piece were sustained a great deal better than we had expected they would be. After the play was over, the Amateurs and the audience inaugurated a dance and kept it going until three o'clock in the morning. The entertainment was a very pleasant one in all respects.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELISTS.

[Anxious to keep up the literary standard of The Californian, its proprietors have, at an enormous expense, recently engaged the principal novelists of Europe and America to contribute to its columns. In view of the objections sometimes offered to "Only a Clod" and other continued tales, arrangements have been made with the different authors to condense their stories into a space that shall not exceed two columns of our paper. By this means The Californian will be enabled to offer its readers a three-volume novel in a single issue, or so to speak, a seventy-five cent book for ten cents. By the last steamer, we have received our third installment, from the pen of an elegant and philosophical writer, which we give below:]

ME.

BY SIR ED—D L—TT—N B—LW—R.

BOOK I.

THE PROMPTINGS OF THE IDEAL.

IT was noon. Sir Edward had stepped from his brougham and was proceeding on foot down the Strand. He was dressed with his usual faultless taste, but in alighting from his vehicle his foot had slipped, and a small round disk of conglomerated soil, which instantly appeared on his high arched instep, marred the harmonious glitter of his boots. Sir Edward was fastidious. Casting his eyes around, at a little distance he perceived the stand of a youthful bootblack. Thither he sauntered, and carelessly placing his foot on the low stool, he awaited the application of the polisher's Art. "'Tis true," said Sir Edward to himself, yet half aloud, "the contact of the Foul and the Disgusting mars the general effect of the Shiny and the Beautiful—and, yet, why am I here? I repeat it, calmly and deliberately—why am I here? Ha! Boy!"

The Boy looked up—his dark Italian eyes glanced intelligently at the Philosopher, and, as with one hand he tossed back his glossy curls from his marble brow, and with the other he spread the equally glossy Day & Martin over the Baronet's boot, he answered in deep rich tones: "The Ideal is subjective to the Real. The exercise of apperception gives a distinctiveness to idiocracy, which is however, subject to the limits of Me. You are an admirer of the Beautiful, sir. You wish your boots blacked. The Beautiful is attainable by means of the Coin."

"Ah," said Sir Edward thoughtfully, gazing upon the almost supernal beauty of the Child before him; "you speak well. You have read *Kant*."

The Boy blushed deeply. He drew a copy of *Kant* from his blouse, but in his confusion several other volumes dropped from his bosom on the ground. The Baronet picked them up.

"Ah!" said the Philosopher, "what's this? *Cicero's De Senectute*, at your age, too? *Martial's Epigrams*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*. What! a classical scholar?"

"E pluribus Unum. Nux vomica. Nil desperandum. Nihil fit!" said the Boy, enthusiastically. The Philosopher gazed at the Child. A strange presence seemed to transfuse and possess him. Over the brow of the Boy glittered the pale nimbus of the Student.

"Ah, and Schiller's *Robbers*, too?" queried the Philosopher.

"Das ist ausgespielt," said the Boy modestly.

"Then you have read my translation of *Schiller's Ballads?*" continued the Baronet, with some show of interest.

"I have, and infinitely prefer them to the original," said the Boy, with intellectual warmth. "You have shown how in Actual life we strive for a Goal we cannot reach; how in the Ideal the Goal is attainable, and there effort is victory. You have given us the Antithesis which is a key to the Remainder, and constantly balances before us the conditions of the Actual and the privileges of the Ideal."

"My very words," said the Baronet; "wonderful, wonderful," and he gazed fondly at the Italian boy, who again resumed his menial employment. Alas! the wings of the Ideal were folded. The Student had been absorbed in the Boy.

But Sir Edward's boots were blacked, and he turned to depart. Placing his hand upon the clustering tendrils that surrounded the classic nob of the infant Italian, he said softly, like a strain of distant music:

"Boy, you have done well. Love the Good. Protect the Innocent. Provide for the Indigent. Respect the Philosopher."...."Stay! Can you tell me what *is* The True, The Beautiful, The Innocent, The Virtuous?

"They are things that commence with a capital letter," said the Boy, promptly.

"Enough! Respect everything that commences with a capital letter! Respect Me!" and dropping a half-penny in the hand of the Boy, he departed.

The Boy gazed fixedly at the coin. A frightful and instantaneous change overspread his features. His noble brow was corrugated with baser lines of calculation. His black eye, serpent-like, glittered with suppressed passion. Dropping upon his hands and feet, he crawled to the curbstone and hissed after the retreating form of the Baronet, the single word:

'Bilk!"

BOOK II.

IN THE WORLD.

"Eleven years ago," said Sir Edward to himself, as his brougham slowly rolled him toward the Committee Room; "just eleven years ago my natural son disappeared mysteriously. I have no doubt in the world but that this little bootblack is he. His mother died in Italy. He resembles his mother very much. Perhaps I ought to provide for him. Shall I disclose myself? No! no! Better he should taste the sweets of Labor. Penury ennobles the mind and kindles the Love of the Beautiful. I will act to him, not like a Father, not like a Guardian, not like a Friend—but like a Philosopher!"

With these words, Sir Edward entered the Committee Room. His Secretary approached him. "Sir Edward, there are fears of a division in the House, and the Prime Minister has sent for you."

"I will be there," said Sir Edward, as he placed his hand on his chest and uttered a hollow cough!

No one who heard the Baronet that night, in his sarcastic and withering speech on the Drainage and Sewerage Bill, would have recognized the Lover of the Ideal and the Philosopher of the Beautiful. No one who listened to his eloquence would have dreamed of the Spartan resolution this iron man had taken in regard to the Lost Boy—his own beloved Lionel. None!

"A fine speech from Sir Edward, to-night," said Lord Billingsgate, as, arm-and-arm with the Premier, he entered his carriage.

"Yes! but how dreadfully he coughs!"

"Exactly. Dr. Bolus says his lungs are entirely gone; he breathes entirely by an effort of will, and altogether independent of pulmonary assistance."

"How strange!" and the carriage rolled away.

BOOK III.

THE DWELLER OF THE THRESHOLD.

"Adon Ai, appear! appear!"

And as the Seer spoke, the awful Presence glided out of Nothingness, and sat, sphinxlike, at the feet of the Alchemist.

"I am come!" said the Thing.

"You should say, 'I have come'—it's better grammar," said the Boy-Neophyte, thoughtfully accenting the substituted expression.

"Hush, rash Boy," said the Seer sternly. "Would you oppose your feeble knowledge to the infinite intelligence of the Unmistakable. A word, and you are lost forever."

The Boy breathed a silent prayer, and handing a sealed packet to the Seer, begged him to hand it to his father in case of his premature decease.

"You have sent for me," hissed the Presence. "Behold me, Apokatharticon—the Unpronounceable. In me all things exist that are not already co-existent. I am the Unattainable, the Intangible, the Cause and the Effect. In me observe the Brahma of Mr. Emerson; not only Brahma himself, but also the sacred musical composition rehearsed by the faithful Hindoo. I am the real Gyges. None others are genuine."

And the veiled Son of the Starbeam laid himself loosely about the room, and permeated Space generally.

"Unfathomable Mystery," said the Rosicrucian in a low, sweet voice. Brave Child with the Vitreous Optic! Thou who pervadest all things and rubbest against us without abrasion of the cuticle. I command thee, speak!"

And the misty, intangible, indefinite Presence spoke.

BOOK IV.

MYSELF.

After the events related in the last chapter, the reader will perceive that nothing was easier than to reconcile Sir Edward to his son Lionel, nor to resuscitate the beautiful Italian girl, who, it appears, was not dead, and to cause Sir Edward to marry his first and boyish love whom he had deserted. They were married in St. Georges's Hanover Square. As the bridal party stood before the altar, Sir Edward, with a sweet, sad smile, said, in quite his old manner:

"The Sublime and Beautiful are the Real; the only Ideal is the Ridiculous and Homely. Let us always remember this. Let us through life endeavor to persouify the virtues, and always begin 'em with a capital letter. Let us, whenever we can find an opportunity, deliver our sentiments in the form of round hand copies. Respect the Aged. Eschew Vulgarity. Admire Ourselves. Regard the Novelist."

Another Hay Depot Burned.—A fire was discovered about half-past five o'clock yesterday morning in Dutton's hay depot, on Stewart street a few doors south of Mission, which consumed that and the adjoining building south of it. There is evidently a hay-depot-burning monomaniac amongst us, who has been eminently successful within the last six months in destroying some eight or ten of these establishments. He is a fit subject for our detective force, and well deserves their special attention.

THEATRICAL TALK.

THE long promised dramatization of Tennyson's last and best poem was produced at Maguire's Opera House on Monday, under the title of *Enoch Arden, or Under the Palm*, a large audience being present. The author's aim appears to have been not to manufacture a sensation drama, but to conscientiously produce Tennyson's poem on the stage. This he has successfully accomplished. He succeeded in making the female portion of the audience and some few soft-hearted males shed many tears over the sad fate of "Enoch Arden." The piece was well played throughout. Mr. Pauncefort's "Enoch Arden" in the first two acts lacked the salt flavor necessary to the successful rendition of the character of a sailor or fisherman; but in the last act he was everything that could be desired, and astonished all by the intensity of his acting, displaying more power than those who had before seen him in light comedy characters gave him the credit of possessing. Mrs. Sophie Edwin, though laboring under a severe indisposition, to which, after struggling bravely against it for two nights, she was on the third forced to succumb, played the character of gentle "Annie Lee" with charming feeling. Mr. Charles Thorne played the difficult part of "Philip Ray" with admirable skill and nice appreciation of the author's meaning, reading Tennyson's beautiful language, which has been preserved whenever practicable, with fine effect. The character of "Job Vincent," introduced into the play to serve as a foil to the good "Enoch Arden," was most admirably played by Mr. Aldrich. "Job Vincent" hates "Philip Ray" with an intensity which renders him almost a monomaniac, in consequence of "Adam Ray," Philip's father, having married the girl with whom, when he was a young man, he was in love. Mr. Aldrich's impersonation of this old villain, who is nearly wild with fear that "Philip Ray" will, by the death of "Enoch Arden," gain "Annie" as his wife, was particularly effective, and called forth considerable applause. Mrs. Saunders, as "Miriam Lane," was, as usual, perfect, making every point in the character with consummate skill. Mr. Thayer, as "Roger Bond," who is as anxious to bring about the marriage of "Philip Ray" with "Annie Lee" as "Job Vincent" is to prevent it, played with more vim than we remember to have seen him evince on any former occasion, and made a good deal of a part which was not much in itself. Mr. Anderson, as "Adam Ray," who is only seen in the first act, made a very good, pious old man. The piece was capitally put on the stage. The vision scene, "Under the Palm," and the tableau of the family group in the mill, were extremely effective, and reflect great credit on Mr. Graves, the stage manager. Miss Sallie Hinckley was, in consequence of the illness of Mrs. Sophie Edwin, cast in the character of "Annie Lee," and considering the short time allowed her for study, filled it most creditably. The first two acts moved a little slowly, but taking it as a whole it has proved a most decided success, and is destined to become a very popular play. Mrs. Sophie Edwin having now recovered from her indisposition, she will re-appear in the character of "Annie Lee" this afternoon, when *Enoch Arden* will be produced for the last time, and will doubtless draw an immense house. After to-day it will be shelved for a short time, to give place to the domestic drama of *Waiting for the Verdict*, which has been played to overflowing audiences in almost every city of the Union and has given universal satisfaction. I may safely call it the very best and most intensely interesting play which has been produced in this city for years. The company will do it ample justice, and a dramatic revival will surely be the consequence.

Mr. Wheatleigh has been doing a good business throughout the week at the Eureka Theatre. The sensation drama of *Pauline* was produced during the week, but the manager returned the next night to his old love, the *Colleen Bawn*, thinking that its powers of draft were not yet exhausted. He proved to be right. Every night it has appeared on the bills a full house has been the consequence. On Thursday, between the *Colleen Bawn* and the afterpiece, *Jeff Davis in Hoops*, Miss Annie Yeamans made her first appearance on the California stage, and gained an enthusiastic encore of a Highland fling, which she executed with much skill and elegance, in appropriate costume. Miss Yeamans has proved that she can dance, and will in the burlesque of *Columbus el Fillibustero*, which is to be produced this afternoon, for the first time, in conjunction with a favorite farce, afford the public an opportunity of passing a verdict on her singing and acting. This evening a grand bill will be presented, consisting of John Brougham's national and witty burlesque of *Columbus el Filibustero* and the *Colleen Bawn*, which the public will not allow to be withdrawn even after so many nights run.

Touchstone.

The Mechanics Fair is already attracting a large share of public attention. The committee are meeting with the most propitious success in their labors, and the exhibition will fulfill the most sanguine hopes of its friends. The Fair will be opened to the public on the 10th of August next,

SCRAGGINESS.

MR. BANTING's attack on corpulence ought after its first success to have been followed by another on scragginess, and we have always wondered why it was not. More people, we imagine, wish to be fatter than wish they could diminish their fat. It is true the desire is more closely confined to women, men being tolerant of leanness in themselves, apt to believe indeed, in spite of scores of examples, that want of flesh increases the appearance of intellect. Pallor and thinness are in fact nearly as much cultivated among certain classes as white hands and general listlessness, and mainly for the same reason—that they show their possessor has neither necessity nor inclination to do anything useful, that he is a hothouse plant, and not an ear of grain. The prefereuce among men for sallowness over color, sharp lines over roundness, attenuation over muscular development, is one of the oddest results of a civilization which does not profess to be ascetic. It is passing away we believe, under the healthier mode of life, but ten years ago robust health was considered obtrusive, strength decidedly low, and a high color the first mark of an utter plebeian, and the influence of those ideas lingers in drawing-rooms still. Women, however, have never fallen into them for themselves, have always by instinct preferred soft outlines and changing color, have been ashamed of the obtrusiveness of their bones, aud have tried hard to keep their faces from falling in. A charge of leanness is nearly the worst charge a woman can bring against herself, and the highest art of the milliner is exerted to soften off the harsh lines which in men are admired, to give the fullness and roundness of contour male coqnettes so carefully avoid. The true priuciples of beauty are the same in both cases, but civilization has not iu women corrupted natural taste, and no woman was ever proud of sunk cheeks or hollow eyes, or bony arms, or a figure without inflexions. The differeuce of feeling has even affected the language, and the word "scragginess" as a contemptuous epithet is as much confiued to women as the word "buxom" is, aud is at least as much dreaded by them as an accusation of corpulence is by men. It is held to indicate age, and while men care nothing about their ages, women very justifiably do care, being well aware that the other sex, with their habitual tendency to the evil, prefer the *beauté de diable*, the spell of youth and freshness, to almost any other. There must be hundreds of thousands iu this country, where the climate softens nothing and dress is specially adapted to make leanness ridiculous, who would endure any course of diet, abstain from any indulgence, to put more flesh on their bones, yet no Dr. Harvey or philauthropic undertaker steps forward on their behalf. Brillat Savarin, who taught Mr. Banting so much on the art of reducing flesh, gives only a page or two to that of increasing it, and though his theories are sound, he misses what physicians believe to be the great panacea.

Fattening, too, would seem from analogy to be easier work than reducing fat. All domestic animals in health can be fattened, and there is not a farmer in the country who does not think that he understands to perfection the great art of produciug flesh. Skilled breeders will fatten a bullock, or a pig, or a sheep to a pound, but they would only laugh if told that they could also fatten their daughters. Yet the only differeuce in favor of the beast is that it is not bothered with a mind, cannot worry itself about papa's displeasure, or dear Charles' inattention, or the blunder it had made in selecting "ruching" a little too bright. By the way, cattle must have some theory of good taste in color, or they would not be so vehemeutly irritated with the sight of red, and it would be a curious experiment to ascertain what that theory is. Have they by nature that love for sobered brightness, that dislike to all things "so very conspicuous," which cultivation gives to most human beings, or are particular colors signs to them, as they are to the Pope, of a hostile bravado? The mind no doubt is a nuisance which physicians find it hard to deal with, but still all scraggy girls are not scraggy because they have got, as Lord Westbury says, "what they are pleased to call minds," and the very large remainder ought to be just as amenable to the influence of good feeding as lambs, or cattle, or turkeys. Of course there are women who cannot be fattened, even when their minds are at rest; just as there are others who under the fiercest load of anxiety still accumulate fat. The majority, however, if not ill, or consumptive, or preternaturally active, or feverishly eager about affairs, must be capable, like all other domestic animals, of being fed into decent *embonpoint*. The only question is as to the regimen which will accomplish the end, without too much annoyance, or disturbance of the domestic economy, or risk of producing habitual and excessive laziness. * * Milk is of all things the great fattener, and it would seem probable from the African evidence that it is one of the very few articles of diet the effect of which is not perceptibly diminished by the dislike of the drinker. So long as it can be kept down at all it will fatten, and in the African states it is often administered by force through a horn, just as a horse is drenched. The rest of the diet matters little—except that acids must be avoided, that bread should be the staple, and that sweet things are beneficial—for milk in large quantities is sufficient with this other rule. Never begin to employ yourself particularly with mental work the moment you have done eating, a rule strictly fixed by nature, and violated in the most injurious way in half the girls' schools in this country. Digestion cannot go on properly if the brain and the stomach want the aid of the heart at the same moment; and the girl who sits down to an exercise the moment her dinner is doue, is simply laying up for herself a rich store of dyspepsia. With plenty of milk and arrowroot or other starchy meal, tolerable air, and nine hours' sleep at night, the girl who remains scraggy may be fairly suspected either of a bad constitution or an uuquiet mind.

HINTS UPON AIR.

THE air that a man has once passed through his lungs would almost immediately suffocate him if he could get no other.

Besides carbonic acid, the lungs expel much moisture laden with various impurities, some of which are more readily detected by their odor than by chemical tests, and others, the miasmas of contagious fevers, are known only by their sad results. Every person blessed, or afflicted, in whichever light it may be considered, with a sensitive organization, is painfully conscious of the common offensiveness of the human breath. Decaying teeth, overloaded or disordered stomachs, unhealthy lungs, tobacco smoked, or, worse, chewed, and other causes, smoke controllable and some not, contribute to the contamination of exhaled air.

Nor are the exhalations from the lungs the only cause of the personal contamination of the air. A no less constant cause in all cases, and much greater cause with those who do not pay particular attention to cleanliness, is the exhalation from the body. The lungs of a healthy man give forth, at ordinary temperature, from sixteen to twenty ounces of moisture in twenty-four hours; of this three one-thousandths are solid animal matter, in a state of decomposition. From the skin pores of a healthy man are given out fifty per cent. more vapor, with, probably, a greater proportion of animal matter. Carpenter estimates this at one hundred grains in twenty-four hours. But, of offeusive effluvia which caunot be measured or weighed, our sense of smell teaches us that the feet, the arm-pits and other portions of the body, are much more prolific than the lungs. Oftentimes the air of an apartment becomes intolerable to sensitive organs, from the feet of a single person. There is a remarkable difference in individuals in this respect; the effluvia of some, with the utmost care, being a severe infliction on themselves and their neighbors. The effect is much increased with the excess of perspiration induced by heat or exercise, and in a crowded room, without rapid change of air, it becomes almost iusupportable.

To these causes of contamination is added what is contained in the clothing. Woolen cloth is a great receptacle of impurities gathered from the various effluvia to which it is subjected. It is hardly possible to rid it of the smell of a barn or stable, or of any other foul atmosphere in which it may have been exposed, even for a short time. Shoe leather, too, is an unfortunate absorbent, not only of the effluvia of the feet, but of the rank oils often used in its manufacture, of the strong-smelling blacking with which it is dressed, and of the filth through which it has often to pass. These various impurities, added to the partial and offensive decomposition of the animal substance of leather, and woollen cloth, make them prolific means of the contamiuation of the air, especially in heat after exposure to wet.

All these impurities are matter in a state of decomposition. If collected on the surface of water, as they pass out of a room, they form a putrescent, bubbling scum, like that of a cesspool, with an intolerable stench. For they are mostly particles of animal substance thrown off in a state of partial decomposition; and their decomposition is completed with great rapidity in their attenuated gaseous or vaporous condition. The odor of fruit—of apples or strawberries, for example—is agreeable when it first leaves the fruit; but if confined a single night in a box or cupboard, every one knows how rotteu and offensive the smell become, even when the fruit itself remains quite sound. If this is the case with vegetable exhalations, what must it be with the exhalations of animal substance, the decay of which is so rapid and so pestiferous?

A STRANG custom prevails in the northern districts of Bohemia. Every betrothed bride, however rich she may be, is obliged to go and beg in the neighboring villages for the feathers necessary to make her bed. She goes on these perigrinations, which sometimes last several days, in full dress, and accompanied by a poor woman. Every one gives her a friendly reception, and she always carries back an ample provision of feathers.

DR. ADAM CLARK, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at a dinner, where the principal dish was a roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if thou canst bless under the Gospel what thou didst curse under the Law, bless this pig."

A YOUTHFUL MARRIAGE.—A curious illustration, copied by permission from the papers at Vale Royal, the seat of Lord Delamere, has lately been published:

When Lady Essex Cholmondeley's sister, Lady Londonderry, died, Lady Essex had under her care Lady Londonderry's only daughter, Lady Lucy Pitt. Lady Essex's daughter, Miss Cholmondeley, and her cousin were educated together with great strictness and exactness, almost amounting to severity. When the family where at Vale Royal, the young ladies were only allowed to walk up and down about a quarter of a mile, Lady Essex Cholmoudeley placing herself at a window to watch them. They were to walk perfectly erect, and never to speak. Lady Essex Cholmondeley had a house in Loudon, near the parks. One day the two girls stayed out rather late, and as they passed by Lady Lucy's uncle, he said, "What will Lady Essex say to your being out so late?" The poor frightened girls at that moment met two Westminster boys whom they were acquainted with, the Meyricks, brothers, of Bodorgan, in the island of Anglesea, the eldest heir to an immense estate and a beautiful place. The boys proposed that they should set off immediately for the Fleet, and be married, and take the maid servant who was then walking with the young ladies, and then all sail directly over to France.

They agreed to go, but Lady Lucy Pitt said she could not possibly go without a little figure of dog, a toy that, when pressed down, the dog barked; and Miss Cholmondeley said that she must take with her a beautiful little bird, which opened the door of the cage, hopped out and sang. So childish were the girls that they returned home solely to get these things. On their arrival at the fleet, they did not delay a moment, but sent for a clergyman, and they all went to church—Lady Lucy Pitt not quite 14 years old, and Miss Cholmondeley only 13. The clergyman demurred about marrying Lady Lucy, she was so very little, and in a frock, and both perfect children in all respects. However, they put the maid servant's gown on Lady Lucy Pitt, and she was married to the eldest Mr. Meyrick, aud Miss Cholmondeley to his brother. They were stepping into the vessel to sail away, when they were all seized by Lady Essex Cholmondeley and her party. The boys were sent abroad, and the girls carried back to London, severely reprimanded and locked up. If the clergyman had not delayed in regard to Lady Lucy, the parties would have sailed for France. This extraordinary affair was the cause of the Marriage Act, the two young married couples being of such high rank, and having immense property. Some years afterward the marriages were solemnized properly in England, with the consent of all the relations and friends.

"HOW A TEACHER SHOULD BEHAVE TOWARDS HIS CLASS." Under this title, the *California Teacher* for July, publishes a contribution, from which we extract the following sensible remarks:

"One thing which it seems well to guard against, is the use of baby talk in our intercourse with those we pretend to teach. Dr. Hooker has undoubtedly the right of the matter, when he says that there is little difference between explaining a thing to a young person and to one older. Each must have clearness of statement, yet with nothing forced or infantile about it. Children are Saxons in their ways and words—apt to call an ox an ox, whether the animal is alive or dead. Bayard Taylor says that a man in a strange land will be more easily understood if he make known his wants in straightforward English, rather than in that broken English which results from an attempt to squeeze his mother tongue into the idioms of a foreign one. Especially this needs to be borne in mind when fulfilling that part of the course called "moral instruction." Unhealthy anecdotes which observation directly contradicts are sure to be found out, and treated as humbugs. I think every schoolboy can well appreciate the morality of "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby;" but I am not so certain about that cherry-tree report concerniug Washington, or of the story of some boy who gave a penny to a poor woman, aud (hence) died the richest man in his neighborhood. It seems to me that the foundation of all juvenile morality is the Golden Rule; or, in other words, fair play. If I prophesy a dungeon to a boy, because he threw a piece of chalk across the room, ten to one he will despise the absurd misjoinder of the offence and its consequence; but tell him it is mean to cheat his mother, who works to keep him at school, by playing while she is working, and he will be more likely to respect the reproof."

"Bad humor, and detention after school, and scolding and whipping, are weak to break up bad habits, compared with kindness—just as earthquakes and tornadoes, Nature's ruffians, cannot do a tithe of the pulling down that the sunshine does. And then, kindness is a monitor, which goes wherever the boy goes—powerful in the dark as well as in the light; and instead of producing only propriety in actions, changes the disposition, and makes him better at heart as well as in appearance. The great consoling fact is, that no boy can be persistently mean or malicious, for persistency of any kind implies thoughtfulness and self-control; and if he had these he would not be a boy any more, but an old man. So when he is idle, or restless, or rude, it is not ugliness—he means nothing by it; and no doubt, the worst of boys sincerely wonders once in a while, why it is so easy for some of his class-mates to behave well all the term, and for him so hard to be steady for one forenoon."

ESCAPE FROM INDIANS.

ON tbe 27tb of Marcb, 1780, Thomas Bennet, and his son Andrew, a lad about fourteen years of age, were engaged in ploughing on the flats in eastern Pennsylvania. They had brought their guns with them for the purpose of shooting some wild fowl on the river; and, after huuting for a whi'e, concealed tbem and commenced work. Duriug this proceeding they had been watebed by four Indians, wbo crept up to where their pieces were concealed and broke them. They then sprang upon the man and boy, and instantly hurried them away into the woods.

It so happened that, on this same morning, Lebbens Hammond bad left Wilkesbarre in search of a horse tbat bad strayed away. He found him a few miles up the river, on tbe western side; and, improvising a bridle, was proceeding leisurely homeward wben be discovered moccasiu tracks. He was excessively alarmed, and was at a loss what to do under the circumstances; but, while deliberating, two Indians sprang from the bushes, and while one seized his animal the otber pulled him off. After a brief consultation between the two savages, tbey led Hammond into the wood and pinioned him to a tree. In this situation he was left about an hour, when they returned with the four who held Beunet and his son as prisoners.

An Indian mounted Hammond's horse, but when they reached a marsh he drove bim into it and there left him. They now made all haste, camping the first night near the foot of "Cumming's Pond," in what is now Northmoreland.

It should be remarked that both Bennet and Hammond were noted patriots, the latter having made an almost miraculous escape, some time before, from that tigress Queen Esther, or Katherine-Montour. Tbe Indians could not have been aware of this or they would not bave allowed them to remain unbound on the first night of their encampment.

Bennet proposed to his companion in the night that tbey should attempt to escape, but the latter advised against it. It was hardly possible they could sueceed, aud failure was certain deatb. Bennet remarked that death was before them if they remained much longer in the hands of their captors, but Hammond had more hope, and the project, for the present, was abandoned.

The next day Bowman's Creek was reached. Althougb they had been engaged in plowing when they came into the woods, they found the snow very deep. This made the traveling very laborious, especially to Bennet, who was quite an aged man.

Cold and chilly in the woods, with the snow fragile and crusted; wet, thawing, aud muddy in the open spaces, it could not have been more disagreeable. Merey, however, is a trait that rarely distinguishes the North American Indian, and our friends were urged on, with hardly a moment's rest. Towards tbe close of the day the party came upon a company of savages, numbering forty, who were commanded by a Tory. An old Indian, who recognized Bennet, called out, "Ah, old Bennet, I'd rather see your scalp."

Quite a lengthy delay now took place, during which one of the savages blackened his face, and directing the attention of Bennet, said, "Ho! Bennet!"

This meant nothing more or less than that the prisoner was to be burnt to death at the stake, and all three of the captives fully understood its siguificance.

Fiually the two parties separated, one from the larger joining tbe smaller, so tbat the latter uumbered seven. Now tbat they had become aware of the character of their prisoners they guarded them with more care. At night they were *pappoosed*—that is fastened down by poles laid aeross them, with an Indian upon either end. From this it will be seen that there was little prospect of escape, as the slightest movement was sure to disturb the savages, whose slumber is proverbially as light as that of the wild animal. Under such cricumstanees the three whites were ready to give up in despair aud die. Moody and silent they stretched themselves upon the ground and lay through the long still bours of the night, looking up at the stars overhead, and communing with the only Being whose pitying eye saw their dire extremity. Now and then they exchanged a word with each other, but that was all. There was no disposition to talk. Each believed that eternity was near—very near—and what had they to do but to make ready for it?

The next day—the third of their captivity—Bennet accidentally pulled a buttou from his coat, which, with characteristic economy, he put in his pocket. The Indians now searched them, and the button being found, Bennet was asked what he wished to do with it.

"I saved it to put it on again," he replied.

"Fool, Bennet; only one day more. You die at Wyallusing," was the significant comment of the savage.

This was confirmation of the diabolical intentions of the Indians, and the captives aroused fully to a sense of their peril. Unless an attempt at escape were made very soon there would be no opportunity for doing so.

During the latter part of the day a deer was started, and the attention of all the Indians being centered upon it, the whites were given a chance for consultation.

Bennet remarked to Hammond, "We must try it to-night or it will be all up with us."

"It will be a great undertaking," replied Hammond, "but I suppose it is our last chance."

"They have found out who I am," added Bennet, "and I know that they intend to put me to the torture. I see no reason either for your hoping that they will spare you. We may succeed to-night aud reach our families, but if we do not it will be far better to be killed outright than to suffer tbe torment tbey have in reserve for us."

"I am with you," returned Hammond. "With God's assistanee I will do all I can."

Andrew Hammond said very little during this conversation, but he did an immense amount of thinking. He was old enough to appreciate the position of himself and father, and he was as ready as he for a "blow for liberty."

The men conversed awhile longer, and arranged their plans by the time the Indians returned with the deer. They then ceased talking, and endeavored to show, by their words and manner, that no new idea bad entered tbeir heads.

Upon reaching the Meshappen it was found so swollen witb melted snow and ice, that they had to search for a considerable time before a place was found that could be forded. Having crossed the creek, a fire was built under a shelving rock. While engaged in roasting and devouring tbe venison, the leader of the party, who spoke tolerable English, became quite communicative to Hammond. He stated that he bad expected to meet a large body of Indians at that place, but they had probably encamped further up the river. In turn the savage became very inquisitive.

"When was there to be peace?" "Were the whites anxious to make peace with the red men?"—be had heard so. "Did he know Lieutenant Boyd?"

This officer, it should be remarked, had been sent out on a reconnoissance by Gen. Sullivan, in Genesee, some months before, and while thus engaged was surrounded by a superior force of Indians, and put to the most revolting torture.

"We led the party that took him," added the Indian, with considerable animation. "Boyd brave man—cut off fingers and toes—picked out eyes—but Boyd say nothing. Boyd brave man."

After giviug some further details of the torture of the young officer, the Indian produced a sword and remarked: "There Boyd's sword!"

Upon examination, Hammond found the lieutenant's initials stamped on the blade, yet he durst express no emotion at the horrible recital, as it would have instantly brought vengeance upon his own bead.

On tbis night, as before, our friends were *pappoosed*. Tbe Indians then drew their blankets over their beads and fell into a deep slumber. One of the savages only seemed to be on tbe watcb. Somewhat after midnight Bennet manifested great uneasiness, and asked permission to get up.

"Most day; lie down, dog."

But Bennet persisted that he was sick, and must get up. Abont this time all the Indians arose, and allowed tbeir prisoners to do the same. Bennet employed himself in bringing wood and throwing it upon the fire. Shortly after, all the captors were loudly snoring, except tbe same one who had refused to lie down. He engaged in roasting the head of the deer, and then scraping off and devouring the meat upon it. Soon, however, he began to nod and show a natural indifferenee to what was passing around him.

The crisis had come.

Hammond placed himself by an Indian axe, and the boy stationed himself by the guns, which were stacked. Both watched the motions of Bennet, who was stirring the brands of the fire. He had on a very long coat, and as he came near the nodding Indian he stealthily took hold of a spontoon or war spear, and, concealing it under his coat, stepped behind the savage, and concentrating his strength drove it clear through his body. With a hideous scream the Indian sprang up and fell upon his face in the fire. The spear was so immovably fixed in the body of the victim that it could not be withdrawn, and Bennet instantly caught up a tomahawk and gun.

The Indian who had tortured Lieutenant Boyd was the first one to awake and give the alarm. He had hardly time to utter his warning yell when Hammond clove his skull with the axe. The second tremendous sweep of this terrible instrument crashed upon the bead of another, and he, too, fell upon the fire.

While this was occurring the boy had snapped three guns, none of which were loaded, but which seemed to distract and frighten tbe savages, so that they fell a more easy prey to the two men, who were dealing their fatal blows right and left.

A stalwart Indian made a rush at the boy with the intention of securing the weapon, when the brave little fellow swung it aloft, and brought it down with such force that the savage was speedily placed *hors du combat*.

There were now only two Indians remaining alive, who instantly took to their heels, when Bennett, who could throw a tomahawk with extraordinary precision, hurled it with all the skill and power at his command, and it struck one of the fugitives square in the back, who, with a horrid yell, sprang in the air, dropped his blanket and continued his flight almost naked.

The whites immediately supplied themselves with the moccasins, guns and ammunition of the Indians, and set out upon tbeir return home. The two wounded savages concealed themselves some distance away, and when they had departed, returned to the fire to see whether there was anything remaining that would keep them from freezing or starvation.

Our friends were yet in a hostile country, and from what bad been said by one of their captors, they bad reason to fear there was a large body of Indians close at hand. Tbey made their calculations, and set out for home in as nearly a straight line as it was possible. The Meshappen was crossed with great difficulty, and they suffered greatly from the cold; but, after an absence of six days they finally reached their homes, where tbey were received with tbe greatest rejoicing, as they bad been given up for dead by their friends.

Seven years later, at an Indian treaty in Newtown, Hammond observed an old Indian who had been badly wounded in the back, and who was walking with his head bowed. He thought he recognized him, and the reason was asked why he stooped so much.

"A Yankee tomahawk me at Wyoming," was the ready reply.

The miserable being dragged out a few years longer, and then fell down a foot bridge, in crossing the Camisteo, and was drowned.

A QUEER WAY.

THERE are some queer ways of getting out of this world in a sudden and effectual manner. Drowning used to be considered as a bigbly genteel method when the temperanee fever was at its height, but the natural disgust the majority of people now entertain toward tbe aqueous fluid has compelled suicide into another channel. The suddeu injection into the skull, heart or lungs, of a pellet of lead from the barrel of a pistol once met with favor, and still, in France, runs a very strong opposition to the charcoal suffocation business. But being singed with saltpetre and brimstone—being, as it were, blown out of the world, and dying with the sound of an explosion in the ears, as well as the chances after death of presenting an exceedingly unseemly appearance as a corpse—bas put a limit to the pistol, shotgun and rifle *felo de se*. Poisoning bad its day, and was particularly in vogue among defaulting disciples of Swartwout, despairing lovers, and unsuccessful bankers, but science has brought antidotal remedies to such perfection, and every physician is certain to be supplied with a stomach pump in his pocket, that poisoning is pronounced a failure. Stryebnine is a failure. It is too quick; besides, it is excessively vulgar, and is fit only to do away with cats, and unruly dogs which insist upon baying at tbe moon at unseasonable hours.

We remember to have read in an English journal some time since, of a fellow who, being thoroughly disgusted with life in general, and a coquettish bar-maid in particular, resolved to depart from this mundane sphere in a style peculiarly novel. He purchased a six-pounder, hauled it into the rear of the house in which he lodged, loaded it with a "ball cartridge," applied a slow match, and then placed himself at the muzzle. He is said to have been killed "very dead."

Jumping from the tops of monuments and shot towers is very unpopular, and is rarely adopted. There is too much time for thinking in climbing up; and moreover, the would-be suicide, upon arriving at the summit of a pile of granite, like that at Bunker Hill, is too tired to exert himself any further. Butting the brains out against a brick wall is painful, and involves too many preliminary visions of stars to suit a refined mortal, not especially addicted to the study of astronomy. Of late hanging has come in vogue. The rope's end and life's end are found to be capable of splicing. It is on record that a sailor resolved on suicide, and having a hatred of doing the thing himself, so arranged as to involve an innocent but hungry shark in the crime. He formed one end of a long rope into a "slip noose," and put it round his neck. To the other end he attached a hook, which he baited with a chunk of beef, and threw it over the gunwale of the ship, upon which he had seated himself. He hadn't long to wait. A white shark came along, nabbed the bait, and started, jerking the poor sailor off before he could say "Jack Robinson." The last queer way of committing suicide is that adopted by Mrs. Mina Zehr, who, having quarreled with her husband, as to the possession of twelve dollars, very deliberately went to to the top of the house and hung herself on the "clothes line," using one of the clothes-pins in such a manner as to give it an appearance of being useful in the hanging-out-to-dry process.

What weak-minded mortals folks are, who can't live on and endure uncomplainingly the misfortunes, the ills and evils of life, and so win the regard and admiration, the sympathy and assistance, which sooner or later would be theirs as a recompense for their heroism, rather than kill themselves, and thus outrage the laws of God, and shock their fellow-men with their folly.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books received per steamer. Notices of several were unavoidably deferred in our last issue :

Beatrice. By Julia Kavanagh. pp. 520. New York : D. Appleton & Co.

A new novel by Julia Kavanagh. The scene is partly laid in France and partly in Scotland, and the heroine is a remarkable combination of Italian and Scotch character, whose life is colored and influenced as she is alternately swayed by the peculiarities of her double nature.

A Smaller History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. By Wm. Smith, LL. D. With a Continuation to A. D. 475 ; by Eugene Lawrence, A. M. New York : Harper & Bros.

This work is intended as a text book for schools. Compiled with sententious brevity and conciseness, it offers a clear and instructive history of Rome, while, as an embodiment of facts, chronologically arranged, it is likely to prove of excellent service as a book of reference.

The Fallen Angel. By Alexandre Dumas. Philadelphia : Peterson & Bros.

A very dramatic story, wherein the heroine who is a "Fallen Angel," shows herself to be a much better person than anybody but a French novelist would have imagined her to be. She cures a young married man of an attachment for her, and reconciles him to his wife, whose honor she also saves from the advances of a friend. She also obliges his mother and father to marry each other, a ceremony which had been previously omitted, owing to the mother having been the wife of another man. The curtain falls on restored morals and propitiated propriety, and, in the language of Mr. Squeers, "all is happiness and joy." The moral of the story is that an immoral French person is a much better and less dangerous individual than a moral one—an ethical statement which we remember to have met in an abstract form in one of the Reviews. The novel would make an excellent play, as the whole action takes place in a country villa—with plenty of sparkling dialogue.

Tales of a Traveller. By Washington Irving. 16mo. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

An elegant specimen of the new cabinet edition of Irving's works, from the imprint of the well known Riverside Press. Each volume is provided with a steel vignette, and in the general make up, the edition is faultless. The size, while it is well suited to the shelves of the family library, and for school libraries, is also just the thing for the traveller's bag, or for presentation, in separate volumes. The "Riverside *Irving* is altogether worthy of the refined and tender genius it so beautifully embalms.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By George Washington Greene. Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

The contents of this volume were originally delivered to the public as a series of twelve lectures, before the Lowell Institute. In the present publication, the author has contributed to the popular literature a volume which, to a great extent may be substituted for an extended cruise of reading on the Revolution. The theme is divided into twelve distinct topics, *i. e.,* The Causes of the Revolution ; Its Phases ; The Congress ; Congress and the State Governments ; Finances of the Revolution ; Its Diplomacy ; Its Army ; Its Campaigns ; The Foreign Element of the Revolution ; Its Martyrs ; Its Literature, in Prose ; and in Poetry. An Appendix gives us a Chronological Outline of Historical Events ; Statistical Tables ; and an Address of Officers of the Southern Army to General Greene. The book is written with severely good taste, and exhibits a spirit of fairness, candor and faithfulness to truth, in relation to all events whether they be honorable or humiliating to the cause ; and contains some spirited and well executed sketches of our revolutionary sires —particularly of Franklin and Lafayette.

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the author of *The Recreations of a Country Parson.* Boston : Ticknor & Fields.

The first series of *Graver Thoughts* met with a very cordial reception from the press generally, and the present volume, which contains a second series of sermons, marked by considerable freshness, cheerfulness and sympathy, will probably meet a rapid sale. Although the sermons have not the broad, liberal and Catholic views of the Essays, and although the Rev. Mr. Boyd seems less easy and natural as a Theologian, the present volume is a vast improvement on most of the published orthodox discourses.

Histoire de Jules Cæsar. Par S. M. I. Napoleon III. Tome premier. pp. 395. New York : D. Appleton et Cie.

Readers of French will probably prefer to have the Emperor's life of Cæsar in the language in which it was originally written. The present volume is neatly and beautifully manufactured, and may be regarded as a happy specimen of the bookmaking art in this country. It is smaller in size than the English copy, and maps are inserted in the body of the work.

Life of Marcus Tullius Cicero. By Wm. Forsyth, M. A. 2 vols. New York : Charles Scribner & Co.

"For a large class of readers," says a literary authority, "*Forsyth's Life of Cicero* will prove a treasure. Among the first ancient biographies familiar to College youth is *Middleton's Life of Cicero ;* and formal and finished as that work, it has a peculiar claim for the student who is engaged upon Cicero's orations. The present memoir is written in the spirit of modern biography ; it seeks to portray the domestic and personal as well as the official life of its subject ; and difficult as this may seem in the case of a life so far removed from that of our day, the sympathetic zeal and insight of a scholar has succeeded in bringing out many authentic and characteristic facts. A wide knowledge of contemporary history, and a careful study of the correspondence of the great Roman orator, have enabled Forsyth to delineate the *man* in his home and among his friends with a reality and detail quite remarkable and attractive. In fact, this life of Cicero, besides being a faithful narrative of the career, and analysis of the character of Cicero, is one of the best pictures of his times, and of the Roman life of his day, which has yet appeared." In mechanical execution and binding this volume resembles the elegant *Historie de Jules Cæsar* of Appleton.

Fairy Fingers. A novel by Anna Cora Ritchie. New Yor : Carleton.

After a long interval Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie (late Mrs. Mowatt) has brought forward a new work. The scene is laid in France, where the author is now residing, and where her quick perceptive qualities have enabled her to catch many of the peculiarities and habits of the people, which she has very cleverly portrayed in this volume. The story is interesting.

Superior Fishing. By Robert B. Roosevelt. New York : Carleton.

The author of this work is the President of the New York Sportsman's Club. There are some wonderful stories of trout-fishing contained in this volume and occasional bits of scenery about Lake Superior, intended to agreeably relieve the sporting talk. Full directions for dressing flies are also given, and other instructions of value to anglers and sportsmen. The style is exceedingly clever and entertaining.

A Youth's History of the Rebellion, from the Capture of Roanoke Island to the Battle of Murfreesboro'. By Wm. M. Thayer, author of the *Pioneer Boy,* etc. pp. 366. Boston : Walker, Fuller & Co.

Mr. Thayer is the author of the *Pioneer Boy,* and in this last book he has given us a mild history of the rebellion, as ostensibly delivered to a group of children by a dreadfully long winded and stupidly tedious individual, who is called "Uncle William." Why Mr. Thayer should shove the burden of the historian upon this old man's shoulders, and why he should make him babble of facts which Mr. Thayer had himself carefully collected, we cannot conceive, nor do we believe that this form of dialogue, interrupted only by such brilliant remarks as, "How barbarous !" "What a pity !" and "Dear me !" from the children, tends particularly to insinuate instruction in the youthful mind.

The Ideal Attained, being the story of two steadfast souls and how they won their happiness and lost it not. By Eliza W. Farnham. New York : C. M. Plumb & Co.

Mrs. Farnham is well known to Californians, and her book will attract attention, independently of the fact that some of its scenes are laid in San Francisco.

Family Failings. A novel, by the author of the *Henpecked Husband,* etc.

The "family failings" of this book are match-making mothers, schemers and other adjuncts of artificial society.

The Clever Woman of the Family. By the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe,* etc.; with twelve illustrations. New York : Appleton & Co.

A characteristic novel by Miss Yonge. Handsomely printed.

What to do with the Cold Mutton. A Book of Réchauffé's, together with many other receipts for the kitchen of a gentleman of moderate income. New York : Bunce & Huntington.

A work valuable alone from its suggestion that something beside "hash" may be made of cold mutton. Two-thirds of the volume is devoted to other recipes equally important to the housekeeper.

The Game of Croquet, its appointment and laws, with descriptive illustrations. By R. Fellow. New York : Hurd & Houghton.

From Messrs Dewey & Co., *Mining and Scintific Press* office we have received Wheeler and Randall's *Quartz Operator's Hand Book.* It is a work of great practical ability.

Life, Speeches and Services of Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. Philadelphia : Peterson & Bros.

A cheap history of our present Chief Magistrate, with alarming sub-heads, in the style of the biographies in the *National Police Gazette.*

We are indebted to Messrs. H. H. Bancroft & Co. for the following :

The California Hundred, a poem. By J. Henry Rogers. San Francisco : H. H. Bancroft & Co. 1865.

At the first glance the size of Mr. Rogers' poem seems somewhat inconsistent with the subject matter, and a reflection is awakened that if so much space is given to the exploits of a hundred warriors how much would be required for a regiment. But the poet views his subject in the abstract, and introduces a romantic thread of individual history to relieve the monotony. In metrical ability the verses are remarkably good, and this quality is sustained equally throughout the whole poem.

MUSICAL MATTERS ABROAD.—The following musical *on dits* we find in the New York *Review :*

In Vienna, Dante's birthday was celebrated by a concert under the direction of the well-known song-composer, Proch. The overture to "Medea" was played, and Mlle. Artot and Signori Evérardi, Angeli, Moncini, Boccolini and Graziana sang. A symphony by Pacini, especially composed for the occasion, was also performed. This is the more surprising, as the avowed intention of the Italians, at the celebration of the Dante festival, was to make an artistic Austrian demonstration in favor of Italian unity.

Richard Wagner has composed a march, which he calls "Homage to King Ludwig II." He is going to publish the piano score of his opera, *Valkyre* (second part of the *Niebelungen.*)

The central committee of the Swiss singing societies has bought an iron portable singing hall.

In Paris, an Arab singer will soon appear, whose voice is so immense that she sings all parts for all voices. (Should this "Arab lady" perhaps be a relative of Barnum's double-voiced lady ?)

Donizetti's opera, *Maria Stuarda,* which was composed in 1834, and not known by anybody, has been given for the first time at the San Carlo, in Naples, with tremendous success.

EXECUTIONS AMONG THE JEWS.—The Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide, the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood-revenge ; in other cases criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example ; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the command was given ; and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the individual to be slain. Thus, Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Benaiah, a person of so much distinction as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact the office even of a regular executioner is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is in most oriental courts one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a post of honor to put a distinguished person to death ; and on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave.

A DARING FEAT.—Some discussion having occurred in regard to the efficiency of the new patent safety cage now in operation at the Savage works, Captain Rawlings of the California Stage Company, and Captain Curtis, Superintendent of the Savage mine, have a bet of $250 that they will hoist the cage 160 feet from the bottom of the shaft, place themselves upon it and allow the cable to be cut above their heads. The time set for this performance is at 6 1-2 o'clock on the evening of the Fourth. In case the safety arrangement does not work they will have a jolly ride to the bottom of 160 feet. The ride would all be nice enough, but the sudden halt at the bottom would be rather rough. They are ready to take bets of from one to five thousand dollars that they will not drop to the bottom. The machine may be very safe, but we do not hanker to be one of the party standing on the cage when the cable is cut. Just for once the safety arrangement might fail to work.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

BRADBURY'S PIANOS.—In noting the premiums on pianofortes at the late State Fair, the splendid carved piano from the manufactory of Wm. B. Bradbury, exhibited by A. M. Benham & Co., took the first premium. Agents of the largest dealers in pianos at Chicago came down to exhibit some instruments at the Fair, who, on seeing this instrument on exhibition by our dealers, said *it was no use,* and shipped their instruments back without unpacking them.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

LARGE SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—John Middleton & Son will sell on Monday next at their auction rooms, Montgomery street, two doors north of California, 200 lots, most favorably situated on the line of the Market street railroad, south and west of the Willows. These lots lie directly in the pathway of the city's growth, and must therefore in a few years greatly increase in value. The property has that best of titles—United States patent—and will be sold for one half cash and one-half at a year's credit. Maps can be obtained at the sales-room.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received n monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

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64, 66, 68, 70 *Silver Street, San Francisco*,
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Will commence its next Session THURSDAY, July 6th. A few vacancies remaining, early application will be necessary for those desiring admission. Further particulars may be obtained by calling upon or addressing
MISS M. LAMMOND,
je24 1m Principal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 2d of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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jy1-3m REV. P. I. GREY, President.

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INCOMPARABLE!
and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the
INVALID'S FRIEND.

Sold by all druggists and by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf San Francisco

A NEW INVENTION!

LEWIS'S
Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion,

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and
RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

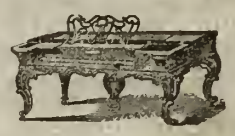
For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. mh8 tf

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME !



WM. B. BRADBURY'S

New Scale Pianoforte

Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

WM. B. BRADBURY,
No. 427 Broome street, New York.

A. KOHLER, 620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco, Sole Agent for the Pacific Coast. ap29-tf

---

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers

—IN—

Fine Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, &c.,

200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,

SAN FRANCISCO.

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

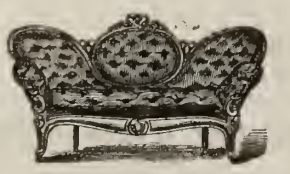
Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

—TO—

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

o5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President

FURNITURE

Closing Out at any Price!

On account of the Death of the Junior Partner of the Firm of

E. BLOOMINGDALE & CO.,

No. 518 Washington street,

WE WILL POSITIVELY UNDERSELL anybody on this Coast for the next ninety days,

CHAMBER, PARLOR AND DINING ROOM SUITES,

BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, CHAIRS,

BEDDING, Etc.,

At Your Own Prices!

np22 3m

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
mh4-3m No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

np22-tf

CHOICE MEAT! CHOICE MEAT!!

JOHN MOGAN,

Dealer in all kinds of American BEEF, MUTTON, VEAL, Corned Meats and Tongues, etc.,

STALL No. 37 METROPOLITAN MARKET,

(Late of Third street, corner of Sherwood Place,)

Returns thanks to his old patrons for past favors, and solicits a continuance of the same. Goods delivered Free.

ap22-tf

DR. H. A. BENTON,

Electro-Magnetic Physician,

OF NEW YORK,

Has just arrived, and opened a Suit of Rooms and Office at 109 MONTGOMERY STREET, where he will practice in a COMMON SENSE way for the cure of Chronic and Nervous Diseases. Having been engaged in the Magnetic and Electrical Appliances and Vapor Baths for eighteen years, as a specialty, declares himself well skilled in the various forms of disease and treatment, with little or no medicine. Cards and circulars, with certificates and references, will soon be in readiness. Please call at, or address, 109 Montgomery street, or Occidental Hotel. Hours, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

CALIFORNIA REFERENCES:

Wm. J. Leland, Occidental Hotel.
C. W. Kellogg, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Rev. Dr. Wadsworth, Calvary Church.
Mrs. E. L. Willis, San Jose.
I. Loveland, 211 Montgomery street.
Hon. Jas. E. Vinton, American Exchange.
Sidney Smith, Sacramento.

Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
ap15-1m H. A. BENTON.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
.. Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
416 and 418 Front street,
mh4-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

☞ PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

A BAD BREATH!

The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to. How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted! The subject is so delicate, that your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white.

PRICE, SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists.

☞ CAUTION—None genuine unless signed "*Fetridge & Co.*"

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
ja25-tf Agents, San Francisco.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery, cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION WATER!

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR DISEASES OF THE

BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, ETC.

The astonishing success which has attended this INVALUABLE Medicine, renders it the most valuable one ever discovered. No language can convey an adequate idea of the immediate and almost miraculous change which it occasions in the system. In fact, it stands unrivalled as a remedy for the permanent cure of the maladies above mentioned, and also for

DIABETES, INDIGESTION, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STRANGUARY CALCULUS, GRAVEL, CATARRH AND OTHER AFFECTIONS OF THE BLADDER.

For these diseases it is truly a sovereign remedy, and too much cannot be said in its praise. A single dose has been known to relieve the most urgent symptoms. TRY IT in these cases, and you will give praise to CONSTITUTION WATER!

DR. W. H. GREGG, Proprietor.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN,
Agents for the Pacific Coast,
401 and 403 Battery street, corner of Clay,
San Francisco.

Price, $1 per bottle; six for $5. Packed and sent by Express. ja25-tf

---

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE,

NOS. 727 AND 729 MARKET STREET.

We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

---

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner

From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Trusa of Elastin and unpossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. The Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in this Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6-3m Proprietor.

CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOMESTEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
Northwest corner Front and Clay streets,
jy1-1m Up stairs

Tyler Brothers,

No. 632 Washington street, San Francisco,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY,

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

PORTFOLIOS, JUVENILE BOOKS, CHILDREN'S PICTURE BOOKS, FANCY ARTICLES, Etc.

Especial attention given to

LADIES' STATIONERY,

Which we STAMP WITH INITIALS, to Order

VISITING CARDS

ENGRAVED, WRITTEN, or PRINTED!

ja28-tf

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

517

CLAY STREET, BET, SANSOME AND MONTGOMERY.

my27

NEW WHOLESALE STORE!

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building*, Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET*, near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET*, where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.

ap22-3m

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING ON STEEL

A PORTRAIT OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SON.

This Picture was photographed by Brady in the White House at Washington, and is the last tho President ever sat for.

It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1-2x12 1-2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

☞ Sold only by Subscription.

DEWING & LAWS, General Agents,
je24-tf 511 Sacramento Street.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff;—*vs.* MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)

ap22-3m

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office:

BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

DR. LIBBEY,

WOULD RESPECTFULLY APPRISE the inhabitants of San Francisco and the community at large, that he has established himself in this city as a permanent resident, and has taken spacious rooms at No. 224 MONTGOMERY STREET, opposite the Russ House, where he will devote his particular attention to the practice of

DENTISTRY.

He will not make elaborate pretensions to any mysterious claims made by many in the profession, but flatters himself that a constant and extensive practice of nineteen years, with due attention to all improvements extant, will capacitate him to compete with any in the profession.

Teeth set in any style, or on any base desired—Gold, Platina, Silver, or Vulcanite, now much in vogue. Teeth plugged substantially with all popular materials. Teeth extracted with or without anæsthetic agencies. All professional services—Medical, Surgical or Mechanical—insured to give satisfaction, or no charge.

☞ Entrance to office, directly opposite the Russ House hall door. je10-1m

---

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET.

(OVER FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT,)

INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

GRACE OF FORM

AND

SYMMETRY OF PERSON.

It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of

BUST,

Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation: gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

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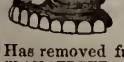
REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

---

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29-3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

REMOVAL.

INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, $10,000,000. Accumulated Funds, January 1, 1864, $11,169,140. Deposit in California under State law, $75,000. Limit on single Risks, $100,000. Bankers, Messrs Tallant & Co. Fire Policies on buildings and contents, throughout the Pacific States and Territories, granted on the most liberal terms. Losses promptly adjusted and paid here in U. S. Gold coin.

Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19-3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
ja28. 44 Leidesdorff street, San Francisco.

ALLEN'S

LUNG BALSAM!

THE REMEDY FOR CURING

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,

Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,

DIFFICULT BREATHING,

AND ALL TYPE

DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known. In curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHENS'

CELEBRATED

Eye Salve!

AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE,

Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.

Sold by all Druggists.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery street,
au27 Corner of Clay, San Francisco.

CONSTITUTION

LIFE SYRUP!

COMPOSED OF

Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augusture Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood*, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.

PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA,
SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP

Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like

ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES.

And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.

CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!

Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.

☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.

WM. H. GREGG, M. D.,
Sole Proprietor, New York.

Laboratory, Brooklyn, L. I.

Price—$1 per bottle; six Bottles for $5.

Sent by Express to all parts of the country.

HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN, Agents,
Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,
Nos. 401 and 403 Battery, corner Clay,
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JOHN MIDDLETON & SON,

REAL ESTATE, STOCK,

—AND—

GENERAL AUCTIONEERS,

Office and Salesrooms—No. 404 Montgomery Street, Two doors from California street.

SPECIAL AND PEREMPTORY,

CREDIT SALE

OF

HOMESTEAD LOTS AT AUCTION.

MONDAY,

Monday, - - - July 17, 1865,

AT 12 O'CLOCK, NOON,

200 HOMESTEAD LOTS

ON THE

LINE OF THE MARKET STREET RAILROAD.

We will sell at Auction, on easy terms, 200 Homestead Lots, situated on the line of the Market Street Railroad, south and west from the Willows.

The Property to be sold comprsome rises of the most beautifully-located Lots in that part of the city. They command a fine view, and can be improved without any expense for grading. The Lots are within fifty yards of the Market Street Railroad. The soil is good, and would make fine gardens.

Maps of this Property, showing location and full particulars, can be had at our office.

Title—United States Patent.

TERMS.—One-half cash, one-half one year at 1 per cent. per month interest, secured by mortgage.

JOHN MIDDLETON & SON.
Auctioneers.

jy8-2t

NOTICE TO FAMILIES!

WE CALL THE ATtention of Hon sekeepers to our fine assortment of Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc.:

PROVISIONS.

Coffee, roasted; Green Coffee, all kinds;
Pure Ground Coffee, Choice Teas, Cocoa,
Chocolate, Sugar, all kinds; Flour, Butter,
California Cheese, Italian Cheese, Syrup,
Lard, Barton & Gustier Oils, Olive Oil,
Possel Fils, Spice of all kinds, Pickles,
Pepper, Pepper-sauce, Mustard, all kinds,
Oysters, Lobsters, Pie Fruits, Pine Apples,
Spanish Olives, Fruits au Juis, Brandy Fruits,
Honey, Citron, Peaches, fresh and dry,
Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
Corn and Oatmeal, Hams and Bacon,
Chile Negro, Maccaroni, all kiuds; Farina,
Figs, Jams and Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
Yeast powders, Crackers, all kinds;
Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Washing Blue,
Rice, Sardines, Starch, Washing-soda,
Soap, Candles, Clothes Pins and Lines,
Shoe Blacking, Brooms and Brushes, Baskets,
Pails and Cans, Tubs and Wringer,
Carpet Tacks, Almonds, Nuts, etc.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR FAMILY USE.

Otard, Dupuy & Co.'s Cognac,
L. Delprat & Co.'s Cognac, Old Tom,
Sazerac Brandy, Cognac Pellevoisin,
Americau Brandy, Scotch Whisky,
Bourbon Whisky, Magnolia Whisky,
Holland Gin, Segars aud Tobacco,
Rum, Ale and Porter, in Bottles,
Port Wine, Claret Wine, French;
Claret Wine, California; Currant Wine,
White Wine, Califoruia; Ginger Wine,
White Wine, sauterne; Angelica Wine,
Malaga sweet Wine, Madeira Wine,
Muscatel Wine, Leoville Medoc Wine,
Lognac Wine, Chat. Margonx Wine,
Cherry Cordial, Champagne, Cliquot;
Champagne, Heidsiech & Co.; Wine Bitters,
Champagne, Eruest Irroy & Co., Marischino,
Champagne, green seal, Kirschenwasser,
Yermouth, Noilly Pratt & Co.; Schnapps,
Sonoma Champagne, etc., etc., etc.

All of which we offer for sale, by wholesale and retail, at the same figures to be had in first hands. Those wishing to get a

Pure Article of Ground Coffee,

Can have it ground in the mill at our store, in a few moments—Java, Mocha, Rio, and Costa Rica Coffees.

Do not mistake the number the first time you call—531 Washington, a few doors below Montgomery—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

Hotel and Restaurant proprietors, and families, will find it greatly to their advantage to examine our Goods and PRICES. All goods warranted, and delivered by our teams throughout the city and suburbs.

Orders from the interior solicited, and promptly filled.

B. SBARBORO & BRO.,

Importers and Dealers in Provisions, Liquors and Family Wines, No. 531 Washington street, Below Montgomery, next door below the "Examiner" Office, San Francisco. (Brick building.) jy1-3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Evening, July 15th, 1865,
The first night of the New Domestic Drama

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

Which had a run of over one hundred nights in London on its first production.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, July 15th,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Original Drama of

ENOCH ARDEN;

OR, UNDER THE PALM.

By the Author of "Assessments," "Do You Know Jones?" etc., etc.

Enoch Arden.....Mr. Pauncefort.
Philip Ray.....Mr. Chas. Thorne, Jr.
Job Vincent.....Mr. Aldrich.
Anne Lee.....Mrs. Sophie Edwin.
Miriam Lane.....Mrs. Saunders.

New Scenery, Magnificent Tableau and Beautiful Vision Scenes.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

DRY GOODS! DRY GOODS

TAAFFE & CO.

CONTINUE TO SELL AT

Reduced Prices!

AND ARE NOW OFFERING

AT THEIR RETAIL STORE

400 pieces good 4-4 Shirtings at 20 cents;
200 pieces best 8 4 Cotton Sheetings at 55 cents;
300 pieces best 9-4 Cotton Sheetings at 60 cents;
5060 pieces best 10 4 Cotton Sheetings at 85 cents.

Also, Wamsutta, White Rock, Lonsdale, and all other kinds of Shirtings at equally low prices.

Table Damasks, Table Cloths, Towels, Napkins, Barnesley and Scotch Linen Sheetings, Lace and Muslin Curtains, etc.

BLANKETS, QUILTS,

FLANNELS, CLOTH,

CASSIMERE, CLOAKING,

MOURNING DRESS GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

10,000 yards best Merrimac Prints, at 16 cents per yard;
5,000 yards French and English Prints, yard wide, 25c.;
10,000 yards French Prints, at 30 cents.
Also, Percales, Organdies, Cambrics and Ginghams.
5,000 yards Silk and Wool Poplins, at 80 cents;
2,000 yards Empress Cloth, at 75 cents;
3,000 yards best Mohair, at 60 cents.
Also, Delaines, Merinos, Debages, Challys.

Rich Colored and Black Silks,
Of the Latest Style,
AND AT VERY REASONABE PRICES.

Shawls, Cloaks and Mantillas,
Of the Latest Paris Fashions
RECEIVED BY EVERY STEAMER.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST KID GLOVES.

500 dozen, in all colors and sizes, just received at $1 25 per pair.

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
Under the Lick House.
jy15

READING FROM THE POETS.

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE INVITATION OF CITIzens of San Francisco,

MISS ANGELA STARR KING

Will give a Select Reading from the Poets, consisting of Patriotic and Miscellaneous Pieces, at

PLATT'S HALL,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 18TH, 1865.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR.

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

Tickets can be procured of Messrs. Roman & Co., Bancroft & Co., Tucker & Co, the principal Hotels and Box Office of the Hall.

Reserved Seats can be procured at the Box Office on and after Saturday, 15th inst., from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Reading will commence at 8 o'clock precisely. jul5-1t

WHEATLEIGH'S

EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES TO-DAY, JULY 15TH.

First representation of Brougham's excellent Burlesque of

COLUMBUS EL FILLIBUSTERO,

AND

A POPULAR FARCE!

Saturday Evening, July 15th,
COLUMBUS EL FILLIBUSTERO,

And the great Irish sensation Drama, entitled the

COLLEEN BAWN!

In which MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH will personate, the *roles* of

MILES NA COPPALEEN
AND
DANNY MANN.

Ann Chute.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Hardress Cregan.....Mr. F. Thorne
Kyrle Daly.....Fred Franks
Father Tom.....Geo. Mitchell
Mr. Corrigan.....J. E. Myers
Hyland Creagh.....J. Torrence, Jr.
Eily O'Connor (with song)...Miss Louise Clarkson
Mrs. Cregan.....Mrs. Judah
Shelah.....Mrs. Francis Gass

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

MEXICAN 10 PER CENT.
SIX YEAR LOAN.

The undersigned having a full Power of Attorney from Gen. GASPAR SANCHEZ OCHOA, Commissioner for

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO,

as Agent for the sale of the Bonds of this

POPULAR LOAN,

These Bonds will be sold at

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, GOLD COIN.

They bear date July 1st, 1865, and are now ready to be furnished in sums to suit, in denominations from $50 to $1,000. Principal and interest payable in

UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

Interest Payable Semi-Annually, at the PACIFIC BANK in the city of San Francisco.

The payment and redemption of these Bonds and Coupons are secured by the transfer to the undersigned, as Trustee, of one-half of the fiscal proceeds of

ALL THE REVENUES AND DUTIES

Derived from the Custom Houses of

MAZATLAN, GUAYMAS, MANZANILLO,

And all the Ports in the States of

SINALOA, SONORA AND COLIMA,

And from the Mines of said States,

Which Revenues and Duties, so soon as collected, are to be deposited and held by the undersigned in the PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, and employed exclusively for the payment of said Bonds and Interest.

General Ochoa has made an assignment to the undersigned, of one-half of all the Duties received at the above Custom Houses, for the payment of said Loan and Interest, and also to appoint Agents to receive the above Revenues.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

Are now open at our office, Room No. 3, third floor, Masonic Building.

No. 420 Montgomery street.
SAMUEL BRANNAN,
Agent.
jy8

DEWING & LAWS.

No. 511 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC STATES,

FOR THE SALE OF

New American Cyclopedia, 16 volumes; Annual Cyclopedia, first issued in 1861, 1 volume annually; Anecdotes, 2 volumes; History of the Civil War, 2 volumes; History of the World, by Philip Smith, B. A., 8 volumes; Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery, issued in Parts; Burton's Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor, issued in Parts; Devotional Family Bible, issued in Parts; Life of Christ, issued in Parts; Poetry and Incidents of the War, 1 volume.

The above mentioned Works are sold by our distributing agents only.

Additions of New and Standard Works are constantly being made to this list.

Young men of good character and business habits are wanted to act as Agents. Agents wanted in every County in California, Oregon and Nevada.

DEWING & LAWS,
511 Sacramento street,
San Francisco, Cal.
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CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7 30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent.	per day on a	$50 note.
Two cents	"	$100 "
Ten "	"	$500 "
20 "	"	$1,000 "
$1 "	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has now formly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers through out the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency.

JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES.

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
AGENT.
jy15-3m

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,

WHO WILL BE

WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, at the office of this paper. jy15 4t

THE CALIFORNIAN is published by A. A. Stickney, John Collnor, and J. P. Bogardus

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 9.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 22, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES:
- Scandal Loving.—By "Vago"
- Under the Weather.—By "Bret."
- Exotic Plants.—By "Iris."
- Let every Shoemaker stick to his Last.—By "Fabius."
- The Hibernian Drama.
- Unlawful Cures.
- A Modern Ghost.
- An Australian Adventure.
- Tonssennel on the Dog.
- Servants.
- Interior Items.

EDITORIALS:
- "An Anti-Slavery Dictionary."
- Mountain Imagery.
- The Shenandoah.
- Musical Matters.
- Editorial Paragraphs.

POETRY:
- Arcadia Revisited.—By "Bret."
- The Changeling.

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits. [By "Trem."

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Chapters XXXVII, XXXVIII, XXXIX and XL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

IT is comforting to observe that the Government is not unmindful of the interests of this coast. We read in the telegraphic despatches:

"The Navy Department has resolved to send an iron-clad gunboat of the *Monadnock* pattern to the Pacific coast, but has not decided which one of four shall go."

We hope the "*Monadnock* pattern" is a pretty pattern, and that we shall get the best iron-clad of the four. In the meantime, the *Cyane*, *St. Mary's*, *Saginaw*, *Saranac*, *Lancaster* and *Wateree* are enjoying a pleasant summer cruise down South, and the pirate *Shenandoah* is up North gobbling up whalers by dozens and striking oil in large quantities. We fancy that the whalers would be very thankful to have one out of the half dozen U. S. vessels on this coast to protect them while they are prosecuting their labors, and would not be at all particular about the pattern. The *Bulletin* yells at the British Government for having allowed the *Shenandoah* to leave. "If the British Government had done its duty," itexclaims with a whimper "that *Shenandoah* wouldn't be up North at this moment, destroying our whalers, so she wouldn't, it's a shame, that it is." Bah! The *Bulletin* instead of whining like a sick bulldog, and rabidly snapping at the British Government, had far better confess that the naval department of this coast in not taking measures for the protection of the Arctic whalers, when they heard the *Shenandoah* was steering its course towards the whaling grounds, were guilty of neglect, and that they had best make up for it by dispatching the whole Pacific squadron in pursuit of the pirate, catch her, and string up the captain before she seizes a treasure steamer, and thus gives the *Bulletin* an opportunity of writing another pitiful editorial on the perfidious conduct of England. We in California are the people who are least of any in the world addicted to crying over spilt milk. If John Bull owes Uncle Sam a bill it will doubtless be paid; it is the business of the people at Washington to see that it is; our business is to catch the *Shenandoah*. We have not had a great deal to do with breaking the back-bone of the rebellion, but we can surely be trusted to finish up the tail end of it which is now feebly wriggling on the coast of the Pacific, unaware that the rest of it is lying very dead on the Atlantic side.

THE *Alta's* localitems says: "We would advise the great pianist, previous to his departure for South America *via* Panama, to give one or two entertainments at Platt's Hall." Why is "the great pianist" advised to give concerts in dull, dreary Platt's Hall, which is pervaded with noxious effluvia suggestive of an old graveyard adjacent, in preference to continuing to occupy the Academy of Music, the most beautiful little theatre in the United States, the fashionable resort of San Francisco, where the dress-circle, filled with bright costumes and brilliant head-dresses, presents the appearance of a beauteous bed of flowers? There are mysteries connected with the local columns of a daily newspaper which it befits us not to make public. No sweet puff can, however, purify Platt's Hall; the "great pianist" gives his concluding concerts where he gave his first, and localitems' good word for Platt's odorous Hall was spoken in vain; the "smiles" of its proprietor have been thrown away.

IN a list of books recently published, we observe "A Youth's History of the Rebellion, from the Capture of Roanoke Island to the Battle of Murfreesboro, by William M. Thayer." The author is, no doubt, qualified to write on the rebellion, as he was Thayer, where, and at the time that, it took place.

THE editor of the Sunday *Mercury* warns a lady correspondent, who is wooed by a literary man, against having anything to do with him unless she finds "that he gets more than a postage stamp a line" for his writings, which the editor of the *Mercury* states is the price usually paid for literary productions. The editor is competent to speak concerning the rate of compensation allowed the writers on the paper of which he is proprietor, and we have no reason to suppose that, as far as that paper is concerned, he has misled his correspondent. There are papers, however, in California—Californian papers—which can afford to present their readers with literary matter which is paid for at the rate of a good many postage stamps per line; these are not made up of pickings and stealings from Eastern publications, with an occasional contribution from some unfortunate afflicted with *cacæthes scribendi*, for which the proprietors pay just what it is worth—nothing. In California, after a man has wasted a few years in writing for newspapers without compensation, he generally has sufficient sense to turn his attention to some other branch of industry; there are, however, exceptions to this rule, men whom experience teaches nothing, who live on, year after year, sustained by the hope that some day their literary wares will assume a market value. They devoutly believe in the efficacy of advertising; they think that if once or twice every week during seven or eight years "Lines by Horatio Flaccus Dobbins," appear in the poet's corner of the *Trumpet of Freedom*, in the end their genius must be recognized. They wait, oh how patiently they wait! but alas, Horatio Flaccus Dobbins goes to the grave, a neglected, unappreciated genius, having served no useful purpose save acting as a trial to his friends and acquaintances, as severe as the worst of those by which the Patriarch Job was afflicted. Job's biggest boil would have been as nothing, had one of his comforters been a "neglected genius," and each day he paid him a visit read to him "a little thing he had just written." How is it that ambitious young sign painters do not paint signs for nothing and present them to storekeepers on condition that they hang them up with the name of the artist attached to them? They never do it; we don't know why, but they don't. As the proprietor of the *Mercury* has published a statement, which, if generally true as regards the literary papers of this State, would reflect great discredit on them, we must state that however true this assertion may be with reference to the rate of compensation allowed the *Mercury's* contributor, the expense incurred by the publishers of most newspapers on account of literary labor amounts to an important item, and the postage stamp rate of payment stamps the matter procured on such terms as being worth less than is paid for it, that is —nothing. That "answer to a correspondent" was a very neat move on the part of the editor of the *Mercury* to "hear" literary stock, but it has not had, nor will it have, any perceptible effect on the market, as the editor will find to his cost, if he attempts to buy.

IN the account of the execution of the conspirators, received by telegraph; we read that just before the fall of the drop: "One of the clergymen, standing near, exclaimed, 'May we all meet in the other world.'" The name of the revereud gentleman who gave vent to this remarkably charitable exclamation, should have been mentioned. It was not Parson Brownlow, we may be pretty sure. In these days when envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness are rife, such a wish as this, uttered by a clergyman, is positively refreshing. There was no qualification—he simply wished that they might all meet in the other world. If Mr. Jefferson Davis should be unfortunate enough to be placed in a similar position to that of the unhappy criminals who have just expiated their crime on the scaffold, we recommend him to engage the services of this charitable clergyman in his last moments, for he is assuredly one in a thousand. We do not believe that the gifted Beecher could, grasping Mr. Davis by the hand, as he stood on the drop, say, "May we meet in the next world;" as to Parson Brownlow he would devoutly pray that he might *not* meet Mr. Davis in the next world without troubling his mind with a thought about the direction the soul of Mr. Davis would take when released from his body.

THE *Flag*, speaking of the contemplated establishment of a Democratic Reading Room in this city, recommends a number of works, such as *Jack Shepard's Life*, *Sixteen String Jack*, etc. In the list we observe *Life and Exploits of J. Wilkes Booth, and his Justification*. This last work was, we understand, written by an attaché of the *Flag* office, and a large number of copies still remaining on hand at the office of that paper, they will be sold at a remarkably low price to the Democratic Reading Room. "It is no catch-penny concern, but would adorn any library" or Democratic Reading Room. Beautifully illustrated with the pictures which appeared originally in the *American Flag*. We are not at all surprised at this attempt made by the *Flag* to find purchasers for its dead stock among Democrats.

AMONG the different varieties of fruit now in season, we notice that in the interior of the State the people have been enjoying fine Conness (s)peaches.

THE editor of the *Call* makes a statement which would be rather startling to a person uniformed of the facts bearing on the matter. A sheet unfriendly to the *Call* has stated that its editor is a ghoul. We do not believe this statement. The editor of the *Call*, however, though not a devourer of dead bodies, has an unhealthy craving for horrors. In Friday's issue, speaking of England, he says:

"She professes to be so embittered against traitors that, to this day, a person convicted of treason is sentenced to be hanged, drawn, beheaded and his body divided into four quarters and be disposed of as her Majesty may deem fit."

This is true; and it is also true that this legal fiction of *sentencing* persons to be banged, drawn and quartered without the slightest intention of carrying the sentence into effect, has not seriously interfered with the shape of any traitor's body for the last hundred years; but the editor then goes on to assert that "she served in this way Emmett, the Irish patriot, and an immense list of less distinguished characters!" That Robert Emmett was cut up into quarters, will, we imagine, be news to most people, and we are sure that his countrymen will be much cut up at hearing it. The editor of the *Call* should really check his ghoul-like craving for sensational horrors, should consider how many Irishmen he numbers among his readers, who know that Robert Emmett was not drawn and quartered, but simply hanged; that Smith O'Brien, John Mitchell and others, so far from being carved up were only sent out of the country. An English History is wanted in the *Call* office.

SOME of the newspapers wonder how Adah Isaacs Menken can have married Davenport without first obtaining a divorce from Newell. We imagine the connection which she has formed with Davenport is called a marriage by politeness. Spiritualists, or at least some of them, believe in affinity constituting marriage without any forms and ceremonies being required to confirm it. Affinity may constitute a sufficiently strong matrimonial tie for Adah and Davenport, but we think it rather a scaly sort of marriage; Adah, however, was always a queer fish; a-finny-ty will suit her as well as any other tie, and Davenport we all know can slip out of any knot, however securely he may appear to be tied.

THERE is a considerable difference between the fate of Booth's body and that of the lamented John Brown: the latter we know "lies mouldering in the grave, while his soul goes marching on;" the former is constantly turning up in different shapes. There will be no rest for Booth's body until the Government makes an official statement as to the disposition which was made of it. Almost as many conflicting statements have been made concerning it as have been published in newspapers about the calico dress—no, hoops—no, water-proof cloak—that is, dressing-gown shawl, we mean —in which Jeff Davis disguised himself.

THE *Examiner* on Wednesday last had a piece of exclusive news; it ran as follows:

"RAT BAIT.—The terrier *Lady Suffolk* is to kill two hundred rats in twenty minutes on a wager of $200."

An Hibernian who was present at the entertainment said it was worth the price of the admission charged "to see the terrier *Suffolk* ating rats." A terrier suffocating rats by the hundred must be a pleasing spectacle.

THE *Call* gives rather a neat description of a woman who was arrested by the police while attempting to commit suicide: "The poor creature was about half drunk, rather young and quite good looking."

DIED—In Valencia, June 30th, Ferdinand Potter, aged twenty-four years and three months.

Waiting the Master's final touch,
When, on the Last Great Day,
Moulded in glorious form 't will rise:
Hic jacet—Potter's clay.

THE *Alta*, speaking of Christopher Young, who was sent to the Stockton Insane Asylum, this week, unintentionally does him an injustice. Young believes himself to be under the influence of spirits; the *Alta* says: "His mania is of the ardent type." This would lead persons to suppose that ardent spirits caused his insanity, which is not the case.

NEWSPAPER correspondents manufacture news which they imagine will please the taste of the public. They told us of the awful agonies Booth underwent before he died; now they tell us that Jeff Davis has lost his appetite, can't sleep, and is dreadfully miserable. This is indeed glorious news! Let us pray that we may soon hear that he has a shocking bad toothache.

TREM.

MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IT is strange what virtues we are apt to discover in the thing we have lost. After recovering from her fainting-fit, Maude Tredethlyn wept as bitterly for the loss of her husband as if he had been the first choice of her maiden heart. A thousand instances—such trifling instances, some of them—of his goodness and devotion, his enduring love, his patient self-abnegation, flashed upon her, and her heart smote her with a bitter anguish as she perceived her own unworthiness.

Maude read Julia little bits of the letter, leaving off every now and then to demand pathetically *what* she was to do.

"He surely c-c-couldn't write like that, Julia, if he were what Harcourt Lowther says he is," sobbed Mrs. Tredethlyn. "He says I spoke to him coldly and deliberately. Oh, if he could only know what a passion I was in! There must be some horrible mistake; and if there is, what a wretch I must have seemed to him last night! Julia, advise me! give me some help! My husband must not go to America. There is a whole week for me to act in. What am to do?"

"What a child she is!" thought Miss Desmond, as she watched her friend's tear-blotted face and quivering lip. "If *I* had a pair of high-stepping ponies to drive in the Park, and a couple of grooms to sit behind me, I would demand no explanation of my husband's absences, though he were to stay away from me for ten years on a stretch."

But it was the very reverse of this convenient code of morality to which Julia gave utterance presently when she spoke to Maude.

"You asked me for advice," she said. "If I am to give it frankly, I must own that in your place I would not touch Mr. Tredethlyn's hand in friendship until he had accounted fully and conclusively for his presence in that garden yesterday. I would permit no reservations on the part of my husband; and I should be inclined to think that a secret kept from me was only another name for a wrong done to me."

Maude was silent for some minutes, and then she exclaimed, with a sudden energy that almost startled Miss Desmond:

"Yes, I will take your advice, Julia; and Francis *shall* explain himself—as—as I'm sure he can."

This was a challenge which Julia was too wise to take up; for she saw that the wind had set violently in Francis Tredethlyn's favor since Maude's perusal of his letter.

"I will insist upon an explanation from my husband; but before seeing him I will do what I should have done yesterday. I will go to that cottage at Petersham, and *see* the lady who was sitting in the garden with Francis yesterday afternoon. It is my right as a wife to know my husband's friends."

"You will see the--person," exclaimed Julia, on the tips of her lips, as the French say.

"I will."

"Well, perhaps, after all it is not a bad plan," answered Miss Desmond, after a pause. "And if you *do* see that person, I daresay you will hear something unpleasant," she thought; "it is only fair there should be some counterbalance to your grooms and ponies, even beyond Pickford's vans, and the sharp corner in Dean street, Park Lane.

Julia enacted her part of confidante very creditably during the drive from Stuccoville to Petersham, and submitted graciously to be left in the carriage, in a shady curve of the winding road, with the Skye terriers and the last new novel to keep her company, while Maude went alone to face her rival.

Mrs. Tredethlyn went straight to the cottage with the old-fashioned iron gate and the ivy-bordered wall. A womanly instinct guided her, as by a kind of inspiration, to the spot where she had seen her husband so much at home with a nameless and unknown creature. Looking across the smooth lawn, Maude saw a slender girlish figure in a cotton dress bending over a flower-bed, while a little boy stood by with a tiny watering-pot, whose contents he dribbled industriously over his own toes.

Maude's summons was responded to by an elderly woman in black, who carried Maude's card to the lady in the cotton dress, and then swooped down upon the little boy with the watering-pot, and carried him away struggling.

Maude, without the citadel, watched the girlish face as it bent over her card. She expected astonishment, confusion, defiance—anything except what she saw, a half pleased smile, a look of hesitation, then a little glance towards the gate, and then a cry of remonstrance to the elderly person now invisible, relative to having kept the lady waiting outside.

"Dear Mrs. Tredethlyn," said she, as she admitted her visitor, "how very rude you must think my nurse! But so many people have called, out of mere curiosity I am sure, and I am so afraid of strangers--Francis knows that—for he knows how often he has begged me to see you; and it was only yesterday that I gave way, and said he might tell you all about me. But I didn't think you would come so soon," said Rosamond, with sudden tears welling up to her innocent brown eyes.

Mrs. Tredethlyn's mystification was depicted upon her countenance, which at first expressed only her complete bewilderment: then a chilling expression came over her face, a scornful smile curved her lip.

"Oh, I see," she thought. "This person is trying to disarm my suspicions by her cool impertinence."

"It was so kind of you to come," murmured the "person," timidly. She was beginning to feel rather afraid of this haughty lady, who made no response to her warm greeting. "I did not think that I should see you so soon."

"No, I daresay not," said Mrs. Tredethlyn; "I should scarcely imagine that you expected to see me at all."

Susan clasped her hands and flushed crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Ah, then, you too are unkind, like my father," she cried piteously. "You do not believe what Francis told you."

Maude was almost too angry to remark that piteous accent. Jealousy looks through a medium that distorts the simplest objects into evil and threatening shapes.

"By what right do you call my husband by his christian name?" she asked indignantly.

"By what right!" stammered Susan, alarmed by the angry tones in which the question had been asked. "What else should I call him? I have called him Francis all my life, except when we were children, and then I called him Frank. Oh, he has been so good to me, Mrs. Tredethlyn; and he knows that the marriage was a real one. Oh, pray, don't look so coldly at me; don't doubt my word and his. I am as true and pure a wife as you are, though I have no husband's arm to lean upon, though even the name my husband gave me may be a false one."

Maude stared at the earnest face in new bewilderment. Not even jealousy could distort the expression of that face into anything but innocence.

"What does it all mean?" she cried at last; "who and what are you?"

"Susan Turner, Oliver Tredethlyn's daughter, and Francis Tredethlyn's cousin," answered Susan, considerably puzzled in her turn; "who else could you suppose me to be, Mrs. Tredethlyn? Surely Francis told you all about me, or you could never have known where to find me."

"No, he told me nothing," exclaimed Maude; and then she pounced suddenly upon poor astonished Susy, and kissed her as she had never in all her life kissed any one before.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried; "oh, you darling! To think that you should be only his cousin after all, when I thought that—when I was wicked enough to think—"

Mrs. Tredethlyn did not say what she had thought, but bestowed another shower of kisses upon Susan.

"You pet!" she exclaimed; "and to think that I should never guess you were his cousin; and that he should never tell me, the silly fellow! And he let me go at him, too, last night as if he had committed all sorts of crimes, and did not even deny them. And you are like him too. Yes, I'm sure you are; there's an expression about the eyes. And so you really are his uncle Oliver's daughter! then we are cousins, you know, dear; almost sisters—and I never had a sister—or even a friend who was *quite* like a sister," added Maude, with a remorseful recollection of Miss Desmond waiting in the carriage.

The two women walked up and down the lawn together, while Susan related all her sad little history, and received Maude's tender assurances of sympathy and love.

Mrs. Tredethlyn wanted Susan to go straight home with her in the carriage, but the Cornish girl clung to her sheltered home.

"I am not used to the people amongst whom you live," she said; "it is very kind of you to wish to take me—but I could never be happy amongst strangers; and Robert and I are *so* happy here."

"And I came to break in upon your happiness like a horrible jealous fury," cried Maude; "but you see good has come out of evil; for now we have met we shall love each other dearly always, shan't we, Susan? Call me Maude, please. And oh, my dear Susan, I have all sorts of troubles still to go through, for Frank was so offended by what I said last night, that he has written me a dreadful letter, in which he says he means to sail for America directly. But of course he won't. He never could leave me like that, could he, dear? And when I leave you, I shall drive straight home; and if he hasn't been home, I shall go on to his solicitors, Messrs. Something and Something, Gray's Inn—I shall know their names when I see them in the Directory—and of course they'll know his address wherever he is; and I shall go to him, and ask him to forgive me for having behaved so badly, and to-morrow he and I will come together, Susan."

There was a little embrace, and then Susan opened the gate and Maude tripped away. The vulgar gravel seemed like empyreal air under her high-heeled boots this time, so changed were her feelings since she had discovered how deeply she had wronged her husband by the shapeless jealousies that Harcourt Lowther had inspired in her breast.

Julia found it a great deal harder to sympathize with Maude's happiness than with her misery.

But the happiness did not last very long; for on inquiry at Stuccoville, Maude found that her husband had not been home, and on penetrating Holbornwards to Gray's Inn, to the disgust of the languid footman, she met with a second disappointment in the offices of Kursdale & Scardon, who had heard nothing of the absent Mr. Tredethlyn. After this Maude drove homewards with a very sad countenance, and was glad to shrink from even Julia's sympathy, and to hide herself in her own rooms, where she paced disconsolately to and fro; listening for the crunching wheels and banging door of a hansom cab, and stopping every now and then to look hopelessly out into the monotonous street.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GONE.

ALL through the dreary day, and far into the still more dreary night, Maude waited and listened for her husband's coming. She could not believe that he would hold to the purpose so earnestly expressed in his letter. In any case he would surely seek some explanation of her anger.

"He never could be so cruel as to leave me because of a few foolish words," thought Mrs. Tredethlyn; "he could not be so unjust as not to give me the opportunity of explaining myself."

But on reading Francis Tredethlyn's letter for the third or fourth time, Maude discovered how complete the estrangement was that had divided her from her husband. As she read that mournful letter, she perceived that, in her conduct of the previous night, her husband had only seen the miserable climax of his married life. He beheld, as he fancied, his wife's silent scorn tranformed all at once into passionate reproach; and the proud spirit which breathes in all simple natures had asserted itself in the farewell letter which Maude read through a mist of tears.

"He thinks I married him for his money, and that I have disliked and despised him," she thought sadly. "Ah, if he could know how often I have reproached myself for being unworthy of his devotion—if he could know how my heart has sunk day by day as I have seen the breach grow wider between us! I fancied that I had lost his love, and yet this letter is full of the old devotion."

The second day passed, and there was no Francis. In the evening, Maude wrote a letter to Harcourt Lowther, containing only these few lines, hurriedly written, and with all the important words underlined:

DEAR MR. LOWTHER: Have you seen my husband since the day before yesterday? He *left home* on Tuesday night, and I have *not seen him since*. I am terribly anxious about him. I have *been to Petersham* and have seen the lady. We were quite wrong about her, and I am *ashamed* of myself for having been so *foolish*. She is a *near relation* of Frank's; and his conduct to her has been *most noble*. Pray find him *immediately*, if possible, and show him this letter.

"Yours sincerely, "M. T."

"*Thursday night.*"

A pleasant letter this for Harcourt Lowther to receive the next day as he lay helpless on a lodging-house sofa, with his head and face sadly dilapidated by the effects of a fall under a shower of broken wine-glasses and cruets.

"Is there any possibility of comprehending a woman's tactics?" he muttered. "She writes as if this boor were an idolized husband. Is it all hypocrisy—or what? So the bubble of jealousy has burst, and the young person at the Petersham cottage *is* a cousin after all; and Francis has kicked up his heels; and I lie here as miserably bruised and battered as if I had just been beaten in a fight for the championship, at the very time when I want to be up and astir."

Yes, Mr. Lowther was a prisoner. At the very moment when the sudden entanglement of his web threatened to render all past efforts useless—when the schemer had most need of his dexterity, he found himself an unpresentable object, and knew that he must spend dreary weeks of seclusion before he dared emerge into the world once more, and take up the disordered threads which he still hoped to weave into a harmonious network.

When Harcourt had read Maude's letter, he tossed it over to his brother.

"Do you know how to reckon that up?" he asked. "What does it mean?"

"The fellow has not gone back to his wife; so that's one point in your favor, at any rate," said Roderick, after reading Maude's epistle. "I dare say he'll go altogether to the bad, now, at a railroad pace, and finish himself off before the year is out. The lady's anxious inquiries about her husband may be read in more ways than one. This letter *may* be only intended to put you *au courant* as to the state of affairs. Unluckily, that ugly scar about your nose will prevent your calling on Mrs. Tredethlyn for some weeks. But I don't mind being brotherly for once in a way; and I'll look in at Stuccoville mansion this afternoon, if you like. Virtue is

sometimes rewarded, and there is just a chance that I may see the lovely Grunderson, and improve the occasion."

Harcourt, after a little deliberation, consented to this arrangement. "You can tell Mrs. Tredethlyn that I am seriously ill," he said, when his brother was leaving him. "If you could drop a hint or two about a rapid decline—a secret sorrow undermining a constitution that was originally delicate—the sword and the scabbard, and so on; it would only be friendly to do so. Of course I have seen nothing of Francis since Tuesday, which is perfectly true; only you need say nothing of Tuesday night—curse him!' muttered Harcourt. with a lively recollection of the wounds inflicted by a broken vinegar-cruet, and the pernicious effects of the adulterated vinegar, as exhibited in his inflamed eyes. "You can take care to let Mrs. Tredethlyn understand that her husband has returned to his old haunts and his old companions; and that any anxiety she may be so absurd as to feel about him is wasted upon a person who would be the first to laugh at her folly."

"Dear boy, I have not served my country for nothing," answered the diplomatist. "You may trust in my discretion and in my power to make the best of an opportunity. The people who plan a conversation beforehand never are able to talk according to their programme. The other party doesn't give the necessary cues. The man who trusts to the inspiration of the moment never makes a failure. The *divine afflatus* is always right; but you can't pump the sacred wind into a man with vulgar bellows. It comes, dear boy; and it will come to your humble servant, I have no doubt. I shall dine at the St. James', and I've two or three places to go in the evening; so I leave you to your reflections and the goulard-water. Adieu."

The diplomatist had no opportunity of serving his brother by any sentimental hints about secret sorrows and mortal illness; for Maude sent Julia Desmond to receive her visitor, and to hear anything he might have to say about Francis. Mrs. Tredethlyn would see no one.

Roderick Lowther would have been very well contented to loiter in Mrs. Tredethlyn's morning-room talking to Julia, whose half-haughty, half defiant manner had a wonderful fascination for him; but that young lady gave him no opportunity of dawdling. She had seen his tactics with regard to Miss Grunderson, and took care to let him know that she understood his diplomacy; but she listened to all his insinuations against Francis, and he saw her eyes brighten as he uttered them.

"She will convey my hints to Mrs. Tredethlyn," thought the diplomatist, "and they won't lose by her interpretation; so I've done that fellow a service, and wasted my morning, since Miss Grunderson is not to be seen."

But on leaving Julia, Mr. Lowther decided on speculating a call upon Rosa's papa. There was always the chance of seeing the young lady; and as Mrs. Tredethlyn's house could no longer afford a platform for the carrying out of Roderick's matrimonial schemes, it was absolutely necessary that he should try a bold stroke and advance matters. He had ascertained Rosa's address, and had no difficulty in finding the Grunderson mansion, which was close at hand.

Fortune favored the diplomatist, for the hospitable millionaire insisted on his being ushered into the dining-room; very much to the discomfiture of Rosa, who was partaking of an unfashionable plate of underdone beef from the sirloin before her papa, and who had a big bottle containing some yellow compound in the way of pickle, and ornamented by a blazing label, on her right hand, and an imperial pint of Guiness' stout on her left. The stout and the embarrassment produced by Mr. Lowther's appearance combined to dye Rosa's cheeks with a very vivid carnation; but the diplomatist would have been less than a diplomatist if he had not appeared supremely unconscious of the two bottles and the underdone beef.

"Sit ye down, Mr. Lowther, and make yourself at home," exclaimed the hospitable Mr. Grundersou. "A knife and fork for this gentlemau, Thomas; and look sharp about it. There's a pigeon-pie at the other end of the table, and there's some of your foreign kick-shaws—cutlets a la curl-papers, and mutton-chops a la smashed potato, *I* call 'em; for I'm not a young man, Mr. Lowther, and I can't remember your *soubeeses*, and your *maintenongs*, and you *jardineers*, and so on, as my daughter can. We don't have the men to wait at lunch, for my daughter says it is not manners: and I'm very glad it ain't, for I can't say I enjoy my meals when I have to take 'em with a couple of fellows shoving vegetable-dishes and sauce-boats at me every two minutes, and never shoving the right ones; for I'm blest if I ever knew 'em yet to shove me the cucumber before I'd half finished my salmon, though they do call themselves experienced servants. Howsomedever, if we must dine ally Rousse, and wrap our mutton-chops in greasy paper and call 'em maintennong, we must, and there's an end of it; but I don't mind confessing to you, Mr. Lowther, that this is the time I make *my* dinner, and it's no use frowning at me, Rosa, for I don't care who knows it."

Mr. Grunderson expanded under the influence of bottled stont and Madeira, and was very loquacious; but sinking presently into a rather stertorous slumber, which he called forty winks, and which generally lasted about an hour and a half, the *ci-devant* market-gardener left Rosa and Roderick to their own resources. On this Mr. Lowther would have departed, but the candid Rosa begged him to remain. She had kept up a visiting acquaintance with most of her old school-fellows, and as she was perpetually making new acquaintances, she was positively besieged by callers, and had a tea-drinking institution, which she called a kettle-drum, almost every afternoon. The idea of exhibiting the elegant diplomatist to her feminine circle was eminently delightful to Miss Grunderson.

The male element was very much in the minority at Miss Grundersou's gatherings, and was chiefly represented by speechless younger brothers, who came in sulky submission to overbearing sisters, and who lounged in uncomfortable attitudes upon Rosa's most fragile chairs, spilt their tea upon the velvet table-covers, rarely moved without knocking something down, and left dingy thumb-marks in all Rosa's albums. Amongst such as these Roderick shone like a star of the first magnitude, and Miss Grunderson exhibited him with unspeakable pride. The kettle-drum lasted for two mortal hours, and Mr. Lowther was one of the last to depart, bored to death, as he told his brother afterwards.

"But a fellow must bring his mind to go through a good deal if he wants to marry a millionaire's only daughter in these hard times," thought the *attache*, despondently, as he went yawning to bed. "If my lovely Rosa does become Mrs. Lowther, she will have to renounce her *penchant* for bad French and violent pink dresses; but she may cram her drawing-room with acquaintance of *quasi*-gentility, and drink tea all day, so far as I shall be concerned."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TOO LATE.

A long miserable week wore itself slowly out, after the night in which Francis Tredethlyn had turned his back upon a house, which he had never been allowed to find a home. Through all the week there had been no tidings of Maude's departed husband: but when the week was over a formal letter from Mr. Kursdale acquainted her with Mr. Tredethlyn's arrangements for her welfare, and with the fact that he had embarked the day before on board the steam-vessel *Kingfisher* bound for Buenos Ayres. The news inflicted as great a shock upon Maude as if her husband's letter announcing his intended departure had never been written. To the last she had believed that when the time for action came his resolution would fail him all at once, and he would hurry back to her, faithful and devoted as in the earliest days of their brief married life, when he had nursed her Skye terriers, and sat patiently for an hour at a stretch in a haberdasher's shop while she selected ribbons and laces. She had written him a penitent letter, and had enclosed it to Mr. Kursdale, entreating that gentleman to deliver it to his client whenever he saw him. She had not thought it possible that, even if Francis persisted in his intention of leaving England, he would leave without an interview with his solicitor. But when Maude drove post-haste to Gray's Inn, and presented herself in the lawyer's office, she found that there had been no interview. Francis had communicated with his solicitor by letter only, and his clear and concise epistle bore the date of the very day on which he was to start for Plymouth, whence the *Kingfisher* was bound for.

The letter thus dated had arrived at the lawyers' office after business hours; and when Mr. Kursdale opened it next morning there was little doubt that the *Kingfisher* was outward bound with Francis Tredethlyn on board her. Maude made a confidant of her husband's solicitors. A family lawyer is a kind of father confessor in the matter of secrets, and has generally outlived the capacity of surprise as completely as those imperturbable disciples of St. Ignatius Loyola who are irreverently entitled "crows." The despondent wife told Mr. Kursdale that Francis had left home in consequence of a slight misunderstanding—was any conjugal quarrel ever yet described by the belligerents as anything *more* than a slight misunderstanding?—and she implored him to assist her in bringing about her husband's speedy return.

"But do you think he has really sailed?" she asked; "do you think he could be so cruel as to leave England without even giving me the opportunity of imploring him to remain?"

Mr. Kursdale shook his head gravely.

"There is nothing in his letter to me which indicates indifference to your wishes," he said; "it is only a business letter; but in the practical way it is the strongest evidence of a husband's devotion that ever came to my knowledge. We lawyers are a matter-of-fact set of men, and we are apt to form our conclusions in a matter-of-fact way. What other people would treat as an affair of sentiment, we look at as an affair of figures; and I must say, Mrs. Tredethlyn, that gauged by that standard, your husband comes out nobly."

"But I want him to come back to me," Maude exclaimed, simply; "I don't want to be rich—or to live like a woman of fashion. He wrongs me most cruelly when he thinks that I married him for his money. I married him because he was good to my father. Do you think I could accept any part of the income which that letter places at my disposal, knowing that my husband has left his native country because of me? Tell me what I am to do, Mr. Kursdale. I know that Mr. Tredethlyn is unhappy, and that a few words from me would set all right. What am I do?"

"We must try to send him the few words, my dear Mrs. Tredethlyn," answered the lawyer, cheerfully. Shall I send the letter you enclosed to me the other day? Perhaps you would like to add something to it—another postscript to it, eh? Ladies have such a *penchant* for postscripts," said the lawyer, lapsing into mild facetiousness, which he imagined to be of an eminently consolatory character. There are people who believe that a feeble joke is an infallible specific for a deeply-rooted grief.

"I will send a clerk off to Plymouth by the next train," said Mr. Kursdale, with his hand upon the spring of a little bell beside him. He spoke as coolly as if had been talking of sending a clerk over the way. "If by any chance the *Kingfisher* has not sailed when the young man arrives, your husband will have the letter before dark. If the *Kingfisher* has sailed, the letter must be sent on by the next mail. At the worst, Mr. Tredethlyn may be back in six or seven weeks."

Maude's disappointment was very bitter the next day, when she received a note from the solicitor, informing her that the *Kingfisher* had sailed twelve hours before the clerk arrived at Plymouth.

After this, Maude could only await the result of her letter. Six or seven weeks seemed such a weary time, as she looked forward to it; and it might be as long as that, or even longer, before any tidings from Francis could reach her. She went to her father, to pour her sorrows into his ear; but though he received her very affectionately, she could see that he blamed her severely for the folly which had driven Francis Tredethlyn from his home.

Surely she must have loved him very dearly, or she scarcely could have regretted him so much. If she had been questioned as to the real state of her feelings on this point, she could not have given any clear reply to the question. She only knew that her husband had been very good to her, and that she had repaid his devotion with neglect and indifference. All her life for the last year had been crowded with proofs of Francis Tredethlyn's unbounded love; and, looking back upon them, she could not remember one instance in which she had been sufficiently grateful for his affection.

"Those silly young men at the Cedars used to make a fool of me with their empty flatteries," she thought remorsefully; "and I treated Frank as I had learned to treat them."

There was one thing that Maude did not remember as she looked back at her past life, and that was Harcourt Lowther's influence. She did not know how much of her indifference to her husband had been engendered by the subtle sarcasms of her jilted lover; nor did she know how the schemer had practiced upon her girlish love of society in order to widen the gulf that divided her from Francis Tredethlyn. Her errors as a wife had chiefly arisen from want of leisure. She had found no time to adapt herself to her husband's tastes—no time to give him any return for those practical proofs of his affection in the way of jewels and carriages, thoroughbred steppers and hundred-guinea shawls, which he was constantly lavishing upon her; and worse than all, she found no time to inquire how he passed his life, or in what circles he sought the happiness she had never tried to provide for him in his home.

While she was thinking very penitently upon the past, and weaving pleasant schemes for the future; while she was perpetually counting the days which must elapse before Francis returned to her, always supposing that the remorseful words of her letter found their way straight to his heart, as she implicitly believed they would; while she was praying daily and nightly for his safe preservation in tempest and danger, Maude Tredethlyn took up the *Times* newspaper one morning, as she loitered listlessly over a lonely breakfast table, and the first paragraph that met her eyes was the announcement of the *Kingfisher's* total destruction by fire, and the entire loss of passengers and crew.

CHAPTER XL.

Harcourt Lowther had his copy of the great journal on the day when Maude read that horrible paragraph. Roderick had called at Stuccoville during Mrs. Tredethlyn's seclusion, and had heard of the Cornishman's departure, and the name of the vessel he had gone in, from Julia Desmond. The schemer turned deadly pale when his brother read him the brief account of the terrible catastrophe.

After the first shock that came upon him with these sudden tidings, Harcourt gave a long sigh of relief. "It was the fellow's own doing," he muttered. "If he had not made a quarrel with me, this never would have happened. And he's gone! Poor lad! He was not such a bad fellow, after all. Better to die that way than of delirium tremens," added Mr. Lowther, with a furtive glance towards a tall smoke-colored bottle which was apt to adorn his table very often now-a-days. "And so Maude is free—at last! Do you know, Roderick, it seems to me as if I had lived twenty years

or so since my return from Van Dieman's Land? and now that the luck turns, and the winning color comes up for the first time, I feel as if I had outlived the power to care much about it. Roderick!" cried the invalid, with a sharp suddenness that startled his brother, "did Folson tell you there was any serious damage done to my head by that ugly fall the other night? I know he has talked to you about me. I heard you and he muttering together yesterday, when I was lying half asleep in the next room."

"Folson said very little about the damage you got in the row," the attache answered very coolly; "but he told me you must drop your liberal consumption of that sort of things or you'd find yourself very speedily in Queer street." Roderick pointed to the smoke-colored bottle. "While you were teaching that fellow Tredethlyn to drink himself to death, you ought to have learnt how to keep yourself alive by not drinking," he said presently; "however, I don't want to say anything unpleasant, but you really must cut your very intimate acquaintance with the brandy-bottle, if you want to improve your opportunity, now that Mrs. Tredethlyn is a rich widow. If you don't look sharp I shall throw over the Grunderson, and go in against you."

Harcourt smiled superciliously.

"I am not afraid of *you*, for more reasons than one," he said. "Maude is a curious girl. I sometimes fancy my own chance is not quite so good as it once was. Goethe says that a man wins in his age the prize he sighs for in his youth. Perhaps, when I am a pottering old fellow of seventy, I shall have a great fortune and a handsome wife. My soul is weary, Roderick; and now the chance *has* come, I'm not the man I was. Perhaps, after all, the simple truth of the matter is that I am suffering from an attack of blue-devils. I'll get you to send me round a hack, and I'll take a spin in the Park; the fresh air will blow my old self back again, I dare say. I'll meet you at the Metropolitan afterwards, if you like," added Harcourt, naming an adjacent restaurant at which the brothers had been wont to dine occasionally.

"No, thanks. I dine at the Grundersons'."

"Dejá! We go fast, my friend!"

"If your military experience had extended farther than the superintendence of penitent burglars, you might have known that where the assailing party is weak, a fortress must be taken quickly, or not at all. I declared myself to Rosa this morning. She is delighted with the idea of flourishing at foreign courts in *ecrasante* pink dresses. How I shall tone her down, poor child! I am to speak to papa Grunderson this evening, over his wine. He consumes the best part of a bottle of old port every night. Rosa tells me that he is an indulgent old party, and that I shall have no difficulty in bringing him to book."

"Then you really think of marrying?" asked Harcourt, thoughtfully

"Really think of marrying! Of course I do."

"I thought perhaps you might have some lingering regard for—that other person."

"I thought I told you that I didn't care to discuss that subject," he said haughtily. "Drop it, if you please. There are plenty of disagreeable things in *your* life, I daresay. I'll look in at the stables and send you the hack. *A bientot!*"

(*To be continued.*)

TOUSSENEL ON THE DOG.—For the dog M. Toussenel has an affection bordering upon animal worship. To the dog he thinks man owes the first rudiments of civilization. And by this token: without the dog man could have never kept sheep, which was clearly the first step in civilization. Upon this topic he says quaintly enough, "I know no more crushing condemnation of our actual phase than the tiny minority of animals we have been able to civilize. The impotence of the civilized man to rally round him all the beasts of the field, is, in fact, the most geometrical demonstration of the subversive character of civilization!" And he adds as his reason, "because the immense majority of the animal species have been created to love man and serve him, and the secret ambition of almost all is to ally themselves to their legitimate sovereign, although hitherto the dog is perhaps the only one who has had the courage to act upon his own opinion.

But this is not all. "The East is the cradle of all civilization because the East is the cradle of the dog. Take away the dog from the East, and what have you left? another America; the Roman, the Greek, the Egyptian, the Chinese, are nothing better than the Aztecs and Peruvians! The dog alone constitutes the whole superiority of the East over the West. For what, indeed, it may be asked, is the result of the whole intellectual effort of the Mohican? To track game. Now a young bandy-legged terrier knows as much about it in six months as the most intelligent savage at the end of a lifetime. The natives of the East, who had the dog, were thus dispensed from the physical drudgery which absorbed the time and energies of the redskins. They had surplus time left to create new industrial pursuits. Hence the origin of the arts and handicrafts. Hence the difference between the old and new worlds."

If this is not ingenious, what is? Nay, M. Toussenel ascribes cannibalism to the want of the dog. Man ate man for want of a dog to get him game. "Anthrophagy is endemic," says the author, "in countries disinherited of the dog."

(For the Californian.)

SCANDAL LOVING.

THE moralist has issued many an invective against the trick of slurring one's neighbor. The best comedy our language, according to Byron, boasts, is a repertory of wit and eloquence aimed at this great social vice. I hardly think that too much has been said, and half believe that slander is a mental Hydra that never can be killed, so much does it usurp the intercourse of to-day, whether in the club-room or parlor. It makes one feel indignant at the whole collective force of humanity when conversation takes a personal turn anywhere in our city, and degenerates into a discussion of certain species of failing, real or suppositious. It seems as though every one was tainted with a sort of blind stinging malice, which might bring that apostle of selfishness, Hobbes, into fashion again with every social philosopher.

My indignation has been aroused—as is Emperor Norton's sometimes—to this pitch by reason of the careless manner in which certain villianous expressions are flung about in society. Young men and old apply them with a scandalous hardihood to every lady they meet, careless whether they are truthful in their application or not. Indeed, it seems to be the fashion to regard every woman they encounter on Montgomery street as a fit subject for slurs and insinuations. The least eccentricity of dress, tending towards gaiety, a peculiar saunter, an expression of the eyes, anything at all out of the way in person or garb, becomes a nucleus for calumny.

My pretty child, whose ringlets are admirable, whose eyes are clear and innocent, whose walk hath hardly yet changed from the hoydenish skip of childhood into the graceful step of the self-possessed woman, that dainty ribbon with which thou hast coquettishly bound together thy tresses, becomes thee and thy peach-blossom cheeks amazingly. Thy boyish hat looks charmingly placed just where it is; and thou art certainly a proper object for admiration by every man with the least speck of a heart within his ribs. If reverential care can at all be meted out by the cold world to anything that is thrown into it, thou shouldst certainly be regarded like some alabaster statue of Innocence, upon which no rude hand should be placed and no suspicious inspiration be breathed. Thou trippest along the street, looking frankly and smilingly into every face, as if expectant of some expression therein indicative of the same feeling towards thee on the part of humanity that thou art ready to evince towards it whenever called upon. But thy smile and step, thy gay ribbon and jaunty hat are only opportunities of slander on the part of that knowing looking youth who stands with his hands in his pockets, leaning nonchalantly against yonder doorpost. If thou hadst but heard his withering sickening remark to his companion, thy ribbon and hat would have been cast aside in tears, and thy smile would have long been an unready attendant upon thy beauty.

There is on that prominent corner, a knot of young men conversing. To you, young lady, who have doubtless met them in society, and have been the object of their most respectful attentions, they appear to be chivalrous knights, obedient to the slightest wishes of womanhood, manly in character, and scorners of falsehood and cowardly malice. So do they to me for the most part, and I would trust their word as much as their oath. But what they are saying to each other at this moment belies their character as well as yours. They are hunting up wrong inferences feasible from your conduct towards Tom Boggles at the ball the other night. They are noting the strange fact, also, that Tom was seen leaving your mother's residence at so late an hour last evening, and are getting up, like iconoclasts of character as they are, a shrewd case of circumstantial evidence that would forever forbid the bans of any marriage you might contract with a modern Cæsar. Can you blame me, if, for the moment, a strange hallucination takes hold of me, and I somehow fancy that I am watching a colony of cobras standing erect upon their tails, hidden beneath fashionable clothes, and retaining only the hissing vocal powers of their anguineal state? Perhaps they like you. They may not believe a tithe of what they are asserting so coldly; but the words they use, the sneer they essay, and the confidence their frank manners inspire, lead one into a dangerous credulity.

There is a handsome married lady sweeping Juno-like down the street. She is proud of her beauty, which she thinks should be admired just as one admires the fine mansion in which her husband has placed her, without ever losing sight of the fact that she and it are exclusively her husband's. Please now, my lounging friend, do not spoil the stately idea I have of her by hint and innuendo as to her prudence and common sense. You could not prove what your derisive smile is forerunning in any court ever held. I would not hang a dog on the evidence you can offer; but do not put the ugly notion into my mind, where it will lumber up space that might be better occupied, and where I may some day stumble over it to the great damage of my mental shins.

Young men, I who have become a little worn with the moral quarrels of the world, who can look back to reminiscences where slander has, with its asinine jaw, slain its thousands of happy days, where a foul utterance has spoiled more of purity than social justice has ever been able to restore, let me beg of you to fling the malicious habit aside. Stick to your pipe, if it is at all hard to give up; discard all noble resolutions about chewing, and look persistently on the wine when it is red, if you find its pleasures imperious; but give up your attacks on social reputation. Your mouths may be ever so unclean; they will be charming if they never spirt malice; and a sot travelling through the Valley of the Shadow of Death under the tender guidance of *Delirium Tremens* is a purer hero, if he has never shot a bolt at female character than any of our modern Joseph Surfaces going canting into their sepulchres.

DIONYSIUS VAGO.

(For the Californian.)

LET EVERY SHOEMAKER STICK TO HIS LAST.

"ALL men are born free and equal" in the sight of God, and it should be so in the State. Beyond that, this phrase has no meaning. For no one, no matter how catholic he may be in his religion, or democratic in his politics, or reformatory in his social views, would contend for a more liberal interpretation of this—to us Americans—truism. We take the position that one man is in every way—intellectually, morally, physically, politically, æsthetically, socially and pecuniarily—as good as every other man, if he is good. But we doubt very much whether the political freedom giving us the right to vote in this country as we each may please, or worship under whatever roof we choose, gives us all such an increased mental breadth of view, or new, additional accomplishments, or clearer perceptive powers, or sounder judgments, or sweeter tongues than the older civilizations of Europe have bestowed upon their representatives or supporters. But whether or not our characters have become more consolidated, or our decrees more equitable, or our criticism more correct, we have assumed as much, and indulge our prejudices, our impulses and our fancies, without limit in speech, as free of utterance as it is ornate in style. It is the spirit of liberty which is the genius of our institutions, taking upon itself the garb of license in the assumptions of a people. It is fostered by an untrammelled press, by the speech of demagognes, by our commercial pursuits, which, though necessary, deprive us of those hours for study and reflection which must be given if men would become scholars or prophets, and by the general misunderstanding of the Declaration of Independence, which is not a social but a political creed. We are yet young in the family of nations, but vigorous and true to the idea of our government; but with all our energy, and progress, and success, it will be a strange anomaly in human development if we ever reach that point where we can at first sight praise or blame with sound judgment whatever there is new or strange in science, art or fashion. Is it too much to say that such seems to be the point which we have already reached in the opinion of many?

All criticism upon the private rights of others, or fashion of dress, or marriage, or way of life, if it does not interfere with ourselves, is degeneracy; and the judgment of men upon subjects with which they are not familiar is worse than idleness, for it adds to the sin of idleness the vice of a more positive evil. We trust the days of prophecy are about over, and that we are beginning to learn to wait until the result approaches before we pass a judgment. Let prophesy hereafter wait upon induction, and the logical sequences of life lead to a more upright development of man. Let not the judgment founded upon caprice run counter to and be mocked by the judgment thereafter founded upon knowledge.

I want an astronomer to tell me of comets, not an astrologer; a banker, full-grown, successful, gray in historic memories of great monetary crises, to tell me of finance, not a shopkeeper; I will read my politics from the laws of my country, and history, and the writings of statesmen, not from the diluted potions of the daily press; my knowledge of strategy I will get from the successful movements of armies, not from the editor of the ———. Let us have no more of this shallow pretension—throw off this cloak of assurance and quackery which makes every nurse a physician, every voter a politician, and every lawyer a Major General. Let us try modesty awhile, and even if we discover to ourselves that we are very ignorant and superficial, the world will be infinitely better off, and we shall thereby take the first step toward wisdom. I have heard the questions of the war, the next election and the condition of our national finances settled readily and satisfactorily before the fire in the bar-room of a country tavern by the sagacious wiseacres who are sometimes wont there to congregate. What happiness that Bunsby is still left to us in the persons of his representatives!

Gab, in its full length and breadth, has done a vast deal of irreparable injury to human nature, and if we are to lose any gift given to us by God, we will regret the least of all that of speech. The confusion at Babel was a good thing in more ways than one. It put a stop to the building of that tower, and interposed between man and man a mountain which otherwise would have left the nations so free and accessible, that our now comparatively golden silence would have been lost, and in its place we should have set up the silvered idol of our streets.

Mrs. Snifkins asks "Sniffy" what he thinks about the management of the war. Now "Sniffy" is a tailor in Broadway, and also the wedded husband of Mrs. Snifkins. He reads the *Herald*, (all the tailors read the *Herald*,) therefore he is competent, from Mrs. Snifkin's stand-point, to say what he thinks about the war; and with weight, and in the most complacent and self-satisfied air in the brief time allowed him, "Sniffy" ventilates an opinion which thenceforward until the *Herald* changes its base, is the opinion of the parental "Sniffys" and master "Sniffy," æt. 17.

Hans Vantsall, at the old sign of the "three golden balls," between the puffs of his unredeemed meerschaum, entertains

his charmed family circle by his felicitous praises of the beauties of charity. The dear man has heard how much better it is to give than to receive, and the motherly presence of Madame Vantsall only adds fervor to the inspiration of his generous heart. Why should not Hans talk of Charity, and say what he thinks about it? Doesn't he *think* he knows all there is known about it? Yes. Snifkins on the War; Vantsall on Charity; Bunsby on Navigation; and Toots on Family Living. Happy men—types, respectively, of our great human nature. The sway of your sceptres overshadows us all. Who can deny your presence amid the greatness, the wisdom and the immensity of ourselves. To have lived in your age were happiness enough to us all, ignorant of the darkness which will settle upon and conceal the future at your demise. May your existence be spared by the inexorable Lachesis, until the approach of a more temperate spirit begins to mark our characters, when the joy and reasonableness which will attest the coming of brighter days, may not be tinged by the saddened remembrance of the past.

My friend, living in the retirement which a happy disposition renders all that his contentment can ask, surrounded by his books, pictures and friends, finds time in the interim of his desultory studies, to reflect somewhat upon this quality of human nature, and gives these as his views, drawn out by the remark of his daughter: "I don't know for what reason she wanted to marry him!" It was a marriage, not of convenience, nor wealth, nor for a home, of which she was speaking, but a very natural marriage, where age, station and mental attainments met the supposed requirements of the social law. "I have come to the conclusion, my child, after some observation and reflection, and you see that my temples already begin to betray the silvery armor of a ripening age, that one can foretell the future of his friend almost unerringly up to this point, where the emotional of man too often controls the act which otherwise reason would direct, and in this our views will most probably be directly opposed. I suppose it arises from that strange awakening of love within us, 'by some touch of the hand, turn of head,' which, perhaps, we had not dreamed of before, and which cannot be explained, nor could it ever have been revealed in the many confidential disclosures of intimate friends. I should never attempt, for fear of failure, to solve the problem, or rather it seems a problem to me, of the marriage of our neighbor next door, with his family of six girls, and an ample fortune, to Mrs. Wiley, our neighbor in the next street, with five girls and also an ample fortune. I take it you would not make the attempt, either. You may have heard motives imputed by some parties, but that is no solution. The imputation of motives is very cheap, and therefore common, so any one may indulge in it. It is foolish and vulgar, not to say unchristian, and criminal. We are creatures of moods and relations. All the best men and women in town do not belong to our circle. That were physically impossible, even if our sympathies were attuned to the same key, as they are not. That is what divides society into cliques, and every person can get admitted into his proper clique if he will only bide his time. Cliques are good things. They confine our social duties within agreeable and comprehensible limits, protect the social divisions from each other, and from the promiscuous entrance of these persons who belong to no particular circle, but who feel as though they were fitted for all. But your question arises from no such general view of the social relations, nor can it be answered by it, if it can be answered at all. And is it not better, on the whole, that it cannot be answered. It is a subject, as it relates to my friend, upon which I would not waste a minute's thought. You will thus save yourself some disappointment, and be relieved from the fancied desire to know the reason of something which most likely you never can know. For it is the most private and sacred relation known to the law or life, and will endure no encroachments. Take it for granted that it is every way proper, if it is proper, and the parties are themselves agreed; that you are mistaken on one point at least; so run and congratulate your friend without more ado. You will thus save your mortification, your friend, your philosophy and your good sense, which will ever afterwards approve your conduct and be your best characteristic."

It is related that Apelles, the Grecian painter, desirous of perfecting a picture upon which he had long been engaged, placed it upon the sidewalk in the most public street of Athens for the observation and criticism of the passers-by, and, that he might reap the advantage he sought, placed himself behind it. Each looker-on made his criticism, and the artist took his notes. A cobbler, naturally looked at the feet, noticed the faults in the drawing of the shoes, and remarked upon them. The following day the picture was replaced with the shoes retouched by the artist, and the cobbler noticing the success of his former criticism looked about for other faults, and began to make unfavorable comments on other parts of the picture. At this point, Apellas, not wishing any further voluntary judgments from this "gentleman," shows himself, and in the most chaste Attic dialect at his command, requests "That every shoemaker should stick to his last." Horace has it "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

FABIUS.

(For the Californian.)

EXOTIC PLANTS.

THE cultivation of exotic plants, whether with a view of producing fruits or flowers, is admitted to hold the highest rank in horticultural science, and it would appear that a taste for the enjoyment this pursuit yields must have existed from a very early period, and that it has kept pace with the more refined and peaceful arts wherever these have flourished. The writings of Virgil, Horace, Seneca and Martial sufficiently prove that among the nations of antiquity a very strong attachment existed for cultivating exotic flowers; and the two latter historians speak of the practice both of retarding and producing them prematurely by artificial means, during the more luxurious days of the empire. About the commencement of the fifteenth century, the wealthy merchants of Venice and Genoa began to introduce the plants of the East into Europe, and botanical collections were commenced by the inhabitants of these enterprising and opulent cities. The wealthy Flemings also, according to Lobel, imported plants from the Levant and the East Indies as early as the times of the Crusaders, and their gardens are said to have contained more exotic plants than all the rest of Europe besides, until the desolating civil wars of the sixteenth century diverted men's minds from such peaceful pursuits. About the middle of the sixteenth century, a taste for exotic flowering plants began to prevail in Britain; for about this period the Duke of Somerset at Sion House, Edward St. Loo in Somersetshire, Gerrard, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others, were all importers of new and rare plants.

This taste has been continued and fostered by all enlightened communities, and the greater facilities for travelling and collecting the rare and curious plants from all parts of the known world have developed a large variety of plants, which have some remarkable characteristics. The ornamental foliaged plants are now attracting a great deal of attention from the most successful cultivators, and are to be found among the ferns, grasses, flowering shrubs and trees and the herbaceous plants, and in many instances the leaves are so strikingly conspicuous that the flowers among them only rank second in beauty. All leaves are beautiful to thoughtful and observant natures; the examination of each leaf and flower will reveal beauties to them which would pass unnoticed by the ordinary observer. All things in nature are beautiful, and it is only those who overlook or cannot appreciate the loveliness of God's creation that have their beauties hidden from them.

"Most beautiful the world is yet, and beautiful 'twill prove,
Whilst one single God-made creature remains its charms to love;
'Tis man's own silly blindness makes the world deformed alone,
Who know it most, see beauty most; who know it least, see none."

Within the last few years, so many of these gems have been introduced into cultivation in Europe and the East that we are quite surprised that some of our plant-lovers here have not an entire collection in their conservatories or plant-cabinets, for with such a collection they would always look beautiful. We will give a list of some of the most strikingly beautiful foliaged plants with their habits and mode of culture:

Maranta Zebrina, or *Calathea Zebrina*, is a native of Brazil, and was first introduced into cultivation in England, where it was greatly admired for the rich velvety appearance of its leaves. The leaves are about two feet long and six inches wide, of dark, deep green, striped with purple, having a richness of shade like the finest velvet. The flowers, which spring from the root in a spike like form, are of a rich purple color, shaded with red and white.

Dracæna Ferrea Versicolor is a native of the East Indies. With its long lance-shaped leaves of a deep green, terminated by brilliant crimson and scarlet markings, it forms one of the most conspicuous plants for a collection, and it is this variety of form and color that will make them interesting.

Croton Variegata is also a native of the East Indies. The leaves are about six or eight inches long and from one to two wide. They are very handsome, being densely variegated, striped and mottled with yellow on a green ground. There is no variegated plant, when grown, that will surpass this in beauty. The flowers are white and green.

Croton Pictum is another of the same variety, with a different color of foliage, being curiously spotted and marked with crimson and red, instead of yellow. These form beautiful plants for vases or ornamental stands at the entrance to a conservatory.

Dieffenbachia Seguina is a native of South America. It is a shrubby plant, growing to the height of three to five feet, bearing leaves about a foot in length and from four to six inches wide, of an oval pointed shape. The color of the leaf is a very light green, dotted over with numberless irregularly shaped white figures, giving the plant a very striking appearance. It is a quick grower and should be in every collection

Begonia Rex is also a native of South America, and is one of the most beautiful variegated plants cultivated. The leaves are large, of an oblique oval shape; the ground color of the leaf is a dark green, having a broad band of pure silver white about midway between the margin and the centre, and is studded all over the upper and lower sides with short crimson hairs, giving it a most peculiar appearance, There is a very great variety of them and they are all worthy of cultivation.

Caladium Bicolor Splendens is a native of Madeira, is a bulbus plant, and has a most ornamental foliage, resembing in shape the common calla, but of a much a larger size. The centre of each leaf has a bright metallic lustre, between scarlet and crimson, while the outer edge of the leaf is a dark green. No description can convey any adequate idea of the beauty of this leaf or of the plant in perfection.

Anœctochilus Xanthophyllus is a native of Ceylon, and the natives call it the "King of the Woods," not from the flowers, which are insignificant, but from the foliage of it, which is the most beautiful among plants. It has rich velvety leaves having a metallic lustre, and being curiously inlaid with streaks of golden and frosted network, and by being moved in different lights, produces the same changeable appearance that some of the beautiful pearl shells do. The plant is small, and is generally grown under a glass shade to preserve it from dust and harm, and there is no gem equal to it in beauty.

Cissus Discolor is a climber, and a native of Java. The leaves are from six to eight inches long and from two to four broad, pointed; they are colored on the upper surface in the richest manner conceivable, the color being a rich green, clouded with peach, white and dark-purplish crimson, and all having a deep metallic lustre. The under side of the leaf is of a rich brownish crimson.

If some of our citizens of wealth and taste were to see these exquisitely beautiful productions of nature, they certainly would take the advice of Cowper, when he says:

"Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too;
Unconscious of a less propitious clime
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug;
While the winds whistle and the snows descend,
The spiry myrtle, with unwithering leaf,
Shines there and flourishes. The golden boast
Of Portugal and Western India there,
The ruddier orange, and the paler lime
Peep through their polish'd foliage at the storm
And seem to smile at what they need not fear."

IRIS.

THE DEER CREEK WAR.—The war on Deek creek, which resulted, on the 18th, in the killing of one Chinaman and seriously wounding another, appears to have originated in a question of water-right. Adam Shirley and others sold a dam and ditch to a Chinese company, promising to repair it, and went there to do so on the day above mentioned. They had no sooner commenced than a second company of Celestials, whose free water would be shut off if the Shirley party completed their work, surrounded the white men. The Chinese were armed with picks and shovels, greatly outnumbering the whites. The whites were in close quarters, and their enemies advancing, when Shirley told them if they came any father he would shoot. They still advanced, and Shirley fired the first shot, hitting a Chinaman in the breast, killing him almost instantly. A second shot was fired, wounding another Chinaman in the hand and hip. The Chinamen then retired, and the Shirley party left. Captain Robbins, who was around collecting taxes, was captured by the Chinamen soon after, and compelled to walk to Grass Valley, leaving his horse tied near the scene of the conflict. The Captain had as little to do with the affray as a child unborn, but the Chinamen thought he had, which was all the same. The authorities soon released the Captain, knowing he had nothing to do with the tragedy which had been enacted.—*Nevada Transcript.*

ANOTHER RICH LEAD.—We learn, says the Nevada *Transcript*, that an exceedingly rich discovery was made in the Meadow Lake District a day or two since, between the North and South Forks of the South Yuba. An enthusiastic prospector who struck the ledge, stood guard over it all night, for fear some one would jump his claim. The rock is of grayish color, and is filled with gold. The miners are enthusiastic in regard to the district, and several who are now in town propose returning in a short time.

OPPOSITION REVIVED.—The opposition steamer *America* sailed on Thursday with passengers for New York, *via* San Juan del Sur. The *Ericcson* is to be the connecting steamer on the Atlantic side. She was built for Captain Ericcson—inventor of the Monitors—in a staunch and most thorough manner, and was originally provided with hot air or "caloric engines," as a motive power; but these proving insufficient in power, adequate steam power and machinery was placed in her, and she now ranks as a well-fitted steamship in every respect.

A CALIFORNIA interior paper says that their orator on the Fourth had a platform ten feet square; nevertheless, his fist collided three times with the President, in addition to damaging the eye or the reader of the Declaration of Independence. Every person on the stage left it limping.

A MODERN GHOST.

ON the 20th day of November, 1856, four gentlemen were passengers in a first-class carriage by the train leaving Euston Square for L—— at five o'clock. Under ordinary circumstances each would have coiled himself in his wrapper and read, or dozed, in his respective corner. But it happened that among the travellers was Mr. Smith Jones, one of the most eminent, if not *the* most eminent of the Q. C.'s of the day. Skilful jurist as he was, he owed a great part of his reputation and success to his wonderful powers of conversation, and of making himself agreeable in any company with which he might be thrown. On this occasion he was not long silent. Before Harrow was passed, the occupants of the carriage, their reserve dispelled, and their tongues loosened by his jovial manners, were chatting away as eagerly and unrestrainedly as if they had known each other all their lives.

Legal men, especially barristers, are generally admitted to talk "shop" less than members of any other profession. Mr. Jones was no exception to this rule; yet it speaks well for his general fund of information and power of imparting it agreeably, that he could engage a party of strangers in conversation for nearly six hours. They had the carriage all to themselves, and stopped at few stations. Still of every place they passed he had something to say: some little anecdote, some historical allusion was always ready. At length, near the conclusion of the journey, one of the party brought up the subject of spirit-rapping, and, almost necessarily, of ghosts. One ghost story was followed by another, and the possibility of such phantoms appearing was eagerly discussed. Mr Joues denied their existeuce *in toto*. One of his companions took up the other side.

"As a proof," he said, "of their occasional appearance, I am now bound for a house in this neighborhood where a ghost has been seen by some of the members of the household whom I have known for years, and of whose veracity I have not the smallest suspicion;" and seeing his companions look incredulous, he added: "Some of you, gentlemen, may know this part of the country, and, if so, may have heard of the place. It is Elton Hall."

"What! Charley Ingram's?" said Mr. Jones.

"The same."

"I don't know the place, but I'm going there to-morrow. I shall hope to have a peep at the ghost."

"You would think it no joke, sir, if you really saw one."

"There I agree with you," said one of the others who had denied an existence to ghosts. "I am certain that if I saw anything pretending to be ghostly or supernatural, unbeliever as I am, I should feel, to say the least, very uncomfortable."

"Nothing supernatural could alarm me," replied Jones, "since nothing *is* supernatural; but, whatever fate may have in store for me to-morrow, for to-night at least I am safe, as I am going to sleep at the Trafalgar, and a hotel is the last place where one would expect to find a ghost."

"I don't despair of convincing you, after all," said the believer in apparitions, as the train glided into the L—— terminus. "We shall meet to-morrow. Good-night."

After shaking hands with his new acquaintance, Mr. Jones collected his luggage, and drove off to the hotel. Arrived there he found it quite full. The Assizes were to begin next day. He had, however, written to order a room, and declared his intention to remain. An altercation ensued. The waiter declared he could not take him in, and the master was in bed. A bribe availed when hard words were useless. The hotel-keeper was roused, and came grumbling down stairs. He found himself in a dilemma. He had received the letter, and had promised to keep a room for Mr. Jones. The latter had been expected some hours earlier. The room had been filled. Every room in the house had its occupant. The master himself was sleeping in a generally disused garret. How find room for another visitor! And yet to refuse, in defiance of a written promise, the celebrated Q. C., the leader of the circuit, a man whose custom had brought many "big wigs" to the house, and might bring many more, was not a method likely to raise the reputation of the Trafalgar. Mine host was puzzled. He tried to make excuses and apologies. "The place was never known so crowded. He had been obliged to send away several parties." But excuses and apologies were made in vain. The unfortunate landlord was in despair. At length an idea struck him. The coffee-room was already occupied by two gentlemen; beds had been hurriedly sent in; but if Mr. Jones would not mind waiting in the hall, he would see what could be done. He went away, and after a few minutes' absence, returned with the intelligence, that if Mr. Jones would not object to sleeping at the top of the house, there was a room at his disposal. All rooms were the same to Mr. Jones, so he followed the landlord up the stairs, the waiter preceding them with the luggage. Higher and higher they ascended: narrower and narrower became the stairs, till, at the last flight, they were little less steep than a ladder.

The room into which Mr. Jones was ushered, though low-pitched, was larger and more comfortable than could have been expected from its situation. A large double-bed stood in one corner. A bright fire blazed at the opposite end. On a table in the middle burnt two wax candles in silver candlesticks, and there were two or three easy chairs about the room. The only other noticeable article of furniture was a large cupboard or press standing against the wall, and projecting three feet from it. Jones was greatly surprised at finding himself in such comfortable quarters, and, being of a forgiving nature, determined to let the landlord off the wigging he had intended giving him the next morning.

"What would Mr. Jones please to take?"

"Nothing but tea, and bring it as quick as you can," replied that personage, to the great delight of the sleepy waiter, who hastened down stairs, followed by the landlord, who had just wished his guest good-night.

As soon as the tea came, Jones, who had in the meantime donned dressing-gown and slippers, took some voluminous papers from his portmanteau, and sitting down to the table applied himself diligently to their perusal, pausing at intervals to refresh himself with copious draughts of tea. He twice emptied the teapot before he had concluded his labors and laid aside the manuscripts. But although the town clocks had tolled "one," he did not go to bed, but paced up and down the room, sadly, no doubt, to the annoyance of the occupants of the room below. Jones was puzzled by the brief he had been studying, and "walking the quarter deck" was his usual method of invoking wisdom. His march was as usual accompanied by a soliloquy.

"Yes; it is very unlucky that in this case, the hardest I have undertaken for years, I should have had so little time for consideration. If I could only have seen Rodgers in town these difficulties would have been got over. What business has an attorney like that to be out of the way when he's wanted. Perhaps he may lose the case to his client by his folly. But that's not my fault. I will do all I can, and I think perhaps by laying great stress on the want of *positive* evidence I may get the man off. I can't think he's really guilty. What motive could he have had for the crime? A clerk in easy circumstances; 800*l.* a year, and with 500*l.* at his banker's at the time of his committing the alleged forgery of 20*l.*; not extravagant either, and always considered a steady young man. But there are some points about the case I don't see clearly yet. Perhaps I should have done better to have studied the brief in the train this evening; but then legal documents are conspicuous, and if the prosecutor's counsel (I believe they employ Hillyard) had happened to be in the same carriage he would have augured ill of our cause from seeing me get it up at the last moment, and we shall want——"

Here Mr. Jones' meditations were interrupted by a loud crack. He looked quickly round, and, not seeing anything, was about to resume his walk, when he noticed that the cupboard door had opened towards him. He pushed it to with a kick, and then proceeded:

"We shall certainly want every advantage we can get, and our adversaries are determined to do their best. I could almost fancy they have some motive in injuring the young man, and yet if we set up such a plea we could not support it. A delay——"

Another loud crack, and again the cupboard door flew open.

"The deuce take this door," said Mr. Jones, shutting it violently. "In these country places locks and hinges are always going wrong. Yes, a delay is what we want, and what I fear we shall not be able to get. If we had only some of these spirit-rappers that fellow talked about in the train."

Crack! crack! Mr. Jones turned sharply round towards the cupboard. He was in a different part of the room from where he had been when the door flew open before. He advanced toward the cupboard; his hand was raised to shut the door, when it gradually opened wider, wider, wider, and, as it did so, Mr. Jones did not close it, and put an immediate stop to its vagaries. No; he seemed rooted the spot. His head tingled; a cold sweat stood on his forehead; every drop of blood in his body seemed to fly to his heart; and, worse than all, a sensation of fear he had never before experienced caused him to stare, open-mouthed, and with an expression half-indicative of terror, at that awful opening. Well might he gaze in horror at the ghastly visitor who seemed to have risen from the grave at his command. A tall and lanky figure, enveloped in a white robe, and supporting a fleshless head, whose chattering teeth he could even then hear, extended its right arm and long bony fingers towards him, and pointed them at him in derision. Where was now that bold spirit that had prompted Jones to assert that nothing supernatural could alarm him, for that nothing *was* supernatural? Fled! vanished! as will always vanish such idle boastings when those who utter them are brought face to face with the objects they so lightly profess not to dread. He tried to speak, but his tongue refused to utter. He tried to scream, but the sounds stuck in his throat. Nearer and nearer came that hideous hand. More and more sardonic and exulting was the grin of that mocking skull. The wretched man felt, though he could hardly distinguish, its approach. Still he cannot move. His mental and bodily powers seem paralyzed. He is only conscious of the proximity of something horrible, from which there is no escape. An inch more and the hand will touch his face; that inch diminishes; the bony fingers are on his neck! and then, as if roused to desperation by that unearthly touch, he utters a frightful scream and falls senseless to the ground, as, with a sudden inclination, the dread spectre bends forward and clutches its victim in its hideous embrace.

The Trafalgar is a very large hotel. It can accommodate fifty people, but in the then crowded state of the house, at least half as many again were sleeping in it. But not one of these persons—not the gentleman for whom beds had been set up in the coffee-room—not the waiters whose "shake-down" had been prepared in the kitchen, were proof against the awful, ghastly, blood-curdling scream forced from Mr. Jones' lips at the moment when the paroxysm of his agony and despair was at its height. Every one heard it, and every one—even including the gouty old Judge on the first floor—rushed from their rooms to ascertain its cause. Such a sound was not the offspring of an idle terror. "Murder" was the word most frequently uttered by the guests, as, in various states, more or less scanty, of undress, they rushed up and down stairs, and along the dark corridors, ignorant, most of them, of the geography of the house, and, all of them, whence the shriek came.

That sound had not been repeated, and the silence succeeding it was more suggestive of violence, of murder, of death in some horrible form, than another scream would have been; for its repetition would have proved that he who uttered it yet lived, that assistance might yet come in time. But it is now with beating hearts, and inward thrills of dread of what they might discover, that the bravest look nervously into the different rooms as they pass, and it is noticeable that no one remains in a passage alone: the Judge, hobbling along a corridor, sees a light disappearing round the corner, and calls on the bearer to stop and let him see his way. Nothing but the fact that the candle-bearer is the Judge's confidential servant induces him to accede to the old gentleman's request, and had not people been too much excited to notice it, they might have observed that the legal luminary, before whom, later in the day, felons were to tremble, clung to his servant closer than could have been expected from one of generally such a distant and haughty bearing to his inferiors.

It is well known that if a person is woke out of a sound sleep by an unusual or alarming noise, he has always the vaguest idea as to whence it comes. Such was the case in this instance. The four persons who slept on the upper floor rushed immediately down stairs on hearing the scream, unconscious of the appalling drama that had been enacted at their very doors. It was not until a more organized search was made that the upper regions were explored, and several minutes elapsed before a nervous and excited crowd trooped up the ladder-like stairs we have before mentioned. With that strange infatuation which seems at such times to deprive people of their common sense, they examined the four small bedrooms on the upper landing before knocking at the closed door of Mr. Jones—which, after all, was near the stairs. When they *did* knock, no answer came to the summons. The door was bolted; there happened to be no key, and through the keyhole one man, a little braver than his comrades, ventured to peep, and was rewarded for his courage by perceiving the bright fire and blazing candles. The position of the door, in a recess, prevented his seeing more. Reassured by his description, the rest of the party were praiseworthy in their vigorous efforts to arouse the inmate by repeated and violent knocks at the door. At last the same high-spirited individual who had ventured to peep in gave the door a vicious kick. The bolt gave way and the door flew open. Curiosity now asserted itself over fear, and the whole party rushed into the room. But they were brought to a sudden check. What had they expected to see? None of them could have said exactly; but *murder* was the thought uppermost in their minds, and perhaps the sight of a man lying with his throat cut, a thin stream of blood meandering over the floor, and the murderer dragged from his concealment under the bed or amongst the curtains, would have realized their expectations tolerably well. Indeed, I fear that curiosity and a vague sense of importance at assisting, however obscurely, at such a *denouement*, would have been the prevailing feelings in their minds just then. But from this hard-heartedness they were spared by the nature of the scene before them—though assuredly nothing so pleasant as sense of importance was amongst those who crowded the chamber.

Before them, on the floor, lay the stunned and senseless figure of Mr. Jones, from whose face every vestige of color had fled. A sheet and a mass of broken bones almost concealed him, and a skull, which had fallen from the skeleton on to the table, seemed to sit there and mock the havoc it had created. A skeleton, did we say?—yes, and no more. Yet this object, the type of what we shall be ere a century has passed, inanimate, wonderful, and to be regarded reverentially by all who view it aright as a symbol of God's power and man's decay, had caused almost the death of one person there and even scared for some moments ten or a dozen others from approaching it.

That intrepid looker-on, whose bravery we have before had

occasion to notice favorably, was the first who roused himself sufficieutly to assist in raisiug the fallen man from amidst the *débris* of bones which covered him. The others then took heart of grace and helped him, and before they left the room one of them actually had the hardihood to take up the skull and examiue it. In the meantime Mr. Jones had been carried to his bed. A doctor was sent for, who immediately ordered the room to be cleared, aud then told the landlord, who, in virtue of his position remained there, that Mr. Jones had evidently received a dreadful shock to the nervous system. Mr Jones' friends (did the landlord know them?) had better be communicated with and he would sit up with his patient all night. The host only knew Mr. Jones as an excellent customer, but he had the good sense to apply to the Judge, who had just turned into bed again, but who willingly roused himself to give the desired information about Jones' address, and a telegram being forthwith despatched thither, the first train from Loudon brought down several members of his family. Weeks passed before he could be moved from the hotel, months before he was sufficiently recovered to resume his profession. He never alluded to the occurrence of that night, but men noticed that he grew pale and tried to turu the conversatiou when any stranger iu his company brought up the subject of ghosts and apparitions. His nerves, too, and professional acumen were not what they had been, aud he was often obliged to refuse the briefs that poured in upon him. This was of the less consequence, inusmuch as he had already accumulated an ample fortune. He died in about two years' time of a heart complaint, brought on by the fright he had experienced that November evening in the Trafalgar Hotel at L——.

Is it necessary to add an explanation to this mystery, if mystery it can be called? If so, the explanation is quickly given. On Mr. Jones' arrival at the Trafalgar, the landlord, at his wits' end, bethought him of a young medical student who lodged in the large bedroom at the top of the house, and who had hired it for a permanency during the winter mouths. He was easily persuaded to give up his room for one night, and left the hotel to seek a lodging at the house of a friend, who, he knew, would take him in. But before going he turned, as he thought, securely, the key of the cupboard or press which contained his great treasure—a skeleton—skilfully put together with wires, the construction of which had been the employment of his leisure hours for some time. The cupboard, when not locked, shut with a hasp, rather out of order, and being somewhat too small for the skeleton, the door, pressing on the wires, caused the arm to force it open, and, eventually, to protrude itself as we have described, till the skeleton, losing its balance, fell forward on the unfortunate Jones, and the skull, detaching itself, remained on the table. The dismay of the student on learning the destruction of his cherished masterpiece was only surpassed by his horror at the effects it had produced, and of which he considered himself secondarily the cause. He afterwards rose to eminence in his profession, but never again did he venture to put a skeleton together.

The young man indicted for forgery was eventually acquitted. The dreadful accident which had happened to his counsel, and which made a profound sensation in the place, induced the judges to postpone the trial till the next assizes. In the interim fresh evidence was discovered, and the barrister who conducted the case for the defendant when it came on a second time, had no difficulty in obtaining a verdict of "Not Guilty" for his client.

So some good came out of a great evil. But the young man never thought of the catastrophe which had saved his name and prospects from being everlastingly blighted, without feeling that his acquittal had been purchased at the highest of all prices—the death, for so it proved, of a fellow-creature.

THE INTRODUCTORY PROCESS.

TO write a preface is, we take it, a work of some little difficulty. Not having time at present to consider *why* it should be a matter of *any* difficulty at all, we will, if you please, allow it to be so, and admit that, however easily and rapidly a subject may be treated, yet the introduction to it will probably require greater care and a more delicate handling. And this becomes eminently true in the case of almost all "social introductions," by which term we mean the ordinary introduction of number one to number three, by the intervention of number two.

Now, unless number one has requested number two for the favor of an introduction to number three, (in which case the first mentioned person can *not* be offended, save by a refusal,) number two should weigh well the responsibilities that he is about voluntarily to incur, by the reckless bringing together of two bodies who may already be antagonistic to one another. Let this be your canon, that you have no right to introduce two persons to one another, without the sanction of one, or both of them, or, perhaps of their undoubtedly best friends and well-wishers.

Let us consider, 1st. *Of the person; i.e.* who should be introduced, and to whom.

2d. *Of the Medium; i.e.*. whether tho introduction should be performed by us, or by any one better qualified for the office, by reason of his rank, station, or personal knowledge.

3d. *The Tempus.* As to the "when" of an introduction; *i.e.*, whether you have chosen the fittest possible moment, or the most seasonable time for the ceremony.

4th. *The Locus in Quo.* As to the "where;" *i.e.*, whether the place in which the contemplated introduction is to happen, is the most convenient, most advantageous spot that can possibly be selected.

5th. *The Modus Operandi.* As to the manner of proceeding with the rite; as to the order of names; as to their correct pronunciation; as to the number of times each is to be uttered; and upon whom devolves the duty of first speaking after the ceremony is at an end.

Surely the above considerations are sufficient to deter any fellow from rashly making known one fellow to another fellow, without previously ascertaining the wishes of either fellow on the matter in question.

Let us commence with an instance in point, where none of the considerations above enumerated enter into the operator's calculations. This we will call "The Careless Introduction."

Great care should be taken, previous to any unneccessary introduction, to ascertain the antecedent histories of the parties about to be made personally known to one another for the first time.

For instance, if A., walking with B., meets C., and if C., having stopped A., or A having stopped C., commences some street-conversation of the ordinarily vapid character, which, from the stagnation of ideas in the heads of both A. and C., comes to an abrupt conclusion, then it may occur to A., just by way of saying or doing something, to introduce his friend B. to C.

The inductive process to this rash headlong act of introduction, is somewhat as follows:

A., with B. on his arm, meets C. As neither C. nor A. have anything particular to do, they stop one another.

A. (as if surprised.) Hallo!

C. (without any meauing whatever.) Hallo! (Both smile and shake hands.)

B., who has not left A.'s arm, clings to him, as if fearing lest his friend should be taken away by C,; howbeit he looks another way, and wishes that some one would come and say, "How d'ye do" to *him*, so as to put him on an equal footing, as it were, with A.

A. (cheerily.) Well—and—how are you? Eh?

C. (with equal cheeriness.) Oh! *I'm* all right. (He emphasizes "I'm" pretty strongly, as much as to say that there are some people who are not all right.)

A. (as if much relieved.) Ah! Well, that's well. (Smiles patronizingly on C.)

B., who has been resting himself on his right leg, changes to his left leg, and begins to wish more than ever that he had somebody to talk to.

A. (trying to keep up the spirited dialogue.) And—er—so—you're— (He is just going to say "very well, eh!" but pulls up short.)

C. (feeling the onus of conversation thrown upon him.) You're all right, of course?

A. (resenting the idea that he must "of course" be all right.) Well—er—pretty well.

There has been nothing the matter with him, but still he does not like to feel that importance of his existence thus lowered before his friend B. B. smiles as if he'd like to join in the conversation, aud begins to think that he'd better walk on, and leave A. to follow.

C. Well—er—(looks at B. as if to ask what the deuce he means by it. B. pretends to be abstracted in contemplation of things in general, and shifts back from his left to his right leg.) Oh, I say, old fellow. (This is said confidentially to A., to show B. on what intimate terms of friendship they are. B. begins to be jealous, and gives up the notion of quitting A.'s arm.) I saw your cousin the other day.

A. (who has about fifty or sixty cousins, pretends great interest.) Oh! did you really?

A. throws in "really" to balance the sentence, as, of course, C. either *did* see his cousiu *really*, or he did not *at all*.

C. (who has nothing else to say on the subject.) Yes, I did.

A. (without the smallest curiosity.) Oh!

B. shifts from his right to his left leg, and slightly presses A.'s arm. It suddenly occurs to A. that B. and C. ought to know one another. C. is just about to say "good-by," but hesitates, seeing that A. looks as if he had got something to say.

A. (to C.) You know my friend B., don't you?

Rather a weak question, as, if he *had* known him, he would of course have spoken to him, unless there were reasons for silence.

C. (trying to appear interested in removing any such impression from A.'s mind.) No—I—er—

B. smiles slightly, theu suddenly becomes very grave, and looks steadily at C., as if waiting for a signal to jump on him.

A. Oh! (Affably.) Then let me introduce you.

Here A. suddenly becomes bothered as to which of the two ought to be mentioned first; whether he shall introducc B. to C. or C. to B.; and feels an inclination to pull them forcibly together, or to double them backwards and forwards, "Mr. B., Mr. C., Mr. C., Mr. B., now you know one another!" after the fashion supposed to be genteel and correct on the stage. C. and B. get him out of the difficulty, by taking off their hats to one another, with grim politeness, during which ceremony A. says quietly, as if to himself, and having no sort of reference to the action, "C., B.," and then, as if he had just wound up a couple of wax-work figures, waits to see what will happen next.

B. (glad to get a chance of saying something.) I think we've met before at—(forgets where.)

C (who hasn't the slightest recollection of it.) Ah—at—er—yes, yes—

B. (quite agrees with him, and A. is delighted.) Yes. I thought I knew your face.

C. (not particularly pleased, smiles.) Ah! Yes—I—(wants to say "thought I knew your face," but remembering that B. has just made that observation, alters the form.) Yes, I thought I'd seen you somewhere.

N. B. This is a very safe remark.

A. (stultifying himself on the spot.) Oh! I didn't know you knew one another.

C. (pleasantly.) Oh, dear, yes—and—er—(conclusively.) Oh, dear yes—(feeling that he has quite enough of B., says suddenly to A.) Good-by.

B. wonders whether he'll say good-by to him.

C. (being doubtful as to whether he ought to shake hands with B., gives up the point altogether, and shakes hands with neither. Then, going, says to B., with a nervous sort of laugh, as if there was some kind of a joke in saying it.) Good-by. Delighted to have made your—er—(hurries off.)

B. (speaking at the same moment.) Delighted to have—er—(goes in the opposite direction with A.)

C. (to himself, going down the street.) I wonder what the deuce that fellow's name was?

B. (to A.) Who was that to whom you introduced me, eh?

Of course they won't speak when they meet again: but of this matter more anon.

This is what we have called The Careless Introduction, though, luckily, in this instance, unattended by any awkward circumstances.

But supposing that the following scene had occurred:

A. (to C.) You know my friend B., don't you?

C. (sarcastically.) Oh! is that B.? ha! ha! (laughing unpleasantly) and your *friend* (horribly emphasized) too? ha! ha!

A. (bewildered.) Eh! why—I (takes off his hat, and puts it on again for no particular reason.)

B. (who, having disengaged himself from A.'s arm, approaches C. viciously.) So, sir we *do* meet, do we? (fumbling in his pocket) You may remember what I promised you—(fumbling harder than ever in his coat tails) a horse—(fumbling in his breast pocket) a horse-whipping (discovers that this is the only day for the last six weeks that he has come out without the horsewhip.)

C. (sneeringly.) If you dare—

B. (furiously.) Dare!!—I'll—

A. But can't—won't—(words fail him; he is pushed aside by B.)

B. (to A. violently.) I beg, sir, you'll not meddle.

Crowd (who have quickly collected, addressing A.) You get out, will yer? (A. regards them indignantly.)

C. (trembling with suppressed rage.) I have no wish for a street row. (About to move off.)

Crowd (disappointed.) Yah! (to B.) Give it him, little 'un.

A. Quite right, (to C.) You'd better go, we can settle it quietly.

C. (vociferating.) Quietly! It's through *you*, sir, (to A.) that—

B. You're a coward, sir! (to C.)

C. (saying something fierce indistinctly.) Thro-o-o-o— } Together.
A. (addressing both.) But look here, you know— } Together.
Crowd (delighted.) Hooray! don't stand uonc of his nonsense. (Alluding to A.) } Together.

Policeman (suddenly appearing on the scene.) Now what's all this here?

Crowd (giving A. into custody.) That's him, Peeler!

Little boy (gratuitously.) I seed him do it.

Policeman (in an off-hand manner.) Here, I can't have any of this 'ere obstruction no longer, (to C.) Now, sir, do you give this person in charge? (alluding to A.)

C. (who would like to do it very much, but is withheld by a stern sense of justice.) No.

Policeman. Well, then (in a conciliatory tone;) don't go a loitering any longer. Come (to the crowd,) you move on now, there ain't nothing; move on, or I'll have some on you in two two's, I will. (*Exeunt* little boys hastily, and the party breaks up, B. having vanished some time since.)

B. and C. will henceforth always speak of A. as a meddling fellow. And A. will have learnt the lesson that no introduction must be entered upon without due care, and conscientious observance of all the precautions hereinbefore set down. We will renew this most important subject at some future, but no very distant, time.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1865.

"AN ANTI-SLAVERY DICTIONARY."

WE had imagined that no schoolboy in the country could fail to have been fully enlightened on the relations of the two American Dictionary parties, after the deluge of advertisements, circulars and agents that has swept over the country in order to bring the merits of the great orthographic question before the people; and the question, we supposed, had finally come down to an issue, one side of which, (Worcester,) was defended by Boston learning rallying around Harvard, while the other, (Webster,) was sustained by New Haven and Yale.

Our ignorance has, however, been astonished into a sense of its own depth, by an article which appeared last Tuesday in the *Examiner* of this city. It appears that the Webster people have, in their last edition, published certain cuts to show the physiognomical character of the different races. Among these, discarding the Blumenbach classification, a delineation of what is called the Caucasian type is given. The drawing represents the Caucasian in a way that might lead one to suppose that he had some African blood in his veins. The cut is very poor, and, as an exposition of any fact in ethnology, singularly unfortunate. We do not feel able to indicate whence the emendator of Webster procured his ideas on the subject, and are half inclined to suspect that the printer, being unable to work up some old portrait of a negro genius in any other way, locked it into the pictorial page of Webster. The *Examiner*, however, sees something more in the matter than a mere Dioscurian heresy. To him, it appears that the Webster people are trying to foist upon the white race a negro ancestry. He gets sarcastic about it, and charges Boston, the "Hub of the Universe," and sink of abolition, miscegenation, and wickedness generally, with the getting up of the Quarto Dictionary. He says:

"All honor then, to these learned Professors! All honor to the central 'Hub!' They have settled a much vexed question. They have given us a solution to the most difficult problem of the age. When the Abolition enthusiasts and pulpit stumpers told us a white man was nearly as good as a negro, if the former behaved himself, we set it down to the ill effects of fanaticism and bigotry."

Biting as is this irony, it is somewhat obscure, especially in the last sentence, which may mean that if an Abolition enthusiast behaved himself, "we (the editor of the *Examiner)* set it down to the ill effects of fanaticism and bigotry." We like to see Boston *amour propre* wounded, when the tormentor can do it elegantly. If Poe were alive, we would thank him for his untiring efforts in that direction. But to make us relish any exhibition of anti-Boston wit, the performer must act, as Ik Walton would with a frog from the Common pond, using the Yankee metropolis as "though he loved her."

Worcester has received the warm approval and endorsement of every Harvard professor, and is declared authority in matters of orthography by every journal in Boston. We remember seeing a criticism in the *Atlantic* some time since, which stigmatized Websterian spelling as "provincial." Every man whose name is connected with Webster's Dictionary as collaborator is or has been a Yale professor, and New Haven should be made to feel all the weight of the *Examiner's* ethnographic thunder.

MISS KING'S READINGS.—Miss King gave her first reading in California, in Platt's Hall on Tuesday evening. Her audience was large and of a *personnel* very complimentary to the fair reader. She was introduced by the Rev. Mr. Stebbins, who briefly and gracefully recognized the tribute of so large an audience as *in memoriam* of the genius of her lamented brother. Miss King's voice—without possessing the sonorous qualities which distinguished her brother's—is clear and flexible, her enunciation is distinct and positive, and she has an honest laugh which appeared to exercise a pleasant magnetism over her audience. Without exhibiting the direct insight of genius, her dramatic and humorous conceptions were very truthful, and seemed to satisfy her audience. Miss King reads again at Maguire's Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, July 25th.

MOUNTAIN IMAGERY.

THE Fourth of July, 1865, was the occasion of the delivery of a poem at Crystal Peak, by L. Kords. We do not know whether Mr. Kords has ever before written poetry, nor are we prepared to believe that his name in its present etymological deficiency, is altogether suggestive of those "chords" which we are told pertain to the poet's lyre. Enough, that at Crystal Peak, Mr Kords certainly attained, by virtue of his locality, a greater altitude than usually falls to the lot of most Fourth of July poets. It is not at all improbable that the occasional vagueness of his statements may have been owing to a veiling of his cloudy eminence, or that his frequent exhilleration may not have been the result of his remarkable atmospheric elevation We are told that the usual effect of these extraordinary heights is to produce singing in the ears, vertigo and hemorrhage from the nose, and we may reasonably place Mr. Kords' production among this class of phenomena.

Mr. Kords begins by telling us that "in the days gone by a vacant dread," had pressed him down "till all his thoughts were dead."

> "A vacant fear which I could not explain—
> Could not forget, but would return again—
> Till every sense was numb;"

The mere superficial observer would hardly imagine that this oppressive vacancy was exactly a favorable condition for the conception of a poem; but therein he would show his ignorance. We perfectly agree with Mr. Kords' statement of his situation, and deeply sympathize with him. There have been times when we, too, have felt that "all we saw seemed dread to charge" us "with an added awe," and are pleased to know that at this time we must have closely approximated to poetry. But Mr. Kords uses this interval of vacancy to entertain such unpleasant company as

> "Deep wrong and vengeance, wrath and blight and shame" .

which came in a "crowded tumult" to his bosom, and from which his only relief was to turn back to history's page. It may be remarked that this is usually the poetical panacea: we do not remember of anybody in this predicament who did not immediately consult "history's page," instead of his physician. Naturally Mr. Kords takes a view of the rebellion, and introduces the following episode:

> "I well remember when I crossed the main
> To see my parents and my home again,
> An aged mother's grief, who lost her boy,
> Her only son and, too, her only joy.
> * * * * * *
> Five years since we had parted, passed away,
> And she had changed from vigor to decay;
> Her form erect was bent, her locks were white,
> Her spirit laden with a killing blight,
> She raised her sunken eyes to my salute,
> And when she knew me, wept in grief acute.
> Then through her sobbing, with her cheek all wet,
> Spoke these lone words, which I shall ne'er forget:
> 'My Henry, Louis, he is gone, is dead;
> 'On Vicksburg's fatal plain low lies his head:
> 'It seems I reared him but that he he shot;
> 'I could have spared him had he loved me not.
> 'Though absent long, your home you come to see,
> 'But Henry never can return to me.'
> I did not dare to venture on relief,
> O'erawed I stood by her majestic grief."

We are here obliged to disagree with Mr. Kords. We do not think the adjective "majestic" sufficiently describes the grief of this remarkable woman.

> "It seems I reared him but that he he shot"

is a purely philosophical reflection worthy of Mr. Emerson, and very forcibly foreshadows the inevitable Fate which seems to have been waiting for the infelix Henry from his birth, while the statement,

> "I could have spared him if he loved me not,"

though at the first glance it might seem unmaternal and selfish, partakes largely of that highly intellectual character which invests the Roman matron. We consider this as one of the finest touches in the poem, and the artful introduction of the poet's Christian name, Louis, *(i. e.* L. Kords,) into this speech gives it that easy, conversational quality suitable to a pioneer community.

But even the effect of this strong-minded mother's sorrow was not lasting. The poet continues:

> "Betimes some little bird would come and sing
> Of joy and beauty in the happy spring,
> And with its music, for a season brief,
> Bring welcome respite to a glad relief."

Both here and in a previous passage, Mr. Kords seems to have confounded "betimes" with "oftimes," but the statement in the last line is so astounding as to overshadow all other peculiarities. We cannot imagine what "a welcome respite to a glad relief" possibly can be, unless the poet means that while this manner of relieving his feelings was highly satisfactory to himself, a respite therefrom was equally felicitous to others—a theory in which we in a measure concur. Leaving these bucolic pleasures as unworthy of him, Mr. Kords instantly plunges into the horrors of war, and sees great ships

> ——"cleaving the purple tide,
> Sending destruction out on either side;
> With monster guns, like roaring dogs of hell,
> Hurling afar the screaming shot and shell."

We have heard of many surprising qualities attributed to Cerberus, but this Paixhan-like faculty of hurling shot and shell is certainly novel, and considering that he had three heads and would have been to a certain extent a revolver, the spectacle becomes fearful. But this figure only serves as introductory to a well known hero:

> "'Mid hail of bullets, paying out with cut,
> Rushed on to victory, brave Farragut!"

But here Mr. Kords leaves abstract principles and begins to individualize. From this point, any reader of patriotic poetry can safely predicate what is to follow. Sherman, Grant and Sheridan are in turn introduced, and like the usual pyrotechnic displays of the occasion, the whole concludes with an apotheosis of Lincoln, a temple of Liberty and a flight of highly-colored poetical rockets. Nevada is not forgotten at the last moment, the poet alluding to her "women peerless and her pleasures hale" and concluding with the following peroration:

> "I love that banner which forever nigh,
> Flouts like a song upon Nevada's sky,
> Still bright and cheering as when first I saw,
> A pledge of liberty, respect and law.
> Thus may it wave forever on this day,
> With countless millions to adore and pray!
> And be so base who would not gladly die
> To keep it thus in angel purity,
> Should sink down, down the yawning pits of hell,
> Of horrors which the guilty soul can tell;
> To where black serpents, in their venom fresh,
> And yelling devils tear the crawling flesh.
> Flag of the mighty! thus thy folds unfurled,
> Thou art the glory of this sunny world.
> Thine are the nation's prayers: thine, thine alone;
> We kneel, we worship at thine altarstone,
> And gladly follow thy ennobling call,
> With thee to conquer or with thee to fall.

And here we pause with Mr. Kords. The poem contains some 300 lines and occupies a column and a half of the Washoe *Times*. If we have seen fit to treat certain paragraphs of it lightly, it is but just to the poet to say that we have also been struck with a sense of its sincerity and manliness, and that, even with its infelicities, as a whole it has not been surpassed by any cotemperaneous Fourth of July poem delivered on the Pacific Slope.

PERILS OF A POEM.—On the 1st of July, THE CALIFORNIAN reprinted a poem entitled "Going to Sleep," taken *verbatim* from the columns of the New York *Leader*, and accredited to "Florence Percy." The San Francisco *News Letter* of the 15th inst., charges THE CALIFORNIAN with having copied this poem from the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it originally appeared, and having garbled it in reprinting. We were at first inclined to admit the fact of having carelessly copied an imperfect version, but on looking over the *News Letter* of the 1st of July, we were amazed by finding the identical verses published therein without credit, and consequently with not only the responsibility of the blunders, but the authorship of the poem quietly assumed by that paper. While this circumstance might have been the result of a generous courtesy toward the authoress, and a magnanimous presumption that she could not have possibly written such bad lines, or while the poem might have modestly been considered good enough for the *News Letter*, but not quite up to the reputation of "Florence Percy," a number of perplexing questions nevertheless arise. It is by no means clear that the verses were not written by the editor of the *News Letter;* nor are we certain that "Florence Percy" is not his *nom de plume*. While we are anxious to atone for our inadvertency, the present perplexing aspect of the case renders us unable to determine to whom to apologize or what to apologize for.

THE LAUREATE CRUSHED.—"Amigo" the San Francisco correspondent of the Gold Hill *News*, in alluding to a recent dramatization of *Enoch Arden* in this city, says:

"*Enoch Arden* in its natural state is about as stupid as anything the Poet Laureate ever wrote, and the dramatist, in adapting it to the stage, and changing it from dreary verse to dreary prose, did not lose sight of the distinguishing characteristics of the work."

As remarks of this kind must be calculated to embitter the existence of Alfred Tennyson, perhaps it was not quite right for "Amigo" to allow his criticism to go beyond the "dramatization"—its legitimate limits. We can imagine that *Enoch Arden* would seem "dreary" to one who can describe in the same letter the shooting of Billy Mulligan as "a relishable amusement," or whose remarkable experience leads him to state in regard to the same affair, that he "never saw a man killed *so dead* before," whatever this singular comparative statement may mean. But the real object of "Amigo's" criticism, *i e.*, to show that he had read *Enoch Arden*, is altogether unsuccessful.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

MISS Lucy Simons' debut, as "Elvira," in *I Puritani*, on Saturday evening last, was an artistic success. Her voice is somewhat thin and deficient in strength and volume, but is well cultivated, and was most artistically managed. The *debutante* reudered the character with great self-possession, and displayed considerable dramatic power. Morelli and Orlandini sang the celebrated *"Suoni la tromba"* with wonderful effect, although the introductiou of American flags, as an adjunct to the effect of the scene, was an anachronism in questionable taste, to say the least. However, the *duo* (aud the flags) won the most tumultuous applause of the season.

On Monday evening the new season, with Brambilla as prima donna, began. The house was crowded, and the fair artiste was almost buried with flowers. The prima donna, tenor and baritone were in a state of constant trepidation and anxiety in regard to the bouquets, which were hurtled like bombshells through the air, to the immineut danger of their persons. We suggest the substitution of some opera that permits the weariug of helmets and mail by the principal characters on such occasions. Signorina Brambilla and Signors Morelli and Sbriglia cleverly performed their respective parts. *Lucia di Lammermoor* was very ably reudered on Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening Gottschalk's concert drew a good audience. Last night *Ernani* was given, and to-night *La Traviata* is to be the attraction.

The rapid production and constant change of operas, rendered neccssary by the requirements of the musical public, demand an unusual amount of labor by the troupe, chorus and orchestra. They have constantly three or four operas in study or rehearsal, which are seldom produced but for one or two nights, and are then put back to give place to others. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the troupe in general for their ability and competency. Mr. Reiff, the conductor of the orchestra, has also won the praise of the opera patrons by his peculiar merit in his preseut position.

A portion of the company, consisting of Signorina Scoucia, Miss Adelaide Phillips, Signors Morley, Orlandini and Fossati, have branched off for the iuterior, and are now giving operatic performances at Stockton. They will visit Sacramento during the coming week. They cannot fail in being greeted with a warm reception in these places—at this season of the year.

THE SHENANDOAH.—If any doubt ever existed as to the prowess of Southern chivalry in the field, no one cau deny that iu piracy and marine larcenies, it has not only fully established its pre-eminence, but vividly recalled the glorious days of Lafitte, Kidd and Blackbeard. The whale ship *Milo* brings the uews of the capture and burning of nine whalers by the pirate *Shenandoah*, commauded by the chivalrous and redoubtable Waddell. Waddell seems to have combined with an ardent love of country, a sincere regard for other people's money, and to have blended with the enthusiasm of the patriot the quick perceptions of a foot-pad. Captain Waddell took Captain Tucker's pocket money, ninety dollars, and on being solicited to restore a portion of it, at least enough to keep Tucker from destitutiou on his arrival here, eloquently replied:

"No, sir, your people have beggared me and my family, and taken away all our property, aud I can't see any good reason for accommodating you."

While we admire the logic of Captain Waddell, we can hardly give him credit for originality. We believe this kind of argument has obtained extensively among the Diggers, the Patagonians and certain tribes in the interior of Africa. We understand that the *Shenandoah* received supplies from the English penal colonies, and that a portion of its crew, consistently, came from the same place. It appears, also, that Waddell, although informed of the capture of Richmond and the downfall of the Confederacy, expressed a wish to fight it out on his owu hook. There is some prospect that this hook may be attached to the yard-arm of some Fedcral man-of-war, as, if the fact of Waddell's cognizance of the proclamation can be proven, no country with which the U. S. has any extradition treaty can give an asylum to the pirate aud freebooter.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE AT THE FAIR.—Some features are to be introduced of a new and novel natnre to most of our citizens, at the Industrial Fair which is to open its season on the 10th of August. A portion of the building has been assigned to the ladies, who will fit up and keep in operation a New England Kitchen in the style of the olden time, with cider, and good old-fashioned edibles for refreshment. What appetites our young gallants will have, especially if the attendants be fair ones! Occasional quilting, apple-paring, singing and dancing parties, all in antique style and costume, will be gotten up, also. The Pavilion is now in readiness for the reception of machinery and imperishable articles. Owing to the numerous applications, a new wing has been added to the Pavilion, in size 60 by 90 feet, making the entire area now inclosed upwards of 60,000 square feet. Specimens of the gold and silver medals to be awarded may be seen at Tucker's.

(For the Californian.)

UNDER THE WEATHER.

A FIT of sickness is apt to enlarge a man's capacity for observation and impression. Even an ordinary cold will sometimes go far toward finishing his education. To poor people sickuess is often a refining process; it tones down organizations where the animal predominates; reflection and reading is encouraged, and the patient is isolated from the temptations and distractions of cheap pleasure. I don't mean those common inflammatory disturbances which throw up temporary baricades in all the avenues of expression without affecting any constitutional reform, but a sickness that shall throw you over on your side like the strapped Cruiser, and indulge in cruel aggravations over your helpless form. A man under such circumstances will receive moral ethics with his calomel, and take in grains of wisdom with his quinine.

Some people take sickness as a personal affront. Physicians will tell you that it is difficult to make certain individuals believe that there is not a peculiarity about their symptoms which at once segregates them from the great mass of suffering humanity and renders their case particularly difficult to treat. There are others who go to the opposite extreme, who have all the symptoms which affect their friends, aud who show their good faith and sincerity by swallowing their medicines. But I propose to give a few of the psychological phenomena, leaving out those dreadful symptoms which are thrown up in inverted pyramids in Ayer's, Brandeth's and Sands' advertisements, aud which you meet in all the medical books:

To lie awake with a strong consciousness that you ought to be asleep. To be morbidly alive to distant footsteps, to the rumble of carriage wheels and the half-hummed chants of obscure night birds going home to roost. To hear the ticking of near clocks and the hour tolled from the Cathedral tower, takeu up by smaller chimes, and closed, after a minute's lapse, when you are trying once more to shut the windows of your soul, by some laggard and reluctant clock in your neighborhood. To listen to all the fire alarms, and speculate upon the locality and the probability of the fire spreading. To settle in your mind the best place to tie your sheets and coverlid if obliged to make your escape by the window. To be immediately afterward precipitated into a doze, and dream that you have done so, but are embarrassed by the lightness of your apparel. To have a deep scorn for others who are asleep and to have a strong conviction that sleep is the natural refuge for stupidity. To hear people laugh in the street aud to feel personally aggrieved at their levity. To have a strong dispositiou to sit up, and upon doing so to have an equal disposition to lie down again and try it all over. To notice the last stroke of the mason's trowel on the ceiling aud have a strong inclination to match the wall paper more correctly. To have the shadowy bed curtains suggest outlines of concealed figures. To notice a crack in your dressing case that you never noticed before. To catch a sight of somebody's face in the glass, which you at first can't recognize as yourself. To unravel the bed-quilt. To stop suddenly in that interesting occupation with a dim recollection that this action is mentioned in the medical books as the last fatal symptom of a declining patient.

When you have been in this way for a few days, a medical man will come to see you who will talk to you generally as if you were a "three-year child," and treat you as if he considered you an idiot. He will address his remarks to others rather than yourself, and occasionally ignore your presence entirely. His actions will leave the impression on your mind that he thinks you are averse to getting well, and must be coaxed or eventually coerced into a healthy condition. He will joke with you, perhaps, with such a palpable intention to make you laugh that you will feel like crying. He will call his powders "little," under the mistakeu belief that they will be more acceptable. He will tell you that "we" must take care of "ourselves," and hand you something to make "us" sleep. This metaphorical sympathy with your condition will at first make you smile; but if you look at him closely and he be a clever man, you will see that this is simply a formula, and that under all there is a quiet watchfulness and quick perception, and meeting his eye at last you will understand one another, and you will like him better. If you subsequently get his good graces, he will tell you how all doctors have to fence with their patients, and may impart to you a few secrets of his trade which you think clergymeu and lawyers might profit by.

If you are not so sick but that you can take your prescription to the chemist yourself, you will add something valuable to your experience. As you stand before the clean counter of the man of drugs, you will be able to detect, from the faces of the customers, which one is getting a prescription for himself. You will observe that in such cases the customer wears a look of anxiety and curiosity which he never has when a simple agent. You will yourself look narrowly at the bottles from which the druggist compounds your prescription, and if your knowledge of the Latin terminatious be limited, you will be unnecessarily awed by their mysterious inscriptions. You will wonder if the druggist ever makes mistakes—if he ever puts up Sugar of Lead for Magnesia. You will perhaps meet one or two simple minded individuals, who will insist upon detailing their disorders to the druggist, as if it were to guide him in some mysterious way in the preparation of their prescriptions. But your prescription is ready, and as with the taking of medicine the psychological effects I have thus far recorded give way to mere physical phenomena, we find it convenient at this poin to finish our record.

BRET.

(For the Californian.)

ARCADIA REVISITED.

AH, here's the spot—the very tree
Where once I carved an L. and E.,
Symbolical of her and me
Bound in Love's rosy fetters;
Since then five weary years are spent,
And yet, I think we're both content
That in Love's Book we never went
Beyond our simple letters.

For, looking through the rustling leaves,
I see the humble cottage eaves
Where now my Em. no longer weaves
Her mystic maiden fancies,
But milks her cows—she called 'em kine
In the brave days when she was mine—
But now she's dropped those phrases fine
She borrowed from romances.

Yet here's the place—the very tree
Where once I fell on bended knee
And breathed my burning vows—while she
Stood by in pale pink muslin.
I kissed her hand—but why revamp
Old feelings now?—the grass is damp,
And what with this rheumatic cramp
To kneel now would be puzzling.

She walks no more 'neath starlit skies,
She calls the evening mists that rise
Miasma, and the dew that lies
Is damp and cold and shocking.
She now wears boots. Five years ago
Her skirts she gathered up below;
'Twas not from dampness, but to show
Her slippers and white stocking.

Beneath this shade we used to read
"Maud Muller," and we both agreed
The Judge was wrong—but why proceed?
She's married to another!
She has not pined—that form is stout
That once this arm was clasped about.
She has two girls; they're both, no doubt,
The image of their mother!

She said she loved not "wealth or state,"
But most adored the "wise and great,"
And gave a look to intimate
That this was my complexion;
"Her husband should be eyed like Mars,"
That's he, there, letting down the bars,
In cowhide boots. No doubt her Pa's
But O, not *her* selection!

And yet, am I her young love's dream:
The pensive lover that did seem
The rightful Prince who should redeem
The promise of her faneies?
Am I that same dyspeptic youth
Who rang the chimes on "sooth" and "truth,"
Minus that *cuspidate* tooth
Whose presence kills romances?

O Love, behind you leafy screen!
Why can't all trees be evergreen?
Why can't all girls be sweet sixteen,
All men but one-and-twenty?
Why are the scars that hearts must wear
Deeper than those you tree may bear?
And why are lovers now so rare,
And married folk so plenty!

BRET.

POPULAR JOURNALS.—Under this title, the *Dramatic Chronicle* condenses an argument which might have been longer, but which we doubt could have been more fairly or concisely expressed, than in the following few words:

"Every journal of course, wants to be popular, because all journals are published as business enterprises, and popularity is generally an essential element of success. But there are two kinds of popularity, which are reached by quite different paths. The one is a present ephemeral popularity, which may be won by truckling to the popular feeling of the hour, and by a time-serving, timid, cringing course generally: by taking care to offend no one who is rich or influential, to express no opinions until they have become recognized or fashionable; by sacrificing convictions for au advertisement, and suppressing wholesome truth for fear of offending a subscriber. The other is an enduring popularity, which brings with it not only prosperity, but influence and power for good; and it is only to be gained by a fair, conscientious, considerate and independent course; by speaking of friends and foes alike, with justice and candor; by so eschewing the influences of prejudice and personal feeling, that the community shall learn to respect and confide in the statements and opinions published. The former is the policy for journals designed to last for a month or a year; the latter, for those that aspire to a long, healthy and honorable career.

AN AUSTRALIAN ADVENTURE.

WE went out on board the *Beagle* on the third voyage that she made, and after she had become famous in the history of navigation and the geographical discoveries of our country.

The first time the *Beagle* sailed from England was in the year 1826. She started, with the *Adventure*, to explore the Straits of Magellan, the western coasts of Patagonia, and the Terra del Fuego. The two vessels returned toward the close of 1830. In December of the following year the *Beagle* was again fitted out, and sent to explore the principal groups of islands in the Pacific, especially the Society Islands, and a portion of Australia. She returned in the autumn of 1835. In 1837 she sailed again for Australia, and this third voyage my friend Fitzmaurice and myself undertook together. I have spoken of the previous voyages she made, although in no way connected with the incident I am about to relate, from that feeling of affection which every person gets for the ship that has borne him gallantly through storm and danger, and been a veritable home during long and eventful months.

The scientific knowledge of my friend, his talent as an artist, his spirit and energy, had early made him considered one of the most useful members of the expedition. During the exploration of the southern coast of Australia, toward the west of the gulf, between Aruhim and Van Diemau's Land, he fulfilled with great success several important missions, and, in particular, discovered the source of the stream called Adelaide river in honor of the Queen Dowager of England.

One day, in this region, he and I were out together in a boat, at the further extremity of a little bay, in order to compare the com asses and measure the declinations.

Fitzmaurice had tried to take a position on the group of hills known as Escape Cliffs, but the iron ore in the rocks made the needles of the magnet deviate so much that we were obliged to establish ourselves upon a bank of sand on the shore of the bay.

We had been working hard for several hours; night began to approach; the moon rose in all the full splendor peculiar to that latitude, and it was time for us to think of taking our departure.

I started for the boat, carrying with me one of the instruments, while Fitzmaurice lingered for a few minutes, gazing about him, entranced by the beauty of the scene which appealed so strongly to his artistic fancy.

I had almost reached the boat when there suddenly rose behind me a terrible clamor of human voices. I have no hesitation in avowing that the unexpected tumult, in the midst of the tranquility and solitude, sent a thrill of terror to my very marrow. I believe that the strongest nerves of the bravest man that ever lived could not have resisted that first impulse of horror at the terrible cries which so suddenly broke the stillness.

I turned, and upon the summit of the cliffs above Fitzmaurice saw a large number of the natives, armed with javelins, which they seemed just ready to aim at my unfortunate comrade, while uttering those fiendish yells of rage and triumph.

I could have fled, gained the boat, and soon put the length of the bay between myself and danger, but, thank God, not even for a second did the cowardly thought cross my mind.

I did not stop to think; I saw only my friend, alone, unarmed, exposed to the fury of these merciless savages, and, flinging down my burden, I ran back to share his fate, whatever it might be. The nearer I reached the place the more imminent the peril appeared.

One of the natives, who looked like the animating spirit of a troop of demons, was harranguing his companions with ferocious energy, his gestures plainly showing that he was urging them to assault us without delay.

The whole band grew more and more excited. They struck the rocks with their javelins, rolled their fierce eyes like enraged wild beasts, turning their heads to and fro, and biting the extremities of their beards, signs of the most profound irritation among that race.

When I reached the spot where Fitzmauriee stood quiet and unshaken as a Roman sentinel, they had descended the cliffs until they were grouped not more than twenty feet above our heads, in a position where the first dash of their weapons could not fail to transfix us both.

They hesitated there for an instant; perhaps some fear of the reprisals which the English ship might make caused them to pause, but the old man burst forth again in what sounded like fierce invective. The cries of the whole band redoubled; they made another plunge forward, and a score of murderous javelins were leveled at us where we stood.

"Quick! quick!" I cried; "we must either fight or run."

But, alas, our guns were not within reach; the first attempt toward flight would have been the signal for a deadly volley.

"For God's sake," I continued, "what shall we do? Try to climb the rocks."

"No, no," returned Fitzmaurice, and his voice sounded so cold and firm that I started with a stranger feeling of terror than the sight of the savages had given me. "We can't fight—no use to run—dance and sing—dance, I say!"

My first thought was that the horror of the moment had turned my companion's brain.

"Maurice! Maurice!" I groaned, "are you crazy?"

"Dance! dance!" was his only answer.

Without a word more he began a rapid dance, singing a sailor's song, and laughing in the most uproarious manner He struck into the quickest and most fantastic of all the sailor jigs we had seen performed on the vessel, snapping his fingers and executing pigeon-wings and double-shuffles in a way that, at another time, would have convulsed me with laughter. I stood for an instant stupefied with horror. I could neither stir nor utter a sound.

"Dance! dance!" cried Fitzmaurice.

His voice seemed to rouse me. I think the agony I endured for his sake must have made me as insane as I believed him, for I began to dance almost as wildly as he, but to sing or laugh was impossible. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I forgot my dread of the savages—the peril which menaced us—in the terror of the idea that Fitzmaurice had lost his reason.

"It may quiet them," he sang after a moment; "they are crazy as children for a dance—jump, skip!"

I began to collect my thoughts and be able better to understand Fitzmaurice's strange performance. I now glanced towards the savages. The unexpected sight had evidently struck them with surprise; some of them had dropped their javelins, others leaned over the rocks in wrapt attention. The old man and a few of the leaders still continue to expostulate with their companions, but these no longer listened, pushing back the infuriated commanders when they attempted to fling their javelins.

The savages, like the aborigines of all those strange lands, were only children of a larger growth. The slightest thing amused them or excited their choler, and often they could be turned from grave enterprises by the most trifling occurrence. They sought now to understand the odd scene. What were those two men about? What meant those leaps, those wild movements, that gay song which Fitzmaurice still continued in full vigor, occasionally varying it with a whistle loud and clear as a bird's melody. The crowd began to express their curiosity by little cries, rather sweeter to our ears than the yells of rage and menace with which they had made the night horrible only a little time before. The principal amusement of the Australians was the dance, and this new one performed before their eyes, had all the merit of originality; truly, it must have been a singular spectacle. By this time I understood everything, and now that my fear for my friend's sanity had changed into admiration for the presence of mind which had saved our lives, or at least given us this respite, I was able to join more heartily in his exercise, and even aid him in the vocal part of the performance. At length Fitzmaurice, who never during an instant evinced the slightest sign of emotion, called, or rather sang, as if a portion of the tune he had been shouting, with all the strength of his lungs:

"Where are our guns?"

"About thirty feet off!" I chanted in answer.

"Which way?" pealed back his deepest baritone.

"Toward the left," responded my tenor.

He made an odd variation in "Polly Dawson," and introduced:

"So much the worse—they are not on the road to the boat."

"Shall I go and get them?" called I, forgetting to sing in my eagerness.

"No, no—don't talk! Sing—don't try to get them yet. Keep on dancing, little by little we will approach the place where they lie.'

I began dancing madly toward the guns, but Fitzmaurice's warning voice stopped me.

"Take care, take care—not so quick! Follow me in a circle—widen it gradually."

But before we had taken many steps, the savages appeared to suspect our intention; their murmurs checked Fitzmaurice at once, so perfect was his control.

"Come back," he sang to a lively air, "the entertainment isn't over yet."

The mad hope which flashed into my mind, died out with the first failure. I felt my strength giving way—my limbs almost refused to bear me through the dance of death.

"Courage, courage!" sang Fitzmaurice, "you left a sweetheart over the water, think of her."

Those words helped to revive my flagging spirits. I started on anew; one more effort at least for her sake.

"Good," cried Fitzmaurice. "Dance; it's for the dear girl at home! And the queen—shout for the queen! And our country—dance for old England, we'll see her yet, my boy—ta, ta, rum tum tiddy."

At that instant there was a dull heavy report in the distance—the voice of an English gun—it was like a sudden promise of safety. We learned afterwards what it was. An officer, at a long distance from us, had fired at a megapodus tumulus, that strange bird which builds, out of earth and shells, a mound, sometimes twenty-five feet long and four or five in height, by way of a resting-place for its eggs. The noise alarmed the savages; they turned as if to fly up the cliffs.

"Now!" cried Fitzmaurice.

We sprang to our guns, seized them, and ran toward the boat as only men can run who run from death in its most horrible shape. Three or four javelins whizzed through the air over our heads, but neither of us were touched. We reached the boat, and as we darted in and pushed from shore, the band came dashing down the rocks, forgetting their recent fright in rage at the escape of their prey. I dropped the oar I held and snatched my gun.

"Don't fire," said Fitzmaurice, still able to think of everything, to take in every view of the case. "One shot might be the commencement of hostilities that would prove fatal to the interests of the expedition."

I felt the wisdom of his suggestion; took up my oar again, and we rowed down the bay in silence, forgetting our fatigues, toiling so well that the light boat shot over the waters with the speed of a meteor. We gained the ship in safety, and recounted our adventure, which to this day I cannot think of without a strange feeling about my heart, while the demoniac cries of our foes seem again to ring in my ears.

THE INFLUENCE OF MIND.

THE visible creation, great and glorious as it is, is yet bound by the sovereign will of its Maker, by the mind of man. Not the bright system of rolling planets, not all the pageantry of the seasons, speak infinite power so loudly, as the immortal mind which thinks, reflects, and renders for them all-fitting adoration.

In the present state of society, especially in a country like this, where free institutions open wide paths to its development—mental excellence has a noble sphere in which to exert itself; yet, on the other hand, where society mingles freely and wealth is esteemed a fitting passport to its favor, there is continual danger that outward show and vain pretence may rob real merit of its just claims. Where fortunes are made in a day, and accomplishments almost mechanically acquired, much may pass for the sterling that is counterfeit; and hence, in almost every large company, it is impossible to know whether those who assume the lead, are the truly elevated or such as have enjoyed merely the sunshine of the world's favor. Yet while wealth and position have, and ever will have, their partizans in a world like ours, there are those who only value the gifts of mind. A cultivated intellect exerts a powerful influence, unknown to its possessor. It penetrates through all disguises and meets the live heart of its fellows. Its high thoughts illuminate its moral world; bringing new and beautiful creations from the chaos of other minds. It is the living, beating pulse of the universe, the brightest jewel in the crown of man's immortality. Vain are the attractions of the fairest form, if it is found to be deprived of the priceless ornament of a cultivated understanding. However our friends affect us when present, when absent the impress of their mind masks all their influence, and guides, directs and advises with a mighty moral power.

Perhaps there is no one that has not felt, in the presence of some persons, a chill and restraint, which, in vain they have endeavored to throw off; yet have been compelled to acknowledge the power of a superior or at least an unsympathizing mind. Beauty, form, outward things may draw the attention; but it is the intellect and affections that alone have power to hold the heart. In a short time, the influence of the outward ceases, and then truly begins the reign of this mental sceptre. We love or esteem the heart for what it is, not for what it has. To each other, as in the universe, we stand as individuals—our possessions are alone those of the soul. If this is adorned with loving affections, rich in noble thoughts, endowed with lofty principles, then the heart yields homage to this soul-wealth; but if through golden trapping we discover a poverty of soul—a little mind—we pity the millionaire, and admit not such into the sacred arena of confidence.

A popular mistake concerning mental culture is this—that if the boy is sent to school, if books and masters are afforded in profusion, then, as a matter of course he will become a thinker, an intellectual being. Not so. He may be regularly put through the drill of knowledge and leave school a very fool—a mere cipher in the world of mind. It is not study, but thought. Not mere effort, but intelligent effort, the right use of the talent, of a gift, the highest heaven could bestow, that swells the giant intellect. Books and other opportunities may be powerful aids, but it is the work of cultivating the mind which renders it that mighty, master thing which has struck the world with awe in the lives of a Galileo or a Newton!—*American Miscellany.*

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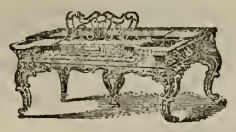

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find a Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attachod to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
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CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOMESTEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
Northwest corner Front and Clay streets,
jy1-1m Up stairs

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House the sensational melodramatic drama of *Waiting for the Verdict* has proved one of the best pieces to draw produced at this house for some time. Mr. Pauncefort's impersonation of the afflicted old father, "Jonathan Roseblade," was a very careful and good piece of acting. Mr. Charles Thorne, as "Jaspar Roseblade," the victim to circumstantial evidence, displayed great power, and was fully equal to the rendition of the character. Mrs. Sophie Edwin, as the wife of the wrongfully accused man, brought out all the deep pathos of the character. Mr. Aldrich, as the villain of the piece, was of course, all that could be desired. Mr. Barry and Mrs. Saunders, in the low comedy parts of "Blinkey Brown" and "Sarah Sawyer" kept the audience laughing immoderately during the intervals in the plot where tears were not called for, and the rest of the characters were well sustained by the other members of the company. *Waiting for the Verdict* will be performed both this afternoon and evening. Next week the business at this theatre will go to the dogs, but by this I do not intend to convey the idea that it will be a bad business; on the contrary I anticipate that Professor Siegrist's wonderful trained dogs will become highly popular. These dogs cannot speak, but with that slight exception are equal in talent to many bipeds who strut the stage. The Siegrist family, consisting of the Professor and his children, Mlle. Rosa and Master August, appear in pantomime and gymnastic feats, and a numerous troupe of wonderful dogs in a most astounding round of performances.

The Eureka has been doing a moderately good business during the week. *Columbus el Filibustero* afforded an opportunity for the display of Mr. Wheatleigh's wonderful versatility, and his impersonation of the chief character called forth much applause. Mr. Stephen Leach and Mrs. Judah, as "Ferdinand" and "Isabella," were very good. Miss Clarkson made a beautiful "Columbia." The closing tableau is one of the most charming effects I have seen on the California stage, and in a great measure makes up for some shortcomings which were visible in the actors. The comedy of *Like and Unlike*, which was played with *Columbus* during the week, is a neat and sprightly piece. Especial credit is due Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps for her acting in the protean part of "Lisette." The *Pas Styrien*, in the second act, is an immense feature, and the Terpsichorean skill evinced by Mr. Wheatleigh and Miss Yeamans, in its execution, brought forth storms of applause. These two pieces will form the bill for this afternoon and evening. On Monday the military sensational drama of *Jessie Brown, or the Siege of Lucknow*. A more admirable impersonatrix (*Call* please copy,) of the character of "Jessie Brown," the Scotch lassie, than Mrs. Phelps, it would be hard too find on the American stage. Those who witness her performance of this beautiful character on Monday night will, I am sure, be ready to indorse this assertion. Mr. Wheatleigh is determined, however *exigeant* the public may be as regards novelties, to keep pace with their desires. In the course of next week he will produce Shakespeare's comedy or *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*. This play has not been performed in this city since the year 1856, when it was produced at the American Theatre by Mr. Wheatleigh and Laura Keene, and proved an immense success. Other novelties are in preparation. A new burlesque, founded on one of the topics of the day, is being written for this house, and in a short time Bourcicault's great drama of *Arrah na Pogue* will be received from London, and produced forthwith. Mr. Wheatleigh is meeting with most encouraging success in his enterprise, and works hard to deserve it.

I hear that Mr. Marsh, well known to the public of California as the originator of the Marsh troupe of juvenile comedians, has been left a fortune of $200,000. He is at present unaware of this fact, being on his way to this port from China.

TOUCHSTONE.

FIRES.—On Saturday night last, a large two story building, occupied as a junk store by Charles Hirley, was burned with its contents. Loss nearly $5,000. .. On Monday night, a fire broke out in the Pacific warehouse on the corner of Battery and Broadway, which destroyed an immense ammount of property. The building occupied a full fifty-vara lot, and was filled with valuable merchandise, among which was a large quantity of coal oil in cans. These bursting with the heat, saturated the goods and thus added an element to the fire, which all the efforts of the fire department were unable to quench, until most of the perishable articles were consumed. Up to yesterday, piles of merchandise were yet smouldering and burning in that part of the building where the coal oil was stored, notwithstanding that several hydrant streams have been steadily playing upon them, both night and day since the fire broke out. The loss of property will amount to nearly $500,000, of which some $300,000 was insured.

SEE advertisement of "A Pleasant Home for Children," on the sixteenth page.

THE HIBERNIAN DRAMA.

[*Apropos* of the new play entitled *Arrah-na-Pogue*, shortly to be produced in this city, *Punch* gives the following burlesque of this latest style of Irish drama.]

WHISHT CEAD FARDROUGHA;
(B,*
THE GIRL WITH THE BEAMING EYE.

Dramatis Personæ†

The Lord Lieutenant.....Mr. Rogers (of the T. R. Haymarket.)
Sweeny-na-Cowl (better known as the Cowl o'Cowl)....Mr. Phelps.
Wurra-Wurra (a Magistrate).....Mr. Fechter.
Barny (a dulcimer player).....Mr. Charles Keau.
Boroo na-Cuclish (a retired Rapparee).....Mr. Joseph Robins.
Rilley the Roguey-Poguey (with a Song).....Mlle. Beatrice.
Nelly-no-Moore (without a Song).....Stella Colas.
Rapparees, Process Servers, Spies, Informers, Banshees, Carboys, Dhoolishes, Green Bushes, Gossoons, etc., etc.

ACT I.

Scene I.—A Moonlit Glen in the Neighborhood.

High rocks right and left of Stage, with a ravine somewhere, and a waterfall somewhere else. A tree half dropping over a very high rock, as if it had been cut down by some one the day before yesterday. Moon, in the distance, shining. Storm heard without. Lightning without. Rain, hail and thunder, all without. Cold without. Rebels gradually appear from behind rocks. Music. Rebels come cautiously forward. They are about to speak,‡ when Sweeny-na-Cowl appears on the overhanging tree.

Sweeny [sliding down over the knotty points of the bark, and arriving safely on the ground.] Whisht, boys! Is it grammachreeing ye are, whin the ould fox is slapin' wid one eye opin, will yez? Be aisy, thin, Mick, and lets hear what the young Masther would say to yez? Oh, wirrah na poshleen, but it's the cess o' my heart that makes me talk this away.

Rebels [unanimously.] At all, at all?‖

[At this moment, the Military, led by the Lord Lieutenant, are seen on the top of the opposite rocks. The Lord-Lieutenant reviews them with the aid of a Sergeant, who tells him the words of command. They then draw up in line.

Lord Lieutenant [reading proclamation.] In the name of our Sovereign Lord, King George, I declare everybody a Rebel, all to-the-contrary-Acts notwithstanding: and hereby offer a reward for the apprehension of the notorious [is unable to spell the name] S-i-no [tries again, with spectacles] W-j——No. [Gives it up.] [To troops.] Fire!

[Soldiers look at one another, fix bayonets, Rebels wave shillalahs, dubiously, as curtain descends.

Well, sir, then Rilley the Roguey-Poguey conceals Sweeny-ma-Cowl in a water-cave, where Wurra-Wurra discovers him while bathing, and denounces him just as he comes up, out of breath, after his first header. Upon this Barny, who has been watching the whole scene from an otter's nest, fires at Wurra, who, however, manages to escape with the loss of the reuts that belong to Sweeny's confiscated estates. We then come to the Third Act, which bristles with sparkling repartee, specially in the scene where Barny makes love to Nelly-no-Moore.

ACT III.

Scene 1.—The old Caubeen.§

Enter Barny, dressed in a long whitey-brown coat with a cape to it, a red waistcoat, a blue tie, white hat, corduroy thingummies, blueish grayish stockings and low shoes, a pipe in his hat, and a stick in his hand.

Barney [singing.] Och! dhoolish astbore
Ye're ma gra!

[Repeats the above, winking cunningly at the audience.

Enter Nelly-no-Moore from Cottage.

Barney. Och! it's yerself as put the comether on the heart of a poor boy [meaning himself.]

Nelly. Be aisy, now, will yez? Sure yer galloping like Brian O'Linn's gossoon that couldn't ate anything but betwixt times.

Barny. Arrah mavorneen! an' who wouldn't whin he sees the dhoodeen a barning in every wink o' yer purty face?

Nelly [laughing.] Ah, Barny, na coolish achree! it's the bad dhrop that's in ye.

Barny [slyly] Sorra one o' me.

Nelly. Ah! git out wid ye. [Pushes him.]

Barney [in a whisper.] Will yez tread on the tail of my coat?

[She treads on the tail of his coat. Exit Barny thoughtfully, R. H.

And so on. Modesty prevents my remarking upon the sparkling character of these rapparees [I mean repartees.] My great Sensation Finale is in

ACT IV.

Scene Last.—Ruined Tower by the Marg-a-grah. Wurra-Wurra watching the French coast through a telescope. Boroo-na-Cuclish is seated on the Flagstaff, waving his hat.

Boroo. By this and by that! The spalpeens!

Wurra. Oh, the gauger? Och, murther! I'm kilt entirely.

[Falls from a height of two thousand feet into the sea.]

[The Troops rush on the Peasantry, who are concealed in different parts of the Castle, or the Peasantry rush on the Troops; it doesn't matter much. Tableau. Gong.]

The Lord-Lieutenant [appearing in the centre, waving a danger signal.] I proclaim a general pardon for all the insurgents, and in particular Sweeny-na-Cowl. [Barny and Rilley the Roguey-Poguey kneel before him.] Bless you, my children! [Stepping forward.] And if our friends in front will but smile on our endeavors to please them, there will not be a more cheerful set of faces round the fire this night than the Lord Lieutenant.

[Insurgents and Military kneel on one another enthusiastically, and distant guns are heard, as curtain desends.]

---

* P. S. Sir, I put "or," so that "The Girl," etc., may serve for a title to those who are unable either to pronounce or understand the three Irish words above, as is, I own, the case with myself.

† *Dramatis Personæ*. The following "cast" is, of course, ideal. But it is my *beau-ideal* of what a cast should be. Imagine, sir, the dignity of Mr. Rogers as the "Lord Lieutenant," a true type of the Englishman. What more touching than the broken accents of Stella Colas in the pathetic parts; while Mr. Fetchter's mode of delivery has always sounded to my ears peculiarly Irish.

‡ These Rapparees don't speak, not because they have nothing to say, but because the parts would naturally be filled by "Supers," and a manager informed me that they were so "uncertain in dialogue, that I'd better come at once to my chief characters," and so I have. What the Rapparees would have said, what, in fact, they *did* say in my original manuscript, is now in the mouth of "Sweeny-na-Cowl."

‖ A genuine Irish expression.

§ Caubeen. Genuine Irish word. Often heard it.

SERVANTS.—When three or four ladies of the middle class meet together, and have a long, semi-confidential chat, whatever subjects they skim or dip into, the standing dish of their conversation is "servants." It is both safe and common ground. Women must be very intimate, or very silly, or both, to discuss "husbands." No doubt there is a tempting traitorous flavor about this topic which enables a wife to take a theoratical revenge for offences, small or otherwise; but still, however slighted she may be, a wise woman feels that it is a nice and delicate process, requiring infinite skill to chastise her other half effectually when her own share of the whole is alone present. He, the offending half, is comfortably reading the paper at his club, or writing at his office, or out in the fields; but wherever he may be, he is profoundly unconscious of the whipping which is laid on him at home, both while it is being administered, and after it is over. Neither she nor her confidante tells him a word about it, for one of the conditions of the revelation is silence. Thus, if a sensitive woman has been drawn into confidential complaints about her husband to another, the result is generally no relief, but an uncomfortable suspicion that she has bared herself to fresh pain. Depend upon it, suffering wives mostly hold their tongues. Then, again, it is impossible to get real sympathy in the troubles of marriage from unmarried women. Maids' husbands are perfect. The subject of children, moreover, is a restricted one. Doting mothers are indifferent to the praises of other babies, and complaints about children want the spice of treachery which gives a whet to those about husbands. The essence of most piquant confidence is evil. Your genuine tattler seldom cares to speak or hear good about any one. Even harmless chat is generally languid except some person be discussed and blamed. There must be some subject in which all are interested, and about which all can complain. True, maids and childless wives can sit in judgment on their neighbors and acquaintances, but there is need of much caution in this indulgence, for friends are sometimes defended behind their backs, and slanderers are occasionally stung themselves. But "servants" are safe and common ground. Your conversation is both personal and querulous, and yet there is no accompanying sense of humiliation. You have not to bewail an inseparable tie; indeed, the consciousness of being able to dismiss the offender makes a sort of background of magnanimity to your sufferings. You seem to bear and forbear. When you say you do not think you can put up with Martha's carelessness or impudence any longer, you hint at the consideration and gentleness you have shown yourself. "Will you believe it? She actually," etc. "No, really? Well, I always," etc. In fact, there are no good old-fashioned servants left—the race has perished. Mind you, we are not now speaking in the person of one of the lady-interlocutors at a social palaver, but summing up their conclusions. The race of old-fashioned, faithful, devoted servants has perished.

HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATIONS.—These institutions have almost invariably proved profitable investments, and have been the means of procuring homes for many who would have otherwise expended the money thus invested in frivolous ways. The California Homestead Association has just been formed, and has negotiated for two blocks of land in the Western Addition, to be subdivided amongst its members in the usual way. The rate of subscription is to be $10 per month. The property lies within three blocks of the Turk street Railroad, has a perfect title, is on the grade, and is easily furnished with water. Those wishing to become members can apply for more explicit information to J. S. Luty, Secretary, at 305 Montgomery street.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The "Singing" Tone—That most beautiful and rare of all musical qualities of the Pinno Forte, sought for by every first-class pianist—the prolonged, or "SINGING TONE," has been carried to greater perfection in the Bradbury Piano than has heretofore been attained. Under the hands of a skillful player, the Piano is made to sing, so as to resemble a beautiful vocal song, with instrumental accompaniment. The most pleasing effects are thus produced. The pure, rich and sympathetic qualities of tone for which these Pianos have become so celebrated, render them favorites not only with the pianist, but with the vocalist also. We learn that Mr. Bradbury has just received three more First Premiums from State Fairs, making the tenth awarded him.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received n monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

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Will commence its next Session THURSDAY, July 6th. A few vacancies remaining, early application will be necessary for those desiring admission. Further particulars may be obtained by calling upon or addressing
MISS M. LAMMOND,
je24 1m Principal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 21 of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hinscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; vs. MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

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CASH ASSETS,	$660.000
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This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861,	60 per cent.
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They have paid to assured, $175.000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

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HENRY B. PLATT, President.
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It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1 2x12 1 2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

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A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use

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PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

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AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

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MRS. READ,

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Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention; has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

GRACE OF FORM

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It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of

BUST,

Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

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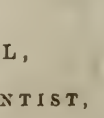
Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!



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This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

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THE CHANGELING.

A. D. 1691.

FOR the fairest maid in Hampton
They needed not to search,
Who saw young Anna Favor
Come walking into church,—

Or bringing from the meadows,
At set of harvest-day,
The frolic of the blackbirds,
The sweetness of the hay.

Now the weariest of all mothers,
The saddest two-years bride,
She scowls in the face of her husband,
And spurns her child aside.

"Rake out the red coals, goodman,—
For there the child shall lie,
Till the black witch comes to fetch her,
And both up chimney fly.

"It 's never my own little daughter,
It 's never my own she said;
"The witches have stolen my Anna,
And left me an imp instead.

"Oh, fair and sweet was my baby,
Blue eyes and hair of gold;
But this is ugly and wrinkled,
Cross, and cunning, and old.

"I hate the touch of her fingers,
I hate the feel of her skin;
It 's not the milk from my bosom,
But my blood, that she sucks in.

"My face grows sharp with the torment;
Look! my arms are skin and bone!
Rake open the red coals, goodman,
And the witch shall have her own.

"She 'll come when she hears it crying,
In the shape of an owl or bat,
And she 'll bring us our darling Anna
In place of her screeching brat."

Then the goodman, Ezra Dalton,
Laid his hand upon her head:
"Thy sorrow is great, O woman!
I sorrow with thee," he said.

"The paths to trouble are many,
And never but one sure way
Leads out to the light beyond it:
My poor wife, let us pray."

Then he said to the great All-Father,
"Thy daughter is weak and blind;
Let her sight come back, and clothe her
Once more in her right mind.

"Lead her out of this evil shadow,
Out of these fancies wild;
Let the holy love of the mother
Turn again to her child.

"Make her lips like the lips of Mary
Kissing her blessed Son;
Let her hands, like the hands of Jesus,
Rest on her little one.

"Comfort the soul of thy handmaid,
Open her prison-door,
And thine shall be all the glory
And praise forevermore."

Then into the face of its mother
The baby looked up and smiled;
And the cloud of her soul was lifted,
And she knew her little child.

A beam of the slant west sunshine
Made the wan face almost fair,
Lit the blue eyes' patient wonder,
And the rings of pale gold hair.

She kissed it on lip and forehead,
She kissed it on cheek and chin
And she bared her snow-white bosom
To the lips so pale and thin.

Oh, fair on her bridal morning
Was the maid who blushed and smiled,
But fairer to Ezra Dalton
Looked the mother of his child.

With more than a lover's fondness
He stooped to her worn young face,
And the nursing child and the mother
He folded in one embrace.

"Blessed be God!" he murmured.
"Blessed be God!" she said;
"For I see, who once was blinded,—
I live, who once was dead.

"Now mount and ride, my goodman,
As thou lovest thy own soul!
Woe 's me, if my wicked fancies
Be the death of Goody Cole!"

His horse he saddled and bridled,
And into the night rode he,—
Now through the great black woodland,
Now by the white-beached sea.

He rode through the silent clearings,
He came to the ferry wide,
And thrice he called to the boatman
Asleep on the other side.

He set his horse to the river,
He swam to Newbury town,
And he called up Justice Sewall
In his nightcap and his gown.

And the grave and worshipful justice
(Upon whose soul be peace!)
Set his name to the jailer's warrant
For Goodwife Cole's release.

Then through the night the hoof-beats
Went sounding like a flail;
And Goody Cole at cockcrow
Came forth from Ipswich jail.

Atlantic Monthly.

UNLAWFUL CURES.

ONE can scarcely credit that at any period there could have existed men of science and genius who believed that there were supernatural means of curing disease, did we not, even to the present day, find imbeciles who verily dread the malpractices of the devil and his vicarious agents. Ancient writers divided their cures into awful and unlawful. The former were obtained from divine aid; the latter, from sorcerers, witches, magicians, wizards, and cunning men, who treated all maladies by spells, cabalastic words, charms, characters, images, amulets, ligatures, philtres, incantations, etc.; by which means, according to Cardan, Artesius, Picatrix, and sundry wise men, the aforesaid sorcerers and witches could prevent fire from burning, find out thieves and stolen goods, show absent faces in a glass, make serpents lie still, staunch blood, cure gout, biting of mad dogs, toothache, *et omnia mundi malo.* "Many doubt," says Nicholas Taurellus, "whether the devil can cure such diseases he hath not made, and some flatly deny it; however, common experience confirms, to our astonishment, that magicians can work such feats, and that the devil, without impediment, can penetrate through all the parts of our body, and cures such maladies by means to us unknown." Some of these means were rather singular; and learned divines, moreover inform us that to resist exorcisms these wretches and magicians had St. Catherine's wheel imprinted on the roof of their mouths, or on some other part. Taurellus asserts, that to doubt it is to run into a sceptical extreme of incredulity. Godelman affirms that Satan is an excellent physician; Langius maintains that Jupiter Meneerates was a magician: and Marcellus Donatus pays the same compliment to Solomon, who, he says, "cured all the diseases of the mind by spells and charms, and drove away devils, and that Elezar did the same before Vespasian."

This fact being clearly ascertained, the next question was whether it was lawful in a desperate case to crave the help of the evil one. Paracelsus rather impiously argues that we might, as it matters not, he says, "whether it be God or the devil, angels or unclean spirits, *(immundi spiritus,)* that cure him, so that he be eased. If a man fall in a ditch, what matter is it whether a friend or an enemy help him out? If I be troubled with such a malady, what care I whether the devil himself, or any of his ministers, by God's permission, redeem me?" and therefore concludes, that diseases brought on by malefices can only be cured by incantations. However, this doctrine was denounced as abominable by Remigius, Bodinus, Godelmannus, Erastus, and various divines and schoolmen. Therefore pontifical writers and sages recommend adjuration and exorcism by "fire, suffumigations, lights, cutting the air with swords, *(gladiorum ictus,)* sacred herbs, odors," etc., though some hungry devils can only be cast out by fasting.

Witches and imposters, says Lord Bacon, have always held a competition with physicians. Galen complains of this superstition, and observes that patients placed more confidence in the oracles of Esculapius and their own idle dreams than in the prescriptions of doctors. The introduction of precious stones into medical practice owed its origin to a superstitious belief that, from their beauty, splendor, and high value, they were the natural receptacles for good spirits. Mystery, in the dark ages, and, alas! even now, increases the confidence in remedial means; reveal their true nature, the charm is dissolved. One cannot but wonder when we behold men pre-eminent in deep learning and acute observation becoming converts to such superstitious practices. Lord Bacon believed in spells and amulets; Sir Theodore Mayence, who was physician to three English sovereigns, and supposed to have been Shakspeare's Dr. Caius, believed in supernatural agency, and frequently prescribed the most disgusting and absurd medicines, such as the heart of a mule ripped up alive, a portion of the lungs of a man who had died a violent death, or the hand of a thief who had been jibbeted on some particular day. Nauseous medicines have ever been deemed the most efficacious, on the reasoning that as everything medical is nauseous, everything that is nauseous must be medical. The ancients firmly believed that blood could be staunched by charms; the bleeding of Ulysses was stopped by that means; and Cato the Censor has given us an incantation for setting dislocated bones. To this day charms are supposed to arrest the flow of blood:

"Tom Pots was but a serving man,
But yet he was a doctor good,
He wound his kerchief on the wound,
And with some kind words he staunch'd the blood."

Sir Walter Scott says, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"She drew the splinter from the wound,
And with a charm she stanched the blood."

The strength of imagination in effecting wonderful cures has been observed in all ages; and Avicenna declares, "that he prefers confidence before art, precepts, and all remedies whatsoever." Our learned Burton says, "that this strong imagination or conceit is *Astrum Hominus*, and the rudder of this our ship, which reason should steer, but, overborne by phantasie, cannot manage, and so suffers itself and the whole vessel of ours to be overruled and often overturned."

Nothing could be more absurd than the notions regarding some of these supposed cures: A ring made from the hinge of a coffin had the power of relieving cramps; which were also mitigated by having a rusty old sword hung up by the bedside. Nails driven in an oak tree prevented the tooth-ache. A halter that had served in hanging a criminal was an infallible remedy for the headache, when tied round the head; this affection was equally cured by the moss growing on a human skull, dried and pulverized, and taken as a cephalic snuff. A dead man's hand could dispel tumors of the glands by stroking the parts nine times, but the hand of a man who had been cut down from the gallows was the most efficacious. To cure warts one had nothing to do but to steal a piece of beef from the butcher, with which the warts were to be rubbed; then enter it in any filth, and as it rotted, the warts would wither and fall.

The chips of a gallows on which several persons had been hanged, when worn in a bag around the neck, would cure the ague. A stone with a hole in it, suspended at the head of the bed, would effectually stop the night-mare; hence it was called a hag-stone, as it prevented troublesome witches from sitting upon the sleeper's stomach. The same amulet tied to the key of a stable-door, deterred witches from riding horses over the country.

Rickety children were cured by being drawn through a cleft tree, which was afterward bound up; as the split wood united, the child acquired strength. Creeping through a perforated stone to cure various disorders was a Druidical rite, still practiced in the East. In the Parish of Marden there is a stone with a hole in it, fourteen inches in diameter, through which children are drawn for the rickets; and, in the North, infants are made to pass through a hole cut in a cheese the day of their christening.

"CUT OUT."—It is many years since I fell in love with Jerusha Skreggs, the handsomest gal by far that ever went on legs. By meadow, creek and wood and dell often did we walk, and the moonlight smiled on our meeting lips, and night winds learned our talk. Jerusha Jane was all to me, my heart was young and true, and loved with a double and twisted love, and a love that was honest, too. I roamed all over the neighbors' farms, and robbed the widowed bowers, and tore my trousers and scratched my hands in search of choicest flowers. In my boyish love I brought all of these to my Jerusha Jane; but I wouldn't be so foolish now if I were a boy again. A city chap then came along, all dressed up in store clothes, with a shiny hat, a shiny vest, and a moustache under his nose. He talked to her of singing schools, (for her father owned a farm,) and she left me, the country love, and took the new chap's arm. And all that night I never slept, nor could I eat next day, for I loved that girl with a fervent love that naught could drive away. I strove to win her back to me, but it was all in vain; the city chap, with hairy lip, married Jerusha Jane. And my heart was sick and sore, until the thought struck me, that just as good fish remained as e'er were caught in the sea. So I went to the Methodist church one night, and saw a dark brown curl peeping from under a gipsy hat, and I married that very girl. And many years have past and gone, and I think my loss my gain; and I often bless that fancy chap who stole Jerusha Jane.

A SELL.—A charming French actress, embarking with a rich monsieur from France, dropped a small box overboard, as if by accident, whereupon she cried out in despair, "The diamonds of my child! Lost! lost! mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" She was consoled as well as possible at the time by her wealthy admirer making her a costly present. Subsequently the box was fished up, and, for a considerable reward, transferred to him. What was his astonishment on finding it contained only *dominoes!*

THE MAGNET OUTDONE.—A lecturer was dilating upon the power of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing it. A hearer accepted the challenge, and instanced a young lady who used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday.

JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, at twenty-five cents per square foot.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22 1f 619 Montgomery street.

OPENING OF THE

LINCOLN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

The LINCOLN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, corner of Fifth and Market streets, will open on MONDAY, 24th inst. This school is designed for Boys only. All applications for seats should be made to the Principal, Mr. IRA G. HOITT, at the building, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on the day of opening.

D. LUNT,
jy 22 1t Secretary Board of Education.

NOTICE TO FAMILIES!

WE CALL THE ATTENTION of Housekeepers to our fine assortment of Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc.:

PROVISIONS.

Coffee, roasted; Green Coffee, all kinds;
Pure Ground Coffee, Choice Teas, Cocoa,
Chocolate, Sugar, all kinds; Flour, Butter,
California Cheese, Italian Cheese, Syrup,
Lard, Barton & Gustier Oils, Olive Oil,
Possel Fils, Spice of all kinds, Pickles,
Pepper, Pepper-sauce, Mustard, all kinds,
Oysters, Lobsters, Pie Fruits, Pine Apples,
Spanish Olives, Fruits au Jnis, Brandy Fruits,
Honey, Citron, Peaches, fresh and dry,
Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
Corn and Oatmeal, Hams and Bacon,
Chile Negro, Macaroni, all kinds; Farina,
Figs, Jams and Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
Yeast powders, Crackers, all kinds;
Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Washing Blue,
Rice, Sardines, Starch, Washing-soda,
Soap, Candles, Clothes Pins and Lines,
Shoe Blacking, Brooms and Brushes, Baskets,
Pails and Cans, Tubs and Wringer,
Carpet Tacks, Almonds, Nuts, etc.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR FAMILY USE.

Otard, Dupuy & Co.'s Cognac,
L. Delprat & Co.'s Cognac, Old Tom,
Sazerac Brandy, Cognac Pellevoisin,
American Brandy, Scotch Whisky,
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Rum, Ale and Porter, in Bottles,
Port Wine, Claret Wine, French,
Claret Wine, California; Currant Wine,
White Wine, California; Ginger Wine,
White Wine, sauterne; Angelica Wine,
Malaga sweet Wine, Madeira Wine,
Muscatel Wine, Leoville Medoc Wine,
Lognac Wine, Chat. Margoux Wine,
Cherry Cordial, Champagne, Cliquot;
Champagne, Heidsieck & Co.; Wine Bitters,
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Champagne, green seal, Kirschenwasser,
Vermouth, Noilly Pratt & Co.; Schnapps,
Sonoma Champagne, etc., etc., etc., etc.

All of which we offer for sale, by wholesale and retail, at the same figures to be had in first hands. Those wishing to get a

Pure Article of Ground Coffee,

can have it ground in the mill at our store, in a few moments—Java, Mocha, Rio, and Costa Rica Coffees.

Do not mistake the number the first time you call—☞531 Washington, a few doors below Montgomery☜—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

Hotel and Restaurant proprietors, and families, will find it greatly to their advantage to examine our Goods and PRICES. All goods warranted, and delivered by our teams throughout the city and suburbs.

Orders from the interior solicited, and promptly filled.

B. SBARBORO & BRO.,
Importers and Dealers in Provisions, Liquors and Family Wines, No. 531 Washington street,
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MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,
SUPPORTED BY
THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Evening, July 22d, 1865,
The last night of the New Domestic Drama,

Waiting for The Verdict!

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, July 22d,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 24TH,
First night of the Engagement of the wonderful

SIEGRIST FAMILY,

In Ballet and Gymnastic performances, with the addition of their celebrated troupe of

PERFORMING DOGS.

A new and novel entertainment.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
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Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

READINGS FROM THE POETS.

The Second Popular Readings by
MISS ANGELA STARR KING
Will be given at

Maguire's Academy of Music,

ON
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 25TH, 1865.

A change of Programme will be presented, including many new Patriotic Pieces.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR.
No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

Box Office open on and after MONDAY, when seats can be secured. jy 22

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CONTINUE TO SELL AT

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AT THEIR RETAIL STORE

400 pieces good 4-4 Shirtings at 20 cents;
200 pieces best 8 4 Cotton Sheetings at 55 cents;
300 pieces best 9 4 Cotton Sheetings at 60 cents;
5060 pieces best 10 4 Cotton Sheetings at 85 cents.
Also, Wamsutta, White Rock, Lonsdale, and all other kinds of Shirtings at equally low prices.
Table Damasks, Table Cloths, Towels, Napkins, Barnesley and Scotch Linen Sheetings, Lace and Muslin Curtains, etc.

BLANKETS, QUILTS,
FLANNELS, CLOTH,
CASSIMERE, CLOAKING,
MOURNING DRESS GOODS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

10,000 yards best Merrimac Prints, at 16 cents per yard;
5,000 yards French and English Prints, yard wide, 25c.;
10,000 yards French Prints, at 30 cents.
Also, Percales, Organdies, Cambrics and Ginghams.
5,000 yards Silk and Wool Poplins, at 80 cents;
2,000 yards Empress Cloth, at 75 cents;
3,000 yards best Mohair, at 60 cents.
Also, Delaines, Merinos, Dehages, Challys.

Rich Colored and Black Silks,
Of the Latest Style,
AND AT VERY REASONABE PRICES.

Shawls, Cloaks and Mantillas,
Of the Latest Paris Fashions
RECEIVED BY EVERY STEAMER.

ALEXANDRE'S BEST KID GLOVES.
500 dozen, in all colors and sizes, just received at $1 25 per pair.

NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
jy22 Under the Lick House.

SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.

GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
Office, 520 Montgomery street,
jy22 td San Francisco.

WHEATLEIGH'S
EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES TO-DAY, JULY 22D,
Brougham's excellent Burlesque of
COLUMBUS EL FILIBUSTERO,
And the romantic Drama entitled.
LIKE AND UNLIKE.

Saturday Evening, July 22d,
COLUMBUS EL FILIBUSTERO
AND
LIKE AND UNLIKE!

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 24TH,
The Military Drama of

JESSIE BROWN!

OR THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

MEXICAN 10 PER CENT.
SIX YEAR LOAN.

The undersigned having a full Power of Attorney from Gen. GASPAR SANCHEZ OCHOA, Commissioner for

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO,

as Agent for the sale of the Bonds of this

POPULAR LOAN,

These Bonds will be sold at

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, GOLD COIN.

They bear date July 1st, 1865, and are now ready to be furnished in sums to suit, in denominations from $50 to $1,000. Principal and interest payable in

UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

Interest Payable Semi-Annually, at the PACIFIC BANK in the city of San Francisco.

The payment and redemption of these Bonds and Coupons are secured by the transfer to the undersigned, as Trustee, of one-half of the fiscal proceeds of

ALL THE REVENUES AND DUTIES

Derived from the Custom Houses of

MAZATLAN, GUAYMAS, MANZANILLO,

And all the Ports in the States of

SINALOA, SONORA AND COLIMA,

And from the Mines of said States,

Which Revenues and Duties, so soon as collected, are to be deposited and held by the undersigned in the PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, and employed exclusively for the payment of said Bonds and Interest.

General Ochoa has made an assignment to the undersigned, of one-half of all the Duties received at the above Custom Houses, for the payment of said Loan and Interest, and also to appoint Agents to receive the above Revenues.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

Are now open at our office, Room No. 3, third floor, Masonic Building,

No. 420 Montgomery street.

SAMUEL BRANNAN,
jy8 Agent.

RARE CHANCE

TO SECURE

DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 60 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22 4t Rooms Nos. 2 and 6.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent. per day on a $50 note.			
Two cents	"	$100	"
Ten	"	$500	"
20	"	$1,000	"
$1	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29 3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.

my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE
WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, at the office of this paper. jy15 4t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 10.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 29, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES:

THE CALIFORNIAN'S Condensed Novelists —By "Bret."
The Study of Nature.—By "Iris."
"Mrs. Grundy."
The Red Hat—A Legend of the Malmaison.
Hints for the Sound and the Sick.
Garibaldi's Wife.
Leisure Moments.
Musical Intelligence Abroad.
An Elephant Story
Winter in New England.

EDITORIALS:

After-Dinner Speeches.
The Alumni Poem.
A New Weapon.
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NEW BOOKS:

A Review of Recent Publications.

POETRY:

The Bells of Avignon.
Runion Carol for July 4, 1865.

THEATRICAL TALK:

The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.
Theatricals Abroad.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:

Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.
[By "Trem."

ONLY A CLOD—Miss Braddon's New Novel, Conclusion.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE accomplished editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* says he should like to know if we think "writers are liberally paid in California." We must confess that we have a suspicion that they are not; but the fact of the matter is, the proprietor of the *Mercury* was trying to "bear" literary stock, so we did a little "bulling." We imagine literary labor is even cheaper in the interior of the State, than it is in San Francisco. In the Quincy *Union* of July 22d, we observed an article headed "The Editorship," in which the proprietor of that paper expresses his regret that "circumstances were such as to cause its editor to withdraw." He then goes on to say:

"Mr. Buckbee has been the editor of this paper ever since it started, and, during the time, he has never to our knowledge, asked for or received any pecuniary recompense for his services. That he has filled the position with ability and credit to himself, our readers well know."

We are quite sure that our neighbor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* who writes for cash instead of credit, will agree with us that Mr. Buckbee in working for nothing for three years, far from doing a virtuous action, was guilty of a great blunder, and that the proprietor served him just right in not allowing him, after he had been turning the grindstone so long for his accommodation, to grind a little axe of his own. The proprietor of the *Union* winds up his article thus:

"We have not, as yet, engaged the services of any person to edit the *Union*, and until we do so, our readers will have to be satisfied with such *melange* as we shall choose to publish, or else—not read the paper."

We do not suppose that the proprietor of the Quincy *Union*, after having been accustomed for three years to an editor who "never to his knowledge asked for, or received any recompense for his services," will be inclined to indulge in the extravagance of a paid editor; he will rather look around for some ambitious young man to whom the glory of being "an editor" will be sufficient payment for the performance of duties, which, when properly executed, involve a considerable amount of hard labor. After having been an editor for a year or two, the young man will be entirely spoilt for manual labor, in which it is possible he might have attained excellence, and will be only too happy if, having by hard toil attained the art of stringing other men's ideas together in the form of "leaders," he can at length obtain remuneration for these ingenious pieces of literary mosaic work at the rate of a postage stamp per line. No, Mr. Editor of the *Chronicle*, we do *not* "think writers are liberally paid in California." Our craft is in danger. These cheap scribblers, are they who howl at "carping critics," they hand together in a conspiracy to pass off their base metal on the public. These are they, who, having after hours, nay, days of patient labor, produced a sickly distempered mouse, gnash their teeth with fury when they see the little beast safely caged behind the wires of the "mouse-trap."

THE advisability of being a "Short Hair" was proved by the issue of the fight between the "Long Hairs" and the "Short Hairs" in Sacramento last week. The "Long Hairs" were whipped, as when they attempted to grab the "Short Hairs," they could get nothing to lay hold of. Moral. When you attend a Sacramento Convention, always adopt the "Short Hair" fashion.

IT is interesting to know that the terrible organization known as the "Golden Circle" has suspended all action until the 1st of July, 1870. Until that date the knights will be under a cloud, but when that milleunial period arrives the knights will see daylight. If newspapers are to be believed, the Golden Circle has cut quite a figure in the late rebellion; now the Golden Circle is 0.

IN the *Examiner* of Monday last, a communication appeared which fills our minds with the gravest apprehensions. The correspondent who signs himself "Anti-Nig," states that on Sunday "intelligent-looking white girls of about nine years of age, were seen affectionately embracing and kissing the cast iron negro boys, stationed in front of the Russ House block on Montgomery street." "Anti Nig" goes on to say:

"What wonder that children, having the "equality of the negro" daily instilled into their minds, should illustrate the effect of such teachings, by embracing these representations of young American citizens of African descent!"

What wonder, indeed! No doubt the storekeeper before whose door these cast iron negroes are placed, is an Abolitionist, and put them there in order to tempt intelligent-looking white girls of about nine years of age to kiss them. These are dreadful times we live in. Only a few days ago, we saw an intelligent looking white baby fondling a black doll. That child when she grows up, will marry a negro! There can be no doubt of it. And who will be to blame? Assuredly, her parents who bought her that black doll will only have themselves to thank. Let those cast-iron negroes be removed from Russ House block, lest an outraged people rise in their might and destroy them, before another intelligent-looking white girl of nine years of age embraces them. Let all the black dolls found in the toy shops be confiscated before this thing goes too far. It is true that down South intelligent white children have been in the habit of kissing negroes who were not cast iron, but they were slaves and therefore not to be regarded with the disgust and abhorrence that the cast iron figures of little free black boys—no doubt the Abolitionist who cast them meant them for free black boys—must inspire in the mind of every well educated girl of nine years of age. We would recommend as one means of checking the alarming growth of this feeling in favor of the negro in the infantile mind, that mothers should always threaten their children, when naughty, that they will "give them to the black man," then let stories be written about little girls who kissed black men and were afterwards eaten by them; let the present edition of children's books be destroyed, and, in the new edition, let all the cruel giants be represented as negroes. We merely throw out these suggestions, as it is evident, when white babies hug negro dolls, and intelligent-looking white girls of nine years of age embrace cast iron negro boys with blue jackets on, it is time that *something* should be done.

LORD CLARENCE PAGET, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, in responding to the toast of "The Navy," at a banquet given on the 10th of June at Fishmongers Hall, London, said the Emperor of the French had invited the English armor-plated fleet to make a tour round the coast of France, and in return the French iron-plated fleet had been asked to make a similar tour around the English coast. Isn't that a nice little arrangement? Louis Napoleon wants to have a look at John Bull's iron-plated vessels, to count them and see who has got most. Wouldn't it be a good plan for Uncle Sam to write a little note to Louis, asking him if he wouldn't like to have a look at his little fleet? The result of these two naval reviews will be that the Government which finds itself the weakest in that arm of the service will immediately set to work to supply the deficiency. The *entente cordiale* is very cordial between England and France, but they like to keep even in the matter of iron-plated vessels, in case of accidents. Uncle Sam ought really, now he has got through his fighting, to do a little reviewing. A grand naval review off the coast of Mexico to do honor to Emperor Maximilian might have a good effect. These little courtesies passing between nations are very pleasant.

WHAT queer people they have in Paris! A letter from that city says: "We have just had our dog show, and we are to have our insect show." We suppose the insects did not show on the dogs, but they were doubtless there, though not at that time reckoned among the Paris sights. Parasites are to be included in this display of insects. Class No. 4 is "Insects used for the table." We wonder if that is a numerous class in Paris. In America we might find at a dinner party big bugs and a fine specimen of grub. We have heard of the Diet of Worms, but didn't know they were fond of it in Paris. "Insects used for the table!" This is turning the tables, when human beings become insectiverous, and instead of being eaten by insects, eat them. Stewed mosquitoes would be a delicate dish for the Summer time. Fricaseed fireflies might be called light diet. Perhaps wasps are made into a *sauce piquante*. We cannot believe class 4 is large; John the Baptist used to eat locusts, and the Digger Indians eat grasshoppers; but they don't use tables, and we don't suppose St. John did either. We have seen a roach used for the table, but it was not a cockroach. We know snails are made into soup, but of course every one knows a snail is not an insect; on the contrary, it is an air-breathing gasteropod mollusk of the genus Helix. We give it up; we can't imagine what insects are used for the table.

A MAN in China, who robbed a peddlar, was put into a mortar and fired against a wall. This may be called a brick and mortar punishment.

"THE resident correspondent of the *Alta California*" in New York, writes letters which are admirably suited to the columns of that paper. The proprietors of the *Alta* have a wholesome fear of putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment, and select their writers accordingly. How like Sir Andrew Aguecheek is the *Alta*, the comic paper of the Pacific Coast! Let little *Puck* fool ever so admirably the *Alta* can say:

"Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural."

The New York correspondent must have graduated in the office on Sacramento street, must have been a localitems at one time and written funny Police Court items, like the present incumbent, or he could never have learnt to adapt himself to the style of the *Alta* so admirably. How infinitely funny is the following:

"'Take off your hat, sir!' was the pleasant salutation to a gent last Sabbath evening, in old Trinity Church, by one of the tallow-faced understrappers there employed to sweep out, etc. The gent spoken to was escorting a couple of Boston ladies in viewing the chancel and edifice after the vesper service, and, Yankee as he is, thoughtlessly placed it on his head, without any idea of disrespect to the time or place. However, he learned something just then."

Severe man! The "understrapper" was "tallow-faced" because he told the *Alta's* New York correspondent—for he certainly *was* the "gent"—to take off his hat in the House of God. It is comforting to know "he learned something just then;" we hope he will remember it. It is fit that a "gent" should be employed as New York correspondent; there is a strong flavor of "gent" pervading this correspondence which is admirably in keeping with the general character of the *Alta's* columns. Here is another highly interesting paragraph:

"The common ejaculation to-day is, 'Oh, my!—how hot it is!' People are endeavoring in all manner of ways to make themselves comfortable, and he or she who attains the nearest to nudity consistent with decency, are looked upon admiringly."

Who does not recognize *Alta* English in the expression "he or she *are* looked upon admiringly?" What a wonderful piece of work is the *Alta California!* All the parts—editor, localitems, correspondents—combine to make a stupendous whole.

IN a list of passengers by stage, arrived at Virginia City, appears "A. Snob." If it is ever worth a man's while to go to the trouble and expense of having his name changed by Act of Legislature, we should think it would be so in the case of this unfortunate individual. What woman can he find possessed of sufficient strength of mind to marry him and proceed to raise a lot of little Snobs. Horrible! "A. Snob" may not be a snob; it may be one of those cases where the sins of the father are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation. Perhaps his great grandfather justly gained the name of "Snob;" but are his descendants forever to bear that odious appellation? Forbid it, Justice! How that name must check all the great aspirations of the man who bears it. It is the boast of Americans that there is a possibility of any one of them becoming President of the United States. Yes, except "A. Snob." Who would vote for a "A. Snob" for President? Let him change his name; better call himself "Villain" than "Snob" We did not know, we could not believe, before we read that passenger list, that there was, "crawling twixt earth and Heaven," a being so unfortunate as to bear as his patronymic that word which is used to designate the very lowest of God's creatures—"snob."

IT is thought that quite an influx of population into Mexico will shortly take place. The United States Government is paying off some thousands of soldiers quite close to the borders of Mexico, and it is probable that a considerable number of these will cross over to have a look at the country. If the Government imagined for an instant that these soldiers would be likely to interfere in Mexican affairs by taking up arms on the Liberal side they would of course take care not to discharge them anywhere in the neighborhood of Maximilian's domains, but they know the soldiers are to be trusted not to commit any breaches of neutrality. Strict neutrality will be preserved; if soldiers *will* "straggle" into Mexico, the United States can't help it.

IN a list of new books, we observe: "*The Printer's Handbook; being a Treatise on the Imposition of Type.*" Good gracious! If all the impositions practiced by means of type are enumerated in this work, it might be issued in some hundreds of volumes, and be interesting not only to printers but the world at large; but perhaps, after all, it only refers to the imposing or placing of type in the form in which it is to be printed, in pages. The war news as published in the newspapers during the continuance of the rebellion, would, if collected into a volume, make a very pretty specimen of the "imposition of type."

THE Nevada *Gazette* makes the extraordinary assertion that "The *Alta* has found a man who breeds gold fish by artificial incubation." We were not aware that the spawn of fish underwent the process of incubation. The spectacle of a gold fish sitting on its eggs to hatch them would be an interesting one. Perhaps the editor of the *Alta* intends to turn his attention to the "incubation" of gold fish, and give up his fruitless attempt to hatch an idea, on which he has been so long engaged.

TREM

CONCLUSION OF MISS M. E. BRADDON'S NOVEL,

ONLY A CLOD.

By the author of "Aurora Floyd," "Three Times Dead," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Doctor's Wife," "The Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XL—Continued.

HARCOURT LOWTHER had his gallop in the Park. It was dusk before he went back to town, and he left the Park by the Prince's Gate, and rode slowly through the gorgeous dismality of Stuccoville. He walked his horse down the street in which Francis Tredethlyn's household had been established.

Looking up at the dimly-lighted windows, Harcourt Lowther wondered if Maude Tredethlyn's heart, set free all at once from its mercenary bondage, had fluttered back to the lover of her youth.

"She loved me once," he thought, "and my hold upon her ought to be stronger now than ever it was."

Riding slowly homeward Mr. Lowther found it very difficult to shut out of his mind the picture of a burning ship, and the image of the man whom he had called his friend, prominent amidst a wild night-scene of death and horror.

"I'm glad I had nothing to do with the fellow's going in that vessel," thought Mr. Lowther. "*I* had no hand in his mad freak of bolting off to Buenos Ayres; so I needn't worry myself. If he had lived to get there safely, I daresay he'd have been finished off by fever."

Nearly a week elapsed before Harcourt Lowther approached the woman who had once been his plighted wife. The schemer wanted to be sure of his triumph. One interview with Maude, one look in her face, would be enough to tell him whether his hold on her was undiminished. A nervous restlessness that was foreign to his temperament had come upon him since the tidings of the *Kingfisher's* destruction had reached his ears; and he could not endure anything like uncertainty or suspense.

He called at Stuccoville one morning. He was told that Mrs. Tredethlyn would see no one; but that Miss Desmond would receive him, if he pleased.

He did please; and was ushered to where Julia sat writing at a little table near the window. There was a door opening from Mrs. Tredethlyn's dressing-room into the morning-room; and as Harcourt entered at one door, a pale wan creature in black appeared at the other.

She was drawing back, when he ran to her and seized her hand.

"Maude!" he cried, passionately, "I must speak to you. Surely you are not going to treat *me* like a stranger."

She tried to take her hand from his, but he held it firmly and drew her into the room; as he did so, Julia, who had risen on his entrance, went quietly out at the other door. Maude and Harcourt were alone.

"What can you have to say to me?" asked Mrs. Tredethlyn. "It is cruel of you to force yourself upon me at such a time as this. I have grief enough and trouble enough without being tortured by the sight of you."

Harcourt Lowther looked at her aghast.

"Tortured by the sight of me!" he repeated.

"Yes," answered Maude indignantly. "It was your fault that my husband left me. It was you who planted base suspicions in my mind when there was no need for suspicion. Why did you poison my mind against the best husband a woman ever had? How could you be so base as to repay his trusting friendship with such malicious treachery?"

"Because I loved you, Mrs. Tredethlyn, and believed that your husband had wronged you. Was *I* likely to be a very lenient judge of his conduct towards you, when I had loved you so passionately, and had been jilted by you so cruelly for him? You questioned me, and I spoke. Can you forget or deny that I spoke reluctantly? You hang your head, Mrs. Tredethlyn; ah, I see that you remember."

"Yes," answered Maude piteously, as she sank into a chair; "you are right. I made you speak. It was my own jealous folly from first to last. If others doubted and suspected, I ought to have trusted him. What a pitiful return I made him for so much devotion, when I could not even give him my confidence!" She was lost in thought. It was of her husband that she was thinking. Harcourt Lowther could see that.

She looked at him presently. "Have you anything more to say to me?" she asked coldly.

"Have I anything more to say! Are you mad, Mrs. Tredethlyn, that you ask me such a question? I respect your natural sorrow for the terrible fate of your husband; but I should despise you if you were so false-hearted a prude as to affect forgetfulness of what is due to me."

Maude looked at him as she had never looked at him before. Wonder, indignation, disgust—all mingled in the expression of her countenance. He had woven his network to ensnare a frivolous shallow-hearted girl, and behold, on the completion of the schemer's web, a woman arose in the strength of her truth and purity, and shook herself free from the toils as easily as if they had been so much gossamer. "There is something due from me to you?" she asked haughtily. "What is it?"

"The fulfilment of your broken promise. I have waited, Maude, and waited patiently. Hopeless but patient, I have given you a disinterested devotion which is without a parallel in the history of man's sacrifice for the woman of his choice. Now that you are free, I ask some atonement for the past, some reward for my patience. Tell me that the past is not quite forgotten. Why do you look at me like that? Have I been the dupe of a coquette from first to last, Mrs. Tredethlyn, and does your husband's death only leave you free to jilt me again? Have I been fooled to the top of my bent by a woman who has never loved me?"

"No, Mr. Lowther," Maude answered, very quietly; "I did once love you. But my love died—a very sudden death."

"When you discovered the advantages of a wealthy marriage for the penniless daughter of a commercial defaulter," cried Harcourt.

"No; my love for you was a girlish fancy, if you like—though Heaven only knows how deeply I felt for you in your exile—how willing I would have been to resign my imaginary wealth for love of you, if you had asked me to do so. But you never did ask that. You did not want the wife without the fortune. When you came home and found me engaged to another man—about to sacrifice myself in a mercenary marriage, as you thought—there was yet time to have exacted the fulfilment of my promise. I loved you then, Harcourt. A word from you, and I would have told Francis the truth, and demanded my release. He was far too generous to have withheld it. But in doing that I should have offended my father, and I should have come to you penniless. You did not want me on those terms, Harcourt. The honest indignation of a disinterested lover never found an utterance on your lips. You were contented to assume the position of friend and confidant to your unconscious rival; and it is only since I have been left alone to think of my past life, that I have fully understood the dishonor involved in keeping our broken engagement a secret from my husband. I loved you when you came back to England, Harcourt. It was a hard battle which duty had to fight against the unaltered affection of my girlhood. I prayed to God night and day for strength to do my duty, and to keep my promise to the man who had a claim upon me, which you have never known. I prayed for power to blot your image from my mind; and my prayer was heard. My first foolish love died on my wedding-day, Harcourt, when you stood by to see me married to Francis. From that hour to this you have been no more to me than any other man who has paid me the conventional attentions which I imagined I had a right to receive. If I had ever seen more than this in your conduct, Mr. Lowther, you would have found me quite capable of asserting my position."

"The world has chosen to see a good deal more than conventional courtesy in my attendance upon you, Mrs. Tredethlyn," answered he. He had lost his game. Utterly defeated in the moment of his expected triumph, he was careless as to the rest of his play. "People have been good enough to make us the subject of considerable discussion, Mrs. Tredethlyn," continued Harcourt. "A man is apt to hear these things, though they rarely reach the ears of the lady most interested in hearing them. The people amongst whom we live have made up their minds about us, I know, and will be considerably astonished if you throw me over now that you are free to reward the patient devotion which has endured so much in the hope of this hour."

He saw Maude's look of unutterable scorn; a look which revealed her to him in a new and higher light, and inspired him with a more passionate love than he had ever felt for her yet—and at his worst he had loved her.

"Maude," he cried, in a sudden fit of mingled rage and despair, "why do you goad me to say these things? I know how detestible I seem to you. And yet, as there is a heaven above me, I have loved you truly from first to last. Pity me if, while I prayed for no better fate than to face the enemy's guns on an Indian battle-field, I was a coward in social life, and dared not brave genteel poverty even for your sake. Pity me if I shrank from thrusting myself between you and a wealthy marriage. I had been poor all my life and I know what you have never learnt—the horrors of a gentleman's poverty. You would have thought me a model of all that is noble and distinguished if I had exposed you to its miseries; you think me a scoundrel because I was not selfish enough to say to you, 'Reject Francis Tredethlyn and a life of elegant ease, and accept my devotion and an existence of penury and trouble.'"

"And you ask me now to fulfil my broken promise? Have you inherited a fortune, Mr. Lowther? or how is it that your ideas upon matrimony have altered?"

The schemer flushed crimson to the roots of his hair, and then grew deadly pale. For the life of him he could not answer that question. He could not say, "*My* position is unchanged, but *you* are rich. Give me your fortune and the heart I did not choose to claim when it was unaccompanied by fortune."

"Had we not better wish each other good morning, Mr. Lowther?" Maude said, after a little pause. "Your visit is ill-timed and most unwelcome. Your presence reminds me of the cruel wrong done to a noble friend, a devoted husband, whose worth I have learned only too late; whom I have loved unconsciously, only to discover the depth of my affection when its object is lost to me forever."

"You loved your husband!" cried Harcourt, with a cynical laugh; "you seem determined to astonish me to-day. You loved your husband?"

"Yes—dearly and truly; and love his memory better than ever I loved you. I have learned to think, since I have been released from your influence; for it was your influence that regulated my life as well as my husband's; it was your influence that kept us asunder, and plunged both of us into a whirlpool of dissipation. You are base enough to tell me that the world has linked my name with yours. I can afford to despise a world in which I have never found real happiness, and in which I no longer wish to hold a place. I shall go back to my father's house, and my life will be one long atonement for the past. I tell you this Mr. Lowther, in order that you may understand that we must be strangers to each other henceforward."

She laid her hand upon the bell as she spoke. Harcourt Lowther stood for some moments looking at her. A strange compound of passionate admiration and vengeful fury flamed in his eyes.

"I have sometimes wondered at the madmen who murder the women they have loved; but God help you, Maude Tredethlyn, if I had a loaded pistol in my pocket to-day!"

He folded his arms, locking them together with a convulsive snddenness, as if he could only thus restrain the impulse by which he would have struck her down where she stood defying him; and then he turned, and slowly left the room.

CHAPTER XLI.

SUSAN'S GOOD NEWS.

Maude Tredethlyn sat alone in her spacious chamber, thinking of the husband whom she had lost, and whose worth she had only discovered when it was too late. She would accept sympathy from no one. Julia wrote her letters, and saw people who must be seen, and was very good; but the wayward heart shrank away from her in its sudden desolation.

As she sat alone, upon the evening after her interview with Harcourt, her husband's image was more vividly present with her than it had been at any moment since his departure. She thought of him, with her face hidden in her hands, and her aching head lying wearily on the sofa-cushion. She thought of him until a nervous restlessness came upon her, and she sprang suddenly to her feet, unable to bear the oppression of that dreary room, or any room in that dreary house.

She crossed the room hurriedly, and rang the bell. She had told her maid to bring lights only when she rang for them. When the candles came, Maude went to a writing-table, and wrote a few hasty lines to her husband's simple little cousin. She had written to Susan once before, to tell her of Francis Tredethlyn's departure; but the two women had not seen each other since their first meeting.

My Dear Susan: There is terrible news of your cousin: it may have reached you before this, perhaps. Will you come to me? I am so utterly miserable, and I believe that you are the only person in the world who can understand my sorrow. Come, dear, I implore you. Ever your affectionate

Maude.

Maude slept soundly that night for the first time since the tidings of the *Kingfisher's* fate had reached her, and woke in the morning to see Susan looking down at her with a smile upon her face.

"Ah, you don't know," cried Maude—you don't know what has happened: you haven't heard?"

"O! what, dear?" Susan asked gently.

"The loss of the *Kingfisher*—the fire—the dreadful fire! Oh, Susan you *cannot* have heard!"

Mrs. Tredethlyn said this, because the girl's face, though it was grave and sad, expressed none of that acute anguish which Susan ought to have felt for her cousin's untimely fate. She only looked at Maude with a wondering earnestness.

"Yes, it was very dreadful," she said. "Mrs. Clinnock read it in the paper, and told me. I am so sorry for all the sufferers. But oh, Maude, dear cousin, how grateful we ought to be for the accident that saved Francis from such a fate! If he had gone by that vessel, dear ——"

She stopped suddenly, for Maude looked at her with an unnatural stare, and then fell back unconscious.

No, he had not perished with the ill-fated passengers of the *Kingfisher*. Lives as noble had gone down to the deep waters; but Francis Tredethlyn had not made a part in the mighty sacrifice. When Maude recovered from the deadly faintness that had come upon her, Susan showed her a letter which she had received from her cousin—a letter that had been written in a hotel at Plymouth *after* the sailing of the *Kingfisher*. It was a kind, kinsmanlike letter, stating the arrangements which the writer had made for the comfort and welfare of his cousin and child; and, in conclusion, Francis told Susan that he had reached Plymouth too late to leave by the *Kingfisher*. Thus left with his time on his hands for some days, he had resolved on going to have a look at the old neighborhood once more.

"It might seem a foolish fancy to many people, but I don't think it will to you, Susy," he wrote. "I want to gather a handful of daisies from my mother's grave before I leave the soil that holds her forever. I want to stand by the old hearth once more, though God knows what a pain it will be to me to see strangers in the old home. God bless you, dear, and good-by! I shall not write again till I write from the New World."

This was the close of the letter which Susan gave Maude to read. Her first feeling on reading it was unbounded gratitude to the Providence that had saved Francis Tredethlyn. Her second feeling was considerable indignation against Francis himself.

Then she was grateful to Providence again, and angry with herself for having been angry with Francis; and then she pounced upon Susan and kissed her.

"What am I to do, darling?" she asked; "I daresay he has gone off by some other horrible steamer. But wherever he is, I won't stop idle in this dreary house. I won't trust everything to that slow solemn lawyer. I'll go to Cornwall myself, and find out all about my husband; how long he stayed there, and when he left. You'll tell me where to go, won't you?"

Of course Susan was ready to give her cousin's wife all needful information about that forgotten corner of the earth, Landresdale. She would have volunteered to accompany Maude to the western moors, but Maude declared she wanted no one to accompany her.

"I suppose I must take my maid," she said; "but I shall leave her at the inn at Falmouth, and go alone to that queer old house on the moor, and those queer old people Francis once told me about."

That day, while Maude was making preparations for her departure, Susan sat in the morning-room with Julia, when the door was suddenly opened by an impetuous hand, and Miss Grunderson burst in upon them more intensely pink than usual."

"They wanted me to go to the drawing-room, and they'd go and see if Mrs. Tredethlyn was at home!" exclaimed Rosa. "I know what their going and seeing is. Not at home, always; and I do so want to see that poor darling."

Julia interrupted Miss Grunderson with a simple statement of the fact which had put an end to Maude's brief time of mourning. Rosa's delight was very genuine, and on being introduced to Mrs. Lesley she expanded as it was her wont to expand on all occasions.

"You can't think how glad I am!" she exclaimed; "for I assure you when I heard of that *dreadful* event, I felt as if it was quite hard hearted of me to be happy, and I have been very happy for the last week or so. In point of fact," added Miss Grunderson, dragging at the button of a very light glove, "I'm going to be married."

"Indeed!" said Julia, politely.

"Yes. You see as par has long objected to my running after public characters, which of course was tiresome to him—so when Mr. Lowther—Mr. Roderick Lowther, you know—proposed, par happening to be in a good temper, it was all settled immediately."

Miss Grunderson entertained the two ladies for some time with minute details of her own affairs, and she confessed presently that Roderick had promised to call for her.

"He doesn't want to see Mrs. Tredethlyn, you know," she said; "he was only anxious to express to you how sorry he is, and so on—though, of course, now he hasn't any occasion to be sorry, thank goodness! but you don't mind his coming to fetch me, do you, dear? The carriage is waiting for me, and I'm going to take him on to the Haymarket. And I'm to go down to Lowther Hall to stay before our marriage; and I'm to be introduced to a maiden aunt of Roderick's from whom he has expectations this very afternoon—I mean I'm to be introduced to her this very afternoon," added Rosa.

While she was chattering, the door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Lowther. As he looked about him, unaccustomed to the obscurity, he heard a faint shriek, and a woman who had been sitting with her back to the window started suddenly from her chair.

"Robert!" she cried; "Robert, is it you?" And then she sank down again, pale and breathless.

"Robert!" exclaimed Miss Grunderson; "you must mistake Mr. Lowther for some one else, Mrs. Lesley. His name is not Robert."

"Perhaps not," Susan answered sadly. "He kept his real name a secret from the poor girl who was once proud to call herself his wife; but whatever his name may be, he is my husband, nevertheless, and Providence has brought about our meeting to-day. Oh, don't add a falsehood to the wrong you have done me!" she cried, appealing to Roderick, who stood pale and confounded. "I shall claim very little of you. I only want you to give me the name I have a right to bear; I only want you to acknowledge your son."

Roderick Lowther did not reply to this appeal. After a moment's pause he turned to Julia:

"Where do you pick up your acquaintance, Miss Desmond? I should scarcely have expected to meet this lady here."

"This lady is my husband's cousin," answered Maude, who had entered the room while he was speaking; "and I do not know any one who has a better right to be here. What is the matter, Susy, darling?"

"There is nothing that can be spoken of here," Susan answered; "I have met some one whom I never expected to see again. I will wait till my cousin Francis comes back. I will say no more till then."

"But, good gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Grunderson, "I'm not going to be treated in this sort of way. What does it all mean, Roderick? That lady starts up all of a sudden, and calls you her husband, and then says she'll wait till her cousin comes home. I can't be expected to wait till her cousin comes home. I can't take matters so coolly. With my trousseau ordered, and all! I must and will have an explanation!"

"You shall, Rosa; but for mercy's sake hold your tongue. There is some infernal mistake. You had better go home; never mind about the ear-rings to-day. If this lady mistakes me for some one she knows, or has a claim upon, I have no doubt I shall be able to demonstrate her mistake, if I can talk to her for a few minutes quietly. And now let me take you to your carriage, Rosa."

Rosa would have resisted such a summary way of disposing of her and her wrongs; but Roderick was firm. He led her down stairs, and he put her into her carriage, and he sent her home as coolly as if she had been a packet of dry goods consigned to his temporary care, to be quietly sent on to Mr. Grunderson.

He looked very grave as he went to Mrs. Tredethlyn's morning-room to demand an interview with Susan; but he looked a great deal more grave as he left the house after that interview and made his way back to his brother's lodgings.

He found Harcourt with the slim foreign bottle on the table by his side.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the younger brother.

"There is this much the matter with me," answered Roderick: "I trusted a fellow to help me in a delicate business, and I've reason to think that he took advantage of my confidence to get me into a dilemma that it will take me all my life to get out of. I have seen Susan Turner to-day."

"Indeed."

"And she has told me something about the Registrar. Do you remember what I asked you to do for me, Harcourt?"

"Perfectly. And I have got the letter containing your request in my possession—such a nice letter! You tell me in it that you have fallen over head and ears with an innocent little country girl, too poor and insignificant to be your wife, too virtuous to be your mistress. Another man might have accepted his fate, and either resigned the lady, or made some sacrifice of his own interests and married her. You were inclined to do neither, and you fell back upon a villainous expedient familiar to the readers of old-fashioned novels, and known as a mock marriage. Let me tell you that, as you never in your life did a generous thing for me, it wasn't very likely that I should get myself into a legal hobble. I didn't wish to be too disobliging, so I arranged a marriage, but it was a real and not a sham one; and you are as tightly tied to your pretty little wife as if the business had been transacted at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"You are a remorseless scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Lowther coolly. "And I am very happy to tell you that your own pretty little plans are knocked on the head. Francis Tredethlyn did not sail in the *Kingfisher*."

Harcourt gave a little start of surprise, but his countenance did not express profound vexation. The schemer had failed so completely, that it mattered very little to him now what course events took.

"Yes, Francis Tredethlyn is alive and well, I have no doubt," resumed Roderick. "And my little Susy turns out to be Francis Tredethlyn's first cousin."

"Then the likeness which I fancied I saw in that daub of a portrait and the similarity of name were not mere coincidents, after all," muttered Harcourt. "And the lady at Petersham is my little sister-in-law. It's a pity you didn't treat her a little better," he added; "for Francis Tredethlyn could afford to give her a handsome fortune if he pleased. It was from her father he inherits his money; and if you had declared your marriage, and made things square with the old man, your wife need not have been disinherited, and would have been as rich a prize as any Miss Grunderson."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Roderick; "I know what I have lost as well as you do. If you had been aboveboard with me, and told me that you had sold me about the marriage, I might have acted differently. Why did you get me into such a mess?"

"Because I didn't choose to be your catspaw. I have been sacrificed to your interests all my life, and I was determined to keep my hold upon you when I'd got it."

"And you would have allowed me to marry Rosa Grunderson?"

"*C'est selon!* I *think* I should have spoken at the last minute."

"You are a scoundrel!"

"And you are—I can't finish the sentence without sinking to slang."

In this fashion the brothers bandied civilities for some time; but they ended matters by dining together at the Metropolitan.

Warmed by a good dinner and a bottle of Moselle, Roderick grew hopeful as to the future.

"Looking at it in any way, Rosa was a nuisance," said Mr. Lowther, "and perhaps it's better as it is."

CHAPTER XLII.

Maude left Paddington by an afternoon express. At Landersdale she procured a vehicle to take her to Tredethlyn Grange. The way seemed intolerably long to her; but at last she saw a gray spot against the blue sky: the gray spot grew bigger and bigger against the horizon, until it grew at last into a dreary-looking habitation, with quaint old gables and moss-grown stone walls.

Maude looked hopelessly at the quiet house—so little sign of occupation, so little token of life.

"He can't be there," she thought, a sudden gush of tears shutting out the gray stone walls, the clover-fields and browsing sheep. "I am too late!"

She brushed away her tears, drew down her veil, and alighted, telling the driver to wait for her; as she approached the door it was opened by a tall, gaunt woman, who had evidently been disturbed by the unwonted sound of wheels on the rough moorland road.

"Mr. Tredethlyn has been staying here, has he not?" Maude asked, eagerly.

"Yes, ma'am; and he's here still. Excuse me for being a little put out like, but you have taken me so aback. You don't happen to be my master's wife, do you?"

"Yes, yes. Oh, thank heaven he is still here! Let me see him at once, please!" exclaimed Maude, trying to pass the grim-looking woman who barred her passage.

"Not yet! oh, please, ma'am, not yet!" cried the woman, eagerly. "It mightn't be safe."

"Not safe! What do you mean?"

"He has been so ill, ma'am; and the doctor's special orders was, to be kept from anything that might upset him. And he talked and raved so about you, poor dear, when his senses were quite gone, as they were for weeks together; and I'm sure nothing could upset him so much as the sight of your coming upon him sudden. Let me see him first, and tell him you are here. I make no doubt he'll be overjoyed to see you—but it must'nt come like a shock upon him."

"He has been ill!" cried Maude; "dangerously ill!"

"Yes, ma'am; very dangerously. We had two doctors with him at one time. Brain-fever it was; over-fatigue and trouble of the mind, and so on, the doctors said. He came up here after being too late for the steamer by which he was to have gone abroad; and he came to settle everything about the farm and the quarries, and so on; and he worked at it night and day, without rest nor sleep, though me and my husband told him how bad it was for him; and everything was almost settled when he woke one morning bad in his head, and after that got from bad to worse, until his life was almost give up."

"But he is out of danger now?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank God, quite out of danger now; but oh, so weak; the smallest child that ever I had to do with wasn't weaker than my poor master now. If you'll walk in there, ma'am, I'll go and see him."

She said no more, but departed, and Maude crept into the old-fashioned room, fearful lest the rustling of her silk dress might disturb an invalid's slumber. It seemed a long time that she waited, and then Mrs. Dryscoll returned, smiling grimly this time.

"He'll see you directly minute," she said; "and oh, he does seem so pleased, poor dear!"

She led Maude to the top of the staircase, and then pointed to a half-open door at the end of a corridor. The young wife entered the room in which her husband lay on a white-curtained bed, very pale, very wan, and so weak that he could not raise his hand to offer it her in token of loving reconciliation. She fell on her knees by the bed, and laid her cheek upon the hand that was too weak to be lifted.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said; "my dear, my love, my true and cherished husband! If you wanted to give me a lesson, you have given me a very cruel one; but you have taught me that I cannot live without you."

She sat by his pillow with his weak head encircled by her caressing arms, and told him the story of her penitence and remorse. It was a sweet exchange of forgiveness for the past, and tender promises of love for the future.

After this Mrs. Tredethlyn had no more to do but to nurse her husband through the slow stages of convalescence. It was very long before he was strong enough to get up to a little Arcadian tea-drinking. It was very long after that before he was able to take a few turns in the clover-field, leaning on his wife's arm; still longer before he was well enough to think of turning his back upon Cornwall, and plunging into busy commonplace life again.

If he could have been an invalid all the rest of his life, he would have resigned himself uncomplainingly to his fate; for

what period of his chequered existence had been so sweet as this, in which he and Maude were all in all to each other?—this perpetual *tete-a-tete*, unbroken by the intrusion of morning callers, undisturbed by the conflicting emotions which attend social intercourse in high latitudes. And they were not idle either during these autumn months. Hidden among these wild Cornish moors, the husband and wife were very busy together—improving their minds; for Maude had confessed to her husband, with a good deal of girlish giggling and blushing, that her own education had been very nearly as defective as his, and that the wide fields of knowledge, which were such strange and bewildering regions to him, were scarcely more familiar to her.

"And you are so clever, Frank," she exclaimed in conclusion; she always called him Frank now. "You remember what those American phrenologists—Messrs. Somebody & Something—said about your perceptive faculties? You could learn anything, they said. And we'll learn together, dear, for I'm ashamed to say I've forgotten everything my governesses and masters taught me, except French and music, and a smattering of German and Italian. And I'm sure if you'd seen how, as soon as one master had beaten anything into my brains, another master came and beat it out again with something else, you'd scarcely wonder that I'm ignorant. So we'll begin together, Frank, dear, and learn everything. Won't it be fun?"

A young lady who looked upon the acquisition of universal knowledge as an agreeable joke would scarcely be expected to drink very deeply of the Pierian spring. Maude imbibed the classic waters in little fitful sips, and wasted a good deal of it in frolicsome splashing; but Francis had read considerably, even in the midst of his London dissipation, and he had a happy knack of remembering what he read.

"We have been so happy here, Francis," Maude said one dim November evening, as the husband and wife walked side by side upon the moorland before the Grange; "but I think we have learned to understand each other so well now that no one in the world will be able to divide us again. And by and by, when you have read a great deal about Julius Cæsar and political economy, and so on, and go into the House"—Maude opened her eyes to the widest extent as she pronounced the high-sounding substantive—"how proud I shall be of you; and I shall go to the ladies' gallery when you are going to speak. Then, when you have settled all about the Berkshire estate, how delightful it will be to arrange our model farm, and model stables, and pineries, and vineries, and conservatories, and orchid-houses, and a model dairy, and a model poultry-yard, almost as pretty as the one at Frogmore, and then how much we shall have to think of and talk about shan't we, Frank?"

"And you'll never be ashamed of me again, Maude?"

"Ashamed of you," cried Mrs. Tredethlyn innocently, "was I ever ashamed of you?" And then she looked at her husband archly, blushing and laughing. "Well, perhaps once, when you knocked those *petits timballe de gibier* into the duchess's lap, half a dozen of them, at the very least, Frank; and the night you tore Lady Aphelia Fitzormond's old point; but you are so refined, Frank, so improved, if I may venture to say as much without offending you."

"I should be a churlish brute indeed if I had not improved in the society of the sweetest wife in Christendom, to say nothing of Julius Cæsar. My great-grandfather was a gentleman, Maude, and there are few names older even than Tredethlyn in this land of ancient lineages. We dropped down until we came to be represented by my grandfather, who lived like a peasant for the sake of hoarding his money, and in whose steps my Uncle Oliver followed. I shall try to make myself a gentleman for your sake, Maude—it would never do for people to say that the lovely Mrs. Tredethlyn had allied herself to a man who was only a clod."

After this, need it be said that all went on very smoothly with Mr. and Mrs. Tredethlyn—so smoothly that poor discontented Julia abandoned the happy couple in disgust, and went abroad as traveling companion to a rheumatic old countess, who leads her a dreadful life, and insists upon being read to sleep out of German metaphysical works at wierd hours of the night. She has met with Roderick Lowther in the course of her travels—lonely and cynical, looking at everything in life through the medium of his own disappointments.

They are very happy, Francis and Maude. As time speeds on, there appears upon the lawn in Berkshire a little rolling bundle of white muslin and expensive lace, which, inspected closely, turns out to be a baby, and which, if it could speak at all, would answer to the name of Lionel Hillary Tredethlyn, and by and by, when the young couple travel in the bright autumn weather, a prim English nurse and a French *bonne* follow in their rear, and there is a little girl baby in a white hood, and papa and mamma are alike concerned for the safe conveyance of these domestic treasures. The girl baby is called Maude, but she owns a string of other names, and her two godmothers are Susan Lowther, who lives happily with her boy in the Petersham cottage, and Rosa Grunderson, who declares that in consequence of the distracting influence of public characters, and her fatal experience of the perfidy of private individuals in the person of Roderick Lowther, she will descend a spinster to the grave.

One day, at a German watering-place, they hear of a man living in the same hotel with them, their countryman, a man who is young, and has been handsome, and who for the last few months has been conspicuous in the gaming-saloons of the Kursaal as a desperate, and sometimes a very lucky player—a traveller, who can scarcely be an adventurer, for he has been admired and caressed by elegant women and well-born men, but who has been a hard drinker from first to last, and within the last fortnight has fallen a victim to the most hideous disease which vice ever engendered as the scorpion-whip to work its own retribution—a disease called delirium tremens. The landlord of the hotel tells Mr. Tredethlyn how this wretched Englishman has his bad fits and his intervals of quiet; how he will lie down calmly enough perhaps at night, to start up mad in the dim gray morning; to walk long distances, hurrying wildly before the fiend that pursues him; and to fall exhausted in some desolate spot and lie there, till some passing peasant picks him up and conveys him back to his lodging. The landlord describes, with considerable vivacity and gesticulation, how this poor afflicted creature will sit for hours together, catching at imaginary insects that cling about him and torment him; how he will watch and point to falling snow, that never falls; how, with a power that is hideously graphic, he will describe the devils that dance and gibber round his miserable bed. He tells Francis Tredethlyn, in confidence, that the poor ailing wretch is all but penniless, and that very scanty supplies of money come to him in reply to the letters he writes to England now and then in his rational moments.

It scarcely needed Maude's appealing look to inspire Francis with the wish to help this unhappy countryman. He says nothing to his wife, but goes by-and-by to smoke his cigar in the lamp-lit quadrangle, where there is a *café*, and a smoking-room, and a reading-room, and a post-office, and a perpetual clatter of divers tongues, and clatter of hurrying feet. He is a long time smoking that cigar; and yet Maude feels no displeasure in his absence, as she sits alone in her balcony looking out at the lamplit town and the solemn forest looming darkly in the distance. She knows that whatever impulse stirs her own heart, is almost sure to find an answering impulse in her husband's; and she can guess what keeps him so long to-night.

He has spoken to the landlord, he tells her, when he comes back, and has given him a cheque, which is to keep things smooth for the present; and has promised more money if more should be needed; for in any case the Englishman is not to be worried about money matters while he is ill; and above all he is not to know that a stranger's help has saved him from annoyance.

"The landlord persuaded me to go into the—poor fellow's room, afterwards," said Francis, slowly. "He thought it would cheer him up a little to shake a countryman by the hand; and I did go in, Maude, and I saw him."

"Yes, dear; and the interview has made you unhappy, I'm sure. You are looking so dreadfully pale."

"The man is very ill, Maude. Yes, the sight of him did almost knock me over, I assure you."

It was a week after this when Mr. and Mrs. Tredethlyn left the German watering-place. They were on the point of starting from the hotel when Maude noticed the closed shutters of some windows on an upper story, and, on questioning one of the waiters, was told that the Englishman was dead. She asked her husband to tell her more about the painful end of this lonely Englishman, as they sat alone in the *coupe* of a railway carriage.

"Yes, he is dead, Maude!" Francis answered sadly. "It was a very melancholy fate. The doctors could not conquer the sleeplessness, and he sank at last into a state of coma from which he never rallied. I left all necessary directions, and I have written to his friends in England. He was no friend of mine, but there seems something very shocking in this solitary death in a strange country."

"He was no friend of yours!" repeated Maude, wonderingly; "how can you say that, Frank? You knew him, then."

"Yes, Maude, and you knew him, too. The man who died last night was Harcourt Lowther."

THE END.

Judge Clark decided in Sacramento last week that the gambling law does not justify the indictment of any persons except the proprietors of the game, or the building in which gaming is conducted. Under the ruling ten men were discharged who had been arrested for gambling.

In Sacramento, recently, a woman procured the release of her husband from jail, and that night ran off with another fellow. Her object in procuring her husband's release, was to leave somebody with the children.

Good Ore.—At Markleeville, Alpine county, the Lady Franklin Company reached their lode lately, and found ore of a rich quality. It is supposed to be worth $2,000 a foot.

"MRS. GRUNDY."

THIS, the latest satirical enterprise of Eastern humorists whose coming has been favorably announced by the Atlantic press, has finally made its appearance. The first number does not seem particularly brilliant; indeed, the only noticeable feature of this new American *Punch* is its title page, which gives some striking likenesses of celebrities of State, War, Politics and Literature. If we may judge from the present number, *Mrs. Grundy* is inferior to the defunct *Vanity Fair*, the *Lantern*, etc., and scarcely compares with our own *Puck*. Possibly some improvement may be made on this specimen number, and in the meantime our readers may waive their criticisms on the following selections:

"On Woman's Dress.—The more the stupendous nature of a subject seizes upon the mind, the more—well, it is hardly worth while to say what we were going to say, but of such is Woman's dress. We are sure of our ground here, because we were told so by a young married man. This young man, who is trustworthy, although not secretive, also informed us—but it might look like a breach of confidence on our part to commit to type the substance of his communication. He who would violate the faith reposed in him in such matters, deserves to be tried before a Military Commission; but, because a young man happens to find a Rat on his dressing-table one morning, shall we, therefore, surge wildly upon the conclusion that Nature has permanently given place to Artificial Padding? *Naturam expellas furca*, says Horace. 'You may expel Nature with a Fork;' 'but,' adds he subsequently, 'You would be a Spoon to think that she won't find her way back again.' Such aphorisms as this are assuring to the mind, but we cannot help wishing that Horace had said when. To recur to the subject in hand, however, we will enforce our position by relating the following anecdote, imparted to us by a celebrated Dress-maker, Madame ——. This lady positively assured us that the story is strictly true in all its details. But we fear we could hardly do justice to it in our way of telling. Broken English is absolutely essential to point the moral and adorn the tale of some *raconteurs*, and we have always found ours very hard to break. One of the young ladies to whom we were engaged at any early period of our life, had a very pretty way of —; and yet, what business is it of a public Journalist to introduce the Corset into the witness-box? Rather than implicate ourselves in any such proceeding, we will pass on to another branch of the subject.

"There was a pretty Italian *Marquise* who occupied apartments on the the same *étage* with us in a hotel of Paris. One day, as we were going down stairs, we met the *blanchisseuse* of this *Marquise* coming up with a large basket, covered with a cloth of snowy whiteness, on her arm. Something in our appearance, we suppose, startled this middle-aged person, for she tripped, and rotated heavily to the landing below. In the fall the cloth was riven from the basket, the contents of which were scattered about on the —; but, really, we do not feel that we have any right to discuss this subject at all. We regret that we should have committed ourself to it, and we decline to add another word."

"A Petition to His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.—Your Excellency is undoubtedly aware that, during the past four years, this country has been the scene of a Fratricidal Struggle, now terminated by the victory of the National Arms over the Insurgents.

"Your Excellency may furthermore have taken notice that the daily Press of this city of New York has been in the habit of referring to the Fratricidal Struggle hereinbefore mentioned.

"Now your Petitioners do declare, that the references on the part of the daily Press to the said struggle, commonly known and recognized under the title of 'War News,' have for the past four years constituted the entire interest of the said daily Press.

"And your Petitioners do also declare, that with the termination of the Fratricidal Struggle, the War News has also terminated, so that the daily Press has been devoid of interest.

"Wherefore, your Petitioners do now pray that Your Excellency will inaugurate another Struggle—Fratricidal or Otherwise—at your earliest convenience, in order that your Petitioners may continue to find in the daily Press that interest which it has lost since the cessation of hostilities, and without which it may be truly denominated 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' "J. Smith,

"*And Fifty Thousand Others.*"

"Two Ways of 'Seeing' It.—Meyerbeer, no doubt, wrote the title of his last Opera thus '*L'Africane.*' But, from the manner in which it is viewed by certain critics, they evidently take the name for a joke, and read it thus: Laugh-*Ricane!*

"Why not at once pretend that the title is a delicate homage to the Emperor's Algerian *escapade*, and write it thus: L'Afrique-N?"

"The Worm that Ever Dyes.—The Silk-Worm."

"A Gambler's Epitaph.—No cards."

REUNION CAROL.

JULY 4, 1865.

TWINE roses round the sabre's sheath,
With olive bough and myrtle wreath
Make every flagstaff gay.
Let North and South, palm pressed to palm—
One people—chaunt the old-time psalm
Of Liberty to-day.

Beside the grave of the dead past
A new nativity we cast,
A future graud we will;
And coming centuries, as they flee,
Our multiplying stars shall see
One constellation still.

Salute once more, repentant South,
From the unshotted cannon's mouth,
The Union's glorious Fourth.
Let Yorktown's salvos shake the sky,
And Bunker Hill make glad reply
In thunder, for the North.
"Peace hath her victories!" her hand
Shall seed the plains by Slaughter banned,
And reap their golden store.
The Nation's wounds her lips divine
Shall close, with kisses' anodyne,
To open nevermore.

To open nevermore—for War
Hath broken down the only bar
To endless brotherhood.
Lo! purged by Battle's red assay
Of Slavery's stain, our land to-day
Is Freedom's Holy Rood!

And far and wide, within the pale,
To-day a brotherly "All Hail!"
Shall thrill the trembling wires;
And from New England's mountains white
To Carolina's swamps, to-night,
Shall sparkle festive fires.

Henceforth be vengeful thoughts forsworn,
All taunts that foster hate forborne
By patriot lips; and when
Justice to Mercy leans her ear,
Let the strong North, too strong to fear,
Say, heartily, Amen!

Right is supreme. The conflict o'er,
To raise, regenerate, restore,
Is every good man's aim.
Havoc has done its work, and now
Must follow in its track the plough,
The desert to reclaim.

Labor the scars of war shall hide
With teeming harvests—fields blood-dyed
A purer tint shall know.
Tall corn shall plume the Southern knolls,
Cane gild the plains, and cotton-bolls
The uplands swathe with snow.

Hurrah! as Fourth to Fourth succeeds,
The land of mighty thoughts and deeds
Shall keep its place, the van,
And he—whatever may debase,
In other lands, the human race—
The land where *man* is MAN.

[*Mrs. Grundy.*

(For the Californian.)

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

TO study any department of human knowledge successfully, an ardent temperament is certainly required. Apathy and indiffereuce cannot insure success, as they will never stimulate to application, nor create that inflexibility and pertinacity of purpose necessary to the faithful performance of any task. To study uature the student must become impressed with the beauty of the work before him. With the poet he must feel that:

"Light is Truth, and God is Light;'

and that to acquire this light in its greatest effulgence, ardent study is uecessary. It is only when we feel the full force of the poet's language that the acquisitiou of science begins to exert its proper and beneficial effects upon the mind:

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle which still goes on
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever!"

And it is only after sustaining the toil incident upon scientific inquiry, after having mastered its drudgery, and gone into the portals of the temple, that we experience the significance of these beautiful words:

"There is a *language* by the lonely shore—
There is *society* where none intrude—
By the deep sea—and music in its roar."

It is there that we begin to feel that the deep waters, as they give out their increasing anthems, not only present music to the ear, but are eloquent with harmonies to the mind; and that that solitude where none intrude, is blessed with the society of a thousand intelligences more welcome and grateful often than the dearest friends.

For we soon learn the instructive lesson that "there is not a mote in the beam, not au herb on the mountain, not a pebble on the shore, not a seed far blown into the wilderness, hut contributes to the law that seeks in all the principles of life—the beautiful, the joyous, the immortal." Are these things to be cast aside by the proudest iutellect? Should we disregard these slight changes silently as they are effected and attended with such great results? The eloquent Chalmers says: "In the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life and numberless as are the glories of the firmament." The noblest intellects that have existed, have not deemed anything too minute nor trivial to claim their serious study and their pens. It will be seen that they, too, have observed for days and years; have thought and reasoned, and from such things, have derived those lessons of wisdom which have rendered their names illustrious.

The study of natural history is within the reach of every one, and he who is engaged iu it is presented at every step in his progress with something capable of awakening pleasing emotions. The whole earth is to him a vast museum, in which are crowded beautiful and sublime objects, animate and inanimate, in an almost endless variety, all combining to cultivate the intellect and gladden the heart. The search into nature produces also a highly beneficial effect on the understanding. Mathematics do not more effectually strengthen and discipline the judgment. By a continual analysis, camparison and generalization of things, the study of natural history teaches the art of thinking clearly and accurately, and of reasoning with precision and force, with a much less degree of weariness than that which usually accompanies the study of simple quantities and mere abstract forms.

An attention to natural objects also improves the taste—nature is the admitted staudard of perfection. The student who is closely examining the proportions of her inimitable forms, is taking the surest way to acquire a correct judgment of what is fit and elegant. It exercises at the same time a powerful and salutary iufluence over the affections. There are studies which have a tendency to deaden the feelings and render the heart callous to the best moral impressions; but by fixing the mind ou living objects, in which wisdom and goodness are strikingly exhibited, and by raising it through them to the Creator, in whom is all created perfection and happiness, the study of natural objects excites a continual train of ideas most friendly to whatever is pure, benevolent and grateful. Works of art—the finest specimens of human skill—when seen under a powerful magnifier, are rude and imperfect. Not so the with the works of creation—these have a perfect finish, so far as human instruments have ever been able to follow them. The wings and legs of the smallest insects are as smoothly polished as the largest objects. The minute sap-vessels of a plant appear like the most perfect cut-glass. This perfection pervades all nature. Every tree is so wonderfully constructed that the most ingenious man could not manufacture even a single branch or leaf by the labors of a lifetime. Nature always joins the useful to the agreeable, the substantial to the elegant. Her works have no superfluous decorations; every beauty displayed there is found to be necessary. Even the brilliant and variegated colors which adorn the flowers, butterflies and birds, and which are apparently accidental, prove useful in distinguishing the almost innumerable tribes of this portion of her empire.

Nature is *so* beautiful!—*always* so beautiful. Oh, it is the saddest of all things, that even one human soul should dimly perceive the beauty that is ever around us, a "perpetual benediction." Nature, that great missionary of the Most High, preaches to us forever in all tones of love, and writes truth in all colors, on manuscript illuminated with stars and flowers. To those who rise above custom and fashion, and dare to trust their own wings ever so little above the crowd, how eagerly does she throw her garland ladders to tempt them upwards! And how beautiful, how angelic, seems every fragment of life that appears earnest and true! "By plain and pleasant symbols is Nature forever teaching us—entreating us to come out and sit with her at the feet of her Great Author. Her 'tongues in the running brooks' are always tuneful; her 'sermons in stones' never rugged; her 'good in everything' is always easy of extraction."

Every study, the pursuit of which leads the student out into the fields or woods, to observe in minute detail the wonderful works of the Author of Nature, and learn how "in wisdom he hath made them all"—every such study is alike healthful to body and miud. The botanist with his fragrant wild flowers and wreathed garlands; the entomologist with his insect train, and all their wonderful translormations and beautiful forms; the mineralogist with his no less astonishing and interesting details—all have their respective claims on our notice.

The love of nature requires no peculiar circumstances. Its sphere is wherever the sun is shining, because it addresses itself to what the listless call weeds and stones, finding poetry and delight where the dull cry, All is barren. It revels iu a glorious landscape, but where the landscape is not, it constructs one in miniature for itself. Nothing iu the world is absolutely uninteresting to it, nor can be—what is there indeed that, iu any relation, has lost its primal quality of "very good?"

What is there that we should not estcem it a privilege to possess, although it be "common?" Is it nothing to have the frost-flowers on the window-panes? Is it nothing to have the blue sky? Is it nothing to have the stars and the rainbow? Oh, what grand and awful things surround us, if we will but look forth upon them! But because they are "without money and without price," we make nought of them, refusing to enjoy, because acceptance and admiration alone are asked. That sublime sense of the wonderful which they excite in us when children, is one of the sentiments we should most anxiously keep alive.

IRIS.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE ABROAD.

WE select the following items from the New York *Review:*

Wagner's opera, *Tristan and Isolde*, has at length been produced. The event took place at Munich on the 10th of June. The *Signale* gives a very friendly account of the work.

The Abbe Liszt has expressed his intention of writing a fantasia on *L'Africaine.*

Medi, by Cherubini, has been produced successfully at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Tietjens and Santley were good, but little Laura Harris did not give satisfaction as "Dirce."

There is a cheap theatre in Paris, where a new singer has appeared, who is said to be a great deal more indecent, and therefore more interesting to the Parisians, than even Theresa. Her name is not given. Theresa's voice is reported to be what the German's call a "beer-bass."

Madame Caroline Duprez did not succeed at Covent Garden in her performance of the *North Star.*

It has been stated that Liszt has been nominated "Monsignore" by His Holiness the Pope. Perhaps he may become Pope, as he esteems himself to be the Pope in music, although in this respect he certainly is not infallible.

Mdlle. Ilma de Murska seems to have created a perfect furore in London, and even pretty little Patti's nose is in danger of being put out.

Thomas Loewe, the well-known author, has composed a symphonic work, the *Night*, in the style of David's *Desert.*

We learn from the *Albion* that the new English tenor, Mr. Hohler, who has recently created a furore in Milan, was formerly private secretary to the Earl of Dudley.

In a letter to that singular periodical *Le Nain Jaune*, M. Offenbach gives out a programme of his coming deeds, spirited enough to make lazy musicians wink. He is at work on a two-act opera for Ems, on a three-act opera for *Les Bouffes* of Paris, which theatre he consents to take anew in hand, and on the "great winter piece" for the Variétés, a setting of the story of Bluebeard.

Donizetti's forty-second opera, *Maria Stuarda*, written for Naples iu 1834, and then prohibited by the censorship, appeared the other day. After a moment's doubt at the outset, its success is said to be assured—so much so, indeed, as to induce the powers that be to take the ban off another prohibited opera, the *Virginia* of Signor Mercadante, which will also be produced at the Teatro San Carlo.

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Three friends were promenading, a number of years ago, on the Boulevards of Paris. Iu the course of conversation one of them remarked. "I should like to take a good luncheon, if one could be obtained for about ten francs."

"I would not care if it were even cheaper," replied another of the friends.

"And I should like to take anything which could be called a lunch," added the last friend.

"Where can we get ten francs?" asked the first speaker.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the second young man; "I have an idea! Come along with me."

And they went together to a music store, which they entered, led by the friend who had "the idea."

The young man stepped up to the music dealer's desk and said: "Sir, we have come to offer you a new song. The words are by this gentleman, the music by the other, and I will sing it for you!" and he accordingly sat down and performed it.

"Well," said the publisher, after having heard the music, "I confess that the song is very simple, but I will take it for fifteen francs."

The bargain was immediately closed, and the three friends enjoyed a good dinner.

But who were they? Nobody but Alfred de Musset, the poet; Hippolyte Monpon, the composer; and Gilbert Louis Duprez, the tenor of tenors. The name of the song was "L'Andalouse," and it brought forty thousand dollars to the publisher.

THE RED HAT.

A LEGEND OF THE MALMAISON.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

ON the evening of a dark and rainy day in the month of December, 16—, a solitary horseman, wrapped in a large cloak might have been seeu spurring his jaded steed along the high road leading from Ruel towards the gloomy and antiquated chateau then the residence of the formidable prime-minister of Louis XIII., Armand du Plessis, Cardinal and Duke of Richelieu. Remember there was but one cavalier. Add another, and you might thiuk I was borrowing from the lameuted G. P. R. James.

This horseman drew bridle and dismounted at the door of a humb e little village-inn, bearing on its signboard the effigy of St. Nicholas, and which stood at the entrance to a gloomy avenue of poplars, at the opposite extremity of which was the chateau, and to which it served as a kind of lodge. The horseman wore a felt hat without plume, band or buckle; and his doublet of brown drugget destitute of either ribbons, lace, or embroidery, was sufficient to indicate, in an age when costume was so closely denoted the gradations of rank, that he did not belong to the patrician class; still, from his open and almost defiant countenance and cavalierly turned-up moustache, it was not difficult to pronounce him oue of those sturdy and independent burgesses whose fathers had fought in the wars of the League, aud who, temporarily kept in subjection by the iron hand of Richelieu, reappeared duriug the troubles of the Fronde, but were destined to be completely absorbed by the glory of the Grand Monarque. His horse appeared completely worn out, and the muddy state of his cloak testified to his having come a long distance by bad roads, in an age when all roads were execrable.

"May the plague light on the rogues who are bound to keep the kiug's highway in repair!" grumbled the traveller, as, tethering his steed to a post, he entered the inn, and proceeded to hammer with the butt-end of his whip upon a long table of coarse deal, which stood iu the midst of a low-ceiled, smoky common-room. A fat man of rotund abdomeu and purpled face, clad in the traditional white apron and night-cap, and with a knife in his girdle, for he was a cook as well as host, entered the room.

"What might your lordship be pleased to want?" he asked, pulling off his cap and making a lowly reverence.

"I am no lord, master of mine," twisting his moustache not without complacency; "but a plain burgess, who owes nothing, and asks for nothing without he can pay for it. I am hungered and athirst. Give me some supper; make up a blazing fire; see to my horse; aud I promise you that you shall have no reason to complain of me."

And as he spoke, the traveller struck his pocket, which gave forth a metallic chink pleasant to hear. The purple face of the innkeeper became one grin.

"We have not one room unoccupied," he said, "but my own private bedroom is at your grandeur's service. My wife shall make up a bed directly. As for the rest, you have but to wait a few miuutes, aud all your wishes shall be attended to."

Mine host was as good as his word. Ere long the traveller was comfortably stretched in a huge arm-chair, toasting his feet at a blazing fire, to which a couple of logs had beeu added. He could see through the casement that snnw was beginning to fall thickly; he could hear the wintry wind dolefully howling; a soft, warm odor from the kitchen began to titillate his nostrils, and he felt as cosy and complacent as men in all countries and ages have felt under similar circumstances.

"Come, this is better," he murmured, with a sigh of relief. "A dog's life is that of a traveller in December. May the black fever choke the cardinal—"

He bounded in his chair with terror; he was nearly falling into a swoon, as looking up, he saw the innkeeper, night-cap in hand standing before him.

"'Sdeath, man, what do you want?" he exclaimed, with ill-disguised trepidation.

"I am desirous," returned the other, with apparent embarrassment, "to ask a favor of your excellency."

The imprudent burgess breathed a little more freely after this, for he had expected nothing less than to be at once arrested by an exempt of his terrible eminence the cardinal.

"Ask what you will, my friend," he responded, in courteous tone.

"Only imagine, your highness," pursued the diplomatic innkeeper, twisting one of the corners of his apron, "that no sooner had my wife made your room comfortable and tidy for you than another customer arrived. He is an old customer, and a very good customer, too, for he only asks how much there is to pay, and allows me to tot up the reckoniug. Well, you see, your superiority, that I can't exactly turn him out of doors on such a night as this; so I've just come to ask your grace if you will allow him to share your fire and your supper till bed-time, when I must find him a shake-down somewhere."

"Is he an honest man, this customor of yours?" asked the traveller in a dignified tone.

If it were possible for the deep-tinted face of the innkeeper to assume an intenser hue, he may be said to have blushed.

"Yes, yes, your excelleucy," he replied. "he is honest—a very honest man, as houest men go, and iu his way of business."

"Tell him, then, that I shall be much pleased with his company, and that he is welcome to half my supper—the best half; and, hark ye, Mr. Landlord, see that it be good, and that the wine is of the right sort.

The innkeeper was profuse in his professions of gratitude and in promises of a speedy appearance of excellent cheer; and then he left the room, somewhat precipitately, as the traveller thought, to inform his customer of the result of his missiou.

In a minute or so the customer made his appearance. He was a strange customer—a curious customer—and, to tell the truth, somewhat of an ugly customer. He was very tall, very thin, had very harshly-marked features, very small gray eyes, whose lids drooped whenever he was looked full in the face, and a pointed beard and moustache, coarse and grizzled. His hands were knotted and bony, and of huge size. He was plainly dressed in a doublet, vest and trunks of gray serge, bordered with black taffety, and terminated by long boots of untauned leather; but the most noticeable poiut in his apparrel was his hat, which, of the same material as that of the traveller, and, like his, unadorned by feather or buckle, was of a dull crimson color.

"I don't like the look of that Robin Redhead," the traveller bethought himself. "His eminence wears a scarlet hat; but it has tassels and a broad brim. Who ever saw a peaceable citizen in such a blood-stained looking *couvrechef* as that?"

However, he was an open-hearted burgess; and, rising, held out his hand to the stranger, saying, "Welcome, sir and friend!"

To his surprise the man with the Red Hat drew back, as though half-alarmed and half astonished at this simple act of courtesy, and, instead of reciprocating it, contented himself with makiug a low bow.

"A very ceremonious personage, upon my word," mused the guest. "Perhaps he is a Huguenot; or, just as likely, a Catholic, and thinks I am a heretic. The spotted fever take all religious differences, say I!" Then, raising his voice, he said, "Sir, I am extremely happy to be able to offer you a share of my supper and—"

"A thousand thanks!" hastily interposed he of the Red Hat. Then diving into the recesses of a pouch at his belt, he produced a handful of silver and continued, "Take, I entreat you, what I have to pay as my share of the reckoning."

"Sir, sir," protested the traveller, drawing himself up, "do you take me for a niggard curmudgeon who expects a stranger to pay for the meal to which he invited him?"

"Invites! Do you mean to say that you invite me?" faltered the Red Hat.

"Of course I do. I told the landlord so," replied the other.

"Then," responded the Red Hat, with a very peculiar and not very pleasant smile, "I accept your invitation as heartily as it was given. This is the first time in my life that such a thing happened to me. But the sky has fallen, and we may expect to catch roast larks." And he drew a stool up to the fire, and began to bask and hug himself in the genial warmth.

Roast larks failed to come down; but a splendid roast goose just then came up, flanked by a hotch-potch of savory ingredients, and two portly pitchers of wine. The strangely-acquainted friends sat down to the table, and did the amplest justice to the edibles and potables; and so delighted did mine host seem with the appetites of his guests, that he insisted upon standing treat in more than one flask of his vintage.

"No doubt, sir," the Red Hat remarked, when the landlord had removed the fragments of the repast, and they were left alone, "that you are as well known as I am in this hostelry. Goodman Aubry waited on you as though you were a prince."

"Not in the least," replied the burgess, smiling. "But I just sounded my pocket, and he was content with the ring of the little livres Tournois."

His interlocutor smiled grimly, in his turn.

"Yes," he pursued, "gold has immense power in every country; still it is far from prudent to show the contents of one's pocket to everybody, especially in such a place as this."

The burgess looked at him uneasily.

"Do you mean that there are any pickpockets hereabouts, brother?" he asked.

"Do you mean to say that you are not acquainted with the neighborhood?" returned the other, answering one question by asking another.

"Faith, not I. This is my first visit, and I come from a long distance, too. I am from La Rochelle."

"From La Rochelle!" and the Red Hat in his turn regarded his new-found friend with perturbed looks; "what on earth brings you from thence?"

"The force of circumstances, my unlucky star, and his eminence, the cardinal. 'Tis a very long story. I have been specially sent for to wait upon his omiuence."

"Unfortunate man!" exclaimed the Red Hat; "what have you to do with him? Have you offended his eminence?"

"Never, to my knowledge," respond the burgess. "As fate would have it, however, I have been accused of doing so; but my complete justification can be neither long nor difficult. You must know that the Rochellois are very troublesome folks; and that evil-speaking, lying, and slandering are far too common there. Some scurvy wag among our citizens has written an anonymous satire against the administration in general, and Monseigueur the cardinal in particular. Then there has beeu a talk about Urbain Grandier, about tragedies and verses written by his eminence about a certain saraband said to have been danced by him before the queen; a pack of nonsense! Some secret enemy of mine has been good enough to denounce me as the author of these roguish pasquinades—I who never rhymed two lines together in my life. It is a most perverse and treacherous time. To exculpate myself, I referred to a certain worthy monk, Father Joseph, who is said to be honored with the friendship and confideuce of his eminence. He was fully convinced of my innocence; and subsequently informed me that Monseigneur would deign to grant me an interview; and here I am, deeply flattered by his eminence's condescension, although I should very much prefer being snug at home in my owu house at La Rochelle."

"Humph!" quoth the Red Hat; "for my part I think you would have done much better to have remained at home, aud left his fool's errand to take care of itself. Eminences are dangerous personages te have interviews with. But I must be going," he resumed, hastily rising "Farewell, master of miue! Thanks for your hospitality, and pray heaven and St. Nicholas that we may never meet again." And so saying, the Red Hat abruptly left the room.

"A fool's errand! what can he mean by that?" mused the burgess. "Poor man, he must be cracked. Who but a madman would think of wearing a red hat? However, my little affair will be soon settled—nine o'clock was the hour fixed at which I was to wait upon his eminence. 'Tis not five minutes walk to the chateau, and then I shall come comfortably home to bed.

Praying his reckoning at the polite request of the host, who hiuted that cavaliers who went up to the chateau sometimes fouud their arrangemeuts for returning at a fixed hour iuterfered with—a hint which the traveller wholly failed to comprehend—he went out into the night, wrapping his cloak around him to shelter himself from the still lalling snow.

He had not proceeded many paces along the sombre aveuue of poplars, before he thought that he heard the clinking of sword-blades and some smothered groans; he listeued attentively; but a sudden gust of wind came howling about him aud drowned the sound of the swords.

"It must have been fancy," he reasoned. "That confounded fellow with the red hat has made me nervous. If I were a coward, I should dream of him to-night."

"Help! murder!" suddenly cried a lamentable voice close to him.

"Courage, we are here!" cried the brave burgess drawing his sword and summing up all his presence of mind. "Hold on, we are four of us well armed! Ah! rascals, would you!" And he rushed forward in the direction wheuce the cries had come.

His ruse had seemingly succeeded, for in the obscurity he could dimly descry at least three men making off iu all haste, and anon he stumbled over a body lying on the ground. The moon came out for a moment through the murk, and he recognized, pale, bleeding, and groaning, the Red Hat. He seemed to be severely wounded. The burgess helped him to rise, but finding him too weak to walk, valorously hoisted him on his shoulders, and, not without difficulty, for the Red Hat weighed heavily, bore him back to the inn of the St. Nicholas. "This pestilent fellow with his red hat," he murmured, as, with the assistance of the landlord, he bore him up stairs and laid him in the bed which had been prepared for quite another purpose, "seems fated to be mixed up with my life. And I shall have to sleep in the arm-chair, forsooth; because he chooses to get waylaid and stabbed."

"Where am I?" faintly whispered the wounded man, when his wound had been bound up, and he had recovered consciousness.

"Among friends, brother," replied the honest burgess consolingly, as he bathed the temples of the sufferer with vinegar.

"Friends," repeated the Red Hat bitterly; "I have no friends! Who was at the trouble of saving the life of such a miserable wretch as I am?"

"Well, for that matter, 'twas I who picked you out of the mud, and set the rascals to flight who were besetting you. Three to one, the cowardly knaves! How they scampered! And then, you see, I brought you here pickaback; for walk a step you could not."

"And you—you then are my preserver!" the Red Hat exclaimed in a voice of agony, and pressing the burgess' hand.

"Yes, if you like to call it so. Wouldn't you have done the same for me?"

The innkeeper was down stairs. The wounded man made signs to the burgess to close the door securely, and come close to the bedside. Then he put his lips close to the burgess' ear, and in a hoarse whisper said :

"Had you not an appointment at nine o'clock with his eminence?"

"Of course I had, and I shall get a pretty scolding for being late. But perhaps the existence of a poor devil like me has slipped his eminence's memory?"

"Then," quoth the Red Hat, solemnly. "I can give life for life. You have saved mine. I too was bound to wait upon his eminence at nine to-night; and I have little doubt that it would have been my dreadful duty to strike your head from your body."

At this appalling intimation the Rochellois, with horror in his countenance, made for the door, thinking the Red Hat to be in a state of delirium; but the other called him back.

"'Tis not I, unfortunate, that thou must fly," he said. "Escape rather from this horrible neighborhood. Listen to what I say. The merciless cardinal has doubtless condemned you without a hearing; and it would have been my task to execute the sentence; for I—yes, I, whose hand you have pressed—I, whose life you have saved—I, who have eaten and drank with you—I am the most miserable, the most abandoned, the most accursed of mankind. I am the executioner of Chartres."

He paused for a moment, keenly eyeing his companion, who, brave and honest as he was, could not banish from his countenance the expression of repugnance he felt at being on familiar terms with the abhorred headsman.

"You may well shun me," continued the Red Hat, gloomily. "But fate has decreed that we must yet have some further communion before we part forever. Every time that his eminence has a deed of secret vengeance to consummate, I am summoned to the chateau. At this inn I always alight. The villagers know me and my red hat well, and shudderingly avoid me. They call this inn the House of the Headsman, and sometimes the Devil's Inn."

"I don't wonder at it," muttered the poor Rochellois.

"But fear nothing," continued the Red Hat; "although everything concurs to point out that you were the person I was sent for to execute, it may be some other victim who awaits my axe. Come, have your horse led forth. I must convey you to a place of safety."

"But you are wounded," urged the Rochellois.

"A mere scratch! With a draught of cordial I shall be strong and valid again. Strong enough," he continued, with his ugly smile, "for my work to-night, if work there be. Come, despatch!"

As, with many groans and murmurs, the lately wounded man arose, and the two left the chamber, they found the innkeeper on the staircase. He sought to give them the slip, and had evidently been listening to their conversation. The Red Hat was accustomed to act promptly. He seized the inkeeper by the throat, pinned him up in the angle of the stair, and whispered to him :

"Son of a dog and nephew of a sow! dare to speak one word concerning our conversation, and I denounce you to the Cardinal for harboring traitors, and your life is not worth an hour's purchase! Swear, issue of a mangy swine!"

The innkeeper, half-terrified out of his wits, swore as he was commanded; but the Red Hat kept his eyes sharply upon him till they were well clear of the Devil's Inn. There was need to employ every precaution, for the lower room was by this time full of a company of arquebusiers, the bodyguard of his eminence. The Red Hat watched the commandant of the band draw his host on one side, and apparently interrogate him; but his answers seemed perfectly satisfactory; and the two travellers were permitted to depart.

They started at a gallop, and were soon immersed in the forest of Butard, leading toward the Chateau of Ruel.

Suddenly the Red Hat reined-in his horse, and pointing out to his preserver the gloomy dwelling of the Cardinal, said:

"Mark well that little arched window with the grated bars before it. It can only be seen from the place where we now are. In that turret the dreadful decrees of Richelieu—the sentences from which there is no appeal—are executed. When my bloody task is accomplished, a trap-door opens, and a headless corpse falls a hundred feet into a vault filled with quick-lime. Every trace of the tragedy thus disappears. Remain here for an hour. Keep yourself concealed behind the trunk of this withered elm. If, during that hour, you see a light glimmering from that arched window, you may assure yourself that I have been summoned not on your account, but on that of some other unhappy victim. In that case you may present yourself without fear before his eminence, for it never happens that I am sent for to ply my hellish trade twice in the same night. But if during that hour the light does not appear, you are the destined victim—you are the victim waited for. Clap spurs to your horse, and make the best of your way to the frontier, or you will be captured; and the Lord have mercy on you!"

And so saying, and just interchanging one hearty grip with his friend the Red Hat rode away. The burgess of La Rochelle ever saw him again.

He waited an hour—a year it seemed to him—behind the the trunk of that withered elm; *but no light appeared in the little arched window*. He, then, was the wretch condemned to death. With a cold sweat bedewing him, and picturing to himself the arquebusiers of the terrible Cardinal scouring the country in every direction to bind him and lead him to the slaughter, he urged his horse into a gallop, and sped, as though the fiend who was said to be the patron of the inn of St. Nicholas were behind him, in the direction of the northern frontier. He could not quite convince himself that his head was safe upon his shoulders till he found himself, two days afterwards, at Huy in Flanders.

HINTS FOR THE SOUND AND THE SICK.

IF there be one thing more than another which it behooves a man to do—and there is no use in disguising the truth—it is to hold a tight reign over his disposition to indulge in stimulating drinks. Now, however well apparently a moderate indulgence in such potent liquids, port, sherry, toddy, and brandy-and-water may be borne by many during the colder months of the year, in the warmer ones the general use of such beverages is extremely noxious. During the former season, when every source of the development of animal heat is often advantageous to certain constitutions, and the preservation of the layer of fat beneath the skin is beneficial to all, a judicious employment of alcoholic liquids may be followed. But even then caution is necessary in the daily use of them as ordinary articles of diet. After a free addiction to spirituous fluids the blood in the arteries has been found to approach that of the veins, thus explaining the cases of suffocation observed in certain anomalous instances of the death of drunkards. The oxygen which alcohol absorbs in becoming converted into acetic acid and water, and afterwards carbonic acid and water, never arrives at the constituents of the blood. Upon the union of these with oxygen depends the transformation of venous into arterial blood, one of the most important conditions of the normal metamorphosis of tissue. We are fully aware of the very different views which have been taken of the changes undergone and influences produced by alcohol in the human body. But whether the theories of Liebig, Lehmann, Lallemand, Moleschott, and of others be followed, it matters not as to the point that men who, if not feeling the better, do not feel the worse, after the use of the strongest alcoholic beverages in winter, cannot, with anything like the same impunity, indulge in them during warm weather. The system, fired by the external warmth surrounding it on all sides, needs rather cooling than further excitement, and the irritable vascular and nervous systems demand toning down in lieu of being continuously goaded by stimulants to augmented action. There is something extremely refreshing to the jaded man of business, as well as to the idle man of pleasure, even in the thought of enjoying the iced champagne, glass of old port, *chasse café* of brandy at a fish dinner or a choice *réunion*. But what follows the reality? Need we recall to his mind how hot and sleepless he continued the night through; how his head ached in the morning; how little he could eat at breakfast; and how he wished the Crown and Sceptre at the bottom of the sea? Had this same sufferer taken only a glass or two of the lighter and sub-acid wines of the Rhone or the Rhine, enjoyed the coffee without the brandy, and have shunned the Roman punch as poison, how easily he could have said with the poet:

> "On morning wings, how lightly soars the mind
> That leaves the load of yesterday behind."

But, alas! the load he was so willing to put into his stomach sticks to him with malicious obstinacy perhaps for many a day.

Not only, however, as regards alcoholic drinks, but as respects solid food, must temperance be followed in warm weather. No man can then with impunity stuff his stomach with that amount of heavy meat and mixed diet he addicts himself to in winter. More vegetable matters, lighter articles generally, and less at a time, form the rule for midsummer, as opposed to that of Christmas. There are some bold men blessed with consciences and stomachs that will do anything—at least to the satisfaction of their owners. The naval captain who exclaimed, "Not eat that! I'll make my stomach submit to anything," formed the type of a larger class than was or is to be found simply on quarter-decks and at messtables. From the tropics to the poles, many men will eat and drink until they almost forget their humanity. Sir Ranald Martin tells us that an old staff officer in Fort William used to say that he had known more duels, courts-martial, and dismissals to result from the "tiffin" alone than from any other cause; but that what were the other results in the olden times of the tiffin and dinner together there is no man alive now-a-days to tell.—*Lancet.*

It is said that Ford's Theatre—the scene of President Lincoln's assassination—has been purchased by a society of Congregationalists, and will speedily be converted into a house of worship. It is also "said" that the Young Men's Christian Association have purchased the building.

LEISURE MOMENTS.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man know that he can do anything—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new-comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions: an older boy says to himself, "It's of no use; we shall find him out to-morrow." "What has he done?" is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair of the world, nor be distinguished, for his hour, from Homer and Washington; but there need never be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an *Iliad*, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery.—*Spiritual Laws.*

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a mortal now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendor of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist or relieve or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me."

Every Englishman is an embryonic Chancellor. His instinct is to search for a precedent. The favorite phrase of their land is: "A custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary." The barons say, "*Nolumus mutari*;" and the cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner on the reason of any practice, with "Lord, sir, it was always so." They hate innovation. Bacon told them "Time was the right reformer;" Chatham, that "Confidence was a plant of slow growth;" Canning, to "advance with the times;" and Wellington, that "habit was ten times nature." All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom, and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception and prehensility of tail.—*English Traits.*

Of all English philosophers, I most reverence Bacon, that great and hardy genius. He it is who, undaunted by the seeming difficulties that oppose, prompts human curiosity to examine every part of nature, and even exhorts man to try whether he cannot subject the tempest, the thunder and even earthquakes to human control. Oh, had a man of his daring spirit, of his genius, penetration and learning, travelled to those countries which have been visited only by the superstitious and mercenary, what might not mankind have effected! How would he enlighten the regions to which he travelled! and what a variety of knowledge and useful improvement would he bring back in exchange!—*Goldsmith.*

At the murder of the Duke d'Enghien the royal victim, looking at the soldiers who had pointed their fusees, said: "Grenadiers! lower your arms: otherwise you will miss or only wound me." To two of them who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said; "A loyal soldier who has been so often exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes and without fear."—*D'Israeli.*

"Good news, Belhoul," said a wag at Bokara, "the Caliph has appointed you governor of all the apes and dogs in the kingdom." "Prepare, then," said Belhoul, "to obey my commands."

Men are sometimes accused of pride, merely because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their places.

The records of the Libby Prison, with the names, regiments, date of capture, etc., of every Federal officer and private that ever passed the doors of that prison, have been sent to Washington. The whole number of prisoners there since the war, in round numbers, is 125,000.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1865.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.*

ON examiuation of the sociality of the Pacific coast Alumni as it stands crystallized in the *verbatim* report of the post prandial eloquence displayed at table, we cannot help feeling that many of the speechmakers labored under an oppressive sense of a necessity, on their part, to glitter intellectually. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that various and rival colleges being represented, each alumnus instinctively put his best foot forward for the honor of his own *alma mater*. At all events, there is an earnest reaching after oratory, which ill befits an assembly of old boys called together to do honor to callow reminiscences of their own and others' youth.

There is danger to political reputation hidden in these Alumni meetings. We earnestly advise politicians who hanker after the wages of prudence, to refrain from letting themselves out at similar gatherings. Witness the unfortunate handle which Mr. Felton fashioned for inimical hands by his oration last year.

The chairman at the "festival," Edward Tompkins, Esq., appears to have worked the oratorical crank *con amore*. He seems to have acted very much like a Methodist class-leader stirring up a revival. Not only did he inaugurate the toasting with a spread-eagle effort; but made little speeches, discursory, complimentary and witty, between times. Indeed, seeming to appreciate the absence of any such breathing spells as are ordinarily employed in sipping grape juice, he supplies the deficiency by giving us the effervescent Tompkins. In fact, the entire performance smacks very much like almond candy; and Tompkins may be compared to the crystallized sugar, while the other orators afford the relieving effect of the kernels embedded therein.

The Rev. Mr. Brown of Newark, New Jersey, responded to the sentiment, "Our country." The reverend speaker commenced his speech by a slightly disparaging allusion to the California strawberry, which formed the staple of the material side of the entertainment. We notice, indeed, that there is a hungry and thirsty tinge to the entire festival, which no flow of soul can efface. A touch of cuisine might go far to improve the tone of the assembled educated abilities of our coast. The orator finally expanded into patriotism, and closed with a warm eulogy of the two Commissions, Sanitary and Christian.

Messrs. Washburn and Rankin spoke for San Francisco, and were followed by General McDowell for the army. We had occasion some weeks ago to quote what we understood the commander to say in opening his speech. We may then have quoted correctly, and the objectional insinuations may have since been removed. As the report stands, the General said:

"When I was about coming here to-day, a pert young gentleman with whom I walked, asked me if I was an Alumnus? [Shouts of laughter.] In view of the representatives I see here of the colleges of the Eastern States, of the Pacific, the Mississippi and the Lake States, and in view of the humble pretensions, or rather no pretensions at all, the school on the banks of the Hudson makes to any thing literary, I could not but feel there was a good deal of propriety in his question." [Laughter.]

We stand convicted of simple stupidity in a late article headed "Military Weaknesses," if the above were the words used.

General Wilson made a desultory, genial sort of speech, the only real Alumni-meeting effort we find. The distinguished professor Jackson followed with an exposition of the triumphs of Science, which was full of happy illustrations and touches of finely wrought eloquence that fully demonstrated that a *savan* need not necessarily be what the French diplomatist asserted, "one who knew everything that nobody else knew and nothing that everybody else knew." The professor appeared to understand the art of talking without exciting *ennui;* and we only wish that he would give San Francisco the pleasure of hearing him discuss popularly some of his favorite studies.

Judge Shafter, in response to "The Judiciary," made remarks that betrayed scholarship, rendered pliable and graceful by long contact with the professional world. He described what the institution at Oakland was intended to teach, and vouched for the unblemished patriotism and Christianity of its teachings.

Mr. John W. Dwinelle was witty in behalf of the dead languages.

A number of clergymen followed, humorous, religious and ethical. Then came the College Vice President, who, of course, urged the claims of the new college. He was followed by Joseph W. Winans, Esq., on behalf of the pioneers of California. This gentleman's speech was very eloquent, but it sounded a little like a rehash of some old brief in a pioneer land case, though our suspicion may be erring. A few more reverend gentlemen follow, and then comes Dr. Gibbons, who is thrown into such good company by reason of his religious air. He was witty, as were also Mr. Livingston, on behalf of the "Press," and the Rev. J. E. Benton for the Ladies. The last named gentleman announced that it was time to go to the boat. The indefatigable chairman got off a final speech; and our record closes.

We trust that next year, the Alumni will not sacrifice so much to jejuneness in the matter of eating and drinking, and to that end we recommend a reading of the famous college song by that renowned old *baccalaureus*, Walter Mapes, arch deacon of Oxford:

"Mihi est propositum in taberna mori."

* Oration, Poem and Speeches delivered at the second Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific Coast, held at Oakland, California, June 11, 1865. Published by the Association.

THE ALUMNI POEM.*

FOR refinement, chaste scholarship and breadth of handling, Mr. Sills' poem surpasses any Californian metrical performance we have as yet been fortunate enough to meet. Yet it is too much to expect that in its present form it will meet an audience as appreciative as the one for whom it was originally prepared. It seems scarcely fair to transplant a work of this culture from the cloistered and meditative gloom of what our poet has prettily termed the

——"Cathedral roof of elm
Frescoed with flickering sunlight,"

into the sharp sunlight of the open square, where, as we are told in the old fable, these things must eventually come for final judgment. It does not seem exactly right to submit transcendentalism to the criticism of believers in x and y, and yet it is to this very audience that our young poet's charming philosophy is now offered. No doubt it will be subjected to criticism that will be flippant and unfair. Many will abuse it because they don't understand it—many will praise it for the same reason. The fault of most of these scholastic performances—and a fault from which Mr. Sills is not exempt—is the comfortable recognition of a certain intellectual freemasonry existing among educated men, which having its own signs and passwords, is *therefore* cut off from the sympathies of the outside world. The great fact that the gods speak in the same tongue with mankind as with gods, is forgotten, as is also the fact that in proportion as we come nearer to the broad truths which influence mankind, we leave behind our letters and symbols. But your Alumnus is nothing without his formulæ. Hence the following:

"Who are we,
Clustered to-day with eyes and hands that clasp
As by some secret oath of brotherhood,
Out of the mass that jostles to and fro
Forever, without aim or hope? We are pledged
To UNDERSTAND, to live the truth we know,
And help men so to live and understand.
A handful 'gainst a host, we make our stand,
Nailing this thesis on the golden gate
Of the new Mammon-temples—that the souls—
The striving, praying, hoping, human souls—
Alone on earth are valuable—their end
To will God's will, because their will belongs
To him, the maker and the giver, so
Dilating to the broader destiny
Whose shadowy gateway opens from our world."

We could have wished, for the better comprehensiveness of this passage, that the poet had extorted from everybody a pledge "to UNDERSTAND" similar to that obtained from the brotherhood to whom these remarkable powers are given. We confess that we are at a loss to know what Mr. Sills means by a company clustered "with *eyes* and hands that clasp, etc." The nearest approach to a license of this kind is the zeugma, which although classical and authorized by Virgil, and of course understood by the brotherhood alluded to, is nevertheless vulnerable to outside criticism. But Mr. Sills is inclined, if we may so express ourselves, to "go back" on his *alma mater*. He asks:

"What is our training—what do colleges give
To men, which makes that feared and sneered at thing,
A culture through the classics? Do we dare
Reveal the Eleusinian mysteries
Which leave such impress on these white boy-brows,
That the world, recognizing kingship, says,
'Here is a soul that knows itself, who has touched
The centre, and radiates the broadening beams
Of influence straight to the point he means?'
We cannot, if we would, tell all; we hold
Some things there are that never can be told."

Now the outside world might reasonably answer that a culture through the classics is by no means a feared or sneered-at thing, nor is "kingship" on the other hand invariably recognized on these "white boy-brows." An undue importance is given to formulæ and symbols, even in Mr. Sills' generous intention to be liberal, and in the following opening sentence there is an equally unpleasant suggestion of text books:

"A small, swift planet, glimmering round a star—
A molten drop with thinnest crusted shell
Of lime and flint, roofed-in with azure air—
A winding stair of life, from Trilobite
And Saurian up to one who walks their king,
Drawing the lime and flint up through themselves
And kindling them to spirit, till on him,
Whose limbs are clay, there flames a lambent crown
Of fire from heaven—these make our world."

Admirable and concise as is this materialistic history of the world, we are a little pained to find that after all it is only given as a sort of pedigree of the perfect "Alumnus," who makes his appearance a few lines further on, as the finishing creation.

But while we object to these college conventionalisms, and confess that we may be reasonably classed with the "brisk and dapper minds" which have had "the practical but not the philosophic training," we are nevertheless able to appreciate the beauty of conceit and imagery which, like "orient pearls at random strung," are scattered through the poem. The following similitude, as applied to a tree, strikes us as being as original as it is delicate and beautiful:

"The gnarled limbs spring upward airy-free,
And from their perfect arch they scarcely swerve.
Like spouted fountains from a dark, green sea
So beautiful they curve—
Motionless fountains, slumbering in mid-air,
With *spray of shadows* falling everywhere."

And again:

"The wind comes hushing, hushing through the trees
Like surf that breaks on an invisible beach
And sends *a spray of whispers* down the breeze."

And this description of California:

"In this fair land, whose fields lie robed in bloom,
A living poem bound in blue and gold,
With azure flowers like little flecks of sky
Fallen, tangled in the dew-drops, to the grass,
And orange ones—as if the wealth below
Had blossomed up in heaten flakes of gold:
Where all the baser elements of earth,
Aspiring up through root, and stalk, and leaf,
Poised on their slender feet for flying; here
Nature, like amorous Cleopatra, plots
To hold her Cæsar, brimming every sense
With perfume, song, and gorgeous coloring,
Throws softly-wooing winds about his neck,
With sparkling air (as though not pearls alone,
But diamonds were dissolved in it,) still fires
His brain to seek new dalliance, fresh delight,
Forgetful of his throne beyond the sea."

Or, as a relief to the mere beauty of these fancies, there is much truth and masculine force in the following:

"So
All men, even these, have uses. Some to go
Whirling around the swift circumference,
Spinning out sparks into the darkling space,
While some sit staidly at the safe, slow hub,
And swear there are no radii, and no rim,
No winged steeds far at the chariot's pole,
No Power that rides, triumphant, terrible."

"Sophomores,
And *parvenus* of the intellectual world!
Who would brush down from heaven the olden stars,
To set new, self-adjusting spangles there,
Would mow the everlasting mountains off,
And build up straight, right-angled ones instead."

We might offer other felicities of thought and expression, but we could not fairly quote them without their philosophical context, which to the general reader might spoil the effect. "The world," says Mr Emerson, "being put under the mind for verb and noun, the poet is he who can articulate it." In this sense Mr. Sills has certainly used the world, and quite as Mr. Emerson is in the habit of using it. If Mr. Sills' poetry is too transcendental, intellectual and philosophical for the average reader, it is nevertheless to be preferred to the ultra-sentimental, from which, judging from the quality of the original poems published in California, our young civilization stands in great peril. Those portions of the Alumni poem which can be understood by the honest miner, offer—even at these rare and uncertain intervals—a healthier and more nutritious pabulum than can be found in the sentimental rhymes which are the dessert offered by daily and weekly journals.

* Oration, Poems and Speeches delivered at the second Annual Meeting of the Associated Alumni of the Pacific coast, held at Oakland, California, June 6, 1865. Published by the Association.

MISS KING'S READINGS.—The second reading from the Poets by Miss Angela S. King, on Tuesday evening, was very well attended. On Wednesday evening, she drew a large audience at San Jose. To-night she will give another reading at the Academy of Music, and on Tuesday, August 1st, she will read at Sacramento. She has thus far achieved a success, remarkable for the season and for a literary entertainment which has seldom attained much popularity.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELISTS.

[Anxious to keep up the literary standard of The Californian, its proprietors have, at an enormous expense, recently engaged the principal novelists of Europe and America to contribute to its columns. In view of the objections sometimes offered to "Only a Clod" and other continued tales, arrangements have been made with the different authors to condense their stories into a space that shall not exceed two columns of our paper. By this means The Californian will be enabled to offer its readers a three-volume novel in a single issue, or so to speak, a seventy-five cent book for ten cents. By the last steamer, we have received our fourth installment, from the pen of a voluminous writer, which we give below:]

THE NINETY-NINE GUARDSMEN.

BY AL-X—D-E D-M-S.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING THE QUALITY OF THE CUSTOMERS OF THE INKEEPER OF PROVINS.

TWENTY years after, the gigantic innkeeper of Provins stood looking at a cloud of dust on the highway.

This cloud of dust betokened the approach of a traveller. Travellers had been rare that season on the highway between Paris and Provins.

The heart of the innkeeper rejoiced. Turning to Dame Perigord, his wife, he said, stroking his white apron:

"St. Denis! make haste and spread the cloth. Add a bottle of Chaloix to the table. This traveller, who rides so fast, by his pace must be a Monseigneur.

Truly the traveller, clad in the uniform of a musketeer, as he drew up to the door of the hostelry, did not seem to have spared his horse. Throwing his reins to the landlord, he leaped lightly to the ground. He was a young man of four and twenty, and spoke with a slight Gascon accent.

"I am hungry, *Morbleu!* I wish to dine!"

The gigantic innkeeper bowed and led the way to a neat apartment, where a table stood covered with tempting viands. The musketeer at once set to work. Fowls, fish and *patés* disappeared before him. Perigord sighed as she witnessed the devastations. Only once the stranger paused.

"Wine!" Perigord brought wine. The stranger drank a dozen bottles. Finally he rose to depart. Turning to the expectant landlord, he said:

"Charge it."

"To whom, your highness?" said Perigord, anxiously.

"To his Eminence!"

"Mazarin!" ejaculated the innkeeper.

"The same. Bring me my horse," and the musketeer, remounting his favorite animal, rode away.

The innkeeper slowly turned back into the inn. Scarcely had he reached the court-yard, before the clatter of hoofs again called him to the doorway. A young musketeer of a light and graceful figure, rode up.

"*Parbleu*, my dear Perigord, I am famishing. What have you got for dinner."

"Venison, capons, larks and pigeons, your excellency," replied the obsequious landlord, bowing to the ground.

"Enough!" The young musketeer dismounted and entered the inn. Seating himself at the table replenished by the careful Perigord, he speedily swept it as clean as the first comer.

"Some wine, my brave Perigord," said the graceful young musketeer as soon as he could find utterance.

Perigord brought three dozen of Chaloix. The young man emptied them almost at a draught. "By-by, Perigord," he said lightly, waving his hand, as, preceding the astonished landlord, he slowly withdrew.

"But, your highness—the bill"—said the astounded Perigord.

"Ah, the bill. Charge it!"

"To whom?"

"The Queen!"

"What, Madame?"

"The same. Adieu my good Perigord," and the graceful stranger rode away. An interval of quiet succeeded, in which the innkeeper gazed woefully at his wife. Suddenly he was startled by a clatter of hoofs, and an aristocratic figure stood in the doorway.

"Ah," said the courtier good naturedly. "What, do my eyes deceive me? No, it is the festive and luxurious Perigord. Perigord, listeu. I famish. I languish. I would dine."

The innkeeper again covered the table with viands. Again it was swept clean as the fields of Egypt before the miraculous swarm of locusts. The stranger looked up.

"Bring me another fowl, my Perigord."

"Impossible, your excellency, the larder is stripped clean."

"Another fletch of bacon, then."

"Impossible, your highness—there is no more."

"Well, then, wine!"

The landlord brought one hundred and forty-four bottles. The courtier drank them all.

"One may drink if one cannot eat," said the aristocratic stranger, good-humoredly.

The innkeeper shuddered.

The guest rose to depart. The innkeeper came slowly forward with his bill, to which he had covertly added the losses which he had suffered from the previous strangers.

"Ah! the bill—charge it."

"Charge it! to whom?"

"To the King," said the guest.

"What! his Majesty?"

"Certainly. Farewell, Perigord."

The innkeeper groaned. Then he went out and took down his sign. Then remarked to his wife:

"I am a plain man, and don't understand politics. It seems, however, that the country is in a troubled state. Between his Eminence the Cardinal, his Majesty the King, and her Majesty the Queen, I am a ruined man."

"Stay," said Dame Perigord, "I have an idea."

"And that is—"

"Become yourself a musketeer."

CHAPTER II.

THE COMBAT.

On leaving Provins the first musketeer proceeded to Nangis, where he was reinforced by thirty-three followers. The second musketeer, arriving at Nangis at the same moment, placed himself at the head of thirty-three more. The third guest of the Landlord of Provins arrived at Nangis in time to assemble together thirty-three other musketeers.

The first stranger led the troops of his Eminence.

The second led the troops of the Queen.

The third led the troops of the King.

The fight commenced. It raged terribly for seven hours. The first musketeer killed thirty of the Queen's troops. The second muskoteer killed thirty of the King's troops. The third musketeer killed thirty of his Eminence's troops.

By this time it will be perceived the number of musketeers had been narrowed down to four on each side.

Naturally the three principal warriors approached each other.

They simultaneously uttered a cry:

"Aramis!"

"Athos!"

"D'Artagnan!"

They fell into each other's arms.

"And it seems that we are fighting against each other, my children," said the Count de la Fere, mournfully.

"How singular!" exclaimed Aramis and D'Artagnan.

"Let us stop this fratricidal warfare," said Athos.

"We will!" they exclaimed together.

"But how to disband our followers?" queried D'Artagnan.

Aramis winked. They understood each other. "Let us cut 'em down!"

They cut 'em down. Aramis killed three. D'Artagnan three. Athos three.

The friends again embraced. "How like old times," said Aramis. "How touching!" exclaimed the serious and philosophical Count de la Fere.

The galloping of hoofs caused them to withdraw from each other's embraces. A gigantic figure rapidly approached.

"The Innkeeper of Provins!" they cried, drawing their swords.

"Perigord, down with him!" shouted D'Artagnan.

"Stay," said Athos.

The gigantic figure was beside them. He uttered a cry.

"Athos, Aramis, D'Artagnan!"

"Porthos!" exclaimed the astonished trio.

"The same." They all fell in each other's arms.

The Count de la Fere slowly raised his hands to Heaven. "Bless you! Bless us, my children! However different our opinion may be in regard to politics, we have but one opinion in regard to our own merits. Where can you find a better man than Aramis?"

"Than Porthos," said Aramis.

"Than D'Artagnan," said Porthos.

"Than Athos," said D'Artagnan.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING HOW THE KING OF FRANCE WENT UP A LADDER.

The King descended into the garden. Proceeding cautiously along the terraced walk, he came to the wall immediately below the windows of Madame. To the left were two windows, concealed by vines. They opened into the apartments of La Valliere.

The King sighed.

"It is about nineteen feet to that window," said the King. "If I had a ladder nineteen feet long, it would reach to that window. This is logic."

Suddenly the King stumbled over something. "St. Denis!" he exclaimed, looking down. It was a ladder, just nineteen feet long.

The King placed it against the wall. In so doing, he fixed the lower end upon the abdomen of a man who lay concealed by the wall. The man did not utter a cry or wince. The King suspected nothing. He ascended the ladder.

The ladder was too short. Louis the Grand was not a tall man. He was still two feet below the window.

"Dear me!" said the King.

Suddenly the ladder was lifted two feet from below. This enabled the King to leap in the window. At the further end of the apartment, stood a young girl, with red hair and a lame leg. She was trembling with emotion.

"Louise!"

"The King!"

"Ah, my God, mademoiselle."

"Ah, my God, sire."

But a low knock at the door, interrupted the lovers. The King uttered a cry of rage; Louise one of despair.

The door opened and D'Artagnan entered.

"Good evening, sire," said the musketeer.

The King touched a bell. Porthos appeared in the doorway.

"Good evening, sire."

"Arrest M. D'Artagnan."

Porthos looked at D'Artagnan, and did not move.

The King almost turned purple with rage. He again touched the bell. Athos entered.

"Count, arrest Porthos and D'Artagnan."

The Count de la Fere glanced at Porthos and D'Artagnan, and smiled sweetly.

"*Sacre!* Where is Aramis?" said the King, violently.

"Here, sire." and Aramis entered.

"Arrest Athos, Porthos and D'Artagnan."

Aramis bowed and folded his arms.

"Arrest yourself!"

Aramis did not move.

The King shuddered and turned pale. "Am I not King of France?"

"Assuredly sire, but we are also severally, Porthos, Aramis, D'Artagnan, and Athos."

"Ah!" said the King.

"Yes, sire."

"What does this mean?"

"It means, your majesty," said Aramis stepping forward, "that your conduct as a married man is highly improper. I am an Abbe, and I object to these improprieties. My friends here, D'Artagnan, Athos and Porthos, pure-minded young men, are also terribly shocked. Observe, sire, how they blush!"

Athos, Porthos and D'Artagnan blushed.

"Ah," said the King, thoughtfully. You teach me a lesson. You are devoted and noble young gentlemen, but your only weakness is your excessive modesty. From this moment I make you all Marshals and Dukes, with the exception of Aramis."

"And me, sire?" said Aramis.

"You shall be an Archbishop!"

The four friends looked up and then rushed into each others arms. The King embraced Louise de la Valliere, by way of keeping them company. A pause ensued. At last Athos spoke:

"Swear my children, that next to yourselves, you will respect—the King of France; and remember that 'Forty years after' we will meet again."

THE END.

A NEW WEAPON.

WE are aware that the spittoon has to some extent mingled with American politics. It is an undeniable fact that, as a social adjunct, it has subjected us to the sarcasm of foreigners, and that it has been considered an useful auxiliary to the caucus and convention. But it has been reserved for the ingenuous gentlemen who have undertaken the control of our political affairs at Sacramento, to give it a direct influence in the convention, and to show how this peaceful vessel may be converted into a vessel of wrath, and how the receptacle of mutual and harmonious expectoration may be used as a deadly missile. In the words of the reporter, during the *melée:* "Spittoons flew from side to side like bombshells on the battlefield."

As a literary journal, having no interest in purely local politics, and occupying a neutral position, we have refrained from expressing any opinion on the Senatorial canvass, and have passed by without comment much that was foul and infamous in its conduct. But we must here enter a protest against the introduction of a spittoon in this form into the primaries. We base our objections on purely asthetic grounds. A spittoon is as difficult to handle in verse or heroic recital as we imagine it would be as a weapon. The Sacramento *Iliad* must remain unsung; the fall of Kavanaugh, who may have dropped like Achilles at the Scæan gate, must go unrecorded. We have put up with a good deal. We have borne the slang of "Short Hairs" and "Long Hairs," we have winked at the spectacle of high officials paddling in the dirty pool; we have patiently submitted to the lowest kind of political corruption, but we can't stand this. We have accepted the spittoon in every other form but that of a deadly missile.

We call upon the Senatorial candidates to discountenance at once this new use of a familiar formula. The bandying of epithets may be substituted instead, and may be made in skillful hands to convey as much that is objectionable. In unskillful hands it will be seen that spittoon-throwing may degenerate into mere incivility and discourtesy. Although the end might have justified the means in the late skirmish at Sacramento, we should have preferred that other weapons had been employed to effect the object. Chairs seemed to have contributed largely to the offensive material of the combatants, and inkstands "took the place of solid shot." We can only deplore that in this latest Senatorial conflict there had not been more inkstands used and less spittoons.

WINTER IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE winter of New England is simply glorious. Announced by the trumpets of November winds, King Frost comes with his glittering coronet, carves his throne of snow-pure crystal, and is for his months monarch of all he surveys. There snow is not that mixture of mud and slush found in other regions. It is a great white mantle which, whilst it nourishes the seeds of harvests by its great warmth —"He scattereth his snow *like wool*"—furnishes to the thousands of sledges roads upon which they may travel with a railway swiftness to every part of the country. At times, indeed, the snow hardens on top to ice, and one may skate across fields for many miles. So exquisitely beautiful are the snow-scenes of Massachusetts, that they have given rise to a literature of their own. The old divines preached about the snow; the historians have recorded instances of singular phenomena and effects of great snows upon animals; and nearly every poet has sung its glories. The snow-poetry of New England would make a fine volume. Many will remember Emerson's charming "Snowstorm," in which the words sparkle like the frost-crystals they transfigure:

> "Out of an unseen quarry evermore
> Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
> Carves his white bastions with projected roof
> Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
> Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
> So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
> For number or proportion. Mockingly,
> On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
> A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
> Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
> Maugre the farmer sighs; and, at the gate,
> A tapering turret overtops the work.
> And when his hours are numbered, and the world
> Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
> Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
> To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
> Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
> The frolic architecture of the snow."

Occasionally there are frost-phenomena in Massachusetts, which are not only of surpassing beauty, but deserving of consideration among men of science. Early in the morning of a winter's day, in 1861, I went out to skate on the Musketaquid, and found every object covered by a crystal moss or ivy. Every fence, log, and dead grass-blade was transmuted to silver, and each bush and tree was covered with a frost-foliage, answering to, and, I thought, shaped like its appropriate summer-dress. Such foliation as one often sees upon frosty window-panes here stood out carved into erect and distinct forms. Coraline growths and tiny ice-blossoms were wrought in bas-relief on the very mud. But when I reached the river what a scene met my eye! The ice was a greenish claret in color, and upon this were scattered, as by some elfin troop, a myriad of pure white frost-flowers, about as large as roses, but copying in their structure the water-lilies which adorn the river in the summer months. These crystals were all of nearly the same size, and arranged at regular intervals upon the ice—about one to the square foot—for miles. When my skate touched one, it turned to the faintest powder, with a little tinkling sound. These were not the results of the action of frost on snow, for no snow had fallen since the freezing over of the river. When the sun rose, it was as if the winter-fairies had been surprised at their work; for a half-hour the world was glorified; all things rose to a splendid transformation scene, with pendant wreaths of richest gems glancing opalescent fires; and then the pageant was ended. The pantomimes which amuse the English in the Christmas season are not known in America; but any manager would make his fortune who could introduce here such scenes as by night and day may be seen upon those rivers and ponds. Old King Frost is a jolly old king; he calls out his troops of ice-maidens, his harlequins and columbines, who, lightly equipped, and in brilliant costumes, glide like spirits of the winds on their skates, and make a firmament of constellations for the fishes beneath. These girls have evidently never been trained to think themselves disgraced by having legs, and Nature has rewarded their confidence by giving them such as Atalanta might covet. They can hold their own with the best male skater in the company. New York and Boston encountered each other in a ladies' skating-match, I am told, and "the belt" was won and worn by the Bostonian. These skating parties are kept up far into the night; on the shores are large fires to keep spectators warm and give radiance to the scene; and no blue or red lights ever illuminated so finely such brilliant spectacles. Ah! for earth's deep delight give me above all other things a fresh start on the ice, of a clear morning, with a bevy of Massachusetts maids and young men—a start with rations in our pockets, a path of crystal all the way to the ocean, no past, no tyrannous dinner-hour behind us, infinite space and eternity before us!—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THIRTY buildings—nearly all the business portions of Brantfort, C. W.—were destroyed by fire June 14th. The property is estimated to be worth from $100,000 to $125,000. Insured for $50,500. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

THE story of Garibaldi's wooing is this: He was one day sitting in the cabin of a sloop on the lake of Santa Catharina, and looking toward the shore, when suddenly he saw, at a farm-house situated on a neighboring hill, three or four girls busily engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for beauty, but one in particular arrested his attention for her uncommon grace and loveliness.

He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing, he directed his steps to the house. He was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The impulse which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl he had so admired. On seeing her, he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and sudden as he had felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife.

The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, who became, under such peculiarly romantic circumstances, the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the biographies of our hero she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Amita. She seems to have been a brunette of a rich, warm complexion, with black and piercing eyes; of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high spirited and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Her courage was remarkable. A short time after their marriage she went through an engagement at sea, with her husband, refusing to go ashore, and during the fight would stay nowhere but on deck, where she wielded a carbine and cheered the men. In the heat of the battle she was standing on deck, flourishing a sabre, and inspiring the men to deeds of valor, when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon-ball that had killed two men standing close by her side. Garibaldi was springing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt. He begged her to go below and remain there until the action was over.

"I will go below," was her reply, "but only to drive out the sneaking cowards who are skulking there;" for only a few seconds before, she had seen three men leave the deck and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so as to escape out of danger of the storm of bullets that was sweeping the deck. And going below, she immediately after re-appeared, driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman.

She accompanied her husband in all his undertakings, and died while flying with him from the Austrians.

AN ALABASTER CAVE.—For one-third of a mile the stream was covered with a huge pile of snow. I crossed to the upper part of this with my Esquimaux boy, and went down the stream itself to slake my thirst. I kneeled down and drank of the sparkling waters. As I looked around before rising—what did I see? A cave of alabaster! snow arches, numberless and incomparable. At a point where several arches commenced to spring were pendant finely-formed icicles, from which poured, perpendicular to the earth, unbroken streams of water, having the appearance of inverted columns of crystal, supporting the arches. The number of these columns was great. Away, far down the cave through which the stream passed, all was dark—dark as Cimmerian darkness. From this I turned my eyes upward. Overhanging my head were pinnacled mountains 1,000 feet above me. Far as the eye could reach they extended. On my still bending knees I thanked God that I lived to behold how manifold and wonderful was the world's creation. None but God and the untutored Esquimaux saw me there, amid the roar of that mountain waterfall, offering up this, my heart's prayer. *Life with the Esquimaux, by C. F. Hall.*

A NEW-MOON CEREMONY IN AFRICA.—We were asked to witness a new-moon ceremony. This generally takes place three days after the first appearance of the luminary, and it was celebrated as usual by our men firing volleys in the air. The Sultan assumes priestly garb and dons his long false white beard on this occasion. His whole body remains concealed behind a screen, and he has beside him his insignia of office, either a small drum or an instrument which no one but himself can arise. The drums, generally thirty-three, are on the ground in a line, each having a large white cross on its head—a strange Crusader-like custom. A man stands behind each, and the leader, with two small drums, is in front to give the time. On his raising the right arm, the thirty-three drummers do the same, then the left arm, and they gradually beat the drums quicker, till ending in a tremendous roll. This continues for three hours, with intervals, and is repeated the day following. A band of drums is near the Sultan's hut, giving lighter dance music for the amusement of the boys and girls, who must make merry as the new-moon term comes around.—*Grant's Travels in Africa.*

A PHOTOGRAPH.—In Venice, says George Augustus Sala, the gondola is the unique and invariable maritime craft to be met with. Men and women go to be married, and the dead are carried to be buried, in gondolas. You shall see one gondola full of garden stuff, and another piled up with butcher's meat. In one, a carpenter's bench is set up, and the carpenter is sawing or planing away, while his shavings or his sawdust are blown overboard into the canal, and drift away with the tide. The very beggars have gondolas, and cripples propel themselves with the oar between their stumps, asking in the soft and musical Venetian dialect, for alms as they row past you. The bricklayers' laborers row to their work, and the washerwomen ply their vocation in gondolas. Artists sketching in them you may often see; likewise women at needlework, and children at play, and notaries' clerks copying crabbed deeds. They are cleanly and isolated congeners of the sampans in the Chinese waters. Finally, as far as my late at-night experience extends, the gondoliers appear to sleep in their boats, and to have and to desire no other domicile. There are said to be as many gondolas in Venice as there are droschkies in St. Petersburg—nearly four thousand; but their chief traffic is on the Grand Canal and its tributary arteries. The great throng of gondolas ceases at the Molo, where they are moored close and thick together at night two or three tiers deep. For a mile or more from this point, barges and boats of every form, schooners and feluccas, speronares and brigantines, with lateen sails, and queer images of saints and madonnas emblazoned on them or painted on their sterns and prows, lie at anchor in ranks of tolerable density. There is no forest of masts, and never will be again at Venice, I fear; but there is a pretty shrubbery of spars, and much gracefully-branching rigging. Here and there, too, at some distance from the quay, you see anchored a passenger boat that plies between Venice or Fiume, or Chioggia, or even Trieste and Dalmatian littoral. It is only vessels drawing less than seven feet of water that can come up so far. At the Guidecca, the maritime element assumes a coarser and less picturesque form. Tar, tarpaulin and oakum assert themselves. Heavy-beamed Austrian sailors poison the air with the fumes of the vilest tobacco; ship-chandleries, marine stores, and grog-shops abound; and the spectacle of a tipsy mariner—English, American or German—is not by any means uncommon. The seafaring Italians, however, whatever may be their other faults, such as hugging the shore too close, trusting more to the intercession of saints in the science of navigation than to the shipman's card, going to sleep whenever they have an opportunity, and passing the major portion of their wakeful moments in gambling, are strictly temperate. They can drink their cool draught of *vino nero*, their rosolio, or their thimbleful of aniseed; but of intoxication they seem to have an utter and innate abhorrence. In fact, a drunken man in Venice seems to be as great a rarity as a horse; and the sober inhabitants, were they to get hold of a confirmed toper, would, I fancy, be so much puzzled to know what to do with him, that it is not improbable they might bring their doubts to a solution by flinging him into the canal.

INTERESTING PHYSIOLOGICAL FACTS.—In a letter to the London *Globe*, Dr. Kidd mentions the following instance of the restoration of sight in a young woman born blind. He says: "I saw individually and observed with interest, the following case a short time ago at the Eye Institution, Moorfields—a case that would be invaluable to Berkley, as bearing on the part played by the senses in intellect, etc. A very interesting looking young woman, twenty-two years of age, born stone blind—partly educated in the family of a clergyman, all this time by finger alphabets, as we see blind men tracing the letters in one or two places in town—blind for twenty-two years, was restored to perfect vision in four days by a surgical operation, and to partial vision in two minutes. This young woman, in an instant, having been twenty-two years and from her birth stone-blind of congenital cataract, began to see, as those deaf mutes in Paris began to hear for the first time. The effect in the young woman was most curious, and something of this kind: She saw everything, but there was no idea whatever of perspective. She put her hand to the window to try to catch the trees on the other side of the street, then in Moorfields; she tried to touch the ceiling of a high ward; she was utterly ignorant also of common things—*e. g.*, what such things as a bunch of keys were, of a silver watch, or a common cup and saucer; but when she shut her eyes and was allowed to touch them, (the educated sense) she told them at once! She could almost distinguish the greasy feel of a silver half-crown from the dry, harsh feel of a copper penny. Her joy was excessive when shown some mignonette and sweet pea that one of the surgeons had accidentally in his coat, for it seemed she knew all the plants in the clergyman's garden by the touch and smell. She looked at the bunch of keys, and with equal blankness at the bunch of flowers. then shut her eyes so as to recognize them. All this took up less than five minutes. But she failed to say, as well as I now remember, the case, these are flowers. But on my saying, when she opened her eyes again, "why, these are flowers;" "Oh! so they are," she replied, shutting her eyes again quickly, and putting them to her nose, "This is mignonette," etc.

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PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE

Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

JOHN HOWARD, Plaintiff; *vs.* MARY HOWARD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to MARY HOWARD, Defendant:—You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, (a copy of which accompanies this summons,) within ten days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and for general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Twelfth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 21st day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By G. C. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BURNETT, Plaintiff's Attorney. Office, 634 Clay street, San Francisco, (Rooms No. 20 and 21.)
ap22-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

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MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

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All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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BIGELOW & BROTHER,

General Insurance Agency.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - - - $660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - - 75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders,

Dividend 1861, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1863, - - - - - 60 per cent.
Dividend 1864, - - - - - 60 per cent.

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29-3m GENERAL AGENTS.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

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INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

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THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
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Office removed to 414 California street, opposite Alsop & Co. WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
my19-3m

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OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
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Wines, Liquors, Ship Stores,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

On account of the large increase in our business we have *leased the large three-story Building,* Nos. 425 and 427 *BATTERY STREET,* near Washington street, in connection with our *store on MONTGOMERY STREET,* where we can furnish Families, Hotels, Restaurants Contractors, and the public generally, with the best selected Goods, at the

LOWEST WHOLESALE PRICES!

In quantities to please, and delivered free of charge

BOWEN BROTHERS.
ap22-3m

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FOR PUBLISHING ON STEEL

A PORTRAIT OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SON.

This Picture was photographed by Brady in the White House at Washington, and is the last the President ever sat for.

It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1-2x12 1-2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

☞ Sold only by Subscription.

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jc24-tf 511 Sacramento Street.

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No. 511 Sacramento street, San Francisco.

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FOR THE SALE OF

New American Cyclopedia, 16 volumes; Annual Cyclopedia, first issued in 1861, 1 volume annually; Anecdotes, 2 volumes; History of the Civil War, 2 volumes; History of the World, by Philip Smith, B. A., 8 volumes; Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery, issued in Parts; Burton's Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor, issued in Parts; Devotional Family Bible, issued in Parts; Life of Christ, issued in Parts; Poetry and Incidents of the War, 1 volume.

The above mentioned Works are sold by our distributing agents only.

Additions of New and Standard Works are constantly being made to this list.

Young men of good character and business habits are wanted to act as Agents. Agents wanted in every County in California, Oregon and Nevada.

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A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

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For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

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In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

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MRS. READ,

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INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

GRACE OF FORM

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It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

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MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

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THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday a numerous audience assembled in Maguire's Opera House, the attraction being the performance of the Seigrist family. Professor Siegrist performed some wonderfully clever gymnastic feats with his son, Master August Siegrist, and Mlle. Rosa Siegrist danced "La Manola," exhibiting much grace and skill, and giving general satisfaction. The feature of the entertainment, however, was the performanee of the dogs. Gymnasts as clever as the Siegrists, *danseuses* as graceful as Mlle. Rosa have visited this city; but such dogs never. A most pleasing feature in the performances of these remarkably sagacious and talented dogs was their evident affection for their master, and the pleasure and pride with which they appeared to show off their knowledge, proving that their training had been accomplished by means of kindness, and not by ill-treatment, which is too often the mode used to teaeh animals to perform unnatural tricks. A comedy and farce were given every evening, in addition to the Siegrist entertainment, and good houses resulted. On Wednesday, Mr. Walter Leman, the best old man on the California stage, and a most worthy middle-aged man off it, made his first appearancc since his return from the East, appearing in the character of "Sergeant Austerlitz" in the *Maid of Croissy*. He received a hearty welcome, and made a neat little speech in acknowledgment. On Friday the comic drama of *Used Up* was presented, Mr. Pauncefort filling the part of "Sir Charles Coldstream" capitally. This actor is making steady progress in the good opinion of the public—the more they see of him the better they like him, which is about as good a thing as he could wish said of him. In the afterpiece, *Nobbs will Turn Him Out*, Mr. Fred. Franks, who has recently joined the Opera House company, made his appearance in the part of "Nicodemus Nobbs," drawing forth peals of laughter from the audience. Mr. Franks is a good low comedian, and also possesses considerable versatility. He will prove a valuable addition to the company. This afternoon and evening the bill will be the same as yesterday, and the dogs will make their last appearance. These dogs have been most successful in drawing large numbers of spectators to witness their performances in all parts of the world. They came here from Peru, and it may be observed that they still retain their Peruvian bark. This afternoon the house should be crowded with children. On Monday the intensely sensational drama of *The Workmen of San Francisco*, versions of which are at present being played in some dozen different towns in the United States and England, will be produced. Much money and wondrous pains have been lavished on putting this piece on the stage. The machine shop, with machines and steam engines all moving, is a stage miracle, and does the stage manager infinite credit. To ensure a good house, we need only state that the sensation of the piece is the crushing of a woman in this machinery, which though an unpleasant sensation to her, will doubtless cause intense delight to the spectators.

At Wheatleigh's Eureka the drama of *Jessie Brown, or the Siege of Lucknow*, was played, with an afterpiece, during the first three nights of the week, and was admirably well performed. It was put upon the stage in fine style, and every member of the company played his or her part well. Mrs. Phelps' impersonation of "Jessie Brown" was a piece of acting which will long be remembered by those who witnessed it; in the last act she was positively grand. Mr. Reeves does not get much notice; in fact, it is not often he gets a chance of doing anything to deserve it. This being the case, I must remark that he played the character of "Nana Sahib" better than it has ever been played before on the California stage. He avoided ranting, and spoke in the impressive, somewhat monotonous voice, peculiar to the natives of Hindoostan. Mr. Reeves, having been born in Calcutta, had an opportunity of being faithful to nature in his impersonation of the character which he assumed. His "Nana Sahib" was, in fact, a study from life, he having seen and spoken to that monster before he had rendered himself infamously notorious. On Thursday Shakspeare's play of *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, was produced, with new scenery, and what proved to be a most efficient cast. Mr. Wheatleigh was, of course, perfectly at home in "Malvolio;" Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, by her faultless reading and fine acting in the character of "Viola," proved what a sterling actress she is; the "Sir Toby Belch" of Mr. Myers was a very clever piece of acting; the clown of Mr. Leach was all that could be desired—most admirable fooling. Mrs. Judah is so good an actress that she will bear criticism: her "Maria" was capital, with this exception, that she entirely omitted the by-play, so necessary during "Malvolio's" conversation with "Olivia," when he appears "cross-gartered and in yellow stockings." She appeared to have lost all interest in the success of the hoax which she had played upon the unfortunate steward. Miss Louise Clarkson's "Olivia" displayed care and the result of careful study; her reading was extremely creditable. Miss Gass made a very good "Sebastian." Mr. Percy's "Sir Andrew Aguecheek" was a good rendering of an ungrateful part, and was extremely natural. The piece was well, very well, played throughout, and should enjoy a successful run. Lovers of Shakspeare can go to see *Twelfth Night, or What You Will*, at Wheatleigh's Eureka, with the conviction that their favorite author does not suffer at the hands of this company. Great care has been bestowed upon its preparation, and the result is satisfactory in the highest degree. *Twelfth Night* will be performed this afternoon and evening, and will probably draw crowded houses during the greater portion of next week—it deserves to. When it is withdrawn, an Irish sensation drama will be produced. The new burlesque is in a progressive state. I am committing no breach of confidenee in stating that it is founded on the fall of the Mexican Empire, now foreshadowed.

TOUCHSTONE.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

ON Monday evening *Lucia di Lammermoor* was reproduced at the Academy, with Signorina Brambilla in her favorite part of "Lucia," to a moderate house. Experience shows that it must be a novelty, and an attractive one at that, which will draw a good house on a Monday evening. The friends of the fair prima donna claim that "Lucia" is her best part, and—barring her performance of "Marguerite," in *Faust*—with some reason. Her rendering of the mad scene was espeeially impressive, and not over-acted by expression or gesture—a rare merit. On Thursday Barilli produced the *Barber of Seville* for his benefit, with the changes of Brambilla as "Rosina," and Grossi as "Doctor Bartolo." The house was full, and the opera was excellently rendered. Last night *La Sonnambula* was performed to a numerous and delighted audience.

At Sacramento the opera is highly successful, Manager Maguire having leased and refitted the Metropolitan Theatre of that city for its especial inauguration. The company opened on Monday evening last with *Il Trovatore*, and successively produced *Norma, Martha* and *Lucrezia Borgia* to audiences that tested the capacity of the theatre. The *Bee* says: "It is really a comfort, after a day's work, when caloric prevails, to take a clean and cosy seat, and listen to music properly rendered," and that "the opera warms on acquaintance." We should think that where "caloric prevails" it would be apt to.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new publications:

Companion Poets for the People. Illustrated. *Household Poems.* By Henry W. Longfellow. Boston: Tickuor & Fields.

The first of a new series of selected poems from the best American and English poets, to be issued in monthly volumes. The present specimen is handsomely printed on tinted paper, and illustrated with twelve or fifteen drawings on wood by well-known artists. Each volume is bound in paper—a circumstance to be regretted, as the general style is worthy of being preserved in a less perishable form. The thinnest and cheapest pasteboard we should imagine would meet the requirments of economy, and, at the same time, give each volume that permanent binding which its merits deserve. The selections from Longfellow comprise many of his most familiar pieces, such as "The Rainy Day," "Excelsior," "The Psalm of Life," "The Village Blacksmith" and "Rain in Summer," as well as the more scholarly and refined "Sandolphin," "The Ladder of St. Augustine," "Palingenisis," and two or three translations. In looking over this volume, which breathes the tender and melancholy *aura* of Longfellow's genius, we cannot but feel grateful to the publishers who have placed a pleasure so pure and refined within the reach of the most humble. Some idea of the popularity of cheap literature of the better class may be gained from the fact that Messrs. Tickuor & Fields have sold upwards of fifty thousand copies of their twenty five cent edition of *Enoch Arden*. The other volumes of this series are to be *National Lyrics*, by Whittier; *Lyrics of Life*, by Browning; *Humorous Poems*, by Holmes; and *Religious Poems*, by Mrs. Stowe.

In addition, the following volumes have been received from Messrs. Roman & Co., notices of which are deferred until next week: *The Gayworthys, A Son of the Soil, The Young Lieutenant, Looking Around, Kilpatrick and our Cavalry, Illustrated Life of Lincoln, Life and Speeches of President Johnson, Prued's Poems, Only a Clod, Theo Leigh, On Guard, Hunted to Death, Miramichi.*

We are indebted to H. H. Bancroft & Co., 609 Montgomery street, for the following new publications:

Home Ballads by our Home Poets, with illustrations by Darley. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

In intention and style the *Home Ballads* resemble the *Companion Poets*. But the selections do not seem to have been made with any critical taste or judgment. With the poems of so many authors of recognized ability to choose from, we should think that the dozen or more specimens of inferior merit from comparatively unknown writers might have been kept out of this volume. The work is bound in paper covers and is well printed.

Notices of the following volumes from the same publishers are deferred until next week: *On Guard, Theo Leigh, Only a Clod, Carey's Record of the Great Rebellion, A Son of the Soil, The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers, Looking Around, The Young Lieutenant, Wylder's Hand.*

THE BELLS OF AVIGNON.

AVIGNON was a joyous city,
A joyous town with many a steeple,
Towers and tourelles, roofs and turrets,
Sheltering a merry people.
In each tower, the bells of silver,
Bronze, or iron, swayed so proudly,
Tolling deep and swinging cheerly,
Beating fast and beating loudly.

One! Two! Three! Four! ever sounding;
Two! Four! One! Three! still repeating;
Five! Seven! Six! Eight! hurrying, chasing;
BIM-BOM-BING-BANG merry beating,
All the day the dancing sextons
Dragged at bell-ropes, rising, falling,
Clanging bells, inquiring, answering,
From the towers were ever calling.

Cardinals, in crimson garments,
Stood and listened to the chiming;
And within his lofty chutean
Sate the Pope, and beat the timing.
Minstrels, soldiers, monks and jesters
Laughed to hear the merry clamor,
As above them in the turrets
Music clashed from many a hammer.

Avignon was a joyous city:
Far away across the bridges,
'Mong the vine-slopes, upward lessening,
To the brown cliffs' highest ridges,
Clamored those sonorous bells;
In the Summer's noontide wrangling,
In one silver knot of music
All their chimes together tangling.

Showering music on the people
Round the town-house in the morning;
Scattering joy and jubilations,
Hope and welcome, wrath and scornings;
Ushering kings, or mourning pontiffs;
Clanging in the times of thunder,
And on nights when conflagrations
Clove the city half asunder.

Nights and nights across the river,
Through the darkness, starry-dotted,
Far across the bridge so stately,
Now by lichens blurred and blotted,
Came that floating, mournful music,
As from bands of angels flying,
With the loud blasts of the tempest
Still victoriously vieing.

Who could tell why Avignon
All its bells was ever pealing,
Whether to scare evil spirits,
Still round holy cities stealing.
Yet, perhaps, that ceaseless chiming,
And that pleasant silver beating,
Was but as of children playing,
And their mother's name repeating.

One! Two! Three! the bells went prattling,
With a music so untiring;
One! Two! Three! in merry cadence,
Rolling, crashing, clanging, firing.
Hence it was that in past ages,
When 'mid war those sounds seemed sweeter,
La Ville Sonnante people called it,
City sacred to Saint Peter.

Years ago! but now all silent,
Lone and sad, the grass-grown city,
Has its bell-towers all deserted
By those ringers—more 's the pity.
Pope and cardinal are vanished;
And no music fills the night-air;
Gone the red robes and the sable;
Gone the crosier and the mitre.

ROBBED.—Henry Plughoff, a teamster, was robbed on Sunday evening, while on his way from La Porte to Marysville, by three men armed with pistols and shot guns. As Henry was descending the Stanfield hill his life or his money was demanded, and he handed over his change and a check for $925. The robbers poeketed the money, but handed back the check, and ordered the teamster to drive on.

THE Boston *Post* says: "The New Yorkers are after Dr. Bellows with a sharp stick for saying to the Philadelphians that they had done more—except San Francisco—for the support of the Sanitary Commission than any other city."

THE BEST PIANO.—The Chicago *Evening Journal's* musical correspondent, writing about the competition at the State Fair in musical instruments, says: "Two hours after I sent my dispatch yesterday, Messrs. Root & Cady, of Chicago, were awarded the premium for one of Bradbury's New Scale Pianos. The prediction, contained in that dispatch that no other piano upon exhibition stood a ghost of a chance, was verified notwithstanding the fact that there were pianos of celebrated makers in competition. I record this triumph with all the more pleasure because of their patriotic and truly magnificent gift of a $1,500 piano to the Soldiers' Fair now in progress here, and meeting with great success.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdale & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6,500,000.
BIGELOW & BRO., Agents,
'y30-1m Over Parrott's Bank.

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nearly opposite the Post Office,
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—AND—
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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
AUGUST 12, 1865.
OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!
CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!
SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!!
THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Double Engine Steamship
MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander.
FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON SATURDAY, - - AUGUST 12TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
ERICCSON,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.
The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.
The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR September 13th.
For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
jy20 Up stairs, San Francisco.

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Extract of Millefleurs!
THIS UNRIVALLED PREPARATION
CLEANSES
BEAUTIFIES
THE HAIR!
Immediately rendering the coarsest Hair soft and pliable, prevents Disease of the Scalp, premature decay of the Hair, and BALDNESS!
It may be used upon CHILDREN and YOUNG PERSONS with the greatest satisfaction and cheerful assurance of permanent benefit—producing Luxuriance of Growth, removing all impurities from the surface of the Head—stimulating and preserving the HAIR to the latest period of life.
☞ Sold by all Druggists.
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LUNG BALSAM!
THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,
ASTHMA, CROUP,
DISEASES OF THE THROAT, BRONCHITIS,
Pains and Oppression of the Chest or Lungs,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
AND ALL THE
DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

ITS ACTION IS EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE, SUDORIFIC, SEDATIVE, DIAPHORETIC and DIURETIC, which renders it one of the most valuable remedies known in curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration, and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm or mucus, changes the secretions and PURIFIES THE BLOOD; heals the irritated parts; gives strength to the digestive system, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts, beyond the possibility of doubt, strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect, that *it is warranted to break up the most distressing cough in a few hours' time*, if not of too long standing. *It is warranted* to give entire satisfaction even in the *most confirmed cases of Consumption. It is warranted not* to produce costiveness, which is the case with most remedies, or affect the head, as it contains no Opium in any form. *It is warranted to be perfectly harmless* to the most delicate child, although it is an active and powerful remedy for restoring the system. *There is no real necessity for so many deaths by Consumption*, when ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM will prevent it, if only taken in time.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.
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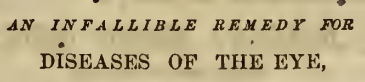
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AN INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR
DISEASES OF THE EYE,
Acute or chronic, ulceration of the lachrymal glands, film and weakness of the vision from any cause; it is the most effectual remedy ever discovered.
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LIFE SYRUP!
COMPOSED OF
Iodide Potassium.

With the compound Concentrated Fluid Extract of Longwort, Augustine Root, Abscess Root, Blood Root, Cancer Root, Fever Root, Canker Weed, Consumption plant, Gravel plant, Life Root, Liverwort, Nervine root, Pleurisy root, Sassafras root, Scurvy Grass root, Scrofula Plant, Rattlesnake root, Squaw root, Wa-a-hoo bark, Wintergreen, the whole scientifically prepared, and containing the full virtue of all the ingredients united in an elegant Syrup, that possesses a wonderful power in the cure of diseases.
CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!
A positive and specific remedy for all diseases originating from an *impure state of the Blood*, and for all (hereditary) Diseases transmitted from Parent to Child.
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SCROFULA, RHEUMATISM,
NERVOUSNESS.
CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP
Eradicates, root and branch, all Eruptive Diseases of the skin, like
ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES,
And all other difficulties of the kind, which so much disfigure the outward appearance of both males and females, and often making them a disgusting object to themselves and their friends.
CONSTITUTION LIFE SYRUP!
Cures all swelling of the GLANDS either of the Face, Neck or Female Breast.
☞ As a general Blood Purifying Agent, the Life Syrup stands unrivalled by any preparation in the world.
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THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.
The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.
The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.
No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.
A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.
Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.
Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 2d of August.
The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.
The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.
The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.
The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.
No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.
All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.
All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

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SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.
We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,
SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.
We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.
Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.
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The attention of the Public is invited to
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Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"
No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.
A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.
MILLER'S 206 *Bush street*,
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.
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GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
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THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.
TERMS.
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No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.
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The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*
The next session commences July 18th.
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We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

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Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

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Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner *From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from* Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

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FOR RED BLUFF,

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Address me at the Occidental Hotel, or at my Rooms.
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Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
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AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

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is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

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RELIEVING PAIN AND STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

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WILD CHERRY,

A CURE FOR EVERY FORM OF

Pulmonary Complaint!

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, SPITTING OF BLOOD, LIVER COMPLAINT, etc., etc.

Consumption,

Which carries off more victims than any other disease, and which baffles the skill of the Physician to a greater extent than any other malady, often

YIELDS TO THIS REMEDY,

when all others prove ineffectual.

AS A MEDICINE,

Rapid in relief, soothing in effect, safe in its operation, it is

UNSURPASSED!

while as a preparation, free from noxious ingredients, poisons or minerals; uniting skill, science and medical knowledge, combining all that is valuable in the vegetable kingdom for this class of disease, it is

INCOMPARABLE!

and is entitled, merits and receives the enviable appellation of the

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Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

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BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

FASHION, 1725.

SHE was dressed in the height of the reigning mode. The pyramid or bell of whalebone, in which she was encaged, and which, under the name of hoop, had succeeded the Elizabethau farthingale to be the precusor of the Victorian crinoliue, was covered with a magnificent petticoat of rich satin, whose ground of white and red was flowered with huge scarlet blossoms, all bedropped with golden dew-spangles. Over this, looped up high in frout and hanging iu loose folds behind, was a yellow satin gown, brocaded with silver stars. A white beaver hat, faced with blue silk and adorned with gold lace, rested daintily on a thick clustering mass of short, fair curls. Two little spots or patches of black velvet, one over the left eyebrow, another on the left cheek, denoted the leaning of the fair politician towards Toryism. And, as she came swimming on, with saucy smiles dimpliug on her chcek, on which a shade of artificial rose blushed its delicate pink, shc dangled in one hand her vizard-mask, holding it by the head, which, when caught between the teeth, was used to keep it in position upon the face, and the other flirting with careless grace a fan of monstrous size, on which Tohn Wootton had painted a humorous scene of horsemanship from Bartholomew Fair. It was my lady Belinga Brocade, a fashiouable young widow, erroneously supposed to be very rich, but who had sufficient wit and skill to keep up the popular delusion on that subject by splendid dressing and reckless expenditure which vied with that of the wealthiest persons of quallty in London. Her obsequious attendant was Sir Charles Buckram, a baronet of ancient lineage, but dilapidated estate, who not only admired the pretty widow's face and figurc, but was smitteu also by a secret and stronger passion for the money bags ascribed by popular rumor to her dead husband, and supposed to havc beeu entrusted by his last will and testament to her care. We see in Sir Charles the model of a beau in the later days of George I. A full white periwig, flowing in thick massed-curls upon his shoulders, and jutting forward till his face was almost buried in a nest of snowy hair—a square cut coat of sky-blue velvet, laced with gold, the flapped pockets of its ample skirts expanded by au invisiblc cage of thin wire—a long waistcoat of white satin, brocaded with grecn and red leaves, flapping down with deep pockets almost to the knee—wide cuffs folded back six inches to permit rich ruffles of Mechlin lace, matching his long lace cravat, to expand their snowy charms —breeches of black velvet—tight stockings of cobweb scarlet silk, adorned with gold clocks—long black square-toed shocs, with gold buckles and high red heels—armed him capa-pie for conquest. But to complete the picture we must clap below his arm a small three-cornered hat, laccd with gold galloon and edged wlth a trimming of ostrich feather—pass through thc stiffened coat-skirt the cane scabbard of a small sword, from whose gold hilt, tipped with ruby, hangs a sword knot of blue ribbons tied with tassels of lace—give to one hand a foreign stick carved with a moukey's head, aud to the other an ivory snuff-box, rimmed with diamonds, and adorned on the lid with a miniature group by Watteau, while fringed gloves and a highly musked mouchoir peep carclessly from bclow the pocket-flaps of his resplendeut coat.—*From Dr. Collier's Pictures of the Periods.*

A Mistake.—An amusing incident occurred the other day in a fashionable music store, which should teach clerks to be careful in their sports: It appears that the clerks in the store had acquired a habit of playiug off little tricks upon each other, and one of the sports was, if one saw the other stooping down to select music or for any other purpose, he would seize a board, generally the top of a box, and hit the stooping victim. This practice had gone ou for some time, wheu one day one of the clerks who had caught the board most se erely for some transgression, and was laying low to catch his enemy in position that he might pay him off with interest, entercd the store, and at the eud of the counter he saw, to his great delight, his fellow clerk doubled up iu a beautiful position, with his head among the lower shelves and his body at an angle. "Now," thought he, "is my time, Mr. Jerry!" So he selected a good stiff board about four feet long, and cautiously approachiug, he gave a blow that sounded all over the store, and brought him erect at once. At that moment Jerry appeared from behind a stack of books, with his face swollen with suppressed laughter, and the gentleman who was struck stood in utter amazement, rubbing himself most dexterously. The offending clerk discovered, to his great astonishment aud regret, that he had struck his worthy pastor, the Rev. Dr. ———, who was busy selecting music. Of course, he was ready to fall upon his knees for forgiveness. But the deed was doue.

Soon after the death of the brave and lamented Colonel Mulligan, a subscription was started in Chicago for his widow. The treasurer now reports that the sum of $7,664 was collected, of which $5,125 was paid for a homestead for Mrs. Mulligan, and the balance, $2,529, was paid over to her.

The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Honduras has been officially proclaimed. It provides for perpetual amity and a reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation.

An Elephant Story.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* gives the following incident in the history of the famous elephant *Hannibal*, now deceased:

"*Hannibal* was an original emancipationist. In 1858 he carried an emancipation proclamation [in his trunk] into South Carolina, which he issued in the form of a "Trumpet Blast of Freedom" extra, and which effectually abolished slavery from one section of the State—for a short time, at least. It happened in this wise: The menagerie was crossing the Black Warrior river, and *Hannibal* was taken in to swim it. Now, an elephant can stay under water a long time, and by stretching the trunk so as to reach the surface for air, can float far below for hours without giving any visible sign of his presence. On this occasion, after swimming very nicely for a while, he made a dive. His keeper, who was in a small boat, stopped rowing, and waited for him to come up again. After waiting a reasonable time without the elephant putting in an appearance, the keeper mistrusted that something was wrong, and commenced rowing in a circle, as if he were pulliug for a wager, iu hopes of finding some indication of the brute. Leaving the keeper thus employed, we will follow the elephant, who, going with the current, had floated down the river, turned a bend, and, after enjoying a delightful bath, began to look for a landing-place. He found one twelve miles from the spot where he started, on the edge of a cotton field, in which about three hundred darkies of all ages and both sexes were at work. A big 'swash,' and a tremendous blast from the elephant's trunk, drew their attention to the river, from the very depths of which they saw a black monster emerging, the water rolling from his sides, his immense ears flapping wildly, his fearful tusks pointed directly at them. On he came, and away went they! The appearance of such a creature, under such circumstances, would startle anybody; but the effect produced upon these ignorant plantation hands, a great portion of whom were not aware that there was such an animal as an elephant in existence, can better be imagined than described. They were all satisfied that the Evil One had come for them, sure enough; and as they fled in wild confufusion, they spread the story among all whom they met with such terrific exaggerations that in twelve hours, it is said, there was not a 'cullud pussun,' free nor bond, to be found in the country. It is certain that for two weeks afterwards the menagerie people daily encountered planters looking for slaves who had disappeared after *Hannibal's* unlooked-for visit to the plantation."

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's New Picture.—The annual exhibition of the French School of Art is now open, and, as perhaps many of our readers know, says the New York *Review*, the great picture of the year is by Mlle. Rosa Bouheur—"A Family of Deer crosing the Summit of the Long Rocks" (Forest of Fontainebleau)—is a picture well worthy of some notice. It consists of a wild arid plain, studded with rocks and stones, over which a very charming family of seven deer are passing. The animals, as may be supposed, form the chief objects in the landscape; but vigorous as is their treatment, the foreground and middle distance will please the lover of good painting almost as much. The time is early morning, and below the gray clouds and half misty, half glaring light of breaking day, may be imagined, rather than seen, the first gleams of the sun's rays. The effect of this almost unseen rosy tint is indescribably beautiful, and does credit even to such a well-known artist as Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur. But the family itself is worthy of a prolonged study. The old father, proud in his strength and beauty, sniffs the air, as if he fancied a stranger were near; the mother, with ears erect, looks round to see that none of her charges are missing; but the young ones themselves, appareutly as giddy as many other young people, seem to trouble themselves very little about the matter, and gambol about in great delight. The animal at the extreme right of the picture, iu the act of drinking, is exceedingly well drawn, though we fancy the position of the bent fore leg is hardly as natural as it might be. In truth, however, the point in which Mlle. Bonheur appears to have least succeeded is in the legs of the deer: all of them are rather too *woodeny*, though the color is good. The pool from which the deer is drinking is marvellously painted, and the disturbance caused by his foot in the water is perfectly natural. It is this peculiar power of painting "like nature" which renders Mlle. Bouheur's pictures so plcasing and beautiful; and in the one we are now noticing, like all her others, she has certainly not failed in this respect.

Swallows.—In Swedcn the swallows, as soon as the winter begins to approach, pluuge themselves iuto the lakes, where they remain asleep and hidden under the ice till the returu of Summer; wheu, revived by the new warmth, they come out from thc water and fly away as formerly. While the lakes are frozen, if somebody will break the ice in those parts where it appears darker than the rest, he will fiud masses of swallows—cold, asleep, and half dead; which, by takiug out of their retreat and warming, either with his hands or bcfore a fire, he will see gradually to vivify again and fly. In other countries they retire very often to the caverns, under the rocks. As many of these exist between the city of Caen and thc sea, on the banks of the river Orne, there are found sometimes duriug the winter piles of swallows suspended in these vaults, like bunches of grapes. People have witnessed the same thing in Italy; wherc, as well as in France, it is considered very lucky by the inhabitants when swallows build nests on their habitations.

Theatricals, etc., Abroad.—The New York *Clipper* of July 1st gives a complete resumé of theatrical matters, from which we make a few extracts:

Miss Lotta terminated her performances at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 24th June. During the week she appeared in various pieces, among them the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, in which she took the character ol "Sam Willoughby." Miss Lotta has made many friends in the Quaker city.

The Webb sisters have been doing a pretty fair business at the Arch, Philadelphia.

Mrs. Emily Jordan and Frank Lawler are about to start on a starring tour for the coming Fall and Winter season.

Mrs. Leighton and Yankee Locke have been playing an engagement recently at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, to good audiences. The Keans were announced for June 26th, at the same theater.

Cotton & Murphy's California Minstrels were at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, June 29th. The troop now consists of Ben Cotton, Joe Murphy, W. H. Smith, W. H. Luis, Master Bennie Cotton, Frank Campbell, Joe Crosher, R. Tyrrell, Jr., J. Tannebaum, F. Blum, George Clarendon, George Ross, H. Koehler, and H. Barker.

Adah Isaacs Menken commenced a series of farewell performances at Astley's, London, June 19th.

J. B. Booth was released from confinement in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C., June 23d. It is stated that his release was unconditional.

Singular Case of Mistaken Identity.—At the battle of Chancellorsville, Samuel Randall, a member of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Regiment, was supposed to have been killed, since he was missing from his regiment, and had been seen to fall by some of his comrades. The fact was communicated to his relatives, who reside in Frankford, Pennsylvania; his body, or what was supposed to be his body, was recovered after considerable difficulty, and sent home. Those who had known the deceased in life, aud who kuew him well, saw in the features of the corpse the familiar ones of their frieud. Even his own family was deceived. On the appointed day the funeral took place, the military in the town paraded with reversed arms, and when the coffin rested in its grave at Cedar Hill Cemetery, a parting salute was fired. There is now in the cemetery a mound nicely sodded, and flowers bloom upon its summit; a tombstone stands at its head, with the usual epitaph, set off with military emblems. So far, good; but we are told that this same Randall returned lately, much to the fright of his family and the pleasure of his friends. Everything concerning his mysterious absence was satisfactorily explained, and the returned soldier has the rare privilege of looking upon his own grave and tombstone, and readiug his own epitaph.

Rachel was very stingy, as everybody knows. She once gave a great dinner to the *creme de la noble société*. In the morning she rode out with a well-known French critic and gourmand, and requested him to help her select an excellent dessert. They rode to Chevet's, the greatest fruit-dealer in Paris, and selected the dessert. She was just going to leave the place, when Chevet asked her if she did not want a pineapple, as an ornament for the table?

"How much is it?"

"Seventy francs. Pineapples are very dear in Europe."

"That is too much for me," she said. "But would you not rent it to me?"

Chevet laughed and consented.

At the dinner the critic sat next to the Duke of San Teodoro, and at the dessert he said to the latter:

"Do you see that delicious pineapple?"

"Parbleu!" said the Duke; "I came near forgetting it."

The Duke rose, took a large and sharp knife, and made a deep cut in the fruit. Rachel, who saw it, was struck by this deed as by a dagger in a tragedy. A cry of grief came from her breast.

"What is the matter?" asked Ponsary. "Has Madame Rachel a pineapple in her breast?"

She could not be consoled during the whole evening.

Bother your Schtaff.—Just before the capture of Savannah, General Logan, with two or three of his staff, entered the depot at Chicago, one fine morning, to take the cars East, on his way to rejoin his command. The General, being a short distance in advance of the others, stepped upon the platform of a car, about to enter it, but was stopped by an Irishman, with, "Yees'll not be goin' in there." "Why not, sir?" asked the General. "Because thim's a leddies caer, and no gintleman'll be goin' in there widout a leddy. There's wan sate in that caer over there, ef yees want it," at the same time pointing to it. "Yes," replied the General, "I see there is one seat; but what shall I do with my staff?" "Oh! bother your schtaff?" was the petulent reply; "go and take the sate, an' schtick yer schtaff out o' the windy."

President Lincoln's log cabin, which he personally helped to build in the days of his youth and poverty, was the most interesting object on exhibition at the great Sanitary Fair at Chicago, recently. It was brought piecemeal from its original location, and erected inside a broad enclosure at the corner of Randolph street and Wabash avenue. The first week of the Fair realized over $100,000.

READINGS FROM THE POETS.

In consequence of the Immense success of these Popular Entertainments, the Third Select Reading of Patriotic and Miscellaneous Pieces, by

MISS ANGELA STARR KING

Will be given at

Maguire's Academy of Music,

ON

TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 29TH, 1865.

PROGRAMME:

Music.
The Pied Piper of Hamelin.....Browning
As you Like It.....Shakspeare
Paul Revere's Ride.....Longfellow
Music.
Quaker Widow.....Bayard Taylor
Wounded.....Miller
Passing Away.....Pierpont
The Ballad of New Orleans (by request).....Boker
Music.
Much Ado About Nothing.....Shakspeare
Our Heroes.....Junvier
The Love Chase.....Sheridan Knowles
Soldiers, Rally!.....Cutler

ARTHONY REIFF, JR.....Conductor of Orchestra.

TICKETS.....ONE DOLLAR.

No Extra Charge for Reserved Seats.

Box Office open on and after MONDAY, when seats can be secured. jy 29

JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Friseo,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1865:

AUGUST 31, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain —— ——

AUGUST 18th - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the

PATENT RIGHT,

be prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, upon reasonable terms.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

OPENING OF THE *LINCOLN GRAMMAR SCHOOL.*

The LINCOLN GRAMMAR SCHOOL, corner of Fifth and Market streets, will open on MONDAY, 24th inst. This school is designed for Boys only. All applications for seats should be made to the Principal, Mr. IRA G. HOITT, at the building, at 9 o'clock, A. M., on the day of opening.

D. LUNT,
jy 22-1t Secretary Board of Education.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Afternoon and Evening, July 29th, 1865,

The Comedy of

USED UP.

After which

NOBS WILL TURN HIM OUT!

To conclude with the

SIEGRIST FAMILY,

In Ballet and Gymnastic performances, with the addition of their celebrated troupe of

PERFORMING DOGS.

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 21ST,

Will produce Laura Keen's version of

THE

Workmen of San Francisco!

With the full strength of the Dramatic Company, startling Mechanical effects, and the following new scenery:

Exterior of Presentation Convent,
View on Montgomery Street,
The Bachelor's Quarters,
The Mechanics' Saloon,
Interior of a Machine Shop,
San Francisco by Moonlight,
Alameda Railroad Pier,
Mechanics' House, etc.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock.

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜

E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
jy29-3m San Francisco.

HUNT'S PATENT

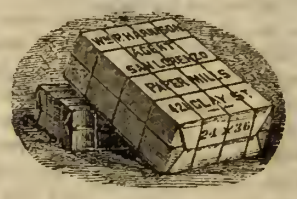
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,
jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.



SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.

GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
Office, 520 Montgomery street,
jy22-td San Francisco.

WHEATLEIGH'S EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES TO-DAY, JULY 29TH,

TWELFTH NIGHT; or, *What You Will.*

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 29TH,

Will be presented shakspeare's Play of

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR,

AS YOU WILL.

Malvolio.....Chas. Wheatleigh
Viola.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Sir Toby Belch.....J. E. Myers
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....Mr. Percy
The Clown.....Stephen Leach
Orsino.....E. Thorne
Maria.....Mrs. Judah

With New and Appropriate Scenery, by - - A. TORNING

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

MEXICAN 10 PER CENT. SIX YEAR LOAN.

The undersigned having a full Power of Attorney from Gen. GASPAR SANCHEZ OCHOA, Commissioner for

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO,

as Agent for the sale of the Bonds of this

POPULAR LOAN,

These Bonds will be sold at

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, GOLD COIN.

They bear date July 1st, 1865, and are now ready to be furnished in sums to suit, in denominations from $50 to $1,000. Principal and interest payable in

UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

Interest Payable Semi-Annually, at the PACIFIC BANK in the city of San Francisco.

The payment and redemption of these Bonds and Coupons are secured by the transfer to the undersigned, as Trustee, of one-half of the fiscal proceeds of

ALL THE REVENUES AND DUTIES

Derived from the Custom Houses of

MAZATLAN, GUAYMAS, MANZANILLO,

And all the Ports in the States of

SINALOA, SONORA AND COLIMA,

And from the Mines of said States,

Which Revenues and Duties, so soon as collected, are to be deposited and held by the undersigned in the PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, and employed exclusively for the payment of said Bonds and Interest.

General Ochoa has made an assignment to the undersigned, of one-half of all the Duties received at the above Custom Houses, for the payment of said Loan and Interest, and also to appoint Agents to receive the above Revenues.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

Are now open at our office, Room No. 3, third floor, Masonic Building,

No. 420 Montgomery street.

SAMUEL BRANNAN,
jy8 Agent.

RARE CHANCE

TO SECURE

DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22-4t Rooms Nos. 2 and 6.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent.	per day on a	$50	note.
Two cents	"	$100	"
Ten "	"	$500	"
20 "	"	$1,000	"
$1 "	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers through out the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,

WHO WILL BE

WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, the office at of this paper. jy15 4t

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 11.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 5, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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(For the Californian.)

THE SABBATH BELLS.

SUNDAY, JULY 30, 1865.

RING, Sabbath bells, O softly ring,
And with your peaceful accents bring
To loving ears a welcome tale
Of flowing seas and gentle gale;
Ring!

Peal, all ye Sabbath bells—O peal,
And tell the few who watch and kneel
Of hidden snares and sunken rocks,
Of surges white and sudden shocks;
Peal!

Toll, O ye Sabbath bells, and toll
Each passing soul and heroic soul:
Toll for the sacrifices sweet,
For duty done, and work complete—
Toll!

Chime, O ye Sabbath bells, O chime!
Each man has his appointed time;
The worst is but a glad release;
Chime, Sabbath bells, a song of Peace,
Chime!

H.

[For the Californian.]

THE WOODPECKER.

A BUSY woodpecker! What would you call
This monk of a fellow, tapping a tree,
With little cells like a catacomb hall
To bury his acorns in? what would you call
Such a curious monk as he?

Tucking his acorns away in their tomb
To feed upon by-and-by, at his will—
Does he ever think of the hidden bloom
In the acorn's heart? though shut in the tomb,
There's a germ of life nursed there still.

Time is a woodpecker, crowding the cells
Of the catacombed earth with holy dead;
But there's a bud of life that swells
In the oak tree's might, and it shatters the cells
As the soul when the life has fled.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE *Flag* is aptly termed by the *Dramatic Chronicle* "The Country Paper in Town;" it appears to have a deadly hatred for San Francisco and its inhabitants. We clip the following from the *British Colonist*:

"HARD TIMES.—The San Francisco *Flag* says there are over 1,000 stores and tenements placarded 'to let' in that city, and that the people are leaving the city like rats deserting a sinking ship."

This paragraph will of course be published by all the "country papers" with great pleasure. The citizens of Victoria were not very much grieved when they read it in the *Colonist*, as, if it were true, they might expect an influx of population. We can assure the interior papers that San Francisco is by no means in a sinking condition, and that the *Flag* will be in a bad fix when the "rats" all leave it.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

A FEW days ago a most remarkable leader appeared in the *Morning Call*, with the caption, "Great by Chance." The editor evidently witnessed the representation of *Twelfth Night* at the Eureka Theatre—was struck by an idea, and, immediately before the inspiration left him, wrote his leader. He commences thus:

"When Shakspeare placed in the mouth of Malvolio the expression, "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," he was about as near the whole truth and philosophy of the matter as the love-sick steward with his cast of mind was able to get; as near, probably, as the world at the time of Shakspeare's writing was capable of getting. Strictly speaking, no man is born great; really very few actually achieve greatness wholly by their own exertions; actually the number is small who have greatness thrust upon them; and probably the truth is, that more men are made great by chance than in any other manner."

Shakspeare receives the endorsement of the *Morning Call*. Mark that. Shakspeare got very near the truth considering the time at which he wrote. How true is the remark of the editor that "Strictly speaking, no man is born great." Of course no man is born great, for he is a small baby when he is born. How did Shakspeare come to make such a mistake? Had the editor wished to be hypercritical, he might have gone further and said that "strictly speaking" no man is born at all, for it is only babies that are born. Here is the gist of the editor's powerful leader:

"History teaches us that circumstances have made more great men than either birth, exertions, or "thrusting" influences."

We are happy to find on reading to the end of the leader, that there is really no difference of opinion between the editor of the *Call* and Shakspeare, and that, though he is doubtless unaware of the fact, he only says in half a column of words what Shakspeare expressed in half a dozen, namely, that some men become great by force of circumstances, or to express the same thing in different words, have greatness thrust upon them. In spite of the progress made by the world since the period at which Shakspeare wrote, and notwithstanding the startling originality of the editorials of the *Call* as compared with those which appear in another city paper which has had greatness thrust upon it, we must confess that we have never as yet been able to discover in them one idea which was not better expressed many years ago by the poet who wrote for all time.

WHAT a mass of wheels does the interior of a lever watch present to view! So much machinery required to move those tiny hands which tell how time flies! Then, hidden away, noiselessly throbbing with unerring regularity, is the hair-spring. Break that, and disorder succeeds order, and what seemed almost an intelligence is reduced to an inert mass of metal. A newspaper is not unlike a watch; the public sees the face and scarcely gives a thought to the machinery which is daily, nightly, in motion. Still less does it concern itself about the hair-spring which regulates all the movements which, together, produce that strange conglomerate whole—a newspaper. Mournfully and humbly do the proprietors of the *Bulletin* confess that that paper has, in losing James Nisbet, lost its very soul, its vital principle. For the moment it is paralyzed; but let us hope that James Nisbet, though dead, will yet live in the work which will serve as a monument to tell how faithfully he labored. Let the *Bulletin* continue what he made it—the leading journal of California; the proudest columns which can be reared to his memory will be the columns which he ever willed should be devoted to the furtherance of the ends of truth and justice.

GOVERNOR LOW'S letter to the people of California is a credit to him. It is written in excellent English. If Mayor Coon only wrote his proclamations in as good English as that in which our Governor writes his letters, what a happy people we should be. We should like to see a letter from each of the candidates who are still in the field, to judge whether Governor Low hadn't better be sent to the Senate whether he likes it or no. Wonder whether Governor Low *did* write that letter?

THE Opera of *Medea* was produced, for the first time in England, at her Majesty's Theatre on the 6th of June. A London paper speaking of it, says: "The young, fresh voices of the choristers, more especially the trebles, (somewhat severely tested in the noble choral music Cherubini has composed for this opera,) did good service throughout the evening." Why didn't the critic, if he wished to pay the boys a compliment, say "they sang Cherubini's music like a cherubim, or in a perfectly Cherubimi manner?" We wonder whether "Cherubini" isn't the plural of "cherub" in Italian?

WADDLE told one of his victims if he ran short of provisions to cook a Kanaka. A sandwich(d) islander ought to make a nice lunch.

THE New York *Leader* is an admirable newspaper; not only are its original articles brilliant and sparkling, but those which it selects display admirable judgment. In order that the typographical appearance of its pages may not be disfigured by unsightly italics, the *Leader* makes it a rule not to give credit, it appears. No doubt when it published in its issue of June 24th those *six little specimens* of "Mousetrap" matter, as editorial paragraphs, it thought we ought to be uncommonly flattered, that it, the great New York *Leader*, should condescend to purloin from us. We were; we entreat the *Leader* to publish the whole page, localizing the paragraphs. Don't stop at six paragraphs; take a dozen. THE CALIFORNIAN generally gives New York papers credit when it transfers anything from their columns to its own; but if the *Leader* doesn't like to, it needn't mind; THE CALIFORNIAN is a perfect Mr. Toots—"its of no consequence, thank you." If the *Leader* is really hard up for jokes—it appears to pilfer, puns particularly—the writer of the present article will be most happy to send it a large parcel, "C. O. D—to be kept dry." We wonder if all the New York journals follow the *Leader*; if so, we shall probably catch some of them in the "Mousetrap" before long.

PRINTERS often find, after placing a number of paragraphs in type in the form, that a line more is required to complete a column, and as long as they can get a "single line article" to make up the required measure they do not, as a rule, care very much what sentiment may be conveyed by it. We notice in a number of the interior papers the following: "Give us this day our daily bread." Piety is beautiful wherever it is met with, even in the columns of a country paper. Having made use of this extract from the Lord's Prayer, we hope they will not stop here but will get as far as "Forgive us our trespasses." If the Lord's Prayer is thus put in circulation, a line at a time, it is possible that, in the course of a few months, every editor in the State will have repeated the whole of it. We are sure that nothing but extreme destitution has driven these editors to make use of this prayer for "single line articles." As they appear to be so much in want we suggest the following:

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."
"Let dogs delight to bark and bite."
"Oru pro nobis."
"His soul goes marching on."
"Lord have mercy upon us miserable sinners."
"Thou shalt not steal."

So much for a beginning; when they have been used we shall be happy to supply more.

LOOSELY letting a not slip appears to have got the *Bulletin* proprietors into a tangle. E. P. Clarke charged with embracery, was found *not* guilty by the jury; the *Bulletin*, in its report, omitted the word "not," and E. P. Clarke embraces the opportunity to bring a suit for libel. The *Bulletin* on the following day corrected the error it had made and expressed its sorrow at its having occurred. E. P. Clarke although the offence consisted in merely a word too little, is not willing to accept an apology in words, but prefers it in the shape of $50,000. We hope the *Bulletin* will be careful to report the verdict in the libel suit correctly. It would be convenient to leave out a figure in stating the damages awarded, thus: $00,000.

WE have seen a good many sensational headings to telegraphic dispatches which were strange, but the following is very extraordinary:

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO VIRGINIA DAILY UNION.]

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31—9 P. M.

Eastern Line—Colfax Arrived—Discharged and Sues the Bulletin—Will be Repaired—Low Probably Withdraws.

"Colfax Arrived—Discharged and Sues the *Bulletin*!" A very bad beginning for him to make, we think. Is it possible that every one who is in want of funds will sue the *Bulletin*—institute a libel suit—for the purpose of making a raise? "Will be Repaired." Colfax evidently got damaged; it is comforting to know that he is not past repairing. We fancy there is a line or two left out of that heading, but we cannot help that; we have quoted it correctly, and if newspapers will make typographical errors they must expect to have them picked up.

"A Massachusetts judge has decided that 'a husband may open his wife's letters.'"

"then, of course," the ladies will say, "a wife may open her husband's." Not a bit of it. The husband won't avail himself of this permission; he'll be too polite; he hasn't any curiosity—except in special cases—but goodness gracious, suppose the wife was given permission to open her husband's letters! We tremble when we think of the result. It wouldn't do at all; it would only make the dear creatures uncomfortable; they'd be sure to misunderstand them. No, no; as Mr. Theophilus Parsons, of Cambridge, very justly observes, "the husband and wife are one and the husband is that one."

TREM

THE TRACK OF BLOOD.

ABOUT half a mile from the village of Poaktown, facing the high road to Balston, and separated from the river Poak by a small garden and a belt of trees, is a long low cottage, known in the neighborhood as "The Building." It originally consisted of two cottages, and went by the name of "Marwood's Buildings;" but who Marwood was, and what had induced him to build such uncomfortable cottages, had escaped the memory of even the oldest inhabitants. The building contained four rooms; a kitchen and a sitting-room on the ground floor, and two bedrooms above. The original partition-wall between the two cottages, and the two separate staircases, still remained. One led from the sitting-room to the bedroom above, where Mr. Vance, the present occupier of the building, slept; the other went from the kitchen to the bedroom of Mary Edgecombe, his only servant.

Mr. Joseph Vauce, who was a spare-built, clean-shaven man of about forty, with gray hair and no whiskers, and with nothing remarkable about him, except a deep cut over his right eyebrow, had now been occupying the building for a little over a year. When he first came into the neighborhood, the gossip of Poaktown had speculated a great deal as to who and what he was, but without any basis for their conjectures. He never himself volunteered any information as to his previous life, except that on one occasion he had been a sea-captain. People, too, who had been inside "the building" since Vance's tenantcy, had noticed the drawing of a ship, and some shells lying about the room. This was considered enough to confirm his statement, and on the strength of it the village called him the Captain.

Nothing more was known of the Captain, and curiosity about him had nearly died out, when Sarah Epps, on her return from Stokemouth, where she had been on a visit to her sister, who had married a pilot at that flourishing seaport, brought news about him, which set the village-ears tingling for some time. The pilot, her brother-in-law, remembered the Captain when he was in the China trade, and Sarah was full of smuggling stories, and even piracy, in which the Captain had taken a leading part; but then all knew that Sarah was an incorrigible gossip, and that any story under her management would grow considerably. The Captain meanwhile troubled himself very little about the village-talk, living a quiet life in his lonely cottage with his only servant, a buxom widow of thirty-five. Sarah Epps had been heard to say that she was more than a servant to him, but then nobody minded Sarah's tittle-tattle.

About the time our story commences, the Captain had got into some trouble. His landlord, an easy-going, well-to-do tradesman of Poaktown, began to think that, as he expressed it, he should like to see the color of the Captain's money. The house had been occupied for more than a year, and not a penny of rent as yet been paid. The fact had for some time been gradually dawning on the neighbors that, since the first months he had occupied the building, ready money had not been plentiful with the Captain, and that for the last eight or nine months little or nothing had been paid for. The sums owing were not large, for the Captain lived a quiet, simple life. But it was reckoned that altogether, they must amount to over £100: and that was a serious sum to the village-tradesmen, and to all appearances a very difficult one for the Captain to pay. He was dunned, and legal proceedings were threatened, but all attempts to get the money were only met by civil excuses. The patience of his creditors was nearly exhausted, when one day a circular letter was sent to them, appointing a meeting at twelve o'clock on the following Monday, "when," the Captain wrote, "he would satisfy all claims, as a legacy left by a distant relation had been paid in to his account at the Balston Bank."

On Saturday, the Captain walked into Poaktown, and hired a gig at the "King's Arms" to take him to Balston. Johnny Wilson, the landlord's son, drove him to the bank at Balston, where he stayed about ten minutes, and came out at the end of that time buttoning into the breast-pocket of his coat a fat looking pocket-book. Johnny then waited for him while he made a few purchases in town, and then drove him straight home to the "building."

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, the inhabitants of the quiet High street of Poaktown were aroused by a violent knocking at the door of the police-station. The policeman who was on night-duty opened the door, and Mary Edgecombe, white with terror, and panting for breath, nearly fell into his arms, gasping out that her master, the Captain, had been robbed and murdered in the night. The Inspector was almost immediately called, and the whole available police force of the village, consisting of two policemen, set off with him for the building. Mary Edgecombe, who seemed utterly prostrate, remained under the care of the Inspector's wife.

On reaching the "building," the Inspector found the front undisturbed, the windows closed, and the doors locked. On going round to the back, the door leading from the sitting-room to the garden, which sloped down to the river, was found to be open, and on entering the sitting-room, drops of blood were seen along the carpet between the staircase and the garden-door. On the staircase itself the drops of blood were more frequent. The bedroom, however, was clearly the place where the murder had been committed. The table by the window had been pushed out of its place; the only two chairs in the room were lying on the floor. The bed, which had not been slept in, was deluged with blood, and in the middle of it was a deep indentation, as if a heavy body had been pressed down upon it. A large clasp-knife stained with blood was lying on the pillow, and by the door on the floor was an open pocket-book. So much the Inspector saw at a glance as he entered. He took the pocket-book, and looked carefully through it; it was empty; but lying near it, and behind the door, was a piece of neatly-folded paper. It had evidently fallen from the pocket-book while the murderer was emptying the contents. It was a half sheet of note-paper folded in three, and written on it were the numbers and value of forty-two bank-notes, the total of which amounted to £270. Here was a clue at once. The murderer, evidently wishing to carry about him nothing which might aid detection, had left the pocket-book behind, but in his hurry had overlooked this paper. Policeman Jones was immediately sent off to Balston with the paper, to inquire of the manager whether those were the numbers of the notes which had been paid to the Captain the day before, and if so, to take measures to stop them. He also received orders to telegraph immediately to Scotland Yard an account of the murder, and any facts he might ascertain at Balston.

So far, so good; but where, after all, was the body? From the blood on the stairs and in the sitting-room, and the open garden-door, it was presumed that it had been removed from the house. After locking the bedroom door, the Inspector proceeded to the garden. Outside the door, on the grass, were the footsteps of a man, the toes pointing toward the house, and the heels deeply indented in the soft earth. The rest of the footprint was partly obliterated as if something heavy had been dragged over them. The murderer must have gone out of the sitting-room backward, dragging the body of his victim after him. Across the small grass plot, and half-way through the belt of trees, the footsteps continued; there they ceased. On the soft mud and leaves was an impression as if a body had been laid there; near this impression, lying on the ground, was a spade, and at the distance of a few feet the ground had been dug up, as if it had been intended to bury the body there. This project, however, had been almost immediately given up, for the work was scarcely begun. The murderer had been interrupted, or perhaps had thought of a better plan for disposing of the body. But where? The policeman and the Inspector looked at one another; they had come to the same conclusion. "In the river, of course!" Sure enough, on the river-bank the footprints were again found. This time they pointed forward, and not backward, and the impression was clear and sharp. The body must have been carried. The river at this point was deep and sluggish; there would be little difficulty in dragging it. Drags were sent for, and the Inspector went home to breakfast, leaving a policeman in charge of the premises, with orders to admit no one except on business.

The Inspector had hardly finished his breakfast, when Policeman Jones returned from Balston. He had been eminently successful. The bank-manager had identified the numbers on the paper as those of the bank-notes paid the day before to the Captain. The money, it appeared, had been paid to him in pursuance of an order contained in a letter received that Saturday morning from their London correspondents, Cowie, Nabob, & Co., the great China and Indian bankers. Jones had then made inquiries in the town, and at the railway station. At the station he found that a man in a great coat and wide-awake hat, who was muffled up in a comforter, and who seemed to avoid observation, had left that morning for London by the 5:50 train. He had offered a £5 note in payment for his ticket. The clerk remembered this, from the difficulty he had in getting change so early on Sunday morning. The note was produced, and found to be one of those stolen from the Captain. A description of the man and orders for his apprehension had been telegraphed to London, and an answer had been received, stating that the police were on the murderer's track, but that, to make all safe, a detective would be in Poaktown by the middle of the day.

Mary Edgecombe, who had partially recovered from her fright, was now taken to the building. She identified the clasp-knife, pocket-book, and various articles of clothing which were lying about the Captain's room, as belonging to him. She stated that she had gone to bed at nine o'clock on the previous night, and that she had heard no noise during the night. She was positive that no one was in the house when she went to bed, except herself and the Captain. But the garden-door was often left unlocked, and could then be opened from the outside. The Inspector was satisfied. The motive was clear enough; the police were close upon the murderer's track; all that was now wanted was the body.

He then turned to the river, pleased at the promptness and energy he had shown, and chuckling to think that the London detective would find nothing to do when he did arrive. The drags had now been at work for sometime, but without success. The river had been dragged up and down, and sideways and across, and at every conceivable angle, but no body had been found. The Inspector was getting impatient, when a gig drove up to the building, and a dapper little man, in a frock-coat buttoned to his chin, and with a heavy black mustache, jumped out. The crowd, which had collected by this time, made way respectfully, for it was whispered that the stranger was no other than detective Perkins from London.

In a few minutes the detective had heard all that the Inspector had to tell.

"Wait one moment," said he, "let's get it all straight. All the village, you say, knew the Captain would have money to pay his debts to-morrow."

The Inspector nodded.

"Which amounted in all to £100, more or less?"

The Inspector nodded again.

"And he drew out of the bank £270. Was that the whole legacy?"

"It was."

"He didn't want £270 to pay £100, did he?"

This was a new light to the Inspector, who shook his head cautiously.

"From whom did the order to pay the money come?"

"Cowie, Nabob, & Co.," repeated Perkins, referring to his note-book; "the great China House."

"And you suspect no one?"

"No one, except the man who passed the note."

"Of course. But this woman who lived with him—" suggested Perkins.

The Inspector shook his head.

"It's a man's doing. She wouldn't have the strength. Besides, the footprints are a man's all over."

"No one who had a grudge against him?"

"There was a good many that couldn't get their money from him, but that's not enough to account for this," said the Inspector, jerking his thumb toward the river.

They entered the building. The crowd outside were getting more excited. They thought that, now the London detective had come, the murderer would soon be dragged from his hiding-place, and handed over to justice. Time, however, went on, and Perkins was still inspecting the premises, while his character was rapidly failing in the opinion of the crowd outside.

"He's no conjurer. I told ye so afore," said one sturdy countryman, who had been a skeptic from the first. And this time his assertion did not meet with the disapprobation it had called forth when pronounced half an hour before. The crowd was tired of waiting.

Perkins, meanwhile, unconscious of hostile criticism, had looked over the kitchen and Mary's bedroom, but without making any discovery. When he came to the Captain's bedroom, he stood in the middle of it, and took a general survey. He then proceeded to the details. He raised the chairs, and then put them down again in their original positions repeating this operation two or three times, and watching with great interest how they fell. Then he came to the bed. He looked at it from all points; first a full view, then a three-quarters, then one side-view, and then the other side-view, till he had exhausted it and the patience of the Inspector. He then stood, and mentally threw himself upon it in such a position as to make the impression which still remained on it. There was some hitch, for he shook his head. He pulled out the drawers and examined the wardrobe of the deceased man. A pair of boots lying in the corner of the room next attracted his attention. He examined them carefully. Something in the lining of one of them seemed to interest him, for he brought out his pocket-book, and referred to something written in it. He then examined the boot again, and seemed satisfied, for he pocketed it.

"Boots, I suppose, are the Captain's?"

"Yes, his servant identifies them," said the Inspector, who was rapidly coming round to the opinion of the crowd outside. What on earth could it matter whether the Captain had two or three pairs of boots? At last Perkins finished his examination of the bedroom, and went down stairs inspecting each stair as he went. These were apparently more satisfactory, for his face brightened considerably, and after he had been shown the traces of blood along the floor of the sitting-room, it had expanded into a broad grin.

"You see how it was done?" asked the Inspector, whose opinion of Perkins had by this time reached the lowest ebb. Perkins smiled; he was not the man to commit himself. He walked to the table, and turned over the books and papers till he found some sheets of blotting-paper. These he examined attentively, holding them in every possible direction. The result seemed to be satisfactory, for he pocketed them.

The footprints in the garden, the half-dug grave under the trees, and the impression in the wet leaves seemed to interest him little. He examined them, but only like one preoccupied with his own thoughts. They came to the river-bank.

"We're dragging the river," said the Inspector, pointing to the two boats which had now been working unsuccessfully for some hours.

"Ah, yes!" said Perkins, as if he thought the necessity o doing so had never struck him.

"The man's a perfect fool," thought the Inspector.

"And now about this Captain," said Perkins, choosing the clearest footprints he could find in the soft mud, and pulling the boot out of his pocket. "His name is Vance, you say. What is he Captain of?"

"Nothing, that I know of, but they do say that he has beeu a Captain in the China trade.

"China!" repeated Perkins, as if the idea of that country gave him exquisite delight.

"Yes," China," repeated the Inspector, gruffly. He was losing all patience; how on earth did such a born idiot ever become a detective?

"What sort of a man was he?"

"Tall, square-built, about forty, gray hair, and no whiskers."

"Deep cut over the right eyebrow," added Perkius, quietly, as he stooped and fitted the boot into the impression.

"Yes, said the Inspector, puzzled at Perkins' knowledge.

"He never went by that name here, did he?" said Perkins, handing the boot to the Inspector, on the liuing of which was written, "A. Compton."

"Never."

He was getting more and more puzzled.

"Compton, alias Watkins, alias Crowder, and now alias Vance; I've wanted him these two years," said Perkins, cheerfully. "I've got him now."

"Yes," said the Inspector, grimly, "he's safe .euough there."

And he jerked his head toward the river.

"Bless you," laughed Perkins, "he's uearer China by this time. He'll die with a rope round his neck yet. It's a plant, man; don't you see he has murdered himself, and bolted with the swag? That room somehow looked queer. It was overdone; too much blood, and too regular. When I found that boot, I thought how it was, and this settled it," said Perkius, pulling the sheets of blotting-paper out of his pocket, and holding them to the Inspector. There, all over them, were the words Cowie, Nabob & Co., in a neat, clerk-like hand, with that peculiar flourish at the end which those who have dealings with that eminent house know so well. That letter to the Balston Bank is a forgery; it's not the first time he has served Cowie, Nabob & Co., this trick. He was in their London couuting-house for five years, came over with a forged character, robbed them to the tune of £2,000, and he bolted. He's been smuggling and thieving all over the world since then. But when's the next train to town? I wouldn't miss him for anything."

Perkins was right. The manager of the Balstou Bank found to his astonishment that Cowie, Nabob & Co, repudiated the letter which purported to bear their signature. It was a forgery. On the following Tuesday, the Captain was arrested at the Londou Docks, as he was booking his passage for Melbourne, and at the next Balston assizes he was tried by the name of Joseph Vance, on a charge of forgery, and seutenced to penal servitude for the term of his natural life. His creditors at Poaktown were the only persons who regretted him.

A SUBURBAN ROMANCE.

WHEN I became the incumbent of the parochial district of St. Barnabas, Copenhagen-lanes, I lodged in Peppermint-place. Peppermint-place was then creeping its way into the fields, with the apparent determination not to stop till it had reached Highgate. The march of brick and mortar had pushed on two ranks of houses, in all conditions, from snug finish to cheerless rooflessness. I went to take rooms in number one, on a drizzling afternoon. My landlord assured me, while extending his arm out of a back window over a landscape in the last stage of damp decay, that the situation was "uncommon cheerful." It displayed a few dismantled garden allotments; a superannuated summer-house despondently lying against a deserted pigsty; bunches of drooping hollyhocks broken down by the weight of their misfortunes; patches of cabbages and other greens sicklied o'er with the pale cast of lime; and tulips struggling up out of beds, between brick-bats, in agonies of strangulation. This uncommonly cheerful situation was finished by a background of damp and ragged hedge; the next mouthful of the green and patient Country to be swallowed by the dense usatiate Town.

The chief attraction from my sitting-room in front of the house was a clayey slough, in which a succession of brick-carts was continually stuck during all the working hours of the day; yet the boundary to this prospect was far from uninviting. Several of the opposite houses were finished and inhabited. The neatest and prettiest of them was that immediately facing my room. If window-curtains were ever made of woven snow, that must have been the material of those at the first-floor window of the modest habitation. There was so much taste in the disposition of the crocuses and snowdrops in the window-sill; such pleasure taken in concealing the wires of the bird-cage in branches of geranium and intertwined primroses, that I was reminded of one of those charming little cottage windows which belong to a French landscape. Nor was this impression weakened when I occasionally espied—but very seldom—between the rows of bobfringe that dangled merrily from the curtains, the face of a lovely brunette, framed in bandeaux of jet hair, and illuminated by a pair of piercing black eyes.

What busy eyes they were! Though I seldom saw *them*, I could see what they were doing all day long; for, although everything being dark, but the curtains, as if to correspond to them (their owner was in mourning,) I could observe how the little lady in black employed herself behind the film of white muslin. She was incessantly bending over a frame, and I could guess, from the motion of the arm nearest the window, that she embroidered, or did something of that sort, all day long. Now and then the hand appeared to move higher than the frame, and I supposed, from the angle of the elbow, that she was pressing it against her over-wrought eyes. Poor girl! No wonder if they ached; for, from morning till evening, every day, except Sundays, during all that cold and cheerless spring, she w. s to be seen busily at work. Except on Sunday mornings—I suppose to go to church—she never went abroad; and no other living soul was observed in her room.

In the course of months, my observations of the captivating Silhouette—so I had nicknamed the little black profile—were more frequent than polite. The little gauze of mystery which half-veiled her, piqued my curiosity; and I could safely indulge in it, as my draperies were much less aerial than hers. Though the east wind blew with continued iutensity, and it was quite au effort to leave one's fireside, she was never during daylight away from her window. Sometimes I could distinguish that she paused, leant her head on her hand, and gazed earnestly directly under where I sat. Then, as if suddenly caught in the act, she would turn like lightning to her frame, and the little black arm would move up and down with greater rapidity. There was a curious coincident connected with these fits of abstraction and starts of work; they happened inversely to the proceedings of my clever young landlord below (inlayer, carver and cabinet-maker;) for, during the moments of my Silhouette's fascination, his saw, his chisel, his plane, or hammer were in full and noisy operation; and it was exactly at the instant that either of these tools was laid down and the sound ceased, that my little lady resumed her work. I was convinced one morning that this coincident was no mere fancy. Friend Bevil was making sharp, short, lively strokes with his plane. The damsel opposite tracing an embroidery pattern against the glass. The tracing goes on well enough for a while; but, presently, the left haud is lifted to the little head, the tip of the elbow rests against the window-frame, the tracing no longer hangs against the glass by the point of the pencil, and the black eyes pour their rays straight into the window below me. The shavings are still being turned off merrily; but, hark!—the plane suddenly stops!—and see! the piquant little artist has vanished from the window. Presently the plaiuing is continued with a slow aud pensive regularity that makes me feel quite low-spirited.

Although mine was a pastoral as well as an ecclesiastical charge of the St. Barnabas district, and I was bound to watch over my flock, yet it may be said that such close scrutiny of my neighbors as that which I have confessed to, was scarcely dignified; but it must be remembered that what I have here brought together in a short space was spread over several months. The arduous duties of a new district did not admit of much idle window gazing. My church was only a temporary one, and I made it my business to call, in succession, on my parishioners; not only to make myself personally acquainted with each, but to invite them all to worship. I began this mission at home; for, although my landlord's mother was a regular attendant at church, the son never made his appearance within its walls.

Old Mrs. Bevil was a large lady of painfully timid temperament, whose existence was passed in one of the sunken kitchens, and whose mission on earth was apparently to cook glue for the shop, vouchsafing any of the time to be spared between the steaming of the pots, in attendance upon me. One Sunday morning I expressed my regret to her that so excellent and industrious a son should appear to be negligent to his Sabbath duties.

"He isn't!" said Mrs. Bevil, sliding towards the door, and feeling, with a hand outstretched behind her, for the handle.

I should mention that Mrs. Bevil was so much "put out" when spoken to by any one above her in station, that, when you showed symptoms of engaging her in talk, she winced and made artful efforts to escape.

"What church does he go to?"

"French Protestant, sir."

"Indeed! then he is conversant with the French language?"

Mrs. Bevil had by this time found the door-knob, and had turned it. Her confusion was so great that her face—never very pale—glowed like a live coal.

"Of course," I repeated, "as your son attends a French place of worship, he understands French?"

"Yes, sir—French polishing."

I then asked, perhaps rather too abruptly (for I tried to help laughing) if she knew anything of the mysterious youug woman opposite?

Mrs. Bevil curtseyed herself backwards into the opening of the door, and having felt that retreat was practicable, she said "Please, sir; no, sir:" and vanished with the rapidity of a large mouse let out of a cage.

It was not difficult to guess why young Bevil preferred the French church to my own. I had uever doubted that the charming embroideress opposite was a foreigner. She worshipped in a language she understood best; and her admirer—more in obedience to his silent passion than his spiritual professions—followed her thither to worship *her*. On expatiating to him oue day, however, on the sinfulness of Sabbath-breaking, he partially disarmed me by owning that he had been assiduously learning French in order to understand, and join in the service. I made not the slightest allusion to the Silhouette; for I saw, from his nervous and blushing manner, it was too deep an affair with him to be lightly touched. I ascertained that, although he saw his adored daily, and followed her weekly to church, he had never had courage to speak to her, nor to address her in any way whatever.

My interest in this case deepened daily. I pitied youug Bevil. Supposing, after he had proceeded to the extremity of avowed courtship, his idol should prove a wicked little Freuch coquette, and jilt him? Such a presentiment did not want foundation. Although the Summer had arrived—and warmer, more congenial weather, I never remember—the Silhouette disappeared entirely from behind the fairy curtains. During all the cold weather, wheu she must have shivered while sitting there, she was never absent; but now, when the window is the only endurable part of the room, she is utterly invisible. Is she skilfully maneuvering Love's sensitive telégraph, conscious that she has secured her victim; and now, after the manner of finished coquettes, she leaves him to the throes of despair. Or, does she doubt the truth and ardency of his love, as expressed by his silent watchings of her window, and by his regular church-goings; and does she disappear from his longing, loving looks to lure him quickly to the overt-act—a verbal declaration? If the latter, her tactics will fail. Young Bevil's passion is not a mere flash of romance; it is earnest and practical. He does not stand idly gazing, and sighing, and hoping, and despairing. The more he loves the harder he works. Until he has placed himself in a position to speak to her with confidence as to the future, he will be silent.

Here I am probably asked, how could I know all this? I answer—from substantial evidence. When one sees a man running a race, it is certain that there is, far or near, a goal. Young Bevil raced manfully, and the winning-post he kept in view was matrimony. Early and late his tools were in use. When I first took his lodgings, they were scantily furnished; but the room was rapidly filling; evideutly not for *my* use and pleasure. The capacious tea-caddy, curiously inlaid and spendidly mounted, did not signify much to me; neither was I ever likely to require the Gothic work-table that I found one evening slid, as if by accident, into a recess; and to what earthly use could a bachelor in lodgings put that frame on swivels, studded all round with cribbage-pegs? Every additiou to the apartments was of the feminine gender. I looked upon these novelties as so many notices to quit; for I did not doubt that the rooms were being quietly prepared for a cherished occupant. This supposition was confirmed, when, curiosity prompting me to examine the work-table, I saw, exquisitely inlaid in cypher on the iuside of the lid, the word "Manette."

All this while, the Silhouette remained obstinately invisible. For a few Sundays she continued to go to church; but so thickly veiled, that a sight of her face was impossible. Still he followed; but refrained from speaking. The time had not come. He would not offer his rough but honest hand while yet without a home to which he could lead her.

Poor Bevil had soon to live on not only in silent, but in sightless despair; the little black profile ceased to appear not only behind her snowy transparencies, but bodily on Sundays. From this time Bevil's intelligent but sad and thoughtful features struck me with pity. I could not but see during my daily gossip with him in passing through the shop, that he was staking his very existence on a cast, which might turn up a deadly blank.

On one occasion, my hopes revived for him. It was towards the close of a lovely Summer's day. The whiteness of the gossamer curtains made them dazzle in the sun. The figure in black approached; and, after a hesitating interval, appeared in distinct outline close behind the gauze. All this while, the sharp cuts of Bevil's chisel were audible in busy succession under me. The Silhouette's eyes only, appeared just above the short curtain, darting a long, devouring gaze upon the toiler; they were red. The chisel goes on chippiug away, without one intermission. I would give a quarter's stipend if Bevil would only be idle for a second, and look up;

for, as the gazer strains her eyes upon him, tears pour out of them, and sparkle in the sun like falling diamonds. Presently she disappears. With the anguish, whatever its immediate cause, I felt certain that Bevil was connected.

"Surely this mystery is not im enetrable. I will unravel it." Accordingly, next morning I took our opposite neighbors out of the regular order of visits, called, and questioned the woman who rented the house. I learnt that the girl's name *was* Manette. She was an orphan; her father, a French teacher, had died recently in a hospital. Her embroidery was fetched and carried to and from the warehouse by my informant's husband. Her industry was extraordinary, and she earned a comfortable subsistence. Lately, she had been ill; something that had altered her face; for she had taken to concealing it. I asked to see her; but was told she admitted no person whatever into her room.

My inquiries. therefore, darkened rather than cleared up the mystery. As I left the house, I observed that my landlord had been watching. He looked wistfully into my face as I passed him on the door-step, and I answered his appeal by desiring him to follow me to my room.

A short conversation proved that all my observations and deductions had been correctly made. He owned everything. It was painful to see a fine, muscular, handsome man, suffused with the shame—honest shame though it was—trembling with the weakness we only expect in young and tender girls. I reasoned with him. I showed him the full risk he ran in nurturing so perfect an ideal out of a mere image. I pointed out the uselessness of his self-imposed penance. She might be all he thought her; she might be everything the reverse. How could he know without some acquaintanceship? It would be madness to give rashly a pledge of matrimony without some probation.

In the end he promised to try and see Manette the following day; and, descending to his shop, worked away harder than ever.

Even now I see Bevil as, next morning, he stands at the door opposite. His lips quiver; but his brow expresses a firm but anxious purpose. The woman who admits him tells him something which surprises and disappoints him. Manette, for the first time for a month, has gone out. The next day was Sunday, and the lover abstained from intruding himself. On the Monday he had as little success. In the evening he consulted me as to what he had better do. Should he write?

I advised him by no means to commit himself in that way; and offered, if he would wait, to use the influence of my cloth to obtain an interview for him. When the morning came, Bevil desired to accompany me. He would, he said, go himself; but would feel comforted and fortified by my presence.

Accordingly we sallied forth across the road at noon the next morning. I would not wait to hear the answer of the landlady; but, pushing by the driver of a spring-cart that had just stopped at the house, went straight up to Manette's door. Bevil followed. I knocked. No answer. Not a sound within. I knocked again, and quietly called her by name. Utter silence. I then tried the door; it yielded, and we entered.

The picture of neatness and prettiness which I had drawn as existing behind the dainty muslin curtains was not realized. It was reversed. The room was in the greatest confusion, and was untenanted. "Why you see, sir," said the woman of the house who had ushered the carter up behind us, Madamselle went away the first thing yesterday morning. She was so weak that she could hardly get into the cab as took her away. She sold her bits of things to the broker (you'll have to get the sofa-bed out o' window, Mr. Bracket,) and never give us no notice in a regular way, (now mind the walls with them saucepans!) leastways not a week's; but my husband never went for to charge her, poor thing, for she was so very petickler; she paid as punctual as the Monday morning cum."

"Has she left her present address?" I asked.

"O dear! no, quite contra-ry. Says she to me, says she—leastways as well as I could understand her French brogue, and she had her handkercher a kivering of her face—'Mrs. Blinkinson,' says she, 'don't,' says she, 'answer no questions as may be asked about me. I am a going,' says she, 'to where I hope nobody may find me out.' And then she pulled the street door to, and I never see no more of her—and never shall."

I looked at Bevil. He gazed round the room slowly, vacantly. The bird was lying at the bottom of its cage—dead. The flowers, no longer tended, were drooping. He stretched forth his trembling hand, and plucked a geranium. He then turned, and, without speaking, descended the stairs. With unsteady gait he entered his own house.

For more than a week I missed the sounds from below. Bevil had shut himself up in his bedroom. His mother now, instead of tending him with glue-pots, was constantly on the stairs with broths, and coffee, and tea, and other sloppy sustenance; but her son would partake of them but very sparingly. I determined to rouse him, and advised that, as he would not or could not work, an active search after the lost damsel was better than stolid, inactive grief. This did rouse him, and he followed my advice.

Weary days and weary weeks were spent in the search. The cunning Silhouette eluded him like an *Obre Chinoise*. Bevil first addressed himself to the shop for which Manette had worked. The master of it said that he never saw Manette but once, and then she came with specimens of her embroidery, to get work. It was so good that he had employed her ever since, and was both surprised and chagrined at her sudden desertion. He had, through her landlord, offered her a good salary to work at his house, and had hoped she would have accepted it. Her strange disappearance was therefore the more unaccountable.

The clergyman of the French church, when Bevil sought him, was as surprised as her lover, at Manette's absence from service and communion. In the latter he said she was a regular and deeply impressed partaker. He could give no information. Neither could the officers of the hospital, where the girl's father had died in the winter, give him comfort.

"There is nothing for it," I told him one day, "but time and work."

Bevil did, after a time, resume his work; but his tools were taken up and laid down with a slow, intermittent apathy, which showed that the heart and the hands did not go together.

Work, on the contrary, grew so fast on *my* hands, that I had hardly time for sleep. My successor to the curacy I had left in Southwark was taken ill, and, besides my own duty, I had volunteered to do a part of his. This occasionally consisted in administering consolation to and prayer for the inmates of one of the Borough hospitals.

During one of my visits to the female ward, I was attracted by a few words which fell from the clinical lecturer who was addressing a knot of pupils standing at the bed on a case of tumor of the face. He had. in fact, (warming with his subject,) glided from details of the operation which had been performed and of the after treatment, to an involuntary allusion on the beauty of the patient, which the consequences of the disease and its remedy tended to impair. I got a peep at the damsel between the shoulders of a couple of medical students, and saw just above the bedclothes (which were held up with extreme care to conceal the lower part of the face) a pair of familiar black eyes. They quite thrilled through me. The students were dismissed; and I overheard a sweet voice ask something of the surgeon.

"Don't let it trouble you for one instant," said Mr. Fleam, as he left the bedside; "it will hardly be visible, and, in a week, you will be as well—and almost as pretty—as ever."

I looked again. Those piercing black eyes met mine point-blank. The little head was instantly concealed under the bedclothes.

But that was enough. I felt convinced that Manette was found.

About a month from that date there was joy at No. 1 Peppermint-place. It is November; on one side of my fireplace sit Bevil and Manette. Old Mrs. Bevil has gradually pushed her chair back to the window; and, bit by bit, has nibbled, in her nervous hand, folds of the curtain, until she is completely hidden behind it in that comfortable obscurity in which she alone delights. They had assembled to hear a lecture from me.

"Personal vanity," I began, with all the solemnity to be invoked in the presence of a pair of eyes, which sparkled so brightly with joy, that it seemed impossible for their mistress to school and temper them for the occasion, "the vanity of mere personal comliness had nearly wrecked the happiness of both of you. Because you, Manette, were afflicted with a disease that distorted, for a time, that which you seemed to cherish more than your worldly welfare—your beauty—you sold your worldly goods and deserted your home and means of subsistence, rather than the deformity should be seen by one whom you secretly loved. Had you no confidence in the attractions which never fade, that you depended solely upon those which, despite all your efforts will assuredly pass away?"

"*Non*," said Manette, lifting her eyes with a sort of timid courage. "He love me only for my face—he 'ad nevare spoken. When he saw and loved my face, it was *comme il faut. Eh, bien!* if he 'ad seen my face when it was horrib' disfigure, would he not have hate me? *Oui.*"

The end of this, like that of most other romances, was marriage. With marriage, as is well known, all mysteries vanish. Manette's story was this: Her father was a political refugee from the storm of 1848; he had been a staunch Orleanist Deputy in the French Chamber, and had to fly, with his daughter, for his life. In England he taught his native tongue as a means of livelihood, till overtaken by illness. Then Manette practiced an accomplishment she was proficient in, with so much success that she supported her father till his death. She knew the time would come when the family property they possessed near Bordeaux would be restored, and she did not wish to let her situation be known; hence she kept herself a recluse till her terrible sufferings and disappointment drove her to the hospital.

I was not allowed the honor of officiating; the minister of the French Protestant Chapel having been preferred. Of course I was obliged to remove to another lodging.

Passing the shop the other day, I was surprised to find another name over the door. The owner of it told me that Mr. Bevil had gone to live in France, in order to superintend his wife's estate on the Garonne. It appeared, then, that my piquant Silhouette had regained her patrimony. The next holiday I get I shall certainly pay her and her husband a visit. *Household Words.*

[For the Californian.]

THE BOATSWAIN'S STORY.

THE little *Shubrick*, a few days out from Valparaiso, was running swiftly along on her way to San Francisco. In the beautiful twilight three or four of us stood round the hatch, smoking and talking. And as the shadows gathered over the smooth sea, and the stars came out, our conversation grew more solemn. We talked of the end that comes to all; of its strange and fearful aspects; of the Black Sea in the war time, and of dead men tossed into its waters by hundreds; of fire and wreck, and the lingering tortures of starvation; and of one who had sailed with us, bright in his youthful strength and hope, but whose grave we had made on a lonely hillside, by the great river of the south. We talked thus and were silent, and then the boatswain told us this story:

On my second voyage to sea I sailed from Greenock in an old ship called the *Plover*, bound to Valparaiso. The Captain, whose name was Saunders, had sailed out of that port for many years, and nearly all hands came from that vicinity. There was a young fellow aboard, Bill Brown, who was making his first voyage, and was shipped as a boy. His folks kept a public house a little way out of Greenock, and were known by almost everybody. His mother came down to the dock to see him off, and the lad seemed to feel the parting badly; in fact, if it had not been for shame, I believe he would have gone ashore again. However, after we got out, he appeared to like it pretty well, though it never seemed as if he was cut out for the sea. But the ship was a comfortable one, and the Captain was as good a man as I ever sailed with, and as nearly every one on board was acquainted with Bill and his family, he had a much better time than many a young fellow who goes on his first voyage.

We had a good passage to Valparaiso, and after discharging there, the old man concluded to go to Callao, and get a charter to carry home guano from the Chinchas. When we reached Callao we found we would have to lie there some time before going down to the islands to load. Sailors were in great demand at that time, and were getting big wages; but the Captain raised our pay, and we were content to stay by the ship and go home in her.

Bill was all right; he had got to like the life, and was in high spirits at the thought of getting home again before many months, to see his father and mother, and to spend with the girls the silver he would have. Though he had got over his first home-sickness, our delay fretted him, and he was constantly counting the days and months which must pass before he could again stand on Scottish ground.

It was so hot, lying in port, that we had awnings spread fore and aft, and used to eat on deck in preference to the close forecastle. One day we were all sitting in a circle on the topgallant forecastle, eating dinner. Bill was in the centre, cutting off a piece of meat, when of a sudden he dropped his knife and jumped up like mad, his eyes starting from his head, and, shrieking, "My God! my God! my God!" fell to the deck senseless. We raised him up, thinking he had a fit, and chafed his wrists and arms and poured water on his face until he came to. He looked around wildly, and fell to sobbing and crying as though his heart would break. At first he would not speak; but in a little while, when we asked him what was the matter, he said he did not know; he could not tell; but something dreadful had happened at home, and he *must* go back.

We thought he was wild at first; but he seemed so earnest and so set, that we began to believe there might be something in it more than we understood. As soon as the Captain came aboard, Bill asked his permission to leave and go home on a ship that was to sail for Aberdeen the next day. But, though he begged and prayed, the Captain thought it was only a foolish fancy that would pass off, and wouldn't let him go, until some of us went aft and talked to him, telling him that the boy would surely go clean daft if he staid, when he finally agreed to it. The next day Bill sailed for home, and our good wishes went with him, for we all liked him and wished him well; though many of us feared the boy's notion was right. We talked over the matter a good deal, for it had made a deep impression on us all. You see, he seemed so earnest-like, and the cry he gave would have chilled you through. We were divided in opinion, but most all these Scotch fellows believe in second-sight and ghosts, and such things, and so the greater part thought that something must

have happened at home to affect him so. We wrote down the day and hour on the forecastle door, and waited to get back to see what there was in it.

After some delay we got loaded and sailed again for Greenock. We were deep in the water and had a long passsage, but at last reached our port. We were still anxious and curious about Bill, and the first question the mate asked the pilot after he struck the deck was:

"Do you know Saudy Brown, who keeps a public house on—?"

"He was hung last Friday!" said the pilot.

"For what?"

"Why, for the murder of his wife!"

"And Bill, his son?"

"Is in the mad-house!"

It was so. After we left, the old man took to drinking, and in a crazy fit had knocked his wife's brains out with an axe, and when we found the date on which he had done this, and compared it with that we had marked on the forcastle door, they corresponded exactly. H. G.

[For the Californian.]

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

THE love of Nature, if we would prove how long and beautiful it makes existence, must not be left as a mere amusement that can be taken to at any time. Like the love of virtue, it must be commenced *in youth*. A man may learn a language or a science when he is grown up, but he cannot then learn to love nature. This love he must bring with him from boyhood, when it germinates in all, though with most dried up in earliest leaf. How many who have mildewed and rusted amid the mock pleasures of town, would fain return, when too late, to their first, young love. Doubtless every man carries with him some remnant of his early love for nature, but it is not that deep, animating love which, by its freshness and fulness, keeps the heart green. Vitally to affect us it must grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. Hence the paramount value in the education of youth, of a love of nature or at least of a fostering of the native taste in the human heart for the poetical contemplatiou of natural objects and phenomena. "Let everything be taught a girl," says one of the most sagacious of educationists, "let everything be taught a girl, and a boy as well, which forms and exercises the habit of attention, and the power of judging things by the eye." Consequently, botany—that inexhaustible, tranquil, ever-interesting science, attaching the mind to nature with bonds of flowers. Especially should this be taught to the children of the poor, whose means of indulgence in costly pleasures are so scanty. There is not a child who does not delight in wild flowers, and whose intelligence cannot be led, if kindly dealt with, to find in botany a pleasure, which of all others requires least outlay of time and money, and is most easily and permanently within reach. It is the forming and strengthening this habit of attention, which stamps so much efficiency on natural history, even in its most prosaic pursuit. When Solomon tells us with al our gettings to "get understanding," it is but another way of saying, "Learn to observe." One of the chief functions, therefore, of the instructor of youth should be to instill and foster this love of nature. A human heart can never grow old if it bring with it, from its childhood, a lively interest in the re appearance of Spring flowers, the habits of birds and insects, and the changing tints of the Autumn leaves. The naturalists' poem is the "Pleasures of Memory" and the "Pleasures of Hope" both in one. He has always a to-morrow to his pleasures; whereas, with most, there is only a yesterday and to-day. Let the young not neglect or despise these sweet pleasures and they will find that when old they will not depart from them. Drill a boy at mere book-lessons, and the chances are that either he becomes a pedant or disgusted with learning and books for the whole of his life after; whereas in using natural history as a lever of education, you secure numberless and most happy opportunities for communicating both knowledge and the taste for it, together with just and amiable sentiments. It is one of the best of mental disciplines.

No mere pastime for the observation and the memory, natural history pursued seriously and connectedly calls for the activity of every faculty of the mind. To take a grass or a fern, and determine in succession its family, genus and species, is in fact an educational exercise little, if at all, inferior to the verification of a theorem of Euclid. Let there be a deep, unsophisticated love of nature, and it will even serve in place of much that is commonly called education. How much grace and dignity does the love of nature give to minds in other respects simple and scantily furnished. There may be no learning, there may be no accomplishments; but if there be a deep, fond love of nature, it compensates measurably for the want of all, and we find a more engaging companionship than in the society of the profoundest scholar who is void of it. People should cultivate this love, and bring up their children in it. if they would but realize the full beauty of the commonest objects of household ornament. Why do not preachers speak more of these things?

If the office of religious teaching be to amend man's heart, surely the study of the works of God, as well as his Word, deserves some little notice and recommendation. The religious contemplation of nature has more efficacy in this way than mere scholastic theologians suppose. "The moral constitution of man," beautifully observes Dr. Moore, "is so intimately in keeping with the outward *cosmos*, that it is in vain to attempt to regulate our faculties and feelings without respect to the ordinances of God in the material creation."

The pulpit is not the place for lectures on natural history, but neither is it a place for discarding or forgetting it, at least after the manner of the preachers that be. In recommending the love of God to us, how seldom do they refer to those things in which it is most abundantly and immediately shown. They insist much on his giving of bread, raiment and health, (which he gives to all inferior creatures,) but they require us not to thank him for that glory of his works which he has permitted us alone to perceive. They dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of delight. To genuine theology nothing in the world is without significance, nor is anything unfit for citation in its discourses, when it would seek to interpret the word of God and enforce its teachings. The great defect of what is called moral and religious teaching, as ordinarily carried on, is that it contiuually tells us what we are not to do, whereas genuine wisdom begins by giving something to be done and showing how to do it. In its simplest form, if you would keep a child out of mischief, give him some interesting employment. That mankind may become more moral and religious, let those who are anxious for it administer less reproof, and give in place of it an interest in life, show how much there is to live for, and how easily procured.

The love of nature should be cherished for the sake of the tranquility it induces. A man can be of importance to others only when he is himself happy and peaceful, and nothing so much tends to make him so as the contemplation of nature. The serenity we find in the fields and woods and by clear streams, we imbibe into our own hearts, and thus derive from nature itself the very condition of spirit which is needful to the enjoyment of it. Rousseau describing his first experience of this, says: "I wondered to find that inanimate beings should overrule our most violent passions, and despised the impotence of philosophy for having less power over the soul than a succession of liteless objects." It is not the prerogative of a few. Ask any man who has accustomed himself to commune with Nature and he will testify that apart from the intellectual culture attained by scientific acquaintance with its objects—and apart from the admiration of creative skill and goodness which they excite—there is in nature a nameless and subtle influence, analagous to the influence of human beings, and, like that, acting upon us silently and secretly, but most powerfully.

"When the vexations of the world have broken in upon me," says Waterton, "I go away for an hour or two amid the birds of the valley and seldom fail to return with better feelings than when I set out." Why is it, that parents and teachers do not think of this and inculcate it in the children under their care? IRIS.

AN INTELLIGENT FISH.—A white whale or white fish, similar to the one possessed by Mr. Barnum some time since, was captured in the Gulf of St. Lawrence a few years ago, and kept on public exhibition in a water-tank for nearly two years. It was ten feet long and weighed almost 700 pounds, and was of an ashy gray color, nearly uniformly distributed. During his confinement he showed some capacity for education. He was sufficiently well trained to allow himself to be harnessed to a car, in which he drew a young lady around the tank; he learned to recognize his keeper, and would allow himself to be handled by him, and at the proper time would come and put his head out of the water to receive the harness or take food. At times he showed a playful disposition, and amused himself with splashing about in the water; and at other times with tossing stones with his mouth. He often took in his mouth a sturgeon and a small shark which were confined in the same tank, and after playing with them for a while allowed them to go unharmed. An anatomical description of this animal, illustrated by plates, has been contributed to the Boston Society of Natural History, by Dr. Jeffreys Wyman, professor of anatomy at Howard College. The stomach contained a collection of stones, nails, pieces of glass, stones of fruits, half-digested fragments of the flesh, and a few vertebræ of fishes; also other substances, which had been, doubtless, swallowed after entering the tank. The heart, when compared with the size of the animal, was remarkable for its volume and capacity. It was injected, and required thirteen pounds of tallow to fill its cavities.

A METHOD has been discovered in Belgium to obtain a photographic groundwork for oil paintings. Fine canvas or silk, such as is employed for small and delicate works, is used. Simply cover the surface with a preparation of collodion and chloride of silver, and expose it and fix it in the ordinary manner, just as in the case of paper.

[For the Californian.]

"NEPENTHE."

I LIVE as in a dream:
Treading alone life's pathway through the years,
Walking alone—alike, in smiles or tears—
Walking as in a dream.

Ah me! and is it true
So many changing years have all gone by—
So many years—since last I said "Good-bye"
To love and you?

Once, *once* I deemed
That death alone could still my grief;
That only Heaven would give my soul relief—
So sad life seemed.

Ah, well! 't was better so!
Better we parted in the long years gone;
Better that *I* should wander on alone,
And bid you go.

For oh, your pathway led
To the dim heights where Fame bestows her wreath,
Mine through sad vales fanned by the fevered breath
Of hopes now dead.

I smile, yet with a sigh,
To think that once, yes, *once* I loved you so—
Made you my idol—and could feel such woe
To say a last "Good-bye."

But now it all has fled!
No pain stirs in my heart for joys all gone;
Only, a longing for the rest to come—
All else is dead.

"I."

MUSIC AND LAGER BEER.—A great author once said: "Give me a good book, a good cigar, and a good cup of coffee, and I am happy." If anything, this proves that sensual and intellectual pleasures can very well go together. The Europeans have known and practised this maxim for a very long time. The French have many pleasure grounds of high and low degree, where both sexes enjoy themselves by listening to musical performances, while they eat their ice-cream or sip their chocolate The Germans have regular concerts, where *pater familias* goes with his "frau" and little ones to hear a symphony by Beethoven, a waltz by Strauss or Lanner, and a variety of good and indifferent music, meanwhile consuming an indescribable number of sandwiches or cakes, with the same number of glasses of beer, and, *horrible dictu*, smoking all the while cigars of a peculiar high flavor. How far the Germans go in this respect may be gathered from the fact that they have established during the Summer months so-called morning concerts, which are vastly patronized, notwithstanding the fact that they commence at six o'clock in the morning. On a fine summer morning you see a caravan of men, women and children trotting on the road toward a surburban garden, where a good orchestra greets them with familiar strains of the works of the great masters. Here, surrounded by flowers and other charms of a pleasant scenery, breathing the fresh, fragrant air, eating much, drinking more, and, alas! smoking the most, they pass their morning hours by paying a heartfelt tribute to nature as well as to art. Strange to say, the Americans, who are as fond of out-door pleasures as any nation in the world, have yet refrained from imitating the good example set by the Germans. They still doubt the propriety of listening to a musical performance and satisfying at the same time the appetite for some more substantial food; they still think it impossible that a man can go with his wife to a public place and hear a fine orchestra while he drinks his glass of beer or wine. The reason for this belief generally put forth by them, is that such places as these are not respectable. We know that the examples set by some pleasure grounds of this kind are not very encouraging. But because there are some low places of amusement, ought there not to be some of high respectability? Ought we not do everything to introduce this new source of healthy enjoyment to our families?—*N. Y. Review.*

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has sent to the National Lifeboat Institution £20, accompanied by a gratifying and encouraging letter. She thanked God that He had created so many heroes as those who annually, almost daily, in stormy weather, do His work in the lifeboats "in the face of death." She added that she herself had been so happy as to see, with her own eyes, the noble endurance, "obedience unto death," of an army in which every man was a hero. She hoped God would continue to bless, as He manifestly had blessed, the Lifeboat Institution.

A BURLESQUE poem, in manuscript, is now in circulation in Paris, on the subject of the possibility of a war between the United States and Mexico. The French word for Maximilian's empire is "Mexique," and every one of the two hundred lines of this poem ends in *ique*. The old saying, that, in France, everything begins and ends with a song, gives occasion to the enemies of Government to infer that the Mexican expedition is drawing to a bad end.

IN THE WRONG BOX AT THE OPERA.

I SERVE my Queen from ten to four,
Where down Pall Mall Dundrearies saunter;
My salary's small—but ah! for more
Some years I must be still a punter!
What chance of marriage for a man,
However careful, close, and thrifty,
Who of three hundred pounds *per ann.*,
(As fixed on by the *Times*,) lacks fifty?

My love for Emily 's profound—
Her father, failing in the city,
Died, paying tenpence in the pound,
And left her penniless and pretty.
Her uncle John supports her now,
(I d like to see him in a pond ducked,)
And makes her feel acutely how
Extremely generous is his conduct!

Yet she's with everything supplied,
With all the fashion that is France's—
With flowers and songs, and hacks to ride,
And goes to concerts, drums and dances.
She 's dressed in all that's rich and smart—
Moves in society the foremost—
In fact she 's in the Marriage Mart;
'T is that which makes my heart feel sore most.

I think she loves me! In the Box
When music 's charm is overpowering,
And that young puppy, Albert Knox,
Stands close behind us glum and glowering;
When fond "Amina's" taper burns,
Or sad "Medea's" love 's reviled,
To me for sympathy she turns,
While gentle tears bedew each eyelid.

We mingle sighs for lovers' woes—
We smile to see their bliss made certain;
And so the happy evening goes
Till envious Fate lets fall the curtain.
She'll let me press her hand a bit;
And with me—though her aunt glares finely—
At parties on the stairs she'll sit.
She 's told me that I waltz divinely!

But what 's the use? Heaven save the mark!
Our wooing ne'er can lead to wedlock.
She's poor—and I'm an ill-paid clerk;
Matters would quickly come to dead-lock.
Unions are now secured by rents,
In lieu of those rare perfumes olden
God Hymen's torch sheds ten per cents—
Love's chains are eighteen-carat-golden.

So, she goes her way—I go mine!
Our love is vain, though for the best meant,
And we see clearly, I opine,
That marriage is a mere investment;
And we must let this mad world wag,
And how to Fate's decision ruthless.
Well! I shall wed some wealthy hag—
And she a dotard, rich as toothless! [*London Fun.*

BURIED ALIVE.

AN OPERATIVE'S STORY, FOUNDED ON THE TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE AT LAWRENCE, MASS., JAN. 10, 1860.

I PROMISED to tell you, did I not, dear Kate? the origin of this scar on my cheek, which you are pleased to say does not injure my looks in the least. I can speak with calmness now of all the events of the dreadful day, on which I received the wound that left this tell-tale mark, although for many months, the slightest allusion to the subject was sufficient to drive the blood from my face and set me shivering from head to foot.

Were I to live to the age of Methusalah I should never forget the occurrences of that day; they are engraven upon my memory too deeply to be effaced while life and reason last. It was on the tenth of January, 1860, at a little before five o'clock, P. M., that the Pemberton Mill, Lawrence, Mass., fell with a fearful crash, burying beneath its ruins hundreds of the unfortunate operatives.

I was an operative in the dressing-room of the Pemberton Mill at that time. I remember that I went to my work on the morning of that memorable day, with a heavy heart and a loitering step. There was a weight upon my spirits which I could not throw aside, though I would not confess as much, even to myself, and had another charged me with the fact I should probably have denied it, stoutly. I may as well tell you, dear Kate, the secret of my depression. Three days before I had quarrelled with my lover, Philip Wardour, parting with him with angry and bitter words, and neither my heart nor my conscience was at rest on the subject. Just as I gained the last of the long flight of stairs, leading to the fifth story of the building, I met my cousin, Charley Dalton, in the passageway. Dear Charley! how vividly I can recall the picture that he presented that wintry morning, as he stood before me, with his great, black eyes sparkling with mischief, his dark curls tossed back from his white forehead, and his brown cheeks flushed with exercise. "See here, coz," he said, catching me by the arm, "I have an account to settle with you, if you please."

"Well, present it then, Master Charley, for you know the old adage, that 'short accounts make long friendships.'"

"What have you been doing to Philip Wardour, Evelyn? Have you jilted him? If you have, you deserve to remain a spinster all your life (old maid isn't polite, is it?) Philip is just the finest fellow that ever sported a moustache, and altogether too good for such a capricious little flirt as you are."

"Thank you for your good opinion," I replied, coldly. "I have nothing to say about Mr. Wardour," and I passed on.

As I entered the dressing-room I felt again the weight at my heart. I loved Philip Wardour, and the breaking of our engagement had been the result of my own hasty temper. I always marvelled what attraction drew him to me at first. I must have been so different from his *ideal*, for his standard was always a high one. He was of a deep, serious, earnest nature, while I, to all outward appearances, at least, was as sportive and inconstant as a butterfly, brimful of faults, which I took no pains to conceal. But perhaps he saw below the surface, and recognized the latent capability of good in my character. I did not fancy him at first, he was so grave and quiet; and then, too, he never flattered me, as others did, and his language was oftener that of reproof than of approval. But he persisted in his attentions, though they were met with something cooler than indifference on my part, until, by almost imperceptible degrees, he succeeded in establishing an influence over me. Little by little, as I gained a deeper insight into his character, I learned to appreciate his noble and generous qualities, until at length I came to love him with all my heart, and willingly promised to become his wife, only stipulating that our engagement should last a year. The course of our love might have run smooth enough, had we not ourselves blindly cast impediments in its way. I do not think I ever wilfully vexed or annoyed Philip, but I did so carelessly in many ways; for I was thoughtless and fond of admiration, and he—well, I am sure that he never intended to be harsh or unpleasant, but he could not bear to see me lavish smiles on others and accept attentions from them which he thought were due from him alone, and this led to frequent misunderstandings between us.

One evening when Philip was present, an old admirer called on me. On leaving, he gallantly raised my hand to his lips. Philip saw the action, and as soon as my visitor was gone he took me to task for allowing such a liberty. I only laughed at him first, but he was in no mood for jesting, and he accused me of deliberate coquetry. At that charge I lost control of my temper, and retorted by calling him a tyrant, telling him that I had borne his unfounded jealousy until I was heartily tired of it, that I repented having engaged myself to him, and ended by wishing that I had never seen him. In my excitement I said far more than I intended to say—more, indeed, than I was really conscious of, until I saw his pale face and flashing eyes. The sight of his anger recalled me to myself, and fairly frightened me into calmness. It was some moments before he spoke; evidently he waited to obtain complete mastery over his emotions before he trusted himself to answer me. Then he said, in cold, stern tones:

"I shall not stoop to defend myself from the charges you have brought against me, Evelyn. But if you wish to retain either my love or my respect you must retract them all. You say you repent your engagement. It can easily be annulled if you wish it."

Before he had opened his lips, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, I had already repented my hasty and unjustifiable language, and a word or a look of tenderness on his part would have led me to entreat his forgiveness with tears. But my heart hardened again beneath his bitter words, and I said coldly:

"I shall retract nothing, and I am willing to dissolve our engagement at once," and slipping from my finger the ring he had given me, I laid it in his hand.

"So be it," he said, as he received the glittering circlet, and without another word he bowed and withdrew.

The poet has well said that—"to be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain." But mine was a brief madness, for as I listened to Philip Wardour's retreating footsteps, all the anger died out of my heart, and I realized that in my pride and folly I had wrecked my life's happiness. I knew him too well to believe that he would ever return to me unless I humbled myself before him and begged his forgiveness, and pride would not suffer me to do that, however much I might suffer from the estrangement. As I have said, three days had passed since that night, and during that time I had not seen Philip Wardour, nor heard his name, until Charley mentioned it that morning.

My cousin's merry bantering was not calculated to soothe my feelings, and I could have wept as I went to my work, had there been no one to see, I avoided Charley when we left the mill at noon. I could not bear to listen again to his jests on that subject. As I was returning to the mill after dinner, I stepped aside to make way for a gentleman coming from the opposite direction, and as I did so I looked up, and saw that it was Philip Wardour. His dark gray eyes were fixed full on my face, while his own wore its coldest, haughtiest expression. He raised his hat and bowed, without speaking. I felt the hot blood rush in torrents over my face, but I answered his salutation by a slight inclination of the head, and passed on, with my hand pressed furtively against my heart to keep down the heavy throbbing that made me feel sick and faint.

I arrived at the mill before speed was on, and just after I entered the dress-room, Alice Wenzol, one of my room-mates came to me, and linking her arm within mine, drew me into a windowseat.

"Evelyn," she said abruptly, "do you ever have a presentiment of evil?"

"I think not," I replied, "I fancy the organ of marvellousness must be lacking in my head. But why do you ask?"

"Because I have felt all day that something is going to happen, and the impression deepens every hour."

"And have you any idea of the nature of this impending evil?"

"Not the slightest, but I know it is something dreadful, for the shadow of it seems to close round me like the folding of a pall."

She grew pale and shuddered as she spoke.

"Why, Alice!" I said, "I never saw you like this before. I think you must be ill, and it is a physical weakness that produces this strange depression of spirits."

"No: I am perfectly well. But Evelyn, believe it or not as you choose, some fearful event is close at hand. I know not where or on whom the blow will fall, but it will be a dreadful one."

Her tones were so strange, and there was such a strange prophetic look in her eyes as she spoke, that I gazed on her, awe-stricken.

"Well, Alice," I said, after a few moments' pause, "I suppose we cannot avoid our destiny. If danger or death threatens us, our fears will not ward it off." Then I added, in a lower tone, "But you know there is One mighty to save, and you, at least, can trust yourself to Him."

I had touched the right spot, for Alice was a Christian.

"You are right," she said quickly, "nothing that He ordains can happen amiss, and whatever billows of trouble may threaten to overwhelm me, I will still say with confidence 'My Father is at the helm.'"

She left me to go to her work, and I turned to mine. The hours wore on; the afternoon was drawing to a close; daylight had begun to wane as I stood for a moment beside the long window, and looked out on the stars above.

As I turned from the window, I saw that the "third hand" had commenced lighting up. I had nearly reached the frame at which Alice was working, when I stopped short, and stood rooted to the spot with undeniable terror. Cold chills shot through my veins, and my blood seemed turning to ice. In glancing toward the farther end of the room I had seen that the whole northerly wall of the building was in motion, swaying to and fro like a leaf driven by the wind. A single instant, and it fell outward with a terrific crash, letting in the daylight on eyes destined never again to behold it on earth.

Before I could utter the cry that rose to my lips I felt the floor sliding from beneath my feet. I sprang backward with the instinct of self-preservation; then I felt myself sinking down, down, through what seemed an immeasurable abyss of space. Shouts and confused cries were in my ears; bricks and fragments of mortar were falling about my head; something struck heavily against my face, and I knew no more. When consciousness returned it was some minutes before I could determine where I was or what had happened to me. Gradually it was all made plain; I was buried beneath the ruins of the mill. Into this living tomb a single ray of light penetrated. It came from a star far above, peering through a rifted cloud, and finding its way through a chink in the walls of my prison house. Cries and groans were resounding all around me, while overhead I could hear a tumult of voices and the trampling of many feet.

I reclined in a half sitting, half lying posture, with my back wedged against what seemed to be a huge piece of timber. There was excruciating pain in my left arm, which hung motionless at my side. I attempted to raise it, but I found that I had no power over it. I took hold of it with my right hand, and found that the bones were broken and the flesh lacerated. I felt a stinging sensation in my right cheek, which seemed bathed in a clammy fluid. On passing my hand over my face I found it covered with blood, which was dripping down over my neck and shoulder.

With my finger I carefully felt out the wound. It extended from the right temple down the side of the face, passing close to the ear. My long curls were matted together with the clotted gore. With some difficulty I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and wiped away the blood. Then I untied my apron, formed it into a compress with one hand, and applied it to the wound to check the bleeding. This done, I tried to change my position a little, but I found I could not move. Passing my hand downward, I discovered the cause. My lower limbs were wedged between two stout beams, not so as to injure them, but so close as to effectually prevent

their withdrawal. I could do nothing but lie still, and wait patiently till succor reached me. Would it reach me in time? It was evident that there were other unfortunates in my vicinity, for I heard groans and exclamations on every side.

One voice sounded so distinctly that I asked:

"Who is lying so near me?"

"It is I—Alice," was the reply. "Are you much injured, Evelyn?"

"My arm is broken. I believe; and you, Alice?"

"I am dying, I think: my breast seems all crushed in. Oh, Evelyn, my warning! the shadow of death has encompassed me all day, and now my moments are numbered."

"Ah, Alice!" I said bitterly, "can you say now 'my Father is at the helm?'"

"Yes, yes, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Evelyn, I cannot talk much, it hurts me so. I shall die before help reaches me; but promise me that if you are saved you will bear my dying message to those I love."

"I promise it, Alice."

"My mother, my crippled sister, you know them both; tell them my last thought was of them; that death had no terrors for me; that my only regret was in leaving them; but God will provide."

Then she gave some directions with regard to the disposal of her effects. The effort had exhausted her, and she relapsed into silence; but presently I heard her murmuring in faint tones, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." She said but little after that, but occasionlly I could hear her voice in prayer. The hours dragged on, every moment seeming to me an age of misery. I knew that brave hearts and strong hands were working eagerly for our deliverance, but would not the long-delayed help come too late? I endured agonizing pain with my wounded arm and head, and the impossibility of changing my position aggravated my sufferings. But my bodily pain was light in comparison with the mental anguish which tortured me. Should I perish there, who would bear my dying words to those who loved me so well?

A half-stifled cry dissolved the dream, and I awoke to all the horrors of my situation. There was another to whom my heart turned with impassioned yearning in that awful hour. Philip Wardour, must I die without forgiveness? He might have ceased to love me, but his generous heart would not refuse a tribute of regret for my untimely fate. My pride was all gone then. I felt that I alone had been to blame for our estrangement, and he would never know how bitterly I regretted it. Could I only see him once more—only say, "Forgive me, Philip," and meet the gentle, pitying glance that should blot out the remembrance of the look he had given me that day. How could I die in peace with that look branded on my memory?

Alice had been silent for some time; now I heard her voice again. She was trying to sing. I cannot describe my feelings as I heard the familiar strain,

"There is a land of pure delight," etc.

She got as far as the third line of the second verse when her voice broke down entirely.

"Sing it, Evy," she said, faintly, "I cannot go on, the blood chokes me."

I took up the strain where she had left it, and sang it through, my voice gathering strength and clearness as I proceeded. She thanked me feebly at the close. I paused only long enough to regain my breath, and commenced again. For some time the voices of the workmen above me and the sound of their implements had been growing more and more distinct. I could hear the creaking of ropes, and a voice rising above all others, issuing orders in a stentorian voice to those who were at work on them. I hoped that my singing might reach their ears and lead them to the spot where we lay. The tune that I selected was "Coronation." I sang until forced to pause from exhaustion. But, oh joy! I had been successful, for I heard answering cheers and words of encouragement shouted from above.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried joyfully, "we shall be saved! They are making their way down to us."

A faint moaning was the only reply; then she murmured feebly, "Cover me up, mother, I am cold."

Another moment and I caught a quick, gasping breath, followed by a strange gurgling sound; then all was silent. I listened, awe-struck; than I called her name again and again, but no answer was returned. I knew that she lay very near me, at my right side. I put out my hand and pulled and tugged almost madly at the wall of rubbish which separated us, until I loosened a brick and passed my hand through the aperture. It rested on the damp face of a corpse, and I drew it back with horror. Poor Alice! dear, gentle girl, the best-beloved of all my mill-mates. I wept bitterly over her sad fate.

More waiting, longing, praying, patience and courage now; the promised help draws nearer and nearer. I could hear every movement of the men overhead. They were at work on the huge mass of machinery that shut me in.

The light of a lantern glimmered through the little opening above me, and a voice spoke my name:

"Evelyn, Evelyn, is it you?"

That voice, hoarse and strained as it was with the unnatural tension of the speaker's feelings, I knew at once, and answered eagerly.

"It is I, Philip."

"Thank God! Oh, thank God!"

I doubt if ever a more fervent burst of thanksgiving came from the lips of a human being.

"Are you injured?" was the next anxious inquiry.

"A broken arm and a scratch on the face" I answered cheerfully; "but my limbs are wedged down with timbers and I cannot move an inch."

"Courage, darling, we will soon reach you now, but we must proceed with the utmost caution to prevent this mass of ruins from falling in upon you."

I waited patiently, listening to his voice as he gave directions to the workmen, too happy now in the near prospect of escape to heed the pain of my wounds. Others were being rescued all around me. I could hear shouts of joy as here and there one was lifted alive and almost unharmed from the midst of the ruins, and consigned to the arms of anxious friends, and the next moment cries of agony as some crushed and disfigured corpse was recognized by those nearest of kin. At last the huge mass of iron swung slowly around; the cool night air rushed in upon me, and I looked once more on the face of the sky. How my heart bounded at that moment. How the tears of joy and gratitude flooded my eyes.

"Saved, saved!" I ejaculated involuntarily.

Merciful Father! what was the thrilling cry that rang out at that instant, piercing the vault of heaven and making my heart stand still with terror? Fire! fire! The fearful word was caught up and repeated on every side. A few moments of horrible suspense, while the men above worked as for their lives. Then a whirlwind of thick, black, suffocating smoke swept across the opening, nearly stifling me in its folds.

"Back! back for your lives!" shouted a voice above me. "We can do no more. The flames are upon us."

Oh, God! would they leave me to perish thus? Had all deserted me? Not all. One man had swung himself through the opening and stood beside me.

"Come back, Wardour," called his companions. "You cannot save her, you will only sacrifice your own life!"

"So be it then," he replied, almost fiercely. "Courage, Evelyn, darling!" and with the strength of a giant he grappled the stout timbers that held me prisoner, and essayed to lift them from their place. Vain effort. By the red glare of the flames I could see his compressed lips, and his pale face beaded with great drops of perspiration.

"It is useless, Philip," I said. "You cannot help me. Leave me to my fate. Save yourself."

"Child you know not what you say," he answered passionately. "God will give me strength to save you," and he bent again to his task. Oh! the heart rending shrieks of despair! the frantic, unavailing cries for help, for mercy, that rose on the night air as the pitiless fire-fiend sought out his helpless victims. I had rather that my death had been, than hear those sounds again. Nearer and nearer crept the flames—their hot breath already fanned my cheek, when, by an almost superhuman effort of strength, Philip succeeded in raising the heavy beam and releasing my fettered limbs. Hastily raising me up, he uttered an exclamation of horror as he caught sight of my face. I must have been a ghastly-looking object, for my face, hands and dress were dabbled with blood, while my long, curling hair, completely soaked in the crimson fluid, fell in heavy clinging masses over my bosom. There was no time to waste in words, but as I felt his arms around me, I murmured faintly:

"Forgive me, Philip."

His only answer was to strain me closer in his strong clasp. Bearing me in his arms, as though I had been an infant; shielding my face on his breast, he made his way over the burning ruins, through the flames that writhed and hissed around us, darting out their forked, serpent tongues in wrath at the loss of their prey, nor paused until he gained a place of safety. A carriage stood in waiting near by. He was about to lift me into it when two men passed close to us, bearing between them a body just taken from the ruins. The heavy swaying motion showed that life was extinct. I glanced at the white upturned face of the corpse, and beheld my cousin, Charley Dalton. It was too much. I fainted.

When I opened my eyes once more, I found myself enveloped in a white dressing gown, and reclining amidst a mass of snowy pillows and counterpanes. Every trace of blood had been removed from my person, and the wound on my face dressed and bandaged. A woman stood beside the bed, and in the kind, pitying face that bent over me I recognized Mrs. Wardour, Philip's mother. It was to his house that I had been removed. A surgeon was examining my wounded arm, and the agonizing pain caused by his handling of it had restored my senses. Farther back, in the shadow of the curtains, stood Philip. The first words that I heard were spoken by the surgeon.

"Very bad," he said, in answer to some whispered question: "compound fracture; bone broken in two places, and flesh badly lacerated. It will be necessary to amputate the limb."

"No," I said firmly. "Not, at least, till all other means have failed."

I spoke with so much decision that the surgeon peered at me through his spectacles with a look of surprise.

"Absolutely necessary. You would not sacrifice your life rather than lose a limb, would you?"

"I think that both life and limb may be saved," I persisted. Seeing that I was so resolute, he yielded reluctantly, saying that the amputation would have yet to be performed. I set my teeth hard, and bore the torture consequent on setting the broken bones and dressing the wounds without murmur, determined that no weakness on my part should give excuse for the use of the operating knife.

The next day another doctor was called in, and he agreed with the first that amputation seemed to be called for, and would, at least, be the safest way of proceeding. But I steadily refused my consent, even when Philip pleaded earnestly that I would not throw away my life. I had an immovable conviction that the limb might be saved, and I was right, my instincts proving a safer guide than the physicians' judgment. Youth and a strong constitution triumphed. The broken bones re-united and the wounds healed; but I had to endure long days and weeks of suffering first. My nervous system had received a severe shock; the fearful scenes through which I had passed were continually before my eyes, and night after night I would awake, with a scream, from some frightful dream, and starting up with trembling limbs and my brow beaded with the cold drops of terror, would have my fears lulled to rest by the gentle voice and soothing words of Mrs. Wardour. She watched me as though I had been her own child, while Philip showed me all the care and kindness of a brother, providing every comfort, and anticipating every want with thoughtful tenderness; despatching almost daily messages to my friends at home to inform them of my progress, and striving in every way to lighten the tedious hours of confinement. But no word of love ever passed his lips, nor did he ever enter my room except when his mother was present. His silence cost me many bitter tears, for I feared that he had ceased to love me.

I went to my room, and for the rest of the afternoon sat on the sofa by the window, watching the snowflakes as they came sailing lazily through the air; watching them through my tears; for the one thought lay heavy at my heart—I am disfigured for life, and Philip Wardour loves me no longer. Why should I remain to pain him by the sight of my poor changed face?

One day I had sat until twilight began to gather around me; then the door opened, and Philip came softly into the room. He must have been talking with his mother before he entered, for he came directly to the sofa, seated himself at my side, and drawing me tenderly to his bosom kissed my wet eyes and quivering lips. I gave way then, and hiding my face on his shoulders sobbed and grieved like a child. He soothed me by gentle, loving words and caresses, till I grew calm again; then by his questioning he forced me to tell him all that was in my heart.

"And so you were going to leave me, my Evelyn?" he said, when I had confessed all. "Did you think I should give you up? No, darling; when by God's help I snatched you from the very jaws of destruction, I registered a vow that nothing but death should part us again. Do you not know that you are a thousand times dearer to me than ever before? That this scar, which you think so frightful, only makes you more lovely and precious in my eyes, for it reminds me how near I have been to losing my treasure? Oh, the agony of those awful hours, when I believed that you lay dead beneath the ruins of the mill! Do you think, Evelyn, that I have failed to remark the gentleness and patience with which you have borne your sufferings? or that I can ever forgive myself for my harsh and unkind treatment of you at the time of our estrangement, unless you allow me to devote my life to you in future?"

"Oh, Philip!" I said eagerly, "you know I was altogether to blame in that affair—"

But he stopped my protestations with kisses, and then he told me how he had suffered, even as I had done, at that time, and his pride, like mine, had withheld him from seeking a reconciliation.

What need of further details? In a few weeks I returned home, and when I left it again it was as the bride of Philip Wardour. The years have passed happily since then, and I daily bless the gracious providence that has ordered my lot in life. I need scarcely say that I took care to transmit poor Alice Wenzel's dying message to her mother and sister, and they are now numbered among my own and my husband's warmest friends.

As I said before, I can speak calmly now of all the circumstances attending my living burial; but there are two hymns, once favorites of mine, that I never sing now, and when they are sung by the choir of which I am a member, my voice is always silent. They are "Jordan" and "Coronation."

NOTICE.

The publication of "THE CALIFORNIAN" *takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.*

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☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* THE CALIFORNIAN, *No.* 532 *Merchant street, San Francisco.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1865.

THE LATE EDITOR OF THE BULLETIN.

AMONG the list of passengers who were lost on the steamer *Brother Jonathan* occurs the name of James Nisbet, who has been since 1856 the supervising editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin.*

Possibly there is no public position as little understood or more frequently misapprehended by the popular understanding than that of the editor of an influential daily newspaper. To the average reader he is simply a myth—"a light that never was on sea or land"—a playful fiction evoked by correspondents, writers, reporters and proprietors. As a bloodless and bodiless phantasy he is considered fair game for sarcasm or invective, and represents to many that popular opinion which everybody affects to despise and which everybody fears. By the more simple he is looked upon as *the paper;* he is supposed to write the leaders, the theatrical criticisms, the news, even the poetry and the advertisements. He is expected to be personally responsible for an error in any of these departments—let us be charitable in supposing that it is considered an error, and not an intentional mis-statement.

Between this mythical existence on the one hand, and this too practical reality on the other, it may easily be imagined that the position of editor is not a sinecure. If there should chance to lurk a *man* under this pleasant fiction of the average reader, it is easy to fancy how his sensibilities could be wounded and his feelings outraged; while, on the other hand, if he were not really responsible for police reports and telegraphic errors, some slight idea may be formed of the injustice and embarrassment to which he is daily subjected. To keep a calm and even temper under these difficulties; to refrain from using those weapons of retaliation which his position so temptingly furnishes him; to give audience to indignant subscribers and enthusiastic reformers; to listen to *ex parte* statements of wrongs and sift the few grains of truth from the chaff of prejudice; to reject communications without rejecting the good will of their authors; to withstand the cajolements of friends and partisans, as well as the threats of opponents and enemies; to be able to decide promptly, and to feel that this decision passes into irrevocable print the next minute; to be expected to give an opinion upon a certain subject in a few hours, and face the abuse of those who have made that subject the especial study of their lives; to do this for three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, without weariness, without repining, without relaxing, without recuperation, knowing the reputation or fame of an occasional careless scribbler or correspondent in his own columns will outlive the fame of his own ceaseless labor; knowing that with each issue is folded away so much of his blood, bone, and vital power, and that the throbbings of his presses are "beating funeral marches" to his own grave—these are the duties of a true editor. And these were the labors of the late James Nisbet, of the *Bulletin.*

As death has robbed him of that impersonality which belonged to his position, it has also enfranchised the pen of one of his humble brethren. In the slight intercourse we had with him, we learned to respect the honest, sincere and manly nature which was hidden beneath his rough exterior and brusque address, and to believe that this outer bur—partly a characteristic of his nationality and partly the result of his peculiar labors and habits of life—was like the nut and the kernel, one of Nature's pleasant surprises. But the earthly shell is broken, and that better part, of which nothing now remains but a grateful memory, is beyond the reach of finite criticism.

THE Fair of the Mechanics' Institute will be opened on Thursday next. On Wednesday night, Mr. Frank Pixley is to give the opening address at Platt's Hall. No admission fee will be charged, and we trust there will be a full attendance. The Pavilion has undergone a complete renovation. The "Old Folks' Kitchen," with its immense fire-place, has been added, and the new wing materially increases the capacity of the building. Mezzara's equestrian statue of Lincoln, twenty feet in height, is to occupy the centre of the building under the dome. Almost an endless variety of articles, from quartz crushers to crotchet-work, are being received for exhibition, and the Executive Committee seem confident that the present Fair will far exceed, in variety and display, all former exhibitions.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new publications:

Miramichi. A story of Miramichi Valley. Boston: Loring.

A semi-religious sensational story. Ada Clare, in the New York *Leader*, referring to this work as a specimen of the "Railway Library," says: "The story admits of being read to the accompaniment of apples, peanuts, pop corn, pies, cakes, or any of the legitimate luxuries of the railroad train; and besides, if in the hurry of arrival, it happens to be left behind in the car, no heart less tender than that of the immortal Werter would be likely to suffer for its loss. At the same time it is but just to its merits to state that in those country villages where pork is the principal article of luxury, and soda and saleratus those of necessity, it has a right to expect unbounded popularity."

The Gayworthys. A story of Threads and Thrums. Boston: Loring.

A book with the following remarkable preface:

"Of threads and thrums: because a simple story of this mixed, divine and human weaving, we call Life; wherein are threads—lines, lying evenly along the loom, and made secure and perfect with a filling; wherein are also many thrums—ends broken, or dropped midway, or reaching out unfinished lengths beyond the web. Wherein the fabric seems, so often, faulty; where much seems lost, left out, or wrongly joined; where correspondence is delayed, and full-matched beauty missed; where colors are confused; where the pattern, being vast, may never quite unroll to earthly vision; where Patience keeps her foot upon the treadle, and Faith must stand, with fervent eyes, beside the springing shuttle, knowing of breadths that shall be woven by-and-by!"

Candidly confessing that we have not been able to get further than this paragraph except to observe that the first chapter commences with the rather prosaic question, "Did you ever eat strawberry shortcake?" as a kind of practical *sequitur* to the above, we are unable to give an idea of the merits of the story. The style seems to be ambitious and poetical. Speaking of Spring in the city, we are told that "the churches on Sunday were beautiful with a sort of human blossom time," which possibly may mean that the clothes of the congregation were the antithesis of "seedy." "Earth," further remarks the writer, "lay in her perihelion to heaven." It is but fair to state that the story has a good moral tendency and has been spoken of by a moral writer as follows:

"In these days, when the tendency of society is to educate girls for heartless, aimless, factitious life, a book like this is to be welcomed and gratefully received. Wherever it is read, it will be retained as a thoughtful, suggestive friend."

The Poems of William Mackworth Praed. Two Vols. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

A "blue and gold" edition of Praed, in neat and elegant binding is not only acceptable to the requirements of the social circle, but very pleasantly suggestive of the distinguishing features of this poet of society. If Mr. Praed's verses do not stir the depths of the heart or exalt the imagination to the extent of some others, it is because Mr. Praed's verses are verses of society, and because he is emotional only to that extent to which emotion is proper and decent in polite society. Many of the stanzas contained in this volume are of a kind which might have been written by a clever, elegant young Oxonian, and handed about in MSS. at Lady Cinqbar's soiree, or sent with the compliments of the author to my Lord Farintosh. Mr. Praed's verse is always musical and often tender: his wit is delicate and refined, and his scholarship accurate without being obtrusive. "The Red Fisherman" and "Troubadour" are among the best known and longest poems in the volume, though hardly as characteristic of the poet's talent as some of the smaller and lighter pieces.

Hunted to Death. A story of Love and Adventure. Boston: Loring.

Like *Miramichi*, this story belongs to the "Railway Literary;" and, like that ravishing work, is written in a style adapted to uncertain intervals of leisure, and blends easily with sandwiches, cigars, pop-corn and irregular conversation. There is no part of the story which the voice of the conductor might break in upon in a way to wound the sensibilities of the reader, nor is there any chapter from which it would not be a relief to "show" one's "ticket." There is a little clap-trap about the title. The process of hunting to death, calculated to thrill the ingenuous reader, does not occur until the end of the story. There is a good deal of kissing in this book, generally attended with unpleasant results; indeed, "Captain George," the hero, is continually getting into difficulties which arise from his inordinate osculatory propensities. A knowledge of this seems even to have dawned upon the author toward the close of the story, as the following would imply:

"Ah! Captain George, will you never learn wisdom? Do you not remember that kiss in the ladies' drawing-room at the St. Nicholas, the misery it caused to yourself, and the untimely fate it brought on one who loved you with as deep a love as ever woman loved man? Alas! poor Coralie! But for that kiss you would not have met your death. And George, you, too, would have been spared many bitter self-reproaches and heart-burnings; and Madeline, too, perhaps you would have been spared many a tear."

Wylder's Hand. A novel. By I. S. Le Fanu. New York: Carleton.

Wylder's Hand is by the author of *Uncle Silas*, and has received the praise and a dedicatory tribute from Charles Lever. Both novels are of the sensation order. When we state that at the close the dead "Wylder's" withered hand is accidentally exposed to view from beneath an embankment, with a ring stamped with the peculiarly appropriate motto, "Resurgam," we have given as much of this book as our space will allow, and enough to cause any reader of sensation novels to purchase it.

Kilpatrick and our Cavalry. By James Moore, M. D. New York: W. J. Widdleton.

The Life of Kilpatrick is probably the advance guard of a series of military books, based upon the adventures and achievements of the different heroes of the war. If the above is to be considered a fair specimen of the style, we cannot expect that they will add much to the literature of the country. Dr. Moore gives a bald recital of the military incidents connected with the history of the gallant young soldier, and apparently reserves all his rhetoric and fancy for the comparatively trivial details of his social life. Alluding to the delivery of the valedictory at West Point by his hero, the Doctor says:

"The eloquent words of the valedictory died away in the beautiful little chapel, and the attentive and gratified audience had dissolved, some one way, some another; but there was one, the loveliest of her sex, who, more than any other, hung upon the lips of the young orator, and drank in the words of that address with thrilling pride and gratification."

It is unnecessary to add that the "loveliest of her sex" became Mrs Kilpatrick.

Only a Clod. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Looking Around. A Novel. By A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton.

The Young Lieutenant; or, the Adventures of an Army Officer. A story of the great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A Son of the Soil. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Life, Speeches and Public Services of President Johnson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Illustrated Life, Speeches and Martyrdom of President Lincoln. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

On Guard. A Novel. By Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Theo Leigh. A Novel. By Annie Thomas. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are indebted to H. H. Bancroft & Co., 609 Montgomery street, for the following:

The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers. Third Series. New York: Carleton.

The third of the series of Orpheus C. Kerr papers exhibits all of the characteristics which have hitherto made these humorous papers so popular. The somewhat indefinite title of "humorist" usually given to writers of this class, hardly does justice to Mr. Newell's talent. As a political satirist, "Orpheus C. Kerr" occupies a position only equalled by the eccentric "Hosea Biglow." In the latter individual, Mr. Lowell has given us a sarcastic and shrewd Yankee commentator on American politics; in the person of Orpheus C. Kerr, Mr. Newell has sketched the sharp, cosmopolitan, many-sided New York "bhoy" in the same character. Orpheus C. Kerr is not as genial or laughter-provoking as Artemus Ward; his broadest caricatures are grotesque rather than funny, there is a latent sincerity and seriousness in even his lightest touches; it is impossible to separate the wholesome indignation inspired by the follies and vices he lashes from the ridiculous atmosphere with which he invests them. But Mr. Newell works with a long aim. Artemus Ward if he make the reader laugh, asks nothing more. Apart from political satires, Orpheus C. Kerr has a keen perception of literary weaknesses and snobbery, and has given one or two clever burlesques of a certain style of sham-sentimental writing of which "Mr. Smith," (published in another column of THE CALIFORNIAN) and "Higgins" are notable examples. As a poet, he is thoughtful, fanciful and refined; a little inclined to imitation, as his best poems—the "Prize Anthems" designed to burlesque the different American bards—abundantly testify.

We have also received from H. H. Bancroft & Co. the following new publications, notices of which are given above:

On Guard, Theo Leigh, Only a Clod, Carey's Record of the Great Rebellion, Son of the Soil, Looking Around, and *The Young Lieutenant.*

COTTON MILL.—The first cotton mill in California is now in course of construction at Clinton, Alameda county. The building will be 40 by 90 feet, two stories in height, and will contain twenty-five looms. The factory will commence operations early in November. A 200-ton steru-wheel steamboat is being built at the Potrero for the purpose of transporting materials from this city to the factory and bringing back the manufactured goods.

THE SHENANDOAH, AGAIN.

THE pirate Waddell, commanding the *Shenandoah*, has despatched two vessels from Behrings straits to this port, with the crews of sixteen whalers burned there. Two of the burned vessels—the brig *Susan Abagail* and the barque *Wm. C. Nye*—belonged to this city. Notwithstanding this modern Kidd was placed in possession of the San Francisco papers of the 10th of May by the first-named ship, containing the details of the surrender of Johnson's and Dick Taylor's forces, and the general breaking up of the rebellion, he professed to discredit the news, and cowardly and fiendishly continued his destruction of the helpless unarmed whalers, robbing their officers and men of everything of value, and crowding their crews aboard two small vessels, without cooking or sleeping conveniences, and with a scanty supply of clothing; he left them with a recommendation to look out for themselves, and to eat Kanakas if they got short of food, as they had plenty of them. The *Gen. Pike* arrived on Tuesday with 250 men, the crews of seven burnt vessels, aboard, and the *Nile* on Wednesday with 142 men, portions of crews of nine burnt vessels. The latter barque reports the fleet thoroughly alarmed and leaving the whaling ground, or penetrating the ice-fields for safety. Subsequent arrivals of lumber vessels from the north report a mysterious steamer bearing a close resemblance in rig and appearance to the pirate, hovering off the entrance of the Straits of Fuca. It is very probable that she has left the northern whaling ground for a new field of operations, and we shall likely hear of her next devastations nearer home. In regard to what should be done in the present exigency, a correspondent writes as follows:

Is it not a burning shame that the pirate *Shenandoah* should be deliberately annihilating our commerce on the Pacific while vessels able to overtake her and end her infamous career lie at anchor in our harbor? Day after day brings to our port the victims of her depredations and the news of the daily lessening of the number of our ships. And yet not a finger is raised to protect our merchantmen and avenge our honor. What need is there of official authorization to undertake the work of her pursuit? Can not some of our wealthy citizens fit out a steamer and send it in pursuit of her without waiting to hear from Washington? Does any one doubt that any expense incurred for this purpose would be repaid? The *Shenandoah* is now simply a pirate, unrecognized by any power on earth, and for the work of taking and destroying her no commission is needed. If private enterprise would fit out a vessel, no doubt one of the Government officials would so far stretch red-tape as to place a few guns aboard of her. In this way, even if the pursuit were unsuccessful, we should be spared the mortification of having it said that while a Confederate pirate was ruthlessly destroying everything wearing our flag, there was not public spirit enough in San Francisco to attempt to check her course.

LOSS OF THE BROTHER JONATHAN.

OUR community received one of those terrible shocks which always follow the announcement of a great disaster, by the publication, on Tuesday morning, of a telegraphic dispatch announcing the total loss of the northern-coast steamer *Brother Jonathan* with nearly all her passengers and crew. The steamer had lately been placed in excellent order, and was officered by men thoroughly acquainted with the dangers and peculiarities of the northern coast, and was deservedly the favorite steamer on that route. For years back immunity from accident on this line had given the public such confidence in it, that no shadow of apprehension as to the result of the passage ever crossed the minds of the voyagers or their friends. Therefore the blow fell with double force, and the shock was much more keenly felt.

The *Brother Jonathan* was wrecked on Sunday afternoon last, while on her upward trip, about eight or ten miles above Crescent City, by running on a sunken reef that extends out from Point St. George. The Captain of the *Sierra Nevada*, bound down the coast, reports passing Crescent City at noon the same day, and that he kept a sharp look out for the *Jonathan* for the purpose of exchanging papers, but saw nothing of her. There was a strong wind and a heavy swell, but neither was violent enough to endanger the safety of the ship's boats if they could have been safely launched. The sea was covered with a light fog, penetrable to the vision for four or five miles to the seaward, and for a mile or two to the landward, growing heavier near shore. The route of the steamers bound up or down the coast, to use a nautical phrase, "hugs the shore," and the inference is that the *Jonathan*, by a sad miscalculation, had been running too close to the land in the fog, and for that reason was not seen by the *Sierra Nevada*, which must have passed her two hours before the wreck, and that in place of passing free of Point St. George's reef, the misguided steamer must have struck it, probably with full speed, crushing in her timbers like reeds, and sinking her, as the despatch says, "in forty-five minutes." The first two boats launched swamped alongside of the sinking steamer; the third, a life-boat, was safely freed from the vessel, with seventeen adults—three being women—and three children in her, and reached Crescent City in safety in less than three hours after the wreck occurred. Of all the passengers and crew, those in this boat were alone saved. Boats were immediately dispatched from Crescent City to the scene of the accident, but returned without seeing any vestige of the wreck. The boat which reached the shore was in command of the third officer, and all in it, except the women and children, were either officers, seamen or other employes of the steamer—the strongest commentary on the confusion and desperation that must have ensued on board the unfortunate vessel. The *Jonathan* had on board an aggregate of nearly two hundred passengers and crew. She was provided with 397 cork-jacket life-preservers, two serf boats and four iron life boats that would hold from thirty to forty persons each; but the great precaution for safety that the *Jonathan* needed was water-tight compartments dividing her hull, so that in case of its being stove in in any one place but one compartment would be flooded, and the steamer still float. Had the *Jonathan* been so provided, it is probable that order and confidence would have been maintained after the accident, that the aid so near at hand would have been called in, and that the steamer would have floated until every soul had been rescued.

Among the persons lost were, James Nisbet, editor of the *Bulletin*; Brigadier General Wright, U. S. A.; Captain Chaddock, U. S. R. S.; Governor Henry, of Washington Territory, and Victor Smith, Government Agent.

[For the Californian.]

AUDIENCES.

I HAVE often found it a relief to transfer my attention from a dull play or a prosy lecture to the audience around me. I cannot say that the result of such observations has always been to impress me with a profound sense of their aggregate discernment or judgment. The conviction usually forced upon me, was, that audiences were at the best, mobs—differing from other mobs in good nature, and in the fact that they have been called together for pleasure instead of business, but, nevertheless, as utterly swayed by prejudice, as deaf to reason, as completely under the dominion of one or two leaders, and as lost to a sense of individual responsibility as any mob that was ever dispersed by grapeshot. I have seen audiences to whom the Riot Act might have properly been read. It is not necessary to get up an alarm of fire in the dress circle of the opera to prove this, and show how speedily an assemblage of dress-coats and opera hats will resolve itself into its original, selfish and unreasoning elements. The most trifling circumstances are sufficient to establish the fact. Yet, if I were to tell intelligent theatre-goers that their position in the parquette or the dress circle transformed them for the time being, from sensible and independent men into fools and cowards, they would consider themselves insulted. If I were to walk up to my friend Fitz Flunk as he has ceased applauding, and leans complacently against the wall, and inform him that he was not expressing his own sentiments but those of Bill Smith in the gallery, simply because Bill was possessed of a louder voice, heavier boots and greater self-assertion, he would look upon me as crazy. What would the readers of this journal say if I were to bribe its musical critic to allow me to displace his regular notice of the opera, wherein he speaks about the "commendation of an appreciative audience" and "tremendous applause," with a notice like the following:

"The Opera House on ——— evening was the scene of a most disgraceful exhibition during the performance of Verdi's magnificent opera of *The Marrowbones and Cleavers*. At the conclusion of the *romanza* in the second act, Signor Batti Batti saw fit to favor the audience with a few notes not in the composer's score, which a few ignorant persons in the pit choose to encore. A slight token of dissent from one or two in the dress circle increased this encore to a tumultuous enthusiasm, and Signor Batti Batti was obliged, though bursting with laughter, to repeat the *romanza*, innovation and all. To render the exhibition more disgraceful, we noticed that the better portion of the audience laughed, and that the few who were justly indignant were evidently restained, by the fear of making themselves prominent, from expressing their sentiments."

The universal criticism of a notice of that kind would be that the writer was hypercritical, and had misunderstood the "generosity" of a San Francisco audience. But what if this generosity lead us to injustice? what if it can be proved that it is owing to this "generosity," or tacit abnegation of the tastes and privileges of the individual members of an audience that the drama deteriorates, or that the standard of taste is lowered, or that sensation plays take the place of Shakspeare? What if I, who, as stated at the beginning of this article, prefer to turn from the spectacle of a stupid play to the more interesting occupation of watching the audience, by foregoing my right to hiss or express disapprobation, become accessory to the reproduction of this piece. Why do I wink at my friend on the opposite side of the house, whom I know participates in my sentiments, instead of openly expressing my feelings. Why do I convey my adverse criticism to my neighbor in a whisper. Surely there is no terrorism that should prevent a frank avowal. The short-haired "rough" in the pit, expresses his delight boisterously, and would, I have no doubt, express his dissatisfaction, should he have occasion so to do, as strongly. Am I to blame the manager or the critic if he fail to appreciate my reserve, and accept the rough's criticism?

It is not only in regard to the intrinsic merits or demerits of a performance that audiences show themselves to be governed by this mob influence. It is felt in the graver question of morals. When some impure god in the gallery sees fit to put an equivocal construction on the words of a pretty actress, and so applauds from the depths of his filthy soul, not only do the more decent—by refraining from outspoken indignation—accept the false construction, but too often encourage it by imbecile smiling. I have seen old Silenas under cover of this mob influence, and solely because he was in a theatre, chuckle audibly in his seat beside a young girl, at an expression which in his own house he would not dared to have noticed. I have seen young ladies, led on by the same unconscious influence, simpering at a dubious sentiment, in a manner that would leave the spectator to suppose they had handed in their modesty with their tickets at the door. In society the refuge from such attacks is insensibility and indifference; in a mixed audience there are always too many self-constituted interpreters. It is the misconstruction and unfair handling of this latest error, which gives to the Gradgrinds and Huntingdons a mischievous weapon in their attacks on the morality of the theatre.

So manifestly unfair is the usual *viva voce* manner of taking the "sense of the house," that most of the encores are usually given for the benefit of four or five ingenious and selfish individuals, whose strength of lungs and facilities for holding out beyond the usual limit of applause are always successful. The occasion may be singularly inopportune; the prima donna may be exhausted, the opera may be dragging already beyond the usual limit, but no matter, the leader turns over the leaves of his score, and orchestra and singer go back and begin again. I would here remark that these and other spontaneous outbursts are not always an evidence of musical conception. The genuine taste of these gushing enthusiasts who break in upon a *scena* or the *cadenza* of a prima donna, to exhibit their foolish appreciation, may be reasonably questioned.

It must be admitted, then, there is something to be said on the other side of the question. A really intelligent and appreciative audience are apt to appear cold and critical. The highest form of approval does not take upon itself vehement outward expression; the best acting, the purest music, the noblest sentiment, do not awaken extravagant and boisterous applause. The audiences who listened to the Keans might have seemed unsympathetic and cold to a casual spectator who had just left the minstrels, although the amount of enjoyment experienced by both audiences might have been equal. But there is something in this placid and correct satisfaction which is apt to chill the spectator—not to speak of the actors—if too long indulged, and the avidity with which a poor pun, or a grimace, or even the *contretemps* of some unfortunate supernumerary, is seized upon as the pretext for a thoughtless laugh, is an evidence of the weakness of even the best audiences. Some audiences require to be set into approbatory motion, as others require to be retarded in their applause. Who has not felt the akwardness of finding himself a solitary applauder, and the delight at hearing, after a brief interval, a confirmatory echo from other parts of the house? We need not go to France to learn the importance of *claquers*. A friend, who had faced many critical audiences, once told me that he always found it necessary to throw out some pleasant trifle to the *oi polloi*, by way of "humanizing" and equalizing his listeners, as well as of warming himself by their contagious laughter. The first laugh—the first applause—the first cheer—is always the most difficult; that done, the rest is easy. Applause is not always spontaneous; a few quick perceptions sieze the point, and there is what the reporters call "a sensation." Then come a few rattling shots, and finally—the volley.

All audiences are alike as all human nature is alike. They are more apt to act upon impulse than deliberation; they find it easier to be led than to lead; to fall in with the current than to oppose it. If this is true of the ordinary business of life it is equally true of the pleasures. Until men shall be thoughtful enough to make even their pleasure subservient to their moral and intellectual advancement, we must not look for decisive judgments from popular audiences. BRET.

CYRUS KIMBALL, of Warner's Ranch, and Geo. Williams, of San Felipe, were brutally murdered, July 28th. Kimball and Williams, accompanied by their families, were on their way to Los Angeles. On the evening of the 27th they camped at the crossing of Santa Ana river, in San Bernardino county, and about six o'clock next morning were attacked by a band of robbers, consisting of five Americans and two Mexicans, who, after killing Kimball and Williams, demanded from the women the money of their husbands. The women handed over about twenty-five hundred dollars to the leader of the band, who then rode off, accompanied by the rest. The Sheriff and a posse left Los Angeles last night in search of this band of murderers, and several other parties are also out hunting them.

THE yacht race between the *Mermaid* and *Restless* is to take place on the 13th inst. The match is for $500.

MY OWN FUNERAL.

FROM DE BERANGER.

THIS morning, as in bed I lay,
Half waking and half sleeping,
A score of Loves, immensely gay,
Were round my chamber creeping;
I could not move my hand or head
To ask them what the stir meant;
And "Ah," they cried, "our friend is dead;
Prepare for his interment!"
All whose hearts with mine were blended,
Weep for me! my days are ended!

One drinks my brightest Burgundy,
Without a blush, before me;
One brings a little rosary,
And breathes a blessing o'er me;
One finds my pretty chambermaid,
And courts her in dumb crambo;
Another sees the mutes arrayed
With fife by way of flambeau:
In your feasting and your fêting,
Weep for me! my hearse is waiting.

Was ever such a strange array?
The mourners all are singing;
From all the churches on our way
A merry peal is ringing;
The pall that clothes my cold remains,
Instead of boars and dragons,
Is blazoned o'er with darts and chains,
With lutes, and flowers, and flagons:
Passers-by their beads are shaking!
Weep for me! my grave is making.

And now they let my coffin fall;
And one of them rehearses,
For want of holy ritual,
My own least holy verses:
The sculptor carves a laurel-leaf,
And writes my name and story;
Silent Nature in her grief
Seems dreaming of my glory:
Just as I am made immortal,
Weep for me! they bar the portal.

But Isabel, by accident,
Was wandering by that minute;
She opened that dark monument,
And found her slave within it;
The clergy said the Mass in vain,
The College could not save me;
But life, she swears, returned again
With the first kiss she gave me:
You who deem that life is sorrow,
Weep for me again to-morrow!

[*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

TAKING A PRISONER.

PREVIOUS to the celebrated victory of General Wayne over the formidable confederation of Indians, and while the two forces were within a few miles of each other, the American commander sent out two of his scouts, with instructions to bring in a prisoner. Now, as the Indians also kept their vigilant spies constantly hovering on the outskirts of the army, it will be seen that this was an undertaking which, beside the great danger attending it, required on the part of those attempting the feat an unusual amount of skill, daring and coolness in the hour of peril.

Hugh and George Ferrington, two brothers, were the rangers selected for this exciting duty; and not forgetting the other forest heroes, whose connection with this campaign has rendered their names historical, two better spirits could not have been selected. Both were experienced hunters, who had been engaged in affrays with the Indians on the frontier for over a score of years, and each was in the prime of life, lithe and muscular, of unquestioned bravery, and with a fleetness of foot seldom equalled.

It was early in the day that they set out, so that they had plenty of time for the performance of their duty. For several hours they sped as noiselessly as shadows through the forest, when they reached the banks of a comparatively small river. It was upon the opposite side of this that they expected to secure their prisoner.

After consulting for a few moments it was agreed that Hugh should cross the stream and reconnoitre the opposite side, and in case matters looked favorable return to the bank and signal for his brother to join him. If he deemed it advisable to return, he was to do so, and continue the hunt upon the other side.

This much agreed upon, Hugh strapped his rifle to his back, first protecting it in such a manner that the water could not injure the charge, when, striking boldly out, he swam to the opposite shore, striking it just below a high and precipitous bluff. It seems singular that the brothers should have separated in this manner and allowed a broad stream to divide them, when each knew he was in the most dangerous part of the country. What causes influenced them we are unable to tell, but causes they must have had, for it is not to be supposed that two such veteran rangers would have taken such a step unless they possessed good reasons for doing so.

After ascending the river bank Hugh struck into the woods and pursued his way with the most studied stealth and caution. He had gone but little over a furlong when he came upon a solitary Indian, who sat nodding over a small fire. The ranger's heart beat high as his eyes rested upon the savage, and instead of his returning for his comrade he determined to secure him alone.

To assure himself that there was no trap into which he could fall, he made a complete circuit around the fire, the result of which was the certainty that the drowsy Indian was indeed alone. Hugh could have easily shot him, as he sat with his head nodding forward, but his instructions were to bring in a prisoner, and he made his preparations accordingly.

He had shifted his position so as to get behind the savage, and he now commenced approaching him as carefully and stealthily as the panther steals upon his prey. When within a few rods he sank to the earth as the Indian brought his head up with a jerk and made a spasmodic effort to cast off his drowsiness; but the hand of sleep was too heavy, and he succumbed to it and commenced nodding as before.

The ranger arose and resumed his approach as before. He was within fifty feet, when, to his extreme chagrin, he pressed upon a rotten twig, which snapped in two. The Indian instantly became bolt upright, and turned his alarmed gaze behind him. As he saw the crouching form of the ranger he sprang to his feet with a yell, and darted off as fast as his legs could carry him. He ran with such fleetness, and dodged hither and thither behind the trees with such dexterity, that, had the hunter desired to do so, he could not have brought him down with his gun. He therefore made no attempt, but concentrated all his strength in one effort to overtake and capture him.

The occurrences that now took place were certainly curious and unaccountable. The Indian had run a short distance, when, to the surprise of his pursuer, a second one sprang from behind a tree and joined him. A few rods further a third did the same; and finally a fourth one seemed to rise from the ground, and the whole four sped away as if running from a legion of their foes. Four armed Indians fleeing before one white man! It was the easiest thing in the world for them to stop, and taking their position behind the trees cut him off in a few minutes. What, therefore, meant this strange condition of affairs? It certainly could not be fear that caused the savages to run.

"Shoot me, that's a little too much," thought Hugh. "If I keep on, I'll have the whole tribe running before me, and will follow 'em to destruction!"

He halted, turned, and fled himself. Almost at the same moment the Indians became aware of it, and commenced the pursuit, spreading out so as to compel him to run in a straight line. By doing this they hoped to drive him to the river, where they felt sure of capturing him. Great as was the fleetness of the ranger, it was the most he could do to hold his own with his pursuers. It was not until he came within sight of the river that he realized the strait in which he had placed himself. But it was too late to hesitate. He was "outflanked," and could only run directly forward, without turning to the right or left.

On he went straight toward the river. As he reached it, he stopped and waited for his pursuers. In a moment they appeared, when he raised his rifle, shot the foremost, and then, throwing the weapon from him, turned and leaped over the bluffs! The latter were about thirty feet in height, so that he ran little risk of injury from the leap itself. Fortunately, the water was quite deep, and when he touched bottom with his feet it was so lightly that it only served to help him to the surface again. He immediately swam for the opposite shore, and had taken but a stroke or two when the three Indians appeared on the bluff; but they, probably in the expectation of "taking a prisoner," refrained from firing, and, running a short distance down the bank of the stream, plunged in and struck out towards him.

The ranger's struggles were desperate, but the Indians gained rapidly upon him, and, finding that he would be surely overtaken, he seized a floating log, and getting astride of it, drew his knife, prepared to defend himself against them all. Hugh held the weapon so that it could not be seen, and the foremost savage approached him without hesitation, evidently believing him entirely unarmed. As he came up, he placed his hand on the log, and rising half his length out of the water, he made a grasp at the throat of Ferrington. As quick as lightning the knife of the latter was plunged into his throat, and he fell backward and sank out of sight.

By this time the other two had come up, but, seeing the fate of their comrade, held back until they could take him at disadvantage. At this juncture the ranger heard the halloo of his brother on the shore, and called out to him to fire at the head of one of the Indians in the water. He did so, but instead of hitting him, struck and badly wounded the left hand of Hugh himself. Nothing discouraged, the latter called out to him to reload, and to take better aim next time, while he, by menacing his enemies, kept them off from him. The aim this time was careful and deliberate, and was fatal to one of the savages. The remaining one, at this, turned and swam for the shore, while the scout, on account of his disabled hand, was prevented from following him. There being no further danger, he made his way to the shore and joined his brother.

CONVERSATION FOR FIVE MINUTES.

(BEFORE DINNER.)

Bold Somebody (during an awkward silence.) Have you—(to young lady.) Have you ever read *Hiawatha?*

Young Lady (timidly, feeling that something or other depends upon her reply.) Yes. (Fearing she may be called on for a quotation, adds:) But 'twas a long time ago.

Bold Somebody (leading up to his joke, gently.) The name of the heroine was, as you remember, Minne-haha, the laughing water.

Young Lady (not liking to commit herself.) Well—

Bold Somebody (observing that his conversation is attracting general attention.) I daresay she was called by her savage intimates, Minnie.

A Few People (tittering.) Ha! ha! ha!

Bold Somebody—Well, if a cannibal had eaten this heroine, (every one listening) why would he be like a small portrait?

Young Lady (repeating.) If a cannibal had—what?

Bold Somebody (says it again.)

Young Lady—Ah yes! Is it a riddle?

Bold Somebody (pleasantly.) Yes.

Various People (pretending to have thought over it, and wondering when dinner will be ready.) I don't know.

Lady of the House (politely.) What is the answer, Mr. Somebody?

Bold Somebody (repeating the point.) He would be a small portrait, because he would be a Minne-chewer.

[Curious sensation felt by everybody. Bold Somebody smiles at his boots.

ENTER SERVANT.

Servant (very distinctly.) Dinnermum.

[Relief of guests. *Exeunt omnes.*]

[*Punch.*

A COOL AND CUNNING SCOUNDREL.—The *Vigie de Cherbourg* gives the following account of an impudent robbery just committed upon a popular young actress attached to the theatre of that town: "Three nights since, on returning home from the theatre, she found the door of her apartment forced open, and on entering she met a man, who exclaimed, 'Madame you arrive very opportunely. I am one of your neighbors, and having heard a strange noise in your apartment, I was coming down to ascertain the cause, when I saw a man run out and make his escape, leaving your effects in the state you see them.' The artist looked round and perceived that her drawers and boxes had been broken open, and that from one of them a valuable diamond cross had been taken. She then asked the stranger if he would be able to recognize the thief, and as he replied in the affirmative, she begged him to start in pursuit, and, if he could not overtake the fellow, to give a description of him to the police. The man said he would willingly render her that service, had he not to work all night to finish a job which was to give him the means of buying bread for his children the next day. 'How much shall you get for the job?' asked the lady. 'Ten francs,' said the man. 'Well, then,' said she, 'here is a napoleon; so leave your work and help me to recover my cross' The man took the money with seeming reluctance, and hastily departed, having succeeded not only in robbing the lady, but in obtaining a reward to catch the thief. Of course he has not been heard of since."

THE plot of *Arrah Na Pogue* is of enthralling interest, though exceedingly simple. The heroine's name is properly "Arrah Meelish," but she is called "Arrah na Pogue," (that is, "Arrah of the Kiss,") because of her having conveyed in her mouth a plan of escape to a rebel gentleman in prison, and delivered the paper through the medium of a kiss. The youth is one "Beamish M'Coul," who, at the opening of the play, is concealed in Arrah's cottage, and who, having robbed the Government collector of the rents of his own confiscated estate, gives the bank notes to Arrah as her wedding portion. Poor Arrah is arrested for the guilty possession, when her newly made husband, "Shann-the-Post" takes the guilt upon himself, and is tried and about to be executed for the crime. Meanwhile, Beamish surrenders himself to the Secretary of State, who is so touched with the magnanimity of the Irish character, that he sends a free pardon to all concerned.

ESCAPING FROM A DILEMMA.—A gentleman of wealth and distinction had spent a few days at the residence of a friend, in whose family were several accomplished young ladies, to whom he had shown due attention. As he was about to depart, his hostess proceeded to consult him in a matter which, she alleged, caused her no little distress. "It is reported," said she, that you are to marry my daughter L., and what shall we do?—what shall we say about it?" "Oh," quietly responded the considerate visitor, "just say she refused me!"

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IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, *vs.* FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant. You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. jy1-5t

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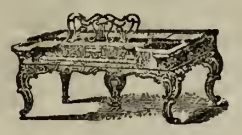

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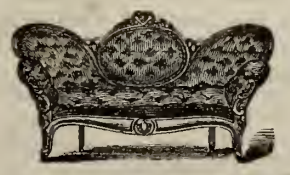

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RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

A. FOLLEAU, 624 Washington street,
Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find a Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6-3m Proprietor.

CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOMESTEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
Northwest corner Front and Clay streets,
jy1 1m Up stairs

INTERIOR ITEMS.

THE Alameda *Gazette* says the railway in that county will be open from Oakland to Hayward's to-day, (August 5th.)

THE Esmeralda *Union* gives an account of the murder of Jack Morand by Jack Leary at Whisky Flat, Mono county, Cal., July 22d. The parties had lived together at Owens river, but owing to a disagreement in business matters, Morand not long since removed to Whisky Flat. On the day stated, Leary came to the mouth of the tunnel in which Morand was at work, and called him. Morand, recognizing the voice, and not suspecting any danger, said: "Halloa, Jack, is that you? Come in." Leary declined to go in, but repeated his request to have Morand come out, whereupon the latter came to the mouth of the tunnel, but seeing Leary there with a double-barrelled shotgun, he started to run back into the tunnel, when Leary shot him in the back or side, killing him instantly. Morand was a resident of Aurora for a long time, and was regarded by all who knew him as a very peaceable, quiet and estimable citizen. Leary asserted in extenuation of his crime that Morand had threatened to kill him. The murderer was arrested, but was admitted to bail in the sum of $3,000; the prisoner's recognizance for $2,000 was accepted, and he was permitted to go into the country to procure bondsmen for the remaining $1,000. Naturally enough, he has not since been heard from.

FROM the *Territorial Enterprise* of August 1st we learn that on Sunday morning last, about four o'clock, a most deplorable accident happened at the Manhattan Mill, Washoe, resulting in the instant death of Joseph Stanton, a young man working in the pan-room. It appears that by some misehance he was caught in the gearing and instantly crushed to death, his body being cut clean in two. He was a most industrious and worthy young man, aged about 21 or 22 years, and his dreadful and untimely death is much lamented by all who knew him. His funeral was attended by all the mill owners and employees of mills in the vicinity. Only about one year ago his brother lost his life in a sawmill in the same neighborhood by a log rolling over him and crushing him to death. This occurred at the Franktown sawmill. The parents of the young man reside at Washoe City.

THE Nevada *Transcript* of August 1st says a man named Bergen, who is hired by M. C. Taylor as night watch at his foundry at Grass Valley, attempted to shoot his employer on Sunday night last. The circumstances, as we learn them, are these: Bergen was "on a spree," and Taylor thinking him not in a condition to attend to his duties, went to the foundry about 10 o'clock on Sunday night, in company with another man, to relieve him. When they got to the place, Bergen fired one shot. Taylor then made himself known. Bergen replied, "You are the man I want to kill," and fired three more shots. Fortunately none of the shots took effect. Bergen was afterward arrested.

THE Stockton *Independent* of August 1st, has the following: "The preliminary survey of the Western Pacific Railroad has been completed along one route, between this city and Sacramento, and the engineers are awaiting further orders from Lewis, Chief Engineer of the road. The highest point attained on the line of survey between the two cities is at a point near Liberty, which is thirty-five feet higher than the grade of the streets in Stockton. We are informed by one of the engineers employed in making the survey that there are no heavy excavations to be made at any point along the entire route, and no difficulties to be encountered in the construction of the road but what can be overcome with comparative ease. It is a good, natural route, and when once commenced the work will undoubtedly be pushed rapidly forward."

THE San José *Courier* says a dreadful murder was committed at New Almaden on Saturday evening, July 29th, by a Californian named Antonio Pinto, stabbing a Chileno whose name could not be learned. It appears that Pinto stabbed the man in the loins with a knife, and by some means cut him half through at the first blow. The second blow severed his body all but the vertebræ. The butchery was described as horrible in the extreme. Officer Bowie, who arrested the murderer, brought him and a young man named Miguel Weeks into San José and lodged them in jail for safe keeping, as the Chilenos were determined to deal out summary vengeance on them.

THE establishment of Z. I. Davis, on Broad street, says the Nevada *Transcript* of August 2d, was entered on Saturday night and two fine shot guns, valued at fifty dollars each, and two Colt's revolvers, were stolen. The thieves effected an entrance by the rear of the building, and after carefully examining the guns on hand, selected the best and left for parts unknown. They have in all probability taken "the road," and the weapons stolen will be used as an argument to induce travellers to "pungle."

THE miners of Brown's Flat, says the Sonora *Democrat* of July 29th, continue to experience heavy losses from the depredations of scoundrels who go on the claims at night and rob the sluices. It was thought the killing of the Chinaman on the Martin claim, a few days ago, would stop this business for a while. But the same claim has been visited since by the rascals. Last week two shots were fired at a couple of villains while attempting to rifle the sluices, but they managed to escape, and this week one or two of them have had to make good time off the claims in order to save their worthless lives.

SOME Chinamen found in the ceiling of an old house in the upper part of Yreka, the other day, a purse containing over $300 in gold coin. The last occupant of the house was a Chinawoman who died and was buried by charity. The money probably belonged to her.

THE first nugget of gold discovered in this State is offered for sale by the possessor, J. Weimar, now a resident of Sonoma. It weighs but $4 50, and nothing but the poverty of the one who discovered all this wealth, is the cause of its being offered for sale.

ABOUT five hundred Digger Indians were congregated at Diggertown, on the Jamestown and Montezuma road, in Tuolumne county, last week, having a grand fandango and pow-wow.

A MAN named Howell, who represented himself as having come lately from the East, stole from the cabin of Welch & Co., Indian Hill, about $400 in amalgam. The thief was taken in custody, but broke away and escaped.

ONE of the claims in Alturas District, Sierra county, California, has yielded $150,000 this season, and various others from $10,000 to $20,000.

THE Carson *Appeal* is informed that R. F. Hunt, Deputy County Assessor of Douglas county, Nevada, had absconded with $300 belonging to that county.

THE editor of the Colusa *Sun* says he has been at Colusa fifteen years, and has never seen so much sickness at this time of the year as there is at present.

THEATRICAL TALK.

THE *Workmen of San Francisco* was brought out in fine style at Maguire's Opera House, the scene in the engine shop and the view of the Bay by moonlight being extremely effective. This play as a literary composition is utter trash; Mr. Pauncefort plays the only character which possesses any merit—that of "Mr. Belcourt"—very well, and makes the most of it; Mrs. Sophie Edwin has to do suffering virtue, and does it as well as it possibly can be done. Drunkards are not interesting beings; five drunkards are a heavy weight for a play; the fine scenery, however, made the *Workmen of San Francisco* draw very good houses during the greater part of the week. It will be played this afternoon and evening. On Monday, Mr. George H. Cocs, the banjoist, will take a benefit, when a varied bill will be offered. Numerous novelties are in rehearsal.

Twelfth Night was quite appreciated by the public, and they showed their good taste by patronizing Wheatleigh's Eureka Theatre during the time it held possession of the stage. On Thursday Schonberg's romantic Irish drama of *O'Brian, the Last of His Race* was produced to a very good house. This is a well written and cleverly constructed play. A synopsis having appeared in a daily paper it is not worth while to repeat it. Mr. Wheatleigh acted the Whiteboy leader, "Lawrence O'Brian," very finely. Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, as "Ellen O'Brian," a character which did not call for the display of exuberant animal spirits, which gives such a charm to Mrs. Phelps' impersonation of rollicking Scotch and Irish lasses, was subdued and intense. Mr. Leach's impersonation of "Abel Richards," the middleman, is deserving of great praise, his make up was capital and his acting very good. Mr. Percy played two parts, "John Stubbs," a cockney coachman, and "Garvey," a pedlar and informer, with considerable skill; in the latter character he did a very fine bit of acting, when pleading for his life. Miss Gass deserves commendation for her bravery in sacrificing her beauty and appearing as "Mrs. Nancy McRoarkin," a comic old Irishwoman, in which character she drew forth roars of laughter and much applause from the audience. Miss Annie Yeamans achieved a most gratifying success by her execution of an Irish jig, which was unanimously encored; she is undeniably a most accomplished *danseuse*, and possesses a vein of comic humor. Mr. Myers was of course perfectly at home in an Irish character; his song, "Larry O'Brian," was vociferously applauded and a repetition demanded. Mrs. Judah was a capital old Irish housekeeper. Miss Clarkson was quite sprightly as "Betty." The other characters are mild walking parts, which were sufficiently well filled by Messrs. Thorne, Reeves, Archer and Hamilton, the latter playing an old schoolmaster carefully and well. This piece was in fact capitally played throughout, and deserves to run for many nights. The sensation leap with which it closes, would, I should imagine, apart from the real merit of the play, draw crowds nightly. This attractive piece will be performed this afternoon and evening.

The extravaganza *Maximiliano*, or *Monroe Doctorin' for a Sick Empire*, the last and best dramatic work of the author of *Enoch Arden*, or *Under the Palm*, and some half dozen successful extravaganzas and farces, has been completed, approved and put in rehearsal. It will be produced on Tuesday or Wednesday next.

Wilson's Mastodon Circus drew an immense crowd on its opening night. Manager Wilson has skimmed the cream of three circus companies to form the present combination. Cook, the clown, has, in addition to the stock of jokes he brought with him, cooked up a choice hash of California comic "colloquisms."

TOUCHSTONE.

A PETROLEUM refining company has been organized in this city, with a capital of $50,000, for the purpose of manufacturing illuminating and lubricating oils from crude petroleum. The works are to be located at North Beach.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE present week of the Opera has been the most successful of the season. The combination of the best artists of the two troupes renders the production of operas now being presented to the San Francisco public unprecedented in point of musical excellence and artistic ability. It will probably be many years before our opera patrons will be greeted with a company that will compare in general attractiveness with the present combination. The public seem to have become awakened to this fact, and an opera revival is taking place amongst us as the result of it. *Il Trovatore*, produced on Monday night, was well attended; and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, on Wednesday evening, drew an audience that filled both circles of the Academy, and tested the capacity of the treasurer's box—somewhat unused of late to such tests. The benefit of Morelli on Thursday evening, when *Faust* was produced, was a worthy ovation to the talent and ability of that most excellent artist, whose merit as an actor is equal to his musical cultivation and vocal excellence. Last night *Un Ballo in Maschera* was repeated. This afternoon *Martha* will be performed; and on Monday evening *I Puritani* will be given. On Tuesday evening Signorina Seoncia will have a benefit and produce *La Fille du Regiment*.

Gottschalk gave a grand piano concert at the Academy of Music on Tuesday evening last. It is reported that he will give his farewell concerts at Platt's Hall during the next week.

THE MORNING STARS.—I had occasion a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and for this purpose rose at two o'clock in the morning. Everything around was wrapt in darkness, and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed at that hour the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene midsummer's night—the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen, and the stars shone with spectral lustre but little effected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day; the Pleiades just above the horizon shed their sweet influence in the east; Lyra sparkled near the zenith; Adromeda veiled her newly-discovered glories from the naked eye in the south; the steady pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign. Such was the glorious spectacle as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften, the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister-beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the north and west remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous change went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the east begun to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the overflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till, at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from the horizon, and turned the dewy teardrops of flowers and leaf, into rubies and diamonds. In a few moments the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown open, and the Lord of Day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course. I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who in the morning of the world went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

STATE INSANE ASYLUM.—At a meeting of the Medical Visitors and Directors of the State Insane Asylum held in Stockton, recently, Dr. G. A. Shurtleff, of San Joaquin county, was elected Resident Physician, and Dr. A. Clark, of El Dorado county, Assistant Physician. The term of office in both cases in four years.

GENERAL ROSECRANS had a very brilliant reception tendered him by our citizens, civic and military, at the Occidental Hotel on Saturday evening last.

THE largest Music House in the North West, having tried every other well known make of Piano Fortes finally settled upon the Bradbury as *the best* in the country, and thus writes:

"Having tested William B. Bradbury's Pianos in every possible way beside the best Pianos of other makers for months past—tested them in reference to *power*, *purity*, *evenness*, *brilliancy*, SINGING and SYMPATHETIC QUALITIES OF TONE, *delicacy* and ELASTICITY OF TOUCH, ease and *rapidity of action*, STANDING in the excellence of material, elegance of finish, and care of workmanship—we have arrived at the deliberate conviction that they are surpassed in not one respect by the best of all other makes while in some respects they are superior to all others."

GEO. F. ROOT,
E. T. ROOT,
C. M. CADY,
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MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received n monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

☞ All persons about to purchase FURNITURE are requested to refer to the advertisement of E. Bloomingdalo & Co., in this paper.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.—Nothing illustrates this more forcibly than the recent fall in mining Stocks. Therefore, provide a certainty for your family in the future by Insuring your life in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company—cash assets, $6.500,000.
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'y30-1m. Over Parrott's Bank.

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DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "*I. BUTTS*," "*SANFORD & PARK*," and "*H. WISTAR, M. D.*"

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BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent.	per day on a $50	note.
Two cents	" $100	"
Ten "	" $500	"
20 "	" $1,000	"
$1 "	" $5,000	"

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. up29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

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LEWIS'S
Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

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For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-tf

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER APRIL 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission as follows:

Between the hours of 8:20 A. M. and 6 P. M., every 40 minutes, instead of, as heretofore, every 30 minutes, thus

FROM THE MISSION.

9:40	10:20	11:00	11:40

FROM THE CITY.

10:00	10:40	11:20	12:00

And so on till 6 o'clock.

Before 9 A. M. and after 6 P. M., the running will be the same as before.
my25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent

THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR
OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
OF SAN FRANCISCO,
TO BE HELD IN THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,
IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 2d of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunsom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

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SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

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or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

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We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

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JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
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A. A. STICKNEY. JOHN COLLNER. J. P. BOGARDUS.

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But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

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jy1 1m REV. P. I. GREY, President.

MR. SMITH.

[The *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* contain the following clever burlesque upon a certain style of feminine literature. It is spoken of as a "small moral tale written by a young woman which lives in Boston and is destined to become an eddycator of mankind:"]

THE first of April. You know the day. A point of time, an unit of twenty-four hours, with a night on each side of it, and the sun laid on top to keep it in its place. You have undoubtedly passed the day in New England at some period of your miserable life. You have felt your coarse nature repulsed, too, when some weary and desolate little child has dreamily pinned a bit of paper to the hindermost verge of the garment men call a coat, and then called the attention of passers-by to your appearance. You have despised that little, weary, hollow-eyed child for it. Beware how you strike that child; for I tell you that the child is the germ of the thing they call man. The germ will develop; it will grow broadly and largely into the full entity of Manhood. In striking the present Child you strike the future Man. Ponder this thought well. Let it fester in your bosom.

"John Smith sat at his table, in the lowest depths of a dreamy coal-mine, and helped himself to some more pork and beans. I know not what there was way down in the black recesses of the man's hidden soul to make him want so much pork and beans. I look into my heart to find an answer to the question, but no answer comes. Providence does not reveal all things to us. Is it not well it should be so?

He was a hard, iron-looking, adamantine man. His eyes were glowing furnaces for the crucibles of thought. You felt that he saw you when he looked at you. His nose was like a red gothic tower built amidst broken angles of sullied snow, and his mouth was the cellar of that tower. His hair was of the sort that resists a comb. You have seen the same sort on the heads of men of great thought. It is the tangled bush in which the goat of Thought loses itself

John Smith hiccupped, as he helped himself to some more pork and beans. He did not notice that the foot which he had semi-consciously placed on a pale, sickly child, was beginning to move. But it did move, and there crawled from under it the shape of a diseased dwarf of womanhood. This timid, pallid thing, uplifted itself to its bleeding feet, and nestled to the side of John Smith.

"Y'o hae been separated by unspeaking space from dis humble leetle place for some hours longer that zis boosom could uncomplainingly indure—y'o have."

The child meant to say, in its coarse, brutal, unlettered way, that the man had been absent too long.

John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans. He was a man, you know, and could not answer without deep thought. He took his knife and wiped it thoughtfully upon her head, and then sawed off a sickly yellow curl. When he placed that curl on the same plate with the pork and beans, its coils seemed like those of some golden snake.

"Girletta," he said, with the ring of iron in his tones, "why is it that the beasts never want to marry? God made them as He made us; yet they never ask priests to make them slaves to each other."

The sickly little waif cringed closer to that inscrutable great heart which underlaid a soul of eternal questioning. She shuddered like a wounded hog, but could not answer. An inward fever was devouring her.

The man took some more pork and beans. "Girletta," he said, almost fiercely, "the beasts teach me a lesson; but I will not, dare not, SHALL not heed it. I want a home; my heart demands some one to work for me; to support me. I am weary of labor, and want some one to labor and toil and suffer for me, and do my washing. I love you. Have me."

The atom of womanhood contorted her diseased features into the pale twist of agony, and her bosom heaved with stormy wavings, like the side of a tortured and choking brute. Falling to the ground, she writhed, and struggled, and kicked convulsively, as though seized with some inward pang. Then she rose slowly to her shattered little feet, and drew an old cupboard to the middle of the wretched cave and beat her head against it.

It was the child's first taste of that great mystery of perfect love which woman is doomed to share with the thing called Man.

"Yo' air indulging in secret cachinnation, at the expense of my sair heart."

The child meant that he was laughing at her.

John Smith helped himself to some more pork and beans, and sat back in his stern, dark chair. What were his thoughts as he looked down on that miniature fragment of womanly humanity? Perhaps he thought that there might be angels way up in heaven just like her. Bright seraphs, with ruby eyes, and silver wings, and golden harps, and just such pale, haggard, gaunt, sunken, bleared little faces.

"Girletta," he said, "I hereby make thee mine. Take some of these pork and beans."

She fell upon his bosom.

There let us leave them. Do you think they were any less happy, because they were way down in a dreamy, rayless coal-mine, where men work their souls away to give others warmth? If you think so, you have never felt what true love is. Your degraded and starless nature has never had one true soul to lean upon. When you lean upon a soul, you see everything through that soul, which gives its own hue to everything. Man's love is a pane in his bosom, and through that pane the eyes of woman look forth to see the new world. The medium is the ultimatum. God gives us love that we may live more cheaply and happily together than if we were separate. A bread-pudding is richer where there are two hearts, than plum-pudding is to one alone. The world will learn this yet, and then the lion will lie down with the lamb, and even you will be less depraved. The First of April found John Smith unmarried, but it left him nearly wedded. Let us think of this when the spring birds sing again. It will make us more human, more charitable, and fitter to be blest.

As Samyule finished reading this excellent religious tale, my boy, I stole from the tent to meditate in silence upon the terrible revelation of human nature. Are there not dozens of Smiths in this world—ay, even John Smiths? I should think so, my boy—I should think so.

—

On Friday morning, I went to Accomac, to attend the funeral of a young chap who had finished with delirium tremens, and was deeply affected by the funeral sermon of the Mackerel Chaplain, who had kindly volunteered for the occasion.

Having shaken hands with the parents of deceased, the worthy man commenced the service.

He said that man was born to die. He had known a number of men to die, and believed that death was every man's lot. If our dear brother here could speak, he would say that it was his lot. What was death, after all, but an edict of liberty? Death was the event that set us free, and freedom was a priceless blessing. Political demagogues pretended to believe that certain men should be the slaves of other men, because their skins were a little darker than the others. What a bright argument was this! If dark skins disentitled men to freedom, he (the speaker) could point out more than one Democrat who certainly ought to be a slave. (Great laughter.) Freedom was plainly the condition Providence intended for all men, without regard to color, no matter what Tammany Hall might say to the contrary. It was because we had permitted a violation of this condition in the cases of four millions of fellow-beings, that this terrible war had come upon us. We could only conquer by declaring the slaves, now and forever, FREE! (Tumultuous and enthusiastic applause.) It was the duty of every loyal man to see that this principle was carried out, even as they were about to carry their departed brother out: though it must not be inferred that he meant it should be carried out on *beer*. (Great laughter.) When we had once settled this matter at home, we could afford to say to John Bull and Louis Napoleon: "Interfere if you dare. We are ready for you both." [Male parent of the deceased—"Why don't you go and fight yourself?"] That gentleman who spoke then, is as bad as the patient who said to the doctor who was recommending some wholesome medicine to him: "Why don't you take it yourself, if it's good?" (Great laughter and applause.) But he would detain them no longer, or the papers would say that he had talked politics.

At the conclusion of this discourse, my boy, the male parent of the deceased offered the following preamble and resolution:

WHEREAS, It has pleased an inscrutable and all-wise Providence to free our departed brother from the bonds of life; and

WHEREAS, Freedom is the normal condition of all mankind: therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we will vote for no man who is not in favor of Universal Liberty, without respect to color.

Passed, unanimously.

Politics, my boy, are, in themselves, a distinct system of life and death; and when we say that a man is politically dead, we mean that even his engraving is forgotten; and that the brick which he carries in his hat is a species of head-stone.

Yours, *post obit*, ORPHEUS C. KERR.

NATIONAL WIT.—Italian wit is highly dramatic, spontaneous, genial. Among its proverbs are: "The dog earns his living by wagging his tail." "Make yourselves all honey, and the flies will devour it." "The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse." "He who takes an eel by the tail, or a woman by the tongue, is sure to come off empty-handed." The characteristic of Spanish wit is excessive stateliness. Of their proverbs: "He who has nothing to do, let him buy a ship or marry a wife." "From many children and little bread, good Lord deliver us." "A fool is never a fool unless he knows Latin." French wit is characterized by *finesse*, brilliancy, dexterity, point, brevity. In repartee the French are unrivalled. Their conversation is not only an art but a fine art. In punning they are unequalled. In no literature are there so many proverbs which speak disparagingly of the fair sex. "Man is fire, woman is tow—the devil comes and blows." "A woman conceals only what she doesn't know."

(For the Californian.)

A TRIP TO MOUNT DAVIDSON.

I WAS suffering terribly from that most intolerable of all complaints, *ennui*, occasioned probably from the excessive heat of the few preceding days, when a friend made the original suggestion that we should scale the dismal looking height of Mount Davidson. I readily consented, and we fixed upon the following Sunday morning for making the ascent. On the morning specified, we arose about four o'clock A. M.—by no means the most agreeable part of the programme—and dressing as lightly as possible, and arming ourselves with an innocent but tolerably sized pocket-pistol, (*vulgo* flask) loaded to the muzzle, and a powerful telescope, we started forth on our journey.

Mount Davidson is a rugged, barren looking mountain, forming one of a small range that extends from the Carson Valley northward to the Truckee, and situated eastward of the Sierras. The special height under consideration, lies about a mile to the southwest of Virginia City. It is nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and being the highest mountain in the State, it is the one usually selected for a trip in order to spy out the beauties of the land. As we started from Gold Hill our course lay, at first, through a narrow, steep, rocky cañon, which leads into a tolerably smooth road, winding round the base of Mount Davidson and two or three of the adjoining hills. This road ultimately leads to Washoe Valley, a small arable space between the eastern base of the Sierras and the small range before described.

This valley contains a small sheet of water called Washoe Lake, and is dotted with several small villages, the principal of which are Washoe and Ophir, the latter quite a picturesque little place. There is comparatively but a small portion of this valley under cultivation, as the lauded proprietors find it more profitable to fell the timber which abounds there, and send it to this portion of the State, where it finds a ready market.

Travelling this road for about two miles, which took us about half a mile to the west of Mount Davidson, we made a sudden detour, and commenced clambering the mountains. There is no regular trail, and here the mountain sides are not very steep. They are thickly covered with sage brush—a short, perennial bush, possessing an odor somewhat resembling sage—the only green thing that is at all plentiful in this part of the country. Every few yards could be seen evidences of the industry of the miner, in the shape of shafts and tunnels, some of the latter having been excavated to the extent of over two hundred feet; but they have all been deserted for the present, as they have all failed to lead to anything like rich quartz. Some of the tunnels have evidently been dug for the purpose of leading water, which trickles in small streams through the wooden ducts which convey it a considerable distance. Within a few hundred feet of the summit, the mountain presents a very rocky appearance, some of the rock looking like what is commonly called bastard quartz. It is still the opinion of many that there is rich ore stowed away in the bowels of this mountain, but that it has not yet been penetrated far enough. How far this is true I leave for time to decide. The ascent here is also much steeper, until it ends in a sharp, rocky point, which is full two hundred feet higher than the summit of any surrounding mountain. Here still stands the flag-staff which was first erected on the occasion of the capture of Richmond, when the "world-renowned" ascended the mountain and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. The party must have had a pretty good lunch, for broken champagne bottles were strewn around quite promiscuously. The flag-staff is grotesquely ornamented with inscriptions, both in verse and prose, some of which are not at all remarkable either for caligraphy or orthography. Having no banner with us, we simply hoisted a pocket-handkerchief and fired one pistol-load, which if it did not sufficiently evince our patriotism, certainly made noise enough.

The view from the summit fully repays the traveller for the labors of the ascent. Immediately below are the towns of Virginia and Gold Hill; towards the south lie American Flat and Silver City, and further on in the same direction is Carson Valley, through which the river of that name flows sluggishly westward into a kind of slough called Carson sink, which has no outlet. Turning the eye eastward we observe the Washoe Valley before mentioned, and behind that the view is shut off by the lowering peaks of the Sierra Nevada. A little to the west of Virginia a rather strange phenomenon greets the eye—the appearance of a small lake, the sheen of whose waters glistens brightly in the sun. But it is merely an arid desert, covering about two square miles. One can scarcely help feeling a thrill of disappointment when convinced of the true nature of the sight, as a lake would certainly be a more agreeable feature.

Resting on the summit of the mount a sufficient time to take our breakfast, consisting of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, (who ever heard of a breakfast of an early morning traveller, that did not consist of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs?) we commenced our descent, on our way managing to manufacture two or three tolerable bouquets of wild flowers.

Altogether such a trip is well worth the time and labor it may cost, and we would advise all who visit Virginia not to leave until they have ascended Mount Davidson.

ROBIN HOOD.

FIFTH

INDUSTRIAL FAIR!

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

THE PAVILION IS NOW OPEN, and Exhibiters should enter their articles intended for exhibition immediately, as there will be no postponement of the day of opening.

By order of the Executive Committee.

GARDNER ELLIOTT,
Superintendent.

au5

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK

OF

Gentlemen's Clothing,

FURNISHING GOODS,

TRUNKS,

VALISES,

ETC., ETC., ETC.,

NOW IN THE STORE,

No. 233 Montgomery street,

(Russ Block,)

IS BEING SOLD

AT

GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

TO

CLOSE THE ESTATE

OF

THOMAS G. SANDFORD,

LATELY DECEASED.

au5-tf

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE FORMAL OPENING

OF THE

MECHANICS' FAIR

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

Platt's Hall,

ON

WEDNESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9TH,

WITH AN ADDRESS BY

HON. FRANK M. PIXLEY.

THE PUBLIC IS INVITED TO ATTEND.

THE ROYAL JAVA COFFEE.

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL COFFEES

GROUND FRESH TO ORDER BY

HASKELL & CO.

STORE FRONTS ON

514 *Market Street,*

AND

15 *Sutter Street,*

Three Doors below the Market House,

Au5-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,

SUPPORTED BY

THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Afternoon and Evening, August 5th, 1865,

The successful sensation play entitled

THE

Workmen of San Francisco!

With the full strength of the Dramatic Company, startling Mechanical effects, and the following new scenery:

Exterior of Presentation Convent,
View on Montgomery Street,
The Bachelor's Quarters,
The Mechanics' Saloon,
Interior of a Machine Shop,
San Francisco by Moonlight,
Alameda Railroad Pier,
Mechanics' House, etc.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats	$1 00
Parquet	50 cents
Gallery	25 cents
Private Boxes,	$5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜

E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
jy29-3m San Francisco.

HUNT'S PATENT

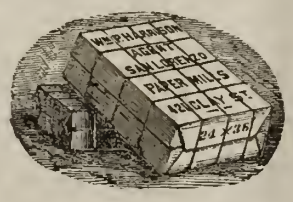
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,
jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.



SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.

GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
Office, 520 Montgomery street,
San Francisco.

WHEATLEIGH'S EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCES TO-DAY, AUGUST 5TH,

O'BRIEN, THE LAST OF HIS RACE!

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5TH,

Will be presented Schonberg's Prize Drama entitled

O'Brien, the Last of his Race!

Lawrence O'Brien.....Chas. Wheatleigh
Ellen Campbell.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Abel Richards.....Stephen Leach
Dennis Finnegan.....J. E. Myers
Percy Nevil.....E. Thorne
John Stubbs.....Mr. Percy
Margery Mahr.....Mrs. Judah
Betty.....Miss Louise Clarkson
Nancy McRoarkin.....Frances Gass

☞ In Rehearsal—THE GRAY LADY OF PENARVON.

With New and Appropriate Scenery, by - - A. TORNING

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

MEXICAN 10 PER CENT. SIX YEAR LOAN.

The undersigned having a full Power of Attorney from Gen. GASPAR SANCHEZ OCHOA, Commissioner for

THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO,

as Agent for the sale of the Bonds of this

POPULAR LOAN,

These Bonds will be sold at

FIFTY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, GOLD COIN.

They bear date July 1st, 1865, and are now ready to be furnished in sums to suit, in denominations from $50 to $1,000. Principal and interest payable in

UNITED STATES GOLD COIN!

Interest Payable Semi-Annually, at the PACIFIC BANK in the city of San Francisco.

The payment and redemption of these Bonds and Coupons are secured by the transfer to the undersigned, as Trustee, of one-half of the fiscal proceeds of

ALL THE REVENUES AND DUTIES

Derived from the Custom Houses of

MAZATLAN, GUAYMAS, MANZANILLO,

And all the Ports in the States of

SINALOA, SONORA AND COLIMA,

And from the Mines of said States,

Which Revenues and Duties, so soon as collected, are to be deposited and held by the undersigned in the PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, and employed exclusively for the payment of said Bonds and Interest.

General Ochoa has made an assignment to the undersigned, of one-half of all the Duties received at the above Custom Houses, for the payment of said Loan and Interest, and also to appoint Agents to receive the above Revenues.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

Are now open at our office, Room No. 3, third floor, Masonic Building,

No. 420 Montgomery street.

SAMUEL BRANNAN,
jy1 Agent.

RARE CHANCE

TO SECURE

DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22-4t Rooms Nos. 2 and 6.

WILSON'S

Mastodon Champion Circus

OF THE WORLD!

THE PERFECTION of ARENIC ART!

GREATEST COMBINATION EVER MADE ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

PERFORMANCES THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
August 5th, 1865,
AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE COMING WEEK,
ON THE
Lot adjoining the International Hotel.

Mr. James Cook,
Ross and Carlo,
Ella Zoyara, Senor Olma,
Wm. Worrell, Mme. Ellouise,
John Barry, Master Anstin,
La Petite Gemma,
Miss Aumeraa,
George Peoples,
Master Tomasite,
Senor Orlandino,
Master Henriques,
And a host of general performers, together with the celebrated
Dogs and Monkeys,
Trained Horses,
Ponies and Mules.

JED. WILSON'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND.

All in one Grand Pavilion, with Arm Chairs, Cushioned Seats, and all the Luxuries of a First Class Theatre.

☞ Grand Matinee for Families on Saturday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock. J. ALEXANDER, Agent.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, upon reasonable terms.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22 tf 619 Montgomery street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1865:

AUGUST 18th - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE
WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, the office at of this paper. jy15-4t

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 12.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 12, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- New York Correspondence of THE CALIFORNIAN.
- Interior Items.
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- Editorial Paragraphs.

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits. [By "Trem."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

THE *Bulletin* gives the "personel of the two nominating committees." The manner in which it attaches discredit to the names of "the Boys' nomiaatiag committes" is ingenious, if not very dignified. One "keeps a little twopenny cigar store," another "is a good square drinker;" if the *Bulletin* says a man is a carpenter it does it in such a way that as one reads one imagines there is something wrong in following that vocation. If it knows nothing, either bad or good, about a nomince, "name uot in the Directory" is affixed as sufficient to condemn him. Mr. Langley is accepted as infallible—he has the names of all respectable meu in his Directory. The *Bulletin* does pretty well, hut it might do better; it says the "Boys' committee are nearly all men occupying unenviable positions in society." It appears to think that a grocery store keeper is an especially unenviable position. Opinions may differ as to whether this is so or not. "Foreman of a Hose Company." Is that an unenviable position? "Porter in the postoffice." Nonsease! More men run for that office than for that of United States Senator. The *Bulletin* chooses its cases badly. Book-keepers, clerks, "hoss masons," Court Commissioners, all come in for the *Bulletin's* sneer, as occupying unenviable positions in society. Bah!· That isn't the way to do it. You can injure them much more effectively than that and yet steer clear of incurring a prosecution for libel. This is the way: "*John Smith, Esq.*—This highly respectable nominee of the Boys' Convention came here from the Eastern States We refrain from inquiring too closely into his reasons for leaving the home of his childhood; suffice it to say he is *known;* he has been *recognized.* Is his name Smith? It *may* be. *Tom Jones, Esq.*—A nice youug man. Oh, a *very* nice !youag man. Ask any one "Do you know Jones?" and he will probably answer that he *does* kuow Jones. Aud this Jones is to be elected member of a County Committee!! *John Robinson, Esq.*—To waste words on this nominee would he worse than useless; we will only say he is—anotber. *Montgomery Smithers, Esq.* Is a man te be continually taunted with errors of his youth? We think not. We spare Mr. Montgomery Smithers. He knows to whnt we refer. His youthful errors may be forgiven, forgotten; but he is scareely a fit man to act as member of the County Committee. *Simon Stiggers, Esq.*—We will say nothing concerning the character of this nominee; we *need* not, it is too well known." You will observe, Messrs. Editors of the *Bulletin,* tbat there is absolutely nothing there on which nn action for libel can he founded. There is nothing libellous in saying to a man, "you're anotber;" yon may also say "*he's* a pretty fellow, *he* is," and he has no redress. A judicious use of italics and notes of admiration will accomplisb woaders. Be mysterious, as if you knew more than you would like to say; say a littlo, and skilfully couvey tbe impression that worse remains bebind. "But" is a good word to use; if you kuow how to use it effectively it is very strong. "But" and n dash. Thus: "William Jenkins was at one time a man whom we sbonld have cordially endorsed for the position of committeeman, hut—" Oh! there are lots of dodges we could put yon up to. "Was William Jenkins ever in New York? We have reasons for asking this question, but dare not disclose them for fear of doing an irrepurable injury to one who may *perhaps* be innocent." Next day publish a paragraph stating that your doubts are dispelled. William Jenkins *was* in New York; then say, "and of sucb men as he, is the Boys Committee composed!" This mode of attack, wbile it has an immense effect, has the advantage of beiag perfectly safe. Make a note of the above, Messrs. Editors. You will find this style much better than calliag men carpenters and boss masons; tbere are numbers of people who think boss masons and carpenters quite respectable, if you do uot. Oh, we had nearly forgotten one important hiut. Dates are good things to make use of; thus: "Conceruing Benjamin Briggs, we have hut to usk one question—how was he employed during the years 1846–47, and does he remember an occurrence which took place during that period of time? Will he continne, recollecting *that* circumstance, to appear before the public of the city of San Francisco as candidate for a responsible positiou?" Now Benjamin Briggs cannot explain to each of the seven or eight thousand people you address daily that he was engaged in the humble occupation of carrying a hod at the period to which you refer, and isn't ashamed to owa it; and doesn't remember committing aay worse crime than getting fined $20 for whipping n fellow-laborer, who hit him first, and he supposes that is what you mean. Of course you know nothing aad mean nothing; but by this plan you will make a man's conscience conjure up spectres which may be even terrible enough to frighteu him into resigning; then what a triumph is there for you! If you cannot let drive a straight shot at a man's character, shoot a "rover," and you may hit when you least expect it. Be it observed that, though the above advice may appear ironical, we sincerely trust that no roughs may be allowed to have a hand in making nominations, and though we do not like to see a really high class journal like the *Bulletin* condescend to make use of a form of attack more becoming tbe little *Call* or the unscrupulous *Flag*, we shall of course he heartily glad if the rowdy ticket is beaten by the votes of tbe respectable portion of tbe community.

I CALLED to see *her*—she on whom
My beart and hopes are set—
Whether my hopes will bo fulfilled
Alas! I know not yet.

I thought she loved me. As her hand
Sbe gently placed in mine,
A rosy blush suffused her face—
Thut face I think divine.

"Why hlush?" I murmnred, sure that I
Could now n conquest boast;
"I ain't a blushing," she replied,
"I've just been making toast."

IF a young and inexperienced actor commits a *faux pas* on the stage the critics of tbe daily press do not fear to rebuke bim sternly. Wby did they pass over, without comment, an offeuce, not ouly against the etiquette of the stage, but a positive insult to a prima donna, committed by one who cannot plead inexperience and youth in extenuation? During the performance of the opera of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, on tbe occasioa of Signorina Sconcia's benefit, Signor Morelli did what would assuredly have called forth a storm of hisses from any audience save one composed of good-natured San Franciscans, who applaud hut never biss. Signor Morelli actually took occasion to attempt to divert the attention of the audience from tbo siager and raise a laugh! While Signorina Sconcia was singing the plaintive farewell, a bouquet heing thrown, which fell near Siguor Morelli, he started back gesticulating and rubbing his aose like a clown in a pantomime; this be did like those of whom Hamlet speaks, as laugbing:

"To set on some quantity of harren spectators to laugb too; though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to he considered; that's villainous, aad shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it."

Signor Morelli could fiud no more honorable occasion on which to exert himself to the utmost than the benefit of so painstaking aad accomplished an artiste as Signorina Olivia Sconcia, he, however, preferred rather to make a spectacle of himself, whieh caused his many admirers to feel sorry for him.

WE are so much flattered by the following note that we must make a desperate attempt to comply with "A Subscriber, G. & L.'s" request.

Editor "Mouse-Trap," Californian.—Mr. Editor: I was going down Montgomery street last evening. I met a gentleman holding his sides, and asked him what was the matter. He said: "I've got a pain in my side." A wag standiag by, said be thought be had monkey (monk) on tbe beart." Please define tbat expression and oblige a
SUBSCRIBER, G. & L.

"Editor Monse-Trap!" Thnt's what tickled our vanity, and made us engage in this arduous undertaking. Had we heen called tbe "Moase-Trap Mnn" we should have passed over this communication with silent contempt; but "A Subscriber, G. & L." has a just conception of what the "Mouse-Trap" is—that wbat the opinions of the editor of THE CALIFORNIAN may he is naught to us, *we* edit the "Mouse-Trap." Witb the honors attendant on tbe position, we accept its responsibilities, one of which is answering correspondents. Now to our task. Given: A gentleman holdiag his sides, a pedestrian and a man wbo says he thinks the gentleman holding his sides "has monkey, (monk) on the heart." Required: To prove the lust named a "wag." Tbat is tbe proposition, we believe. The heart is popularly supposed to be the seat of love; love is, therefore, an affection of the beart, tbe "wag" accused the gentleman of having an affection of the heart, namely, "monkey on the heart." The Italian for "monkey" is "*monicchio.*" "*Monna*" in Italian signifies "monkey," and also "mistress," heing a contraction of "*madonna.*" The "wag" knew that in Italian the same word stood for "monkey" and "mistress," and by saying that the gentleman holding his sides bad "monkey on the heart," meant to imply that his heart was affected by thoughts of his mistress—otherwise that he was in love; therefore he was a wag.
Q. E. D.

"A CORRESPONDENT of the *Bulletin*" furnishes an account of "tbe exccution of Lincolu's assassins," "last scenes," etc. This gentleman ought really to he promoted to the position of "our own correspondent;" he wields a most powerful pen. Of Mrs. Surratt be says:

Mrs. Surratt was a very remarkable woman, and like most remarkable women, had an undertone of superstition which served her in place of true religion, and enabled her to sleep peacefully even while cognizant of such a crime as that for which she has now suffered.

Farther on in his letter he appears to forget that Mrs. Surratt had only "an undertoae of superstition in place of true religion," and says:

"She desired to see her spiritual advisers, and they were sent for. The sacred veil of ghostly comfort should not he rudely rent nor lightly lifted, but we may state with entire propriety that the miserable woman expressed the most emphatic desire for prayer and boly consolation."

This correspondent has furaished the *Bulletin* with a most superior article in the way of a sensation letter. The "sacred veil of ghostly comfort" is good, hat what follows is suhlime:

"She for a moment forgot the Surratt in the womau, and felt the keenness of her position. Fainting, she cried aloud in the bitterness of ber woe; wailing forth great waves of sorrow, she fell upon the floor and guve vent to a paroxysm of grief, partially hysterical and wholly nervous."

Of Miss Surratt, after describing her untiring efforts to obtaiu a respite for her mother, and the agony she suffered when she found them unavailing, he says she communicated the fact to her sentenced mother:

"And as she hent her head upon her neck she bathed her shoulders with tears of *unfeigned* grief and sympathy."

No doubt he thought "unfeigned" sounded well in that place, and therefore used it. This letter "from a correspondent of the *Bulletin*" is a remarkably fine specimen of penny-a-lining, full of high sounding words, many of them sadly misplaced. George A. Atzerott is disposed of in very few words: after saying that he was ill-tempered, had no appetite, and could not sleep, the correspondent sums him up thus:

"He was a poor, miserable fellow, and his death amounted to no more than did his life."

We presume he means that his death amounted to nothing in a penny-a-liuing point of view, as he afterwards says "his agouy was of short duratiou." He is evideatly disappointed that "his death amounted to no more than did his life." No one hut a penny-a-liner would be unreasouable enough to expect a mau's death to amouut to more than his life, hut he thiuks if a man has, during his whole lifetime never done aay deed which would furnish a paragraph to the newspapers, the least he can do when he comes to be hanged is to make a sensational end which will give an opportunity to use the sensation heading, "Fearful Scene on the Scnfiold." "A correspoadent of the *Bulletin*" has dono remarkably well consideriug the material he had. We wish, however, he had had sufficient knowledge of the power of words to he aware bow grimly ludicrous is the following sentence describing Atzerott:

"He, also, was assisted by two soldiers, and seemed very feeble, hut appeared to rnlly when on the scaffold, *and took an evident interest in the proceedings.*"

BARNUM'S MUSEUM has been burned to the ground. Probably it was fully insured and the euterprising proprietor suffers no pecuniary loss. His agent received immediate orders to proceed to Europe, where he will no doubt have curiosities manufactured for another museum. While the account received here of the scene at the fire reflects great discredit on the police of New York, who instead of erecting barriers to keep off the mob, allowed the stores in the vicinity to be broken into and pillaged, it is in some respects humorous. The American Giantess, Jeff Davis, (in wax,) the bear and the learned seal appear to have heen the only curiosities rescued. The American Giantess lost her head from frigbt and swooned; Jeff. Davis lost his head from the heat, and it was afterwards fouud, hung to a lamp-post by some irreverent wretch, who had no respect for the head of the late C. S. A. The learned seal behaved like an idiot, and resisted those who tried to rescue him; the hear, more prudent, convinced that it was neck or nothing with him, submitted to be let down from a window by his neck. Barnum will very soon have another museum. All is not lost; he bas a tame hear, a learned seal, the head of Joff Davis, and the American Giantess to begin with.
TREM.

THE TYRANT
OF
MINNIGISSENGEN.

"YOUR Serene Highness must not forget that the eyes of Europe are upon us!" exclaimed the Baron Von Rrobrecht, Prime Minister, Commander of the Forces, Privy Councillor, and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the principality of Hess Minnigissengen.

"But, my dear Baron," returned the Prince, pointing out the passage, "my cousin's letter expressly states that his visit is to be without ceremony."

The Baron Von Brobrecht promdly drew himself up to his full height. It being a court-day, he was in full dress; for the Reception—which lasted exactly eight minutes—was just over. The display upon the Baron's small round person, would have led a stranger to believe that, in him, were concentrated the highest honors of the greatest realm in Europe. His coat was stiff with embroidery; and, would have been, but for the dimming ravages of Time, gorgeous with gold; it was fastened at the waist with a rainbow of sashes, girdles, and lace; while a grotesque menagerie of honorific animals dangled at his breast. Having expanded his person to its utmost dimensions to give the greater impressiveness to his arguments, he proceeded to say: "Your Highness will permit me to observe, that, in this affair, your Highness's consequence and consideration, in the eyes of foreign courts, are in question. When I had the honor to be attached to the person of his Serene Highness the late Prince your beloved father, we were, under similar circumstances, accustomed to spare no expense."

"Very true; but you must not forget that under those similar circumstances you were obliged to pledge, to the Jews, the diamonds of her Serene Highness the late Princess my beloved mother."

"But, then," interrupted the First Minister, eagerly, "we enjoyed, amongst the neighboring principalities, the reputation of being the most polished and elegant court in Germany. And," persisted the Baron, "to what did we owe your illustrious predecessor's marriage, which brought him a revenue of ten thousand florins? Why, to the magnificence of his court when your august uncle visited it. Dazzled by his brilliant reception, the Grand-Duke of Saxe Kissankumagen bestowed on us his sister in marriage."

At the word "marriage" the Prince sighed, and said, abstractedly, "Well, Baron; receive my cousin as you think best;" then sighed again, and was soon plunged into a reverie.

"Nine of the palace servants must have new liveries," said Rrobrecht, commencing his arrangements. "Your Serene Highness will excuse my absence. I must hasten to the tailor."

That announcement suddenly aroused the royal dreamer.

"To the tailor?" he echoed.

"To the tailor," repeated the functionary.

"Then I will accompany you."

Popularity was thought at that time—to the great discomfort of that thorough absolutist, the Baron Von Rrobrecht—to be a necessary policy of the crown of Hesse Minnigissengen. Revolution was stalking rapidly over Germany; and it was essential that the prince should become familiar with his people. This was not difficult; for his capital consisted of seventy-eight houses, and a population that did not exceed three hundred and two souls, ten per cent. of whom were babies in arms.

The tailor's house was, beyond contradiction, the prettiest dwelling in Minnigissenbourgh; it was approached by a quadruple row of acacias, which were then in full bloom. Under these trees his Serene Higness expressed his intention of taking "a turn," while his Prime Minister entered the house to negotiate the transaction in liveries.

"The business I have come upon is this," said Rrobrecht to Herr Hubert Oberschneider; "we require fifteen new state liveries, complete, by the end of the week."

"Impossible!" said the tailor, dryly.

"Nevertheless," rejoined the Baron haughtily, "we must have them. His Serene Highness's cousin, his Royal Highness the Prince of Saxe Kissankumagen, is about to pay us a visit."

"*I*, too, am expecting a visitor," rejoined the tailor; "my nephew; and the two or three first days after his arrival are destined to merry-making. No work will be done."

"So!" exclaimed Rrobrecht, with severity. "These are the fruits of that excessive familiarity with which his Highness indulges his subjects. It renders them impertinent."

Mr. Oberschneider lit his pipe. "Baron Rrobrecht," he said, with great composure, "you have the option of giving the Prince's custom to any other tailor you please; I do not seek it; I do not even demand payment of my little bill of four hundred and odd florins. Thank Heaven, I am not in need of them at present. But," continued the tailor, "why do you require fifteen suits, since you have only nine domestics at the palace; one of whom is bed ridden?"

"Because," replied Rrobrecht, "we are going, provisionally, to double the number of our retainers." As the tailor went on smoking his pipe, with an irreverent indifference which betokened obstinacy, the Baron found a mollifying tone expedient. "Come, good Master Hubert," he coaxed, "do this for the Prince, and we will not quarrel about price."

"I am hourly expecting my nephew," was the tailor's next remark. "He is coming from Paris after having completed his studies at Gottingen. He is a young man who, to judge by the money he has cost me, must be a wonderful genius. I cannot think of your fifteen suits; all that I can do is to lend his Highness *my* people's clothes. My nephew, I dare say, will not care about being received in grand liveries."

The Baron groaned inwardly. "I must," he thought, "lower our dignity before this miserable tailor's money bags!" The Minister of State then tapped his snuff-box, and cogitated profoundly. At length he caught an idea. "You will change the collars and facings to our color?" he asked.

"Willingly;" and Master Hubert held out his hand to the Baron, for the purpose of clinching the bargain. The latter, though deeply shocked at this familiarity, thought it better, under present circumstances, to swallow his resentment; and, exerting a gentle violence over his pride, he mildly shook the outstretched digits of the independent tailor.

"Ah!" thought Rrobrecht, as he proceeded to rejoin the Prince. "If I could only persuade his Higness to create some sort of income or property-tax, we should soon pull down the pride of these moneyed gentlemen."

As he advanced under the acacias, Rrobrecht discovered that the Prince was not alone. He was too discreet a courtier to interrupt a *tete-á-tete*, and bent his steps where numerous and pressing engagements required his presence. The sex and beauty of the Prince's companion explained, perhaps, the eagerness with which his Highness accompanied his Minister to the spot. He was long in quitting it. For more than an hour he and Albertina, the tailor's daughter, paced the avenue.

Early on the morning of the day appointed for their visitor's arrival, the Baron Von Rrobrecht, magnificently attired, and glittering in the effulgence of all his orders, presented for the Prince's signature a closely written parchment; it was the royal consent to the sale of a farm.

"The means are violent, I must admit," said Rrobrecht; "but, then, our peculiar position demands the sacrifice. We shall thus be enabled to receive your august cousin (although travelling in modest incognito) with proper pomp and splendor."

The Prince signed without reading.

About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Rrobrecht again made his appearance, to announce that some peasant had seen a horseman of distingnished mien, but evidently travelling incognito, enter the inn at Zweibruken, on the frontiers—about a quarter of a league distant—having previously inquired his way to Minnigissenbourgh.

The Prince mounted his charger, and set off to meet the visitor, accompanied by Rrobrecht, the soldiery, and the band. To tell the truth, his Serene Highness was delighted at getting away from home for a short time, under whatever pretext; for, during the last two or three days, all had been at sixes and sevens in the palace. His own valet had been metamorphosed by the Baron into a sort of grand chamberlain. A horrible noise of hammering rendered the place unbearable. All the old state-rooms had been furbished up with the furniture which but scantily garnished the private apartments.

As they approached the frontier, they beheld a cloud of dust. Rrobrecht drew up his forces in open order, and the band began to tune their instruments; but it was only the postman who trotted by without stopping. The Prince, it should be mentioned here, was an amateur, and, out of the seventy men of which his army consisted, forty-five were musicians. In a few minutes a denser cloud of dust appeared, and rapidly increased in volume and propinquity. Rrobrecht gave the signal, and the band struck up Spontini's *marche triomphale*.

Then there issued from the cloud a horse covered with foam. A figure was seated on it, clad precisely in the way in which a peasant would suppose noblemen go about. The costume was ultra-fashionable and gaudy; consisting partly of the dress of the German students, and partly of that of the young Parisian exquisites of the day.

He halted. Rrobrechet, who had dismounted, walked solemnly up to she side of the horse, and commenced reading an address of welcome. The soldiery presented arms.

The new comer stood erect in his stirrups with surprise. The Prince laughed. Rrobrect had not got further in his recitation than—"Penetrated with a sense of delight at the honor conferred by your Royal Highness's presence, we cordially—" when the horseman expressed a hope to the Prince that the old gentleman was not a dangerous lunatic; for a lunatic of some sort he assuredly thought him.

"This is all a mistake," said the Prince.

"I should think it was," asserted the stranger. "Don't you know who I am, old fellow?"

These expressions assured the Baron that their utterer was not his Royal Highness the Grand-Duke of Saxe Kissankumagen.

"I am Heinrich, nephew to Master Hubert Oberschneider the tailor," continued the free-and-easy student. He then cantered off, leaving the soldiery at "present arms;" the band playing the march of triumph, and the Prince reeling with laughter in his saddle.

The disgusted Lord High Chamberlain and Commander-in-Chief pocketed his address, and set his army in motion towards home. On arriving at the palace, a letter was put into the Prince's hand by the postman who had passed them on the road, announcing that his cousin had been obliged to change his route.

Everything was in readiness for the fete which was intended to dazzle and astound his Royal Highness, the Grand-Duke of Saxe Kissankumagen; and the Premier was in despair! The Prince, on the contrary, took no pains to conceal his delight. "Baron," he said, "your talent for arranging and managing a fete shall not be thrown away. The festival shall still be held. You have my permission to command the presence of every soul in the city." His Serene Highness then sat down, and wrote an autograph letter to Mr. Oberschneider, inviting him, his daughter, and nephew, to dinner. At this democratic proceeding, the Baron Von Rrobrecht trembled for the security of the throne of Hesse Minnigissengen. But the Prince was peremptory, and the state servant was obliged to obey.

The invitation set every member of the establishment near the acacias in an exceeding flutter, except Heinrich. That young gentleman, having imbibed the politics of the least respectable of the Parisian estamintets, told his uncle that he would never sit at the table of a "tyrant."

Oberschneider, who was tying on his whitest neckcloth at the glass, made a grimace expressive of the most condign ridicule; to which his nephew retorted that he—Hubert Oberschneider, tailor—was a worshiper of power, and a sycophant! The uncle—an easy going, but shrewd man, who regularly read the papers, and knew what was going on in the world—said to his daughter, while escorting her to the palace, "The truth is, my dear, your cousin has got hold of those egregious notions which are so flattering to people who prefer amusement or idleness, to work. Property is robbery; restraint, tyranny; government, brigandage."

"How very odd!" said Albertina; who knew nothing of politics, and was thinking of the Prince.

The tailor went on, warming as his subject expanded. "Confounding such silly theories with the glorious acts of the true patriots, who have burst the bonds of royal chicanery in France, and of tyranny in some portions of this empire, Heinrich has, I fear, brought notions home to my shop which will unsettle the heads of all my journeymen."

"How very naughty of him!" said Albertina; because she felt it was necessary she must say something just then.

When they arrived at the palace, the Prince received them in the throne-roome, with marked distinction. The Baron Rrobrecht grinned and bore it (like one of his own heraldic hyenas) with wonderful fortitude.

The dinner went off well; because the rain, which fell in torrents, could not spoil that. But the fireworks proved utterly uninflammable, the thunderstorm drowned the music, and nobody could dance on the lawn; yet Albertina was there, and the Prince was delighted. She wore his favorite colors—white with blue ribbons.

"Baron," said he, that night after his guests had departed, "your fete was charming and amused me immensely. You may sell another farm to-morrow."

"Something must be done," returned the Prime Minister, who, to his other multifarious places, added that of Chancellor of the Exchequer; "our coffers are exhausted, and two years' revenues have been already anticipated. Only one resource remains—"

"Which is—?" interrogated the Prince, as he folded up a piece of blue ribbon and put it inside his vest.

"Marriage!"

The Prime Minister said this very solemnly. "You have a crowd of wealthy and noble cousins, out of which your Serene Highness might choose a wife—a rich wife."

The Prince yawned. He was tired. Would Von Rrobrecht ring for his valet?

Many days had not elapsed since the grand fete at the palace in honor of the Prince who did not arrive, before old Hubert's fears about his nephew proved true to the letter. He had originally conceived the idea of getting up a match between Albertina and her cousin; but the young student's course and turbulent manners were in the highest degree displeasing to the girl, and Heinrich himself made no efforts to overcome her antipathy. He passed his time in the public-houses, uttering a variety of common-places to a pack of young fellows, as idle and ill-disposed as himself. He formed them into a Club, and explained to them his political creed. He spoke a great deal about Brutus, and a "bloated oligarchy;" by which he meant the First Minister, who united in his own podgy little person all the aristocratic and

oligarchical power of the state. He denounced the Prince merely as an incarnation of royalty, against which he made war in the abstract; but—because, perhaps, he found the roll of the Baron's name tell with effect in his harangues (for he had learned at Paris to revel in the canine letter,) his enmity towards the Baron "R-r-r-r-robrecht" was relentless. Every misfortune that happened to anybody, he attributed to the Government; otherwise to the bloated oligarchy; otherwise to R-r-r-r-robrecht. The storm on the night of the fete he traced to the vengeance of Heaven on the atrocious vices, corruptions, and oppressions of the court. When Hans Hiccup the cobbler reduced himself to beggary by beer, and people would not trust him with their boots, Heinrich held him up as a martyr to political oppression, and demanded an organization of labor. When Madame Maggschifter's baby took the small-pox, Heninrich had no manner of doubt that the infant had been infected by a secret emissary of Government. The Club spread the sentiments which their leader originated, and obtained the support of all idlers in Minnigissenbourgh.

Yet, for a people ground down by all manner of social and political oppression, the Minuigissenbourghers did not seem to be an unhappy or discontented community. Each lived in the bosom of his family. In the evening, under the acacias or lime trees that overshadowed these miserable people's porches might be heard the cheerful song, with its accompaniment of flute or harpsicord; neither was the native hurdy-gurdy silent.

It happened about this time that a violent hailstorm did some damage to the crops. This was an opportunity not to be lost. Heinrich and his acolytes spread themselves over the principality (this was soon done, and at a cost for travelling expenses quite nominal,) bewailing the loss of the husbandmen. They insinuated that one of the rights of the horticultural and agricultural interests was that of not having their glass broken, and their fields cut up by hail.

This doctrine soon became popular; for the most disagreeable of all human misfortunes are those which we are unable to lay at our neighbor's door. We would all of us rather be stoned almost to death by a man upon whom we can be revenged than be ever so gently hit by an aerolite, for the fall of which no one is responsible. Urged on, therefore, by the Club, the farmers profited by the hailstorm to neglect paying their rent, and to utter loud complaints and woeful lamentations.

The consequence of such defalcation was that the State Treasury became more and more impoverished; and Rrobrecht was obliged to discharge more servants, and sell two of the three horses which his royal master still possessed. Under these disagreeable circumstances, however, the Prince had his consolation. He practised new symphonies with his musicians; he passed his time in angling, and in botanizing expeditions into the woods, close to the dwelling of Master Hubert Oberschueider; where, by some extraordinary confluence of circumstances, he had very frequently the pleasure (entirely by accident) of meeting Albertina.

One day the student Heinrich, mounted upon a table covered with pots of beer and drinking-horns, spoke thus to his followers, at what he was pleased to term a Monster Meeting. Thirty-seven malcontents were actually present:

"It is time, my friends, that a corrupt and bloated oligarchy should cease from battening upon our substance! It is cowardice that produces the insolence of kings! Let us rend asunder the chains that have too long held captive our beautiful fatherland. Let us break the yoke of tyranny! Let us proceed at once to the palace, where the tyrant gives himself up to impure delights, surrounded by Von R-r-r-r-robrecht and his ferocious satellites: let us reclaim our rights and liberties, or perish in the attempt!"

By the time the peroration was finished, the crowd had increased to very nearly threescore.

While these affairs, big with the fate of Minnigissenbourgh, were passing at the *bierhaus*, the Prince was sauntering in his garden, plucking dead leaves from four favorite carnations, and angling for rhymes for a sonnet to Albertine's blue eyes. "Desires" and "fires" were just arranging themselves prettily at the ends of a couplet, when the conspirators, burning with beer and patriotism, arrived at the palace gates.

One of the ferocious satellites, of whom Heinrich had spoken, was then busily engaged in practicing on the flute his difficult part in the overture to Zauberflote, which the band was to perform on the following day. This warrior (who was posted as a sentry while practicing) permitted the revolters to pass, on their stating that they desired to speak to the Prince. But, as a preliminary precaution, he put down his flute, shouldered his firelock, dressed himself up in line with his sentry-box; and asked the invaders to be so good as to keep on the gravel-walks, and not to pluck the flowers.

The Prince, though a little surprised at this great gathering, turned his calm and indifferent countenance carelessly on the mob; and when he demanded what they wanted with him? no one had sufficient nerve to speak. They replied only by confused and almost unintelligible cries; amongst which, however, might be detected a timid stuttering, which sounded like "Down with the tyrant!"

The Prince smiled, and, in a voice which was clearly audible above the whispered clamor of the disaffected, said:

"Let some one among you speak for the whole; for, if you all speak in turns, it will take up too much time; and, if all together, you will not be intelligible."

At these words there was a dead silence. All recoiled a few paces; leaving by common assent to the student Heinrich the right of explaining those grievances, of which none were exactly cognizant.

"We stand here," said Heinrich, "in the name of—"

"Pray don't stand!" interrupted the Prince, pointing to a rustic chair.

"We come," continued the orator, not heeding the sarcastic invitation, "to protest against abuses too long suffered. We come in the name of the people!"

"My good friend," said the Prince. "My people are not so numerous as to have need of delegates. Haven't they spoken themselves? Let them assemble to-morrow in the inner court of the palace, and, if they wish it, we will have a chat together."

"The people have no time to wait!" exclaimed the orator, fiercely.

"Believe, Monsieur Heinrich, my calling of Prince is not such a delightful profession that I should desire to exercise it every day. I shall be a prince to-morrow; to-day I am but a private individual, very anxious respecting the fate of a beautiful carnation of which I have just set a cutting. As a private individual, therefore, I desire to be master of my own house. So, my friends, be advised by me, and go home. Above all do not tread upon my carnations."

Heinrich turned towards his friends. "Are you content," he said, "with the evasive, the ferocious irony, which has dictated the tyrant's words?"

"My worthy friend Heinrich," said the Prince quietly, "you really *must* be so obliging as to leave my garden."

"I see," said Heinrich, "that the end of the career which I have embraced, will bring me but a martyr's crown. Well, I am ready to shed my blood for the People. Take my head!"

"Your head? What should I do with your head? It is useless even to yourself," responded the Prince. "I shall expect my people to-morrow. I have some excellent beer; and we will discuss that while we talk over our affairs. In case of rain, there shall be an awning."

When the delegates had departed, the Prince made a bouquet of his finest carnations for Albertina; and wrote to remind her that she had promised to waltz with him on the ensuing evening.

At daybreak next morning the band assembled at the palace, for the final rehearsal of Beethoven's overture, which was to be performed, for the first time in public, that evening.

"What on earth can my people want with me?" thought Richard; "and what unfortunate accident can have recalled to their minds that I am a prince? However," he exclaimed to a servant, "rinse out some glasses for my people! Happy the sovereign who can thus hob-nob with his subjects!"

At the appointed hour, an assemblage of about one hundred persons made their appearance at the palace. After them came a second hundred, to see what the first hundred were about; and finally, the whole of the remaining inhabitants of the capital who were capable of locomotion, brought up the rear, anxious to ascertain the cause of the unaccustomed gathering.

"My friends, said his Serene Highness, "drink your beer while it is fresh."

The people did as they were told.

When the barrels had to be tilted, the Prince asked his people what they wanted? "Have I," he said, "ever interfered with your pleasures or your affairs? Do I even know what you do, or how you pass your time?"

"Down with the tyrants!" said Heinrich.

"Down with the tyrants!" shouted the Club in cuckoo chorus.

"Why is the Prince surrounded with guards?" demanded Henrich.

"I am surrounded by my musicians," replied the Prince; "the rest of the soldiers are gone out to take a walk. Pray be silent for one moment and listen to me; "I am not rich; but he among you, whoever he be, who has wished to partake of my soup or my beer, has he not ever been welcome?"

No one could deny this, therefore their leader went off into generalties.

"We desire," said Heinrich, "the liberty of the press."

"Well," replied the Prince, "buy a press if you want one. You have my full liberty to use it if you know how. But, alas, I am afraid that there are great many of you who cannot read."

Something was then said about "dying for liberty and fatherland;" but, during the parley, Von Rrobrecht had succeeded in collecting the scattered forces, and now disposed them round the court-yard. "I beg to acquaint your Highness," said he, pompously, "that our troops hem in the rebels on all sides, and that they are now in our power."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Richard; "for what am I to do with the rebels? I have no place to put them in. There is but one prison in Minnigissenbourgh, and that I converted long ago into an orangery. Dismiss the soldiers!"

"But if I might suggest to your Highness—your personal safety—"

"Pray don't alarm yourself about trifles, Baron, and do as I bid you."

"Treachery!" shouted Heinrich, as the soldiers moved.

"Treachery!" echoed the Club.

"The palace of the tyrant is about to be reddened with the blood of patriots!" screamed Heinrich, hoarsely.

But no denunciative enthusiasm was to be infused into the other patriots; too much of whose attentions were riveted on the Prince's beer. When they found the casks producing nothing but lees, they sauntered peaceably home.

After the signal failure of this "demonstration," all went on well for some time.

There being no Press, the liberty thereof could not be taken advantage of, and the pen supplied its place. Heinrich started a newspaper in manuscript, although never was a place so destitute of news as Minuigissenbourgh. However, despite few occurrences, leaders abounded. "R-r-r-r-robrecht," above all, was never spared: and the Prime Minister came one day to the Prince to request his permission to start a newspaper also.

"They have desired the liberty of the press," said his Highness; "that liberty is yours as well as theirs, and you may use it as you may think proper."

Then began the great paper war between Rrobrecht and Heinrich. The rival journals appeared every morning. Heinrich expressed in every number his conviction that all princes were criminals; Rrobrecht inculcated that a sovereign's most trivial action was angelic. One day the Baron announced "that his Serene Highness was in excellent health and spirits; no addition was made to the illustrious dinner circle; and his Serene Highness ate French beans." On the next day, Heinrich's paper came out with, "How long will an enslaved people suffer Tyranny to eat French beans?" In the succeeding number of Rrobrecht's paper it was replied, "That the Prince's fondness for French beans showed his unflinching desire to encourage agriculture."

"To eat French beans," retorted Heinrich, in Number three, "is a bitter mockery of the people; who cannot afford even sour-krout."

One evening the Prince was walking under the lime trees; Albertina happened (accidentally, as usual) to be passing that way. She showed the rival papers to the Prince. He laughed heartily at Heinrich's denunciations, and commanded Rrobrecht to discontinue his "organ" altogether.

In the mean while, Prince Richard's affairs went from bad to worse, until they brought him to the condition of a gentleman in hopelessly embarrassed circumstances. He had hardly a florin to bless himself with. Retrenchment was imperative. Having communicated with certain potentates, he therefore assembled his army, and addressed his brave soldiery in the following terms:

"My friends, I have no longer the means of paying you. I have, accordingly, disposed of your services to a great power, who will lead you into Africa and glory. You will have double pay."

The commissariat arrangements were neither extensive nor intricate; and the entire force was soon in heavy marching order (band included,) with drums beating and colors flying. The departing army made its first halt, on its way to Africa, at Zweibruken, the head-quarters of beer.

René of Anjou has said, that a king without music is a crowned ass; and the Prince, after the departure of his brave band, became the most unhappy of monarchs. Albertina alone consoled him; but in a very short time she also took her departure, accompanied by a female attendant. The alleged reason for the journey was a visit to an old relation.

The loss of his farms, of his fortune, of his army, and even of his hand, did not affect the Prince so much as the loss of Albertina; and the Prince placed in Rrobrecht's hands a letter addressed to his Serene Highness's uncle, in these terms:

"My Dear Uncle: I neither can, nor do I any longer desire to remain a Prince.

"When you receive this letter, I shall have taken my departure from my dominions. I abandon to you all my rights; requiring only at your hands, as a compensation for the same, a yearly pension of one thousand five hundred florins. I will let you know when you are to forward me my pension, and where. Keep Rrobrecht near your person; he is a good and loyal servant.

"I embrace you affectionately,

"Richard-Augustus-Frederic-Ernest-Alphonse-Hans-Albert."

The following morning, as soon as the rising sun had tinged with its first rosy beams the muslin curtains of his bedroom windows—silk curtains were used only in the throne-

room—his Serene Highness sprang from his couch, dressed himself hastily, and proceeded to pack into a small valise his four most precious articles. To wit:

A small canvas bag containing thirty crowns.

A blue sash which had formerly encircled Albertina's waist.

Albertina's letters.

His own favorite flute.

This done, he glided down stairs, placed his valise upon his horse, mounted, and took his departure from Minnigissenbourgh. When he had reached the outskirts of the town, he paused, looked round, and his eyes rested upon the acacias which overshadowed the tailor's dwelling. After a long gaze, he sighed and went his way.

His horse padded on steadily. Towards evening, he arrived at a little forest retreat, also surrounded by acacias, and fronted by a nicely-mown grass-plot dotted with several flower-beds, each containing a variety of carnations in full bloom.

He entered the cottage, and an aged domestic received him politely. He had scarcely sat down near the window, when he perceived, at a turning of the gravel walk, two ladies approaching. One of them was old, of a gentle and prepossessing countenance; the other was Albertina.

In a few words the ex-Prince put the ladies in possession of all that had occurred. "Albertina," said the Prince, "how sweet would be a life spent here with you! I cannot now demand your hand, after having been refused possession of it when I was a prince. Behold to-day my entire fortune!—— I have thirty ducats in my valise, and I am assured a pension of fifteen hundred florins a year."

"My Prince," said the aunt, "you have no cause for despair. Albertina loves you. Remain here. She shall come to see me every month; and, when I shall have been assured that your resolution of marrying her is not the result of a momentary enthusiasm; when I am convinced that you do not regret your palace and power, then we will arrange all for the best."

Richard could make no other reply than that of kissing the kind old lady's wrinkled hand.

When she presented to him, three months later, the little hand of Albertina, he exclaimed, as he pressed it to his lips, "Adieu, adieu, Hesse Minnigissengen; adieu the sad past! And yet blessings be upon it, if it has been the price of the future!"

The future was happiness both to him and to Albertina. As plain unostentatious man and wife, they both henceforth lived in the cottage, part of the year, and in the finest seasons took pleasant tours to different parts of Europe.

The conclusion of the history of the great political movement which caused the ultimate downfall of the Tyrant of Hesse Minnigissengen, is soon told. By twelve o'clock on the day upon which the Prince fled there were eight princes of Hesse Minnigissengen; the same evening there were thirty-two. On the following morning, the Prince's uncle—who had gladly accepted his nephew's offer—sent over to Minnigissenbourgh an armed force, consisting of a corporal and ten men. In the brief space of two hours, these troops, effectually and forever, nipped the budding germs of the great Minnigissenbourgh revolt.—*Household Words.*

[For the Californian.]

THE CONNOISSEUR DECEIVED.

A MAN with whom I was very intimate when I was an inhabitant of cities, came to see me, and we conversed a great deal upon our opposite tastes and upon the things which occupy and give interest to our lives. On his part he takes no account of flowers, or trees, or the heavens, or the moon, or men, or animals, none of these can interest him till after they have been reduced, flattened, disfigured, and traced upon canvas by means of colors and a brush. He gives a high price for the images of things which in his eyes have no value; he paid 9,950 francs for a picture by Van Huysum. This picture represents a vase of flowers. The real bouquet—the living bouquet, with its splendor and its perfume, might be worth twenty sous. For the portrait of this bouquet, that is to say, a flat imitation, false in colors and smelling of oil, he paid 9,950 francs! and is proud and happy at having made so good a bargain!

I conducted him round my garden, but he looked at scarcely anything. A branch of hundred-leaved rose, bending under the weight of its blossoms, for a moment, however, attracted his attention, he looked at it and exclaimed, "How like that is to a bouquet of roses by Van Dael, which I have at home!"

It was evident that he thought nature had made an attempt to imitate his picture.

In the evening after supper, pipes and some Turkey tobacco were brought in, and we chatted upon all manner of things, but he always contrived means to bring the subject round to one of his pictures by some imperceptible thread or other.

At length, "Listen," said I. "I likewise have pictures, but I will only show them to you by daylight, to-morrow morning will do."

"And what pictures have you?" asked he, with a more than half-disdainful air.

"I have a great number."

"Are they pictures by known masters?"

"I suppose so, for I have never seen any more beautiful, more grand in their *ensemble*, or more finished in their details."

"Ah, we shall see that!"

"Oh! I don't conceal them from anybody. I am not one of those egotistical amateurs who find less pleasure in the possession of their pictures, than they do in the conviction that others have none, or at least they have not the same."

"Did your collection cost you much?"

"I got it for nothing."

"For nothing! Oh, I know what that means! Picture amateurs are divided into two classes; those of the first have expended millions upon their galleries, those of the second on the contrary, always get their pictures for nothing. Their pretence is to have discovered them on the shelves of some dealer in images or upon panels over the old chimneys of a village inn, or even among a lot of old bottles. You are of the second class."

"You are welcome to place me in which class you please."

"Well, but by whom are your best pictures?"

"Oh! as to that, I really cannot tell you; I have no memory for names. And to be frank with you, it is a circumstance I pay no attention to. I should prefer having a fine picture painted by my porter to a daub by Raphael. And what is very singular, this opinion worthy from its ingenuousness of being placed in the rank of the maxims and thoughts of M. de la Pollesse would easily pass for an originality or a whimsicality. I seek for nothing in painting but the true and the beautiful."

"You really excite my curiosity to see the pictures of a man who entertains such ideas Can't you recollect any of them?"

"Oh, yes. I could easily describe, at least for the most part, what my pictures represent."

"Well."

"Well, I have one above this room; it is of a vast plain surrounded on all sides by trees. Upon the verdant grass, dotted with shadow and light by the sun which is setting behind the trees, repose some sheep. The whole has a charm of calmness and repose which yields the greatest pleasure."

"I am sure that is by Van der Does. Well, that is not worth much."

"All I know is that it is very beautiful, and I do not believe it is by Van der Does."

"You astonish me!"

"Another is a sunken road, such as in Normandy is called *une cavée*. Travellers walk lower than the roots of the trees, whose tops extend over the wall of earth which forms the two sides of the road, thick and long roots like serpents."

"I should not be surprised if that were a copy; and my reason for thinking so, a reason which I think good and not subject to contradiction, is that I possess the original, which is by J. Ruysdael."

"I assure you it is not a copy."

"Oh! we shall see."

"I am convinced that a sight of the picture will make you change your opinion. By the side of it you see the entrance to a village. Amidst trees with rounded tops shoots up the church spire; the sun, which casts his oblique rays, fills the foliage of the trees with golden sparks; a peasant is drawing home his cart."

"If that picture be as I think it is, by J. Ostade, it *is* valuable."

"I do not believe that any Ostade ever did anything approaching it."

"My dear friend, you don't understand the Ostades."

"I was yesterday looking at another picture which delighted me very much: A child was seated at a window blowing soap-bubbles. The child was serious and attentive, whilst the bubble, still captive, appeared to grow larger and larger as it balanced itself upon an imperceptible breath of air. The most enchanting colors succeeded each other upon this frail globe of glass."

"Oh, that is a well-known picture! I saw it at the house of an amateur, from whom you must have bought it. That is by J. Mieris."

"I did not buy it."

"Oh dear, no! I suppose it was given to you!—or else you found it! As I told you, you are an amateur of the second class. You pretend to have got for nothing a picture worth 6,000 francs."

"The background of another is composed of magnificent chestnut trees, with large leaves of golden green, rendered still more so by the rays of the setting sun; a small house, covered with vines, is entirely gilded by the last warm rays of the star of day; nearer and towards the centre a Bohemian olive, and an elder tree much lower down, so that the oblique rays of the sun, passing over and into the shade, leave the foliage of the first of a whitish hue, and the tuft of the latter of a dark green. In front of the elder is a purple-blossomed rose; its lower flowers are in the shade, one alone, which shoots beyond the elder, catches a ray of the sun and looks like a magnificent ruby."

"Are there no figures?"

"None."

"Then I cannot tell whom that can be by."

"I feel no donbt that you will recognize the master when you see it."

"Very possibly—nay, very probably I may; but, at any rate, my memory does not furnish me with anything like that."

"I saw another this morning which much interested me. It was a beautiful woman holding a pink in her hand."

"Oh, well known; that's by Rubens."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it; but you must permit me to be less sure of another thing."

"Oh certainly; and pray what is the thing of which you are not sure?"

"That is, that this picture can belong to you."

"My dear friend, allow me to speak frankly to you. There is one thing I greatly fear on your part; I am afraid you are the dupe of some picture dealer, who has plundered you and made you pay very dear for mere daubs."

"I beg you, my good friend, to keep this kind interest for others. I do assure you that the pictures of which I tell you are all that is most beautiful. I have never seen any in any gallery which can compare with mine, either in truth, design or color."

"I am accustomed to hear every amateur, if he be only the owner of three middling copies, or five or six unknown sketches, seek to make himself believe that he possesses miracles. Now I may be allowed to say to you what I am going to observe, because you do not pretend to be rich, but, on the contrary, you pretend not to be so. Well, I know the value of the pictures you have described to me, and I declare to you that if you really possess them—if, as you tell me, these form but a small part of your collection—if you have not amused yourself with laughing at me—how many pictures have you?"

"Too many to count."

"Well, then, your gallery cannot have cost less than 200,000 francs."

"Nonsense! It cost me nothing."

"You are certainly the most audacious of any amateur of this kind I have ever met with. I wish to-morrow were come."

The next morning I led my friend into a large room with four windows, and said to him: "Here are my pictures, and the windows are the frames."

"Oh! that's but a joke!"

"Not at all. Look; some of my pictures are a little changed since the last time I saw them, but they are not the less beautiful on that account. This is the one you took to be Ostade, and which is, as the others, simply by the Almighty. These are the trees and the steeple. The cart is no longer there; but there is a girl driving cows to pasture, which is better. Do you believe that Ostade ever attained that truth, that drawing, that color, that light?

Here on your left, through the other window, is the hollowed road, which is not by J. Ruysdael, and of which you pretend to have the original. I had a right, however, to tell you that mine is not a copy; it is evident, that of the two pictures, however original yours may be, mine is not the copy.

"And here is the meadow upon which the sun and shade play with such effect; there are the tall trees, and the sheep which repose upon the grass; that is likewise by the Almighy, and not by Van der Does."

"Well, well, it's all a very good joke."

"No; I am not joking at all; so far from it that I think it is you who are joking, or else take me for an idiot, to hope to make me believe that you attach more value to a little tree daubed upon canvass, flat, without shade, without color, without perfume, without the song of birds, than to that noble living tree, which, perfumed and harmonious covers us with its shade?

"What you pay 200,000 francs for the imperfect imitation of a tree worth five francs? Will you venture to speak of the difficulty overcome? Why do you not pay more dearly for the imitation of diamonds and rubies than for true diamonds and rubies? And yet that imitation is much more perfect, and is so successful as to deceive almost anybody. False jewels, as well as true, shine and draw upon those who wear them the same admiration, envy and hatred that the real ones would, whilst no one is deceived by the painting. The birds which, according to Pliny, wanted to eat the grapes by Zeuxis, would not be taken in now-a-days; there does not exist any bird so silly as to attempt to build its nest in a painted tree.

"What! and is it to pay so dearly for feeble imitations of all the beautiful things we can have for nothing, that men ruin themselves, fill their lives with anxieties and cares, and stuff their pillows with thorns?

"No, no; it is you who are joking and who are laughing at me, or else I must believe that you, and all who resemble you, are downright madmen. AKARR.

THE Keystone copper company of Copperopolis, has struck a vein of ore nine feet in width, 195 feet from the surface—five feet of the lode is No. 1 ore.

[For the Californian.]

ON THE POTOMAC.

POTOMAC sweeps in silver tide
By tangled brake and shadowed wood,
And rolling seas of verdure hide
The footsteps where great armies stood;
Old moss-grown trees all rent and torn,
Mark where the iron tempest came,
And 'neath the wild rose and the thorn
Are graves unmarked by cross or name.

The golden morn now paints the flowers
That once were wet with crimson rain,
But dew, and sun, and mist, and showers,
Have washed away the battle's stain;
The purple violets seek the shade,
And lilies hide their heads away,
Where patriot bones obscure are laid,
And heroes' hearts have turned to clay.

And many a relic strewn aronnd,
Marks deathly struggles of the brave,
Whose blood has fed the thirsty ground,
Whose dust has filled a common grave;
And many weep in homes afar,
The nameless warriors sleeping here,
Who, crushed beneath the heel of war,
Find record only in a tear.

And years on years shall come and go
While broad Potomac, rolling by,
Still tireless spreads in ebb and flow
Beneath the blue unchanging sky;
But these, the heroes of our age
Whose grass-grown graves like billows rise,
Shall live in history's brightest page,
For Truth or Freedom never dies.

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NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR regular New York letter having been delayed by Overland Mail, we give the following items which have not been anticipated by the last steamer papers:

PETROLIMANIA.

The great petrolium excitement, which engrossed the atteution of the numerous projectors of new enterprises in New York has subsided. Hereafter few stocks in companies formed on undeveloped lands can be sold, and the oil production for the future will depend upon the success of individual success and enterprise. We have a large mental, not pecuniary, faith in the eventual profits to be derived from these ventures by the original organizers of the companies who mean work, and to their work carry the habits of sound business men and careful economical management. The want of the latter qualification will be the cause of the failure of most of the schemes. The scene of operations is too much at arm's length, and until integrity in private servants becomes as common as thriftlessness and indifference now seem to be, the results will be barren of dividends. There are always bubbles on the surface of turbulent streams; but their prismatic hues induce the desire for possession only iu the minds of the children upon the banks. They know not that for large returns large risks must be tckeu, and that if one can get seven per cent. for his surplus capital in this commuuity he is doing well.

LITERARY ANA.

The publishers announce long lists of new books for summer reading, an indication that that most sensitive trade feels as yet but little the general depression which prevails here since the stopping of the war.

The brothers Sweetzer have dissolved the co-partnership held by them in publishing *The Round Table*, which paper, with the exception of THE CALIFORNIAN. was the best literary and family paper ever published in the country, and have each established a new paper, one of them retaiuing the old name of *The Round Table*, the other taking that of *The Neighbor*. Whether they both succeed is a chance, which is against them; but if they do, it will be an indicatiou of growing good taste and intelligence among the common readers, for all the literary men aud professional gentlemen alone would not begin to pay the profits looked for from such a source, even if they all read it, which they will not do. If the New York bar increases the numper of its members twice a year to such an extent as it did last week by the admission of the one hundred and fourteen successful applicants at the May examination, it will soon insure the success of any paper that could obtain the support of the bar alone, provided the subscriptions were paid in advance. What a magnificent prospect these young men have for sncccss. In ten years ninety per cent. of them will be out of the way of the new men, who will then, as now, come upon the commnity as so many Websters or O'Connors, to dazzle to awe and to delight their expecting eyes. M.

ALAMEDA RAILROAD EXTENSION.—The cars on this line will commence running to Hayward's, eight miles from the juuction with the extension of the San Jose line to Stockton, to-morrow.

[For the Californian.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.—No. 1.

EVERY one is familiar—or every one should be—with the essays of "Elia," and with the delightful chapter on "Popular Fallacies," in which the charming humorist impeaches the truthfulness of many wise saws and modern instances, as when, contesting the maxim "That a man should not laugh at his own jest," he likens its observance to "sitting esnrient at one's own table." Laman Blanchard worked the same vein at greater length. Perhaps it is not yet exhausted, and we may find some good ore iu following the same lead or at least in working the tailings left by such able explorers.

Aware of the sacredness of old opinions, of the tenacity with which conservatives cling to the traditious of the elders and to the aphorisms of their juvenile copy-books, we would not rashly assume the office of an iconoclast. We do not propose to unsettle the foundations of moral or social scieuce, or to knock away the underpinning of politics, rotten thongh it be, or to pull down the pillars of the temple of religion about our own ears. We have an easier task, and that is to toss up some of the current coin of mediæval and antediluvian proverbs and see if they have the true metallic ring. A classic author has said, "*Populus vult decipi;*" and Mr. Barnum, with equal elegance, says: "People like to be humbugged." Do they like to be undeceived? Is there not oftentimes, it may be asked, as much comfort in hugging a delusion as a verity? Doubtless, dear reader, you have your pet fallacies, which you have come to believe from frequent iteration, and which, though you may secretly suspect their hollowness, you will defend, from pride of opinion or desire of seeming consistency. If so, and you fear to have your *pou sto* or standing-place disturbed, step one side while we challenge the saying that "A man is known by the company he keeps." Was Boswell, the toady aud lickspittle, a fair representative of bluff, burly, independent Sam Johnson? Was Prince Hal much like Falstaff? Would you have foreseen the laborious, ambitious, valiant Henry V., the hero of Agincourt, in the boon companion of tipplers and braggarts? Would you have known Burns by his pot-house companions? Because Sheridan, Goldsmith, and a host of other eminent writers were fond of low company, were their mates necessarily their peers? Many persons habitually choose for intimates their inferiors. This arises sometimes from shyness or diffidence, or that self-distrust which makes one ill at ease in the presence of greatness, having its root in a sentiment of reverence, which oft-times overrates others.

Why do meu of genius so often choose simple-minded women for their wives? Are the people who are the most eager to force their way into what is called good society, persons of the most refinement? Are tuft-hunters and toad-eaters generally persons of noble natures, or simply those who, from petty vanity, would like to be esteemed such?

Take the case of schoolmates in whom the social sentiment shows itself by devoted though often short-lived attachments. In nine cases out of ten, you will find a gentle, timorous boy, the *fidus Achates* of some incipient bully, or a giddy, sentimental, romantic girl, paired off with some sedate, sensible, and practical maiden. In fact, people choose their associates more from the principle of contrast than from that of resemblance. One seeks in a friend, something not in one's self, and characters which are complementary or supplementary of each other harmonize best.

The weak naturally seek alliance with the strong; the gentle with the brave; the yielding and self-distrustful affiliate with the strong-willed and self-confident. Two obstinate people will not assimilate. There is more friction between steel and steel than between steel and brass.

In business partnerships, that is the most efficient in which opposite qualifications interact and mutually assist each other, the one supplying the defects of the other—a man of comprehensive plans requiring an associate with a genius for detail, or the rash and hasty being well-balanced by the cautious and prudent. A philosopher does not want a bluestocking for a wife, but rather a good housewife.

There are many half-truths circulating as absolute verities, which, taken in an unlimited sense, are utter fallacies. Of these, is the hackneyed saying, "Man is the creature of circumstances," and its opposite, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Neither of these is wholly true, each is partly true, partly false. One is pure fatalism; the other is free-will unlimited. The truth lies between them, or rather in both united.

In reality, human destiny is the product of two factors, inner force and outward force, or self-will and environment. In some lives one factor is the larger, in others the other; but no life is the result of either exclusively.

Some men are much more the creatures of circumstance than others. They seem almost content to drift with the current, exerting little directive force upon their own frail barks. Others delight to breast the billows and to row against wind and tide. Some are born leaders, innovators, aggressive spirits. These are the strong-willed. Others make good followers, imitators. These are the gentle spirits.

Butler, in *Hudibras*, leaning to the fatalistic view of life, says:

"For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steered by Fate."

In more graceful terms, an eloquent divine of our city, illustrating the interposition of a kind Providence in human affairs, says: "We feel the force of the current blend with the stroke of our oars." Whatever the ancients believed of an overruling fatality, to which eveu the gods were subject, moralists now all preach the doctrine that a man may take the helm of his own life-craft—paddle his own canoe, in other words; and although Shakspeare has been made to say, "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends *rough;* hew them how we will," it is nrged that we may smooth the rough edges if we will.

Carlyle and others have written much to show the superiority of a man to his environment, and it seems the partisans of free-will have rather the best of the argument at present. Sydney's gallant motto, "*Aut viam inveniam aut faciam*"—"I will either fiud a way or *make* one"—breathes a healthier spirit than one of weak submission to destiny.

In reading the lives of the so-called self-made men, and the praise their biographers lavish upon energy, perseverance and will, as qualities to be cultivated and imitated, we have sometimes thought this resolving to be resolute, when you have not the resolution to begin with, is a good deal like trying to lift yourself by pulling at your boot-straps. But leaving to the clergy to settle how far a mau may make himself what he would like to be, we pass to another popular fallacy.

LIBRA.

(To be continued.)

INTERIOR ITEMS.

AT abont ten o'clock Mouday morning, says the Sacramento *Union*, the walls, floor, and roof of the grain warehouse of H. G. Smith, on Front street, below L, fell with a terrible crash, creating alarm and consternation in the neighborhood and giving rise to a general alarm of fire in the city. The building was forty-two feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet deep, and consisted of one story, eighteen or tweuty feet high, and a basement beneath. The proprietor, who is heavily engaged in the grain trade, had stored on both floors some fifteen hundred tons of wheat and barley. Of this quantity, about one thousand tons occupied the upper or main floor.

OUR town is again beginning to improve in business prospects, and we may soon expect better times. Every laborer in town has been pressed into service by the various mining companies which have recently resumed work. The demand for laborers has caused an advance in wages, and the miners are again in good humor. From all the information we can get from the companies on this side of the mountains we judge Aurora to be about as well off as any of them.—*Esmeralda Union.*

J. S. REETER, of Sonora, lost the sum of $180 in coin on board the steamer *Helen Hensley*, August 5th. The sum was placed in his wife's reticule. Some other articles, with $150 in greenbacks, were untouched.

A. J. TALBOT in Virginia City, recently, put up a revolver ball at the distance of thirty-six feet, and hit it fairly and squarely at the first shot from his pistol. Talbot shot an apple off the head of E. W. Clarkson at the same distance, not long since.

THE navigation of the Sacramento is being improved by the construction of a wing dam on the Yolo side of the river near the bridge, by Captain W. Pierce, under the direction of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the city. It is to be so constructed says the *Bee*, that while it will force the water to this side of the river during the low stages, it will be easily swept away by the first freshet of Winter, and all danger of flooding the city easily avoided.

A MAN named Jack Davis, near Sonoma, killed his wife, August 5th, at about two A. M., by stamping her with his foot. He then took a pistol and shot himself. He was not dead at last accounts, and was likely to recover. Davis was a farmer; he had been drinking considerably of late.

THE Wilmington *Journal* says that recently Mr. Christ, a man about forty five years of age, went out iu a small boat and has not since been seen. As the boat was found near the mouth of the San Gabriel river, it is feared he has been drowned.

THE average shipment per day of copper ore from Stockton, is two thousand sacks.

THE new and magnificent Theatre in Marysville will be opened on Wednesday evening next, the 16th inst., by a company from Maguire's Opera House, San Fraucisco, with Miss Sophie Edwin as star.

JOHN MITCHELL and Jeff. Cramner were killed by foul air, in the Samson Tunnel, at Dry Creek, near Vallecito, on Wednesday last, and several men who went to the rescue narrowly escaped the same fate.

THE CATHEDRAL LIBRARY.

IT is now between forty and fifty years ago that I obtained leave from the Dean and Chapter of Winterbury Cathedral to read for some weeks in their cathedral library. The editions of the Fathers and of some important Middle-Age writers which are preserved in that quiet library boast of peculiar excellence, and I well remember the exultation with which I, then a very young man, received news of the desired permission to rausack those treasures. Having secured a small lodging in the Close, or cathedral enclosure, I set out for Winterbury early in the year 182—. Through the kindness of one of the canons, who seldom had to consult the library on his own account, I was provided with a key to the library buildings, and allowed to keep undisturbed possession of it as long as my visit lasted. This key gave access not only to the library, but to all parts of the cathedral likewise, including even the cloisters, so that I was able to let myself in and out of the noble edifice at all hours of the day or night, and to ramble unchallenged through aisle, crypt, stalls, triforium and organ-loft.

I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the day on which I first took my seat in the room which was to be the special scene of my labors. The library lay on the south side of the cathedral, being a lower continuation of the south transept, and forming one side of the cloister court. It was obviously, therefore, raised above the height of the cloister-vaulting, and it was reached by a flight of stairs opening into the cathedral itself. Narrowness (it measured about eighty feet by thirty,) and a certain antique collegiate air (and smell too, to be perfectly accurate) about the bindings of the books and the coverings of the chairs, were its chief characteristics. There was a bust of Cicero at one end, and of Seneca at the other. Some smaller busts of the principal Greek fathers adorned the side-shelves, and a dingy portrait of the "judicious" Hooker abode in a musty frame over the heavy stone mantelpiece. The fender itself was of stone, or rather the fireplace was not protected by any fender at all, but by a small stone wall, about three inches thick and six inches high, which afforded blissful repose to the outstretched foot.

One evening, shortly after sunset, when there was still light enough to read the titles on the backs of books, I came across the Close in order to fetch and bring away with me a couple of volumes of which I stood in need. It was an hour when the grand old cathedral is accustomed to put on its very best appearance. The heaven-kissing spire and the far lower, but beautiful, western towers are tinted with the faint rose-color which suits old stonework so admirably; and the deep gloom of the cloisters, tempered by the glow from the noble piles of masonry overhead, makes it possible and easy to realize some of the rapturous visions of the recluse. I passed as usual down the nave, and having ascended the little staircase, let myself into the library, and was on the point of attacking the necessary bookshelf, when, instead of placing the key in my pocket, as it was my habit to do, I tossed it carelessly on to the sill of an adjoining window. The woodwork of the library was by no means in a sound condition, and between the inner edge of the sill and the wall there was a wide chink, opening down into unseen depths of distance. Into this chink, impelled by my evil genius, or by one of the ghostly beings that (as I was assured by the verger) haunt the library and cloisters, down tumbled my unlucky key. I saw it disappear with a sharp twinge of vexation, principally, however, at the thought of the time and trouble that would be consumed in bringing it to light again. To-morrow, I said myself, I shall be forced to get a carpenter to remove this sill, and rake up the key from Heaven knows where; while smirking Mr. Screens, the verger, will watch the whole proceeding and insinuate, with silent suavity, a doubt whether I am a fit person to be entrusted with Canon Doolittle's key. It was not until I had come down from the short laddder with the books under my arm, and, warned by the deepening shades, was about to leave the library, that the full effect of the key's disappearance presented itself to my mind. The outer gate and inner door of the nave had been carefully shut by me, according to custom, on entering the cathedral. All the gates and doors were fitted with a spring-lock, so that without my key I was double-locked into the building. My first thought was one of amusement, and I fairly laughed aloud at my own perplexity. It seemed an impossible and inconceivable thing that one might really have to pass the entire night in this situation. Presently I left the library, the door of which I had not shut on entering, and went down the staircase into the transept, and then into the nave. I carefully tried the inner door, but without effect. I had done my duty on entering, and it was hopelessly and mercilessly fastened against me. Resolved on maintaining unbroken self-possession, I returned to the library. It was now quite dark, the only light being that reflected from the shafts of the cloisters, on which the moonbeams were now beginning to fall. I sat down in a large arm-chair which stood at one end of the library table, and thought over all the possible means of extricating myself from an unexpected durance. Should I go up to the belfry in the northwestern tower and toll one of the bells until the verger, roused from his first sleep, should come to see what was the matter? but even this I could not do without the key, which would be required to open the door at the entrance of the tower. Or should I make my way into the organ-loft, and, filling the bellows quite full, strike a succession of loud chords, until the music might attract the attention of some passer-by? this might be done, but it would be a perilous experiment. Half Winterbury would be seized with the belief that their old cathedral was haunted. The organ-loft would be idvaded by vergers, beadles, and constables—there were no blue-coated police in those days—and I should move about the ancient city ever after with the stigma of a madcap on my head. People would nod knowingly to one another as I passed, and significantly tap their foreheads, by way of hinting that I was "a little touched." Canon Doolittle would recall his key, and abstain from inviting me to his hospitable table. Gradually, therefore, I gave up the scheme of saving myself by means of the organ; and the belfry being already set aside, no other resource remained but to stay where I was, and quietly to pass the hours as best I could until Mr. Screens should open the doors at about half-past six in the morning, ready for the seven o'clock prayers in the Lady Chapel.

I was luckily undisturbed by any fears arising from the possible anxiety of my landlady. Winterbury is near the sea; and I had on more more than one occasion spent a night on the cliffs, watching the glorious moonlit effects upon the romantic coast scenery of that district. These, Mrs. Jollisole was accustomed to call my "coastguard nights;" and I made no doubt that, should I fail to appear, the sensible old lady would go contentedly to bed, supposing me to have mounted guard on the cliffs.

I therefore lost no time in composing myself, if not to sleep, at any rate to an attempt at sleep. The library table was always surrounded by an array of solemn old oak chairs, padded with cushions of yellowish leather, and looking as though—if their own opinion were consulted—no mortal man of lower degree than a prebendary should ever be allowed to seat himself upon them. At each end of the table there was a chair of a superior order—a couple of deans, as it were, keeping high state amidst the surrounding canons. These chairs were made of precisely the same kind of oak, and covered with leather of exactly the same yellowish tinge as the others, but their whole design was larger and more imposing, and what was of the most consequence to me in my present position—they were *arm*-chairs, affording opportunity for all manner of easy and sleep-inviting postures. Throwing myself into one of these dignified receptacles, I soon fell asleep, and soon afterwards took to dreaming.

Leaning in my dream on the sill of the library window, I fancied myself to be gazing down into a peaceful churchyard. One by one, like gleams of moonlight in the dark shade of the surrounding cloisters, I saw a number of young girls assemble, and fall with easy exactitude into rank, as if about to take part in a procession. Each slender figure was draped in the purest white muslin, with a veil of the same material arranged over the head, and partially concealing the face. Just as one sees at the present day in Roman Catholic churches at the more important *fêtes*, the procession was arranged according to the gradations of height. The very young children were in the front, and as the other end of the line was approached, the pretty white figures grew gradually taller, until girls of eighteen or nineteen brought up the rear. They presently began to move, and it was clear that they were about to take part in some solemn office for the dead. With two priests at their head, they made the circuit of the cloisters, moving along with graceful regularity of step. Between each pair of the slender columns of the cloister building, I imagined that a small stone basin (or *benitier*) was set, standing on a low pedestal, and filled with holy-water. Each girl walking on the side next to these basins was furnished with a small broom of feathers, like those which may at any time be seen in the Continental churches. Dipping these brooms from time to time into the basins of water, they waved them in beautiful harmony with their own harmonious movements, sprinkling the ancient monumental slabs over which they were stepping. They sang to a strain of rare melody, the familiar words of *Requiem Æternam*.

Presently they seemed to change time and tune, and to sing a hymn of many verses, each verse ending with a refrain. A single voice would give the verse, but all joined together in the plaintive music of the refrain:

> Through life's long day and death's dark night,
> O gentle Jesus! be our Light!

I have heard much music, secular and sacred, since then; but I know of no musical effect which abides with me so constantly as that imagined chanting of young voices heard long ago.

One girl in particular attracted my attention as I dreamt. She was one of the pair who closed the procession, and was of a commanding height and extremely elegant figure. She had, as it seemed to me, taken excessive precaution in drawing her ample veil closely around her head and face.

* * * * *

On a sudden I awoke. There, in one of the decanal arm-chairs. I was sitting—in an easy, familiar posture, as if I had been myself a dean—and there beside me, close at hand, within reach of my outstretched arm, was a tall figure in white, clearly a female form, and the precaution had been taken of drawing an ample veil closely around the head and face. Any one but an imbecile would have acted as I did, though I remember taking some credit to myself at the time for my coolness and presence of mind. I simply sat still and stared; and by degrees I observed, I conned. Years before, in my boyhood, I had walked a good deal on the stretch: and I had known what it was in North Devon to wake up "upon the middle of the night," to feel the hard, unyielding turf underneath one's back, and to see and gaze, gaze wistfully upon the bright unanswering stars above one's head. Even then one could divine the true value of a bed. But to wake on the downs in the small hours, is a trifle compared with waking in a cathedral any time between dew and dawn. More especially when, as was my case, you have a ghost at your elbow. Not that my ghost remained long stationary. She did not. Starting from my arm-chair, she began a survey of the shelves by moonlight in so active and business-like a manner that I felt no doubt, given her *quondam* or present mortality, she was or had been "a blue." In five minutes, my powers of decision were wide awake, and the question of her mortality was settled. She was not a thing of the past, but alive as I myself was, and the only scruple was, how or how soon to awaken her from her somnambulist's dream. While I was debating with myself the best plan to pursue, she suddenly passed out of the library door on to the stone staircase. My alarm was now fairly excited. She had two courses to pursue in her sensational career—I employ the word in a more correct use than it is commonly put to. She might either turn downwards, towards the floor of the church itself, in which case she could do herself little or no harm; or she could mount the ascending staircase, and reach an outward parapet with Heaven knew what mad scheme in view, before I would have time to overtake her. She chose the second alternative, and—she leading, I following—we mounted the lofty staircase that leads to the base of the spire.

I was aware that the door at the top of this particular ascent was not furnished with a lock; it was fastened by a simple bolt, but I had little doubt that my sleep-waking friend would shoot that bolt back as readily as she had taken down and replaced the books on the library shelves. My greatest fear was that she might begin playing some mad prank upon the parapet before I was sufficiently near to arrest her movements. I need hardly add that, influenced by the dread of consequences commonly said to follow on a sudden awakening from a fit of somnambulism, I inwardly resolved to try every means of humoring and coaxing my companion down again to *terra firma*, and only as a last resort to attempt arousing her.

In a few moments we stood side by side on the platform looking down on Winterbury, which lay outstretched in the white moonlight. It was a tranquil and beautiful scene. There was the church of St. Werburgh, a noble monument of thirteenth-century building, which would attract instantaneous admiration anywhere but under the shadow of Winterbury Cathedral. There was the fine old market place, with the carved stone pump at which Cromwell drank as he passed through the city; and the charmingly quaint Guildhall, and the ruins of the abbey skirting the river in the distance. I was not permitted, however, long to enjoy the prospect. Before I could lift a finger to arrest her rapid movements, my mysterious companion had stepped lightly on to the parapet, and began a quick and perfectly unembarrassed walk around it. Dreading the experiment of forcible rescue, it occurred to me to try the effect of quietly accosting her, and endeavoring—by humoring her present mental condition—to decoy her away from her perilous amusement. It was an awful moment of suspense. Should she lose her balance and her life, it would be next to impossible for me ever totally to clear up the enigmatical circumstance of my having been actually present by her side during that wierd moonlight dance upon the parapet. If, on the other hand, I were to seize and lift her from the top-stone, she might rouse the whole close with frightful screams she might faint—might even die—in my arms, or from the shock of sudden awakening she might lose her reason.

But there was no time to stand balancing chances. Accordingly, I gently drew towards her side, and said, in as easy and collected a tone as I could command:

"I think we left the library door unlocked; before you complete your rounds, had we not better go down the stairs and secure it? Having been allowed the entry of the cathedral, I think we are bound in honor to shut the door after us."

"To be sure," she replied, and instantly, to my intense relief, dropped cleverly down into the space between the parapet and the lower courses of the spire. "To be sure, the door should be locked at once. Let us go down. I cannot make out who you are. In none of my former visits to the cathedral have I met you; but you seem to be no intruder, and I will certainly go down and secure the door as you suggest."

All this was uttered quickly and easily, but with an abstracted air, and without the slightest motion of her steadfast eyes. While still speaking, she stooped under the low doorway at the stair-head, and began to descend. I followed, busily devising plans for preventing any fresh ascent, and yet still avoiding the necessity of breaking the curious spell which bound her. We reached the library door. To my surprise she produced a key of her own, and was about to turn the lock when I remembered that at this rate I should be deprived for the rest of the night of my only comforts, the warm atmosphere of the library and the decanal arm-chair. I therefore extemporized a bold stroke.

"Excuse me," I said; "I have left my hat and a few papers inside, and having a canon's key, I will save you the trouble of locking up. But permit me to suggest that it is still very early in April and the night is cold. Why not give up the rest of your walk for to-night, and return again on one of the glorious nights in May or June?"

Without uttering a syllable in reply, she turned on her heel and began slowly descending the staircase into the transept. My curiosity was now fairly on the alert, and I resolved to unravel the mystery, at least so far as to discover by what means she would leave the cathedral, and in what direction she would go. Stepping for a moment inside the library, I hastily but quietly slipped off my shoes on the matting of the floor, and followed her barefoot and silent. She was just stepping from the staircase into the transept, when I caught sight of her again. With the same steady and self-possessed action which she had displayed throughout, she crossed the transept, and made straight for a small postern door which led, as I knew, into the garden of the bishop's palace. This she unlocked, and I made sure that, having passed through, she would lock it again behind her. Whether, however, she was a little forgetful that night, or whether the unexpected *rencontre* with a stranger had ruffled the tranquil serenity of her trance, it so happened that she omitted to turn the lock, and I was able, after gently reopening the door, to trace her progress still further. Under the noble cedars of the episcopal gardens, past long flower-beds and fresh-mown lawns, I followed her, barefoot, until we arrived within a few yards of the hinder buildings of the palace.

Here I stopped under the dark shade of a cedar, and watched my companion walk coolly up to a little oaken, iron-clamped door, open it, and disappear within the house. Then of course I retraced my steps towards the cathedral. But stopping again under one of the magnificent cedars, I could not avoid a few moments' reflection on the exceedingly odd position into which accident had brought me. Here was I, alone and barefooted, standing, at two o'clock in the morning, on the lawn of the palace, where I had no more business than I had at the top of the spire; and the only place in which I could find shelter for the night was the cathedral itself, a building that most people would rather avoid than enter during the small hours. The queerness of my situation, however, did not prevent me from enjoying to the full the extreme loveliness of the gardens, and the glorious view of the splendid edifice, rising white and clear in the moonlight above their shady alleys and recesses.

On regaining the library, I dozed away the remainder of the dark hours in the same commodious arm-chair, and as soon as the bell began to toll for the seven o'clock prayers, I passed unnoticed out of the building and regained my lodgings.

"Been keeping a coastguard night, sir?" said Mrs. Jollisole, as she set the breakfast things in order.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Jollisole," I answered; "I did enjoy some rather extensive prospects last night."

And that was all that passed. I had fixed it in my own mind that I would keep my own counsel strictly until I should have called at the palace and communicated the whole of the circumstances in confidence to the Bishop, with whom I was slightly acquainted.

This plan I carried into effect in the course of the morning. His lordship was at home, and listened with his customary kindness and courtesy to the whole of my romantic recital. Just as I was finishing, his study door opened, and a young lady entered, dressed in black, tall and strikingly beautiful, though looking pale and fagged. Glancing at me, she gave a slight start, and taking a book from one of the shelves, instantly left the room, after a few muttered words of apology for disturbing the bishop. It was my companion of the library and the tower.

"I see," said his lordship, "that you have recognized the ghost. That young lady is an orphan niece of mine, and has been brought up in my house since her infancy. Never strong, she has reduced what vigor she possessed by her ardent love of books, and her intellectual interest is awake to all kinds of subjects. She is equally unwearied in visiting amongst the poor, and often returns home from her rounds in a state of exhaustion from which it is very difficult to rouse her. About a twelvemonth ago we first noticed a tendency to somnambulism. She was removed for several weeks to the sea side, and we began to hope that permanent improvement had set in. A severe loss, however, which she has lately sustained, has, I fear, done her great injury, and here is proof of the old malady returning. We are indebted to you, sir," added the kind old man, "for your judicious and thoughtful way of proceeding under the circumstances of last night, and for at once putting me in possession of the details, which will enable me to take the necessary precautions."

Before leaving the Bishop's company, I begged him to go with me into the cathedral, and to be present while a carpenter removed the woodwork of the library window, in order to recover the key. This he consented at once to do, and we crossed the gardens by the very route which "the ghost" and I had traversed during the night. On removing the panelling we found that the depth of the chink was comparatively trifling, and the key was soon seen shining among the dust.

I was further gratified by another discovery, which, together with the extreme pleasure which it gave the bishop, quite indemnified me for my night's imprisonment. We noticed, partially concealed by rubbish in a niche of the wall below the panelling, the corner of a vellum covering. On further examination, this proved to be a MS. copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, not indeed of the most ancient date, but adorned with very rare and curious illumination, and making an excellent addition to the stores of the library. After a *tete-à-tete* dinner that evening with the friendly bishop, we spent a pleasant hour or two in a thorough inspection of the newly-found treasure.

It was little more than a month afterwards that I heard the great bell in the western tower toll the tidings of a death. One week more, and a sorrowing procession of school-children and women of the almshouses filed from the transept into the quiet cloister-ground, there to bury the last remains of one who would seem to have been to them in life a loving and much-loved friend. It was so. The eager brain and the yearning heart, worn out with unequal labors, were laid to rest for ever. The bishop's frail nursling was dead.

DAVID MATSON.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

WHO of my young friends have read the sorrowful story of *Enoch Arden*, so sweetly and simply told by the great English poet? It is the story of a man who went to sea, leaving behind a sweet young wife and a little daughter. He was cast away on a desert island, where he remained several years, when he was discovered and taken off by a passing vessel. Coming back to his native town, he found his wife married to an old playmate—a good man, rich and honored, and with whom she was living happily. The poor man, unwilling to cause her pain and perplexity, resolved not to make himself known to her, and lived and died alone.

The poem has reminded me of a very similar story of my own New England neighborhood, which I have often heard, and which I will try to tell, not in poetry, like Alfred Tennyson's, but in my own poor prose. I can assure my readers, that in its main particulars, it is a true tale.

One bright Summer morning, more than than three score years ago, David Matson, with his young wife and two, healthy, barefooted boys, stood on the bank near their dwelling. They were waiting there for Pelatiah Curtis to come round the Point with his wherry, and take the husband and father to the Port a few miles below. The *Lively Turtle* was about to sail on a voyage to Spain, and David was to go in her as a mate. They stood there in the level morning sunshine talking cheerfully; but had you been near enough, you could have seen tears in Anna Matson's blue eyes, for she loved her husband, and knew there was always danger on the sea. And David's bluff, cheery voice trembled a little now and then, for the honest sailor loved his snug home on the Merrimac, with the dear wife and her pretty boys. But presently the wherry came alongside, and David was just stepping into it, when he turned back to kiss his wife and children once more.

"In with you, man," said Pelatiah Curtis; "there's no time for kissing and such fooleries when the tide serves."

And so they parted. Anna and the boys went back to their home, and David to the Port, whence he sailed off in the *Lively Turtle*. And months passed; Autumn followed the Summer, and Winter the Autumn, and then Spring came, and anon it was Summer on the river side, and he did not come back. And another passed, and then the old sailors and fishermen shook their heads solemnly, and said the *Lively Turtle* was a lost ship, and would never come back to port. And poor Anna had her bombazine gown dyed black and her straw bonnet trimmed in mourning ribbons, and thenceforth she was known only as the Widow Matson.

And how was it all this time with David himself? Now you must know that the Mohammedan people of Algiers, and Tripoli, and Mogadore and Sallee, on the Barbary coast, had for a long time been in the habit of fitting out galleys and armed boats to seize upon the merchant vessels of Christian nations, and make slaves of their crews and passengers, just as men calling themselves Christians in America were sending vessels to Africa to catch black slaves for their plantations. The *Lively Turtle* fell into the hands of one of those roving sea-robbers, and the crew was taken to Algiers, and sold in the Market place as slaves, poor David Matson among the rest.

When a boy he had learned the trade of a ship-carpenter with his father on the Merrimac; and now he was set to work in the dock-yards. His master, who was naturally a kind man, did not overwork him. He had daily his three loaves of bread, and when his clothing was worn out, its place was supplied by the course cloth of wool and camel's hair woven by the Barbary women. Three hours before sunset he was released from work, and Friday, which was the Mahammedan Sabbath was a day of entire rest. Once a year, at the season called Ramadan, he was left at leisure for a whole week.

So time went on—days, weeks, months, and years. His dark hair became gray. He still dreamed of his old home on the Merrimac, and of his good Anna and the boys. He wondered whether they yet lived, what they thought of him, and what they were doing. The hope of ever seeing them grew fainter and fainter, and at last nearly died out; and he resigned himself to his fate as a slave for life.

But one day a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, in the dress of one of his own countrymen, attended by a great officer of the Dey, entered the ship-yard, and called up before him the American captives. The stranger was none other than Joel Barlow, Commissioner of the United States to procure the liberation of slaves belonging to that government. He took the men by the hand as they came up, and told them they were free. As you might expect, the poor fellows were very grateful; some laughed, some wept for joy, some shouted and sang, and threw up their caps, while others, with David Matson among them, knelt down on the chips, and thanked God for the great deliverance.

"This is a very affecting scene," said the Commissioner, wiping his eyes. "I must keep the impression of it for my Columbiad."

And drawing out his tablet, he proceeded to write on the spot an apostrophe to Freedom, which afterwards found a place in his great epic.

David Matson had saved a little money during his captivity by odd jobs and work on holidays. He got a passage to Malaga, where he bought a nice shawl for his wife and a watch for each of the boys. He then went to the quay, where an American ship was lying just ready to sail for Boston.

Almost the first man he saw on board was Pelatiah Curtis, who had rowed him down to the Port seven years before. He found that his old neighbor did not know him, so changed was he with his long beard and Moorish dress, whereupon, without telling his name, he began to put questions about his old home, and finally asked him if he knew a Mrs. Matson.

"I rather think I do," said Pelatiah; "she's my wife."

"Your wife!" cried the other; "she is mine before God and man. I am David Matson, and she is the mother of my children."

"And mine, too," said Pelatiah; "I left her with a baby in her arms. If you are David Matson, your right to her is outlawed; at any rate she is mine, and I'm not the man to give her up."

"God is great!" said poor David Matson, unconsciously repeating the familiar words of Moslem submission; "His will be done. I loved her, but I shall never see her again. Give these, with my blessings, to the good woman and the boys." And he handed over with a sigh the little bundle containing the gifts for his wife and children. He shook hands with his rival.

"Pelatiah," he said, looking back as he left the ship, "be kind to Anna and my boys."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the sailor, in a careless tone. He watched the poor man passing slowly up the narrow street until out of sight. "It's a hard case for David," he said, helping himself to a fresh quid of tobacco, "but I'm glad I've seen the last of him."

When Pelatiah Curtis reached home, he told Anna the story of her husband, and laid his gifts in her lap. She did not shriek nor faint, for she was a healthy woman with strong nerves; but she stole away by herself and wept bitterly. She lived many years after, but could never be persuaded to wear the pretty shawl which the husband of her youth had sent as his farewell gift. There is, however, a tradition that in accordance with her dying wish, it was wrapped about her poor old shoulders in the coffin and buried with her

The little old bull's eye watch, which is still in the possession of one of her grandchildren, is now all that remains to tell of David Matson—the lost man.—*Young Folks.*

We think it is Leigh Hunt who tells the story of a "gentleman" in the pit of one of our theatres, who, after allowing a lady to stand by his side during three acts, rose while the curtain was down before the fourth act, and wishing to get some refreshment, with great show of courtesy addressed the lady, and told her she might 'mind his place" until he returned!

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1865.

LITERATURE OF THE DAILY PRESS.

ALTHOUGH the pages of a daily journal are not, strictly speaking, favorable to the nurture and growth of purely literary genius, clever writers have from time to time made them a medium of expression for their conceits and fancies. Charles Dickens contributed his first sketches to a morning paper. Holmes wrote his best lyric for the Boston *Advertiser*. That these facts are only appreciated by editors, and that there is a general desire to blend with the "brief chronicle and abstract" of daily affairs the more desultory and fictitious efforts of the literary man, the columns of our daily press abundantly testify. Sometimes a department is devoted especially to this object; most generally a "poet's corner" softly woos the muse of local bards to lighten up a page of advertisements. The Sunday issue of the daily is very apt to be particularly devoted to this purpose—whether from a religious sentiment, complimentary to literature, or whether from the fact that people have more leisure to pernse such matter on Sundays, we are unable to state. It may reasonably be inferred, however, that the Sabbath is supposed to be conducive to literary refreshment; that people are less severe and critical in their tastes on that day; and indeed if we are to jndge from the quality of much Sunday literature, a certain degree of patieuce, tolerance and resiguation seems to have been diffused throughout the reading pnblic.

It was possibly in deference to this custom that the *Alta California*, on Sunday last, published an article entitled "Men I have met; being adventures in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Anstralasia," by one W. J. M. It may be easily imagined that a title so remarkable and suggestive of a familiar knowledge of the five great divisions of the globe would be thrilling to most readers. It is true that a work has been published, entitled "People I have met," by a writer whose reputation would imply enviable, interesting and aristocratic acquaintances, and that W. J. M., being comparatively unknown, has not the advantage of premising that the people *he* has met have heen worth meeting. But the reader who would rush to snch a conjecture would be rash indeed. An attentive perusal of the article would convince him that the men W. J. M. has met are in fact very old friends. We do not mean to infer that there are any actual mortals, born of woman, who converse in the manner recorded by W. J. M., but simply that nearly every character he has introduced has looked at us from the pages of popular novels, and, as such, are perhaps a little too familiar. The principal hero, Col. Fairfax, has so evidently, among his other wanderings, walked out of the pages of one of Lever's novels, that we are quite prepared for anything. If W. J. M. should assert that he had met his friend hobnobbing with the Emperor Napoleon, we should not he startled. It is perfectly natural to learn that he is the "very *beau ideal* of martial horsemanship, that his broad chest scarcely afforded place for the numerous decorations he wore, among which were several jewelled ornaments—the reward, probably, of services rendered to the native Prince of India;" that he was generally the best soldier in the best armies of Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia; that he is fascinating, mysterious and delightfully piratical. The other characters have an equally familiar aspect. "Neville"—where was there a "Neville" who wasn't deeply interesting—and what novel reader, having read thus far, is not prepared for the intelligence that any languid, fashionable youth may be really a wonderful studeut and energetic man. Alonzo Squiffy, with his interminable stories, belongs to every chronicle of a mess table, and is a military Alfred Jingle.

If anything were wanted to satisfy the reader of his previous acquaintance with these gentlemen, it would be found in the followiug paragraph, which at once invests him with the old atmosphere of the popular novel:

"Pardon me, fairest and most courteous of readers, if I digress to relate with a circumstantiality to which the subject is entitled, the origin and extent of my acquaintance with Colonel Fairfax, and let me also here, once and for all, claim absolution for the many digressions in which I may possibly indulge hereafter. Know then, oh! too indulgent reader of an idle page, that on one fine May morning," etc., etc.

After this formula we have nothing to do but to give ourselves up to ravishing pictures, mysterious adventures, fascinating villains and lovely young countesses. What a vision of thrilling romance is called up by the phrase, "fairest and most courteous reader?" Indeed it is not impossible but that W. J. M. has really constructed a novel, which, under this disguise of a history of travel, is now being published weekly in the *Alta*.

A companion piece to the above, and another specimen of the literature of the daily press, is the letter of "Frank Wardell," the New York correspondent of the *Daily Call*. This ingenious writer furnishes nearly a column of purely personal gossip concerning Californians in New York. We are forced to confess that these "Men" who Mr. Wardell has "met," though undoubtedly *bona fide* individuals, are by no means as interesting as W. J. M.'s fictitious heroes. Yet there is a rough sincerity about Wardell. He evidently has *his* heroes, but he scorns to throw any romantic or adventitious charm about them. Nothing can be more direct or simple than his chronicle of their movements. *Ex gr:*

"As I was wandering down Broadway the other evening, I came to the conclusion that I would pop into the Metropolitan Hotel, and see what California birds were perched around on the different seats."

Contrast this Doric simplicity, slightly relieved by playful slang, with the composite ornamentation of W. J. M. What refreshing straightforwardness. Mr. Wardell, wandering down Broadway, concludes to "pop" into the Metropolitan Hotel and make his brother bipeds, which by a playful application of Plato's theory, he calls "birds," the subject of his letter. There is no elaborate description of the hotel, no Ciceronian introduction to his subject, no ridiculous apology to the reader for the use of gross personalities. Mr. Wardell has work before him; he is to classify these California birds, according to their habits and genera. It does not enter his mind that the fact of John Jones being dressed in a linen suit, though of tremendous significance to Wardell, may not be of such thrilling importance to San Francisco as to justify its record in a daily paper. Of course not. It is the introduction of John Jones' *name* into the letter which gives the whole circumstance an absorbing interest, and Mr. Wardell knows that whoever has seen John Jones, will hang breathlessly upon this statement of his wearing-apparel, or the equally interesting chronicle of his taking a "social smile." To show how bald the mere adventures of Mr. Wardell's heroes are, when divested of this personality, we give the following extracts, with the names carefully expunged:

"—— ——— I met the other morning on Wall street, rushing like a gold broker, perfectly wild. He said he was in an awful hurry; that he had opened a large book house in Albany; doing a smashing business; lots of 'soap;' plenty of customers. Hunkee boy!

"—— ——— I rode up with the other day in the cars. He does not alter much, and, strange to say, although he lives, yet, nevertheless, he dyes. Excuse my personalities.

"—— ——— of ———, is round town in a white linen *suit*, and they seem to *suit* ——. I saw ——— and ——— taking a social 'smile.'

"—— ——— I see quite often; he don't seem to grow any stouter. —— is a good fellow, sound on the goose, and never repudiates his regular 'egg-nog' at Rudolph's. Do you, old fellow?

"—— ——— I see sailing around down town very often during the day. The —— still hangs out at Howard Hotel.

"—— ——— is here. I had not time to speak with him except to say, 'How are you?' This is a brother to ——— ———, who is one of the finest gentlemen to be scared up in Frisco."

And so on, *usque ad nauseam*.

It may he urged that this kind of writing, if not very intellectual, is harmless, and affords some gratification to the acquaintances of the individuals referred to. It is certainly very probable that if it were particularly objectionable, Mr. Wardell would not write it, nor would the *Call*, usually intelligent, venture to publish it. But we are old-fashioned enough to believe that snch personalities should be restricted to private and not nsed in public correspondence; that if Mr. Brown wishes to hear of the private enterprises, business and social, of his old acquaintances, a daily journal is not the place for him to acquire that information. It is fair to presume that if his acquaintance with John Smith is not intimate enough to keep him fully advised of John Smith's movements, he has no business to learn it from any other source. It has long been a delicate question to what extent the privacy of a public man may be invaded by the newspaper correspondent, and how far a Jenkins may be justified in chronicling his domestic and social movements; but there is no individual mentioned by Frank Wardell whom we believe can fairly claim this helpless and violable popularity.

As we have intimated before, this fault lies not so much with Wardell, or the *Call*, as with the public. There can be no donbt that this taste for personalities has attained a morbid growth in Calfornia, and that the above is only a specimen of its most presentable and good-humored phase. We do not speak now of the reputation acquired by a certain daily which, under the thin disguise of extra-loyalty, teems with personal blackguardism, and is alteruately feared and fostered. California audiences, at lecture or theatre, are quick to seize upon personalities. Local allusions are interpolated in plays, and "gags" bearings upon the local, political topics of the day, bring down the house. It is in no spirit of carping criticism, or hypercritical fastidiousness that we have devoted so much space to a review of this weakness, but because we conscientiously believe it to be the duty of the public press, not only to forbear from pandering to these follies which beset our young civilization, but to manfully and openly oppose them.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

ON Monday evening last *Lucrezia Borgia* was performed, Signorina Brambilla assuming the character of the heroine for the first time, but not with her usual success. With all due allowance for the short-comings of a first representation, it is evident that the lady lacks the physical and dramatic vigor, as well as vocal power, for the effective performance of this exacting and tragic role. Her success lies in the quieter scenes, where sentiment, affection and tenderness find expression. Morelli's "Don Alfonso" was admirable. Miss Phillips' "Maffio Orsini" was excellent. The famous "Brindisi" was given with her usual artistic finish.

On Tuesday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was produced for Signorina Sconcia's benefit, to a house that was a most worthy compliment to the beneficiary, but with imperfections that were not so complimentary to the numerous audience assembled. The opera was shorn of some of its prominent scenes, and was evidently produced without sufficient rehearsal to give it that smoothness of action which has usually attended the productions of this troupe. Even Morelli was at fault, and was rather too exuberant and boisterous as "Sulpuzio." Sbriglia, as "Tonio," was very much out; in fact, almost out of the opera in the last acts. But it was a benefit night, and that is supposed to be an excuse for all remissness. Two original compositions by Signorina Sconcia and a gentleman amateur were very well performed. The duet "La Jota de los Torreros," in character, by Miss Phillips and the beneficiary, was a vivacious little gem of Spanish song, excellently characterized and duly appreciated. It was repeated last night, and was received with equal favor.

On Wednesday evening, *I Puritani* was given very effectively. Brambilla acted and sang "Elvira" with artistic taste and feeling, and Morelli and Orlandini rendered the celebrated duet, at the end of the second act, with great enthusiasm and power. The concerted *finale* of the first act was also notably well given.

Signorini Brambilla's benefit, on Thursday evening, was awarded a crowded and brilliant house. The lady's "Casta Diva," and her "Zerlina," in *Don Giovanni*, were rendered with marked ability. The beneficiary was made the recipient of a set of diamond jewery, prepared by Tucker at a cost of $1,500—a substantial, and to her doubtless a most gratifying, token of the kindly regard of her friends. This is in better taste than the "floral triumphs" and big honqnet ovations so prevalent of late. *Rigoletta* was sung last night. *Lucia* will be the performance this afternoon.

Preparations for a grand complimentary benefit, to be tendered to Manager Maguire by the united opera troupe, are in progress.

THE "BROTHER JONATHAN."—The return of the *Del Norte* places us in possession of all the information we shall probably ever receive of the manner in which the disaster to the *Brother Jonathan* occurred. The steamer meeting with heavy weather about sixteen miles northwest of Crescent City, the captain determined to seek the shelter of that port until the storm abated. The *Alta's* correspondent says:

The ship had proceeded seven or eight miles when she struck with full force on a sharp ledge, which, at the lowest ebo, projected about a yard above the surface; the bottom of the steamer went to pieces with a crash. In three minutes, says the wheelsman, the large fragments of the bottom and a part of the rudder were afloat alongside. Captain DeWolf ordered one of the larger boats lowered and filled with passengers, under the First Mate. None of the rescued saw her till she was floating bottom upwards. The Second Mate next lowered a boat filled with female passengers, among whom was Mrs. General Wright, but the steamer careened and upset the boat. Mr. Campbell (the mate) drew up such of the ladies as he could reach from the steamer's chains. It was now fifteen minutes since the collision, and the steamer was fast breaking to pieces. Mr. Patterson, (the Third Mate,) who was asleep when the crash came, now lowered his small boat, and hurried on board five women and three children who were nearest at hand. Ten of the crew leaped after him. The load was large for the boat, and she dipped incessantly. Two guns were fired just after the boat left, and fifteen minutes later the steamer disappeared under the billows. There were two boats on the deck when the Third Mate left, but owing to the terrible violence of the sea it is not probable that either of them could have been launched. The citizens of Crescent City immediately sent out boats, but found it utterly impossible to go within six miles of the wreck. It was not until Wednesday afternoon that the locality could be reached.

No more lives were saved than than heretofore reported, and only three bodies had been found at the last advices.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM BURNED.—A fire broke out in this well known institution on the morning of July 14th, which destroyed the building and nearly all its contents. The original New York Museum was established by Scudder, but after his death was purchased by Barnum, about 1836, and has since been most successfully engineered by this great showman. For awhile he had a rival in Peale's Museum, located on Broadway, opposite the Park; but Barnum soon extinguished the competing Peale, and has since had the museum business in New York to himself. It was in this institution our infant mind was first terrified with stuffed crocodiles, wild men of the woods, wax monstrosities, and other horrors that mingle with our earliest recollections, and we owe it this brief obitnary.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELISTS.

[Anxious to keep up the literary standard of The Californian, its proprietors have, at an enormous expense, recently engaged the principal novelists of Europe and America to contribute to its columns. In view of the objections sometimes offered to "Only a Clod" and other continued tales, arrangements have been made with the different authors to condense their stories into a space that shall not exceed two columns of our paper. By this means The Californian will be enabled to offer its readers a three-volume novel in a single issue, or so to speak, a seventy-five cent book for ten cents. By the last steamer, we have received our fifth installment, from the pen of two of our most popular writers, which we give below:]

SELINA SEDILIA.

BY MISS M. E. B—DD—N AND MRS. H—N—Y W—D.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was setting over Sloperton Grange and reddened the window of the lonely chamber in the western tower, supposed to be haunted by Sir Edward Sedilia, the founder of the Grange. In the dreamy distance arose the gilded mausoleum of Lady Felicia Sedilia, who haunted that portion of Sedilia Manor, known as "Stiff-uns Acre. A little to the left of the Grange might have been seen a mouldering ruin, known as "Guy's Keep," haunted by the spirit of Sir Guy Sedilia, who was found, one morning, crushed by one of the fallen battlements. Yet, as the setting sun gilded these objects, a beautiful and almost holy calm seem diffused about the Grange.

The Lady Selina sat by an oriel window, overlooking the park. The sun sank gently in the bosom of the German Ocean, and yet the lady did not lift her beautiful head from the finely curved arm and diminutive hand which supported it. When darkness finally shrouded the landscape, she started, for the sound of horse-hoofs clattered over the stones of the avenue. She had scarcely risen before an aristocratic young man fell on his knees before her.

"My Selina!"

"Edgardo! You here?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And—you—you—have—seen nothing?" said the lady in an agitated voice and nervous manner, turning her face aside to conceal her emotion.

"Nothing—that is nothing of any account," said Edgardo. "I passed the ghost of your aunt in the park, noticed the spectre of your uncle in the ruined keep, and observed the familiar features of the spirit of your great-grandfather at his post. But nothing beyond these trifles, my Selina. Nothing more, love, absolutely nothing."

The young man turned his dark liquid orbs fondly upon the ingenuous face of his betrothed.

"My own Edgardo!—and you still love me? You still would marry me in spite of this dark mystery which surrounds me? In spite of the fatal history of my race? In spite of the ominous predictions of my aged nurse?"

"I would, Selina;" and the young man passed his arm around her yielding waist. The two lovers gazed at each other's faces in unspeakable bliss. Suddenly Selina started.

"Leave me, Edgardo! leave me! A mysterious something—a fatal misgiving—a dark ambiguity—an equivocal mistrust oppresses me. I would be alone!"

The young man arose and cast a loving glance on the lady. "Then we will be married on the seventeenth."

"The seventeenth," repeated Selina, with a mysterious shudder.

They embraced and parted. As the clatter of hoofs in the courtyard died away, the Lady Selina sank into the chair she had just quitted.

"The seventeenth," she repeated slowly, with the same fatal shudder. "Ah!—what if he should know that I have another husband living? Dare I reveal to him that I have two legitimate and three natural children? Dare I repeat to him the history of my youth? Dare I confess that at the age of seven I poisoned my sister, by putting verdigris in her cream-tarts—that I threw my cousin from a swing at the age of twelve? That the lady's maid who incurred the displeasure of my girlhood now lies at the bottom of the horse-pond? No! no! he is too pure—too good—too innocent, to hear such improper conversation!" and her whole body writhed as she rocked to and fro in a paroxysm of grief.

But she was soon calm. Rising to her feet, she opened a secret panel in the wall, and revealed a slow-match ready for lighting.

"This match," said the Lady Selina, "is connected with a mine beneath the western tower, where my three children are confined, another branch of it lies under the parish church, where the record of my first marriage is kept. I have only to light this match and the whole of my past life is swept away!" She approached the match with a lighted candle.

But a hand was laid upon her arm, and with a shriek the Lady Selina fell on her knees before the spectre of Sir Guy.

CHAPTER II.

"Forbear, Selina," said the phantom in, a hollow voice.

"Why should I forbear?" responded Selina haughtily, as she recovered her courage. "You know the secret of our race?"

"I do. Understand me—I do not object to the eccentricities of your youth. I know the fearful fate which, pursuing you, led you to poison your sister and drown your lady's maid. I know the awful doom which I have brought upon this house! But if you make way with these children—"

"Well," said the Lady Selina, hastily.

"They will haunt you!"

"Well, I fear them not!" said Selina, drawing her superb figure to its full height.

"But what place are they to haunt? The ruin is sacred to your uncle's spirit. Your aunt monopolizes the park, and I must be allowed to state not unfrequently trespasses upon the grounds of others. The horsepond is frequented by the spirit of your maid, and your murdered sister walks these corridors. To be plain, there is no room at Sloperton Grange for another ghost. I cannot have them in my room—for you know I don't like children. Think of this, rash girl, and forbear! Would you, Selina," said the phantom mournfully, "would you force your great-grandfather's spirit to take lodgings elsewhere?"

Lady Selina's hand trembled; the lighted candle fell from her nerveless fingers.

"No," she cried passionately; "Never!" and fell fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER III.

Edgardo galloped rapidly towards Sloperton. When the outline of the Grange had faded away in the darkness, he reined his magnificent steed beside the ruins of Gray's Keep.

"It wants but a few moments of the hour," he said, consulting his watch by the light of the moon. "He dare not break his word. He will come." He paused, and peered anxiously into the darkness. "But come what may, she is mine," he continued, as his thoughts reverted fondly to the fair lady he had quitted. "Yet, if she knew all. If she knew that I were a disgraced and ruined man—a felon and an outcast. If she knew that at the age of fourteen I murdered my Latin tutor and forged my uncle's will. If she knew that I had three wives already, and that the fourth victim of misplaced confidence and my unfortunate peculiarity is expected to be at Sloperton by to-night's train with her baby. But no; she must not know it. Constance must not arrive. Burke the Slogger must attend to that."

"Ha! here he is! Well?"

These words were addressed to a ruffian in a slouched hat, who suddenly appeared from Guy's Keep.

"I be's here, measter," said the villain, with a disgracefully low accent and complete disregard of grammatical rules.

"It is well. Listen: I'm in possession of facts that will send you to the gallows. I know of the murder of Bill Smithers, the robbery of the toll-gate keeper, and the making away of the youngest daughter of Sir Reginald De Walton. A word from me, and the officers of justice are on your track."

Burke the Slogger trembled.

"Hark ye! serve my purpose, and I may yet save you. The 5:30 train from Clapham will be due at Sloperton at 9:25. *It must not arrive!*"

The villain's eyes sparkled as he nodded at Edgardo.

"Enough—you understand; leave me!"

CHAPTER IV.

About half a mile from Sloperton Station the South Clapham and Medway line crossed a bridge over Sloperton-on-Trent. As the shades of evening were closing, a man in a slouched hat might have been seen, carrying a saw and axe under his arm, hanging about the bridge. From time to time he disappeared in the shadow of its abutments, but the sound of a saw and axe still betrayed his vicinity. At exactly nine o'clock he re-appeared, and crossing to the Sloperton side, rested his shoulder against the abutment and gave a shove. The bridge swayed a moment, and then fell with a splash into the water, leaving a space of one hundred feet between the two banks. This done, Burke the Slogger—for it was he—with a fiendish chuckle seated himself on the divided railway track and awaited the coming of the train.

A shriek from the woods announced its approach. For an instant Burke the Slogger saw the glaring of a red lamp. The ground trembled. The train was going with fearful rapidity. Another second and it had reached the bank. Burke the Slogger uttered a fiendish laugh. But the next moment the train leaped across the chasm, striking the rails exactly even, and dashing out the life of Burke the Slogger, sped away to Sloperton.

The first object that greeted Edgardo as he rode up to the station on the arrival of the train, was the body of Burke the Slogger hanging on the cow-catcher; the second was the face of his deserted wife looking from the windows of a second-class carriage.

CHAPTER V.

A nameless terror seemed to have taken possession of Clarissa, Lady Selina's maid, as she rushed into the presence of her mistress.

"O, my lady, such news!"

"Explain yourself," said her mistress rising.

"An accident has happened on the railway, and a man has been killed."

"What—not Edgardo!" almost screamed Selina.

"No, Burke the Slogger!" your ladyship.

"My first husband!" said Lady Seliua, sinking on her knees. "Just Heaven, I thank thee!"

CHAPTER VI.

The morning of the seventeenth dawned brightly over Sloperton. "A fine day for the wedding," said the sexton to Swipes, the butler of Sloperton Grange. The aged retainer shook his head sadly. "Alas! there's no trusting in signs!" he continued. "Seventy-five years ago, on a day like this, my young mistress—" but he was cut short by the appearance of a stranger.

"I would see Sir Edgardo," said the new-comer, impatiently.

The bridegroom, who with, the rest of the wedding-train, was about stepping into the carriage to proceed to the parish church, drew the stranger aside.

"It's done!" said the stranger, in a hoarse whisper.

"Ah! and you buried her?"

"With the others!"

"Enough. No more at present. Meet me after the ceremony, and you shall have your reward."

The stranger shuffled away, and Edgardo returned to his bride. "A trifling matter of business I had forgotten, my dear Selina; let us proceed;" and the young man pressed the timid hand of his blushing bride as he handed her into the carriage. The cavalcade rode out of the courtyard. At the same moment, the deep bell on Guy's Keep tolled ominously.

CHAPTER VII.

Scarcely had the wedding-train left the Grange, than Alice Sedilia, youngest daughter of Lady Selina, made her escape from the western tower, owing to a lack of watchfulness on the part of Clarissa. The innocent child, freed from restraint, rambled through the lonely corridors, and finally, opening a door, found herself in her mother's boudoir. For some time she amused herself by examining the various ornaments and elegant trifles with which it was filled. Then, in pursuance of a childish freak, she dressed herself in her mother's laces and ribbons. In this occupation she chanced to touch a peg which proved to be a spring that opened a secret panel in the wall. Alice uttered a cry of delight as she noticed what, to her childish fancy, appeared to be the slow-match of a fire-work. Taking a lucifer match in her hand she approached the fuse. She hesitated a moment. What would her mother and her nurse say?

Suddenly the ringing of the chimes of Sloperton parish church met her ear. Alice knew that the sound signified that the marriage party had entered the church, and that she was secure from interruption. With a childish smile upon her lips, Alice Sedilia touched off the slow-match.

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CHAPTER VIII.

At exactly two o'clock on the seventeenth, Rupert Sedilia, who had just returned from India, was thoughtfully descending the hill toward Sloperton manor. "If I can prove that my aunt Lady Selina was married before my father died, I can establish my claim to Sloperton Grange," he uttered, half aloud. He paused, for a sudden trembling of the earth beneath his feet, and terrific explosion as of a park of artillery, arrested his progress. At the same moment he beheld a dense cloud of smoke envelope the churchyard of Sloperton, and the western tower of the Grange seemed to be lifted bodily from its foundation. The air seemed filled with falling fragments, and two dark objects struck the earth close at his feet. Rupert picked them up. One seemed to be a heavy volume bound in brass.

A cry burst from his lips.

"The Parish Records." He opened the volume hastily. It contained the marriage of Lady Selina to "Burke the Slogger."

The second object proved to be a piece of parchment. He tore it open with trembling fingers. It was the missing will of Sir James Sedilia!"

CHAPTER IX.

When the bells again rang on the new parish church of Sloperton it was for the marriage of Sir Rupert Sedilia and his cousin, the only remaining members of the family.

Five more ghosts were added to the supernatural population of Sloperton Grange. Perhaps this was the reason why Sir Rupert sold the property shortly afterward, and that for many years a dark shadow seemed to hang over the ruins of Sloperton Grange.

THE END.

The Fair opened on Thursday night most propitiously, to an assemblage of fifteen hundred people. Contributions in large numbers are still being received, and the Pavilion promises to be the fashionable resort of the city for weeks to come

WHERE OUR MODERN ANGELS WEAR THEIR WINGS.

Angels have wings; now, as of old,
Those who on earth appear,
As signs of their celestial birth,
White, spotless wings still wear.

But now the fashion 's somewhat changed—
Like Mercury's, their wings
Are worn upon their hats—in view—
The saucy little things!

'Tis well that they their wings should show,
But sure 'tis to be dreaded
That wings upon their hats may make
The pretty dears light-headed. [*Puck.*

SPECIMENS OF NEGRO LETTER-WRITING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Springfield *Republican.* speaking of the letters of the negro soldiers around Vicksburg, says: On many of the letters it is common to see this announcement, "a souldiers leter to his hom in hast." Some of the envelopes are written all over—it costs them so many words to express their meaning. I have seen the word Mississippi written out in full three times on the face of one envelope. It was impossible to tell to whom one letter belonged, although the whole surface was covered with writing. Some are directed as follows: "a Sonljers letur to his hom dont open this but Give it to him in hast ef ye please." I copy the following from a letter which I brought from the office this morning: "mr aron Felds vixburg misipi 49 Culard infruntiry regmints Compt D Ceare of Capten Crotch" [Roch]. The different ways in which they pronounce the word chaplain are humorous and amusing. Besides the proper way, they twist my title into the following: "Chapteu, chapter, chaptel, chapel, chapler, chaplel, chaper, chapner. chapman, and chapen." Of these, the most common forms of address are "Mr. Chapter," or "Mr. Chapel." We have three men in our regiment who have studied at Oberlin, but their attainments do not speak well for that institution. One of these professes to know German, French and Latin; but after several tests I am convinced that he does not know which is which. During the month of March I wrote one hundred letters for my men, besides reading all they received. The first is not a pleasant task, and the second is both unpleasant and difficult. Sometimes it is simply impossible to make out what was attempted to be written. The writing of Rufus Choate was as legible as printing, compared with the specimens that are sometimes brought to me to be read. I copy one illustration from a large pile before me: "vxurgmis the For 9 u mis an rad im a Ganof my Word im in hop darmis find her ofyo Worde itis myalda suddy miuitdree Leada of yor sisbil the sitofyo darmis," etc. etc. I defy any printer to make out the original, of which there were two cap pages full. The letters had no form, and had to be deciphered or guessed at, as well as the sense. The following is a translation of what is written above: "Vicksburg, Miss., Camp 49th U. S. C. I. Miss Ann Reed: I am a gentleman of my word, and I am in hopes, dear Miss, to find you a lady of your word. It is my all-day study, my night's dream, to be worthy of a lady of your ability. The sight of you, dear miss," etc. I am ashamed to say that I spent four precious hours in deciphering this letter. But I was anxious to see if anything could be made of it. When the marks on the sheet cannot be read, I generally inquire who the letter is from, and then read off something in which the listener is greatly interested. But whether it is like anything that is written or not, I defy any one to tell.

But of silly things some of their love letters are most sickening. Violets, molasses and sugar are their three degrees of comparison when they express affection for their sweethearts. The following couplet I have written for them dozens of times:

"As grass is green around a stump
I choose you for my sugar lump."

One wrote to his girl as follows: "I have something nice for you; what do you think it is? Why this piece of poetry:

"Dig my grave both wide and deep
Marble stone at my head and feet
In the middle thy turtle dove
Show this world that I died for love."

I go deeper into my pile, and find the following, which is a fair sample of this sort of letters:

"Dear and hanson luvor i Can not help to say that I does luv yo four I does

you air my hold hart delite
to think of yo boot day and Night
the Night is dark and I am on gard
but still I can think of yo very hard
the See is dark and wide too
but still my luv is true to yo
the Rose is Red the Vilet blu
Shugor is Sweet and so is yo
i am a army Soldier and that is very tru
but that is not noo reason i Should not have no love for yo
god bless yo my deer you mus
not forget to ansor this letter this is awl at Present to you deer."

"FANCY," said Sydney Smith, to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

LITERATURE AND ART.

THE following are among the volumes to be issued during this and the next season by Ticknor & Fields: A novel by Charles Kingsley, called "Hereward the Last of the English," "Recollections of Seventy Years," by Mrs. John Farreu, an autobiography of great promise, as the lady has known most of the leading writers in England, France, and America, personally; "Henry Thoreau's Letters," to be edited by R. W. Emerson; Jean Paul's "Hesperus," translated by Brooks; "Treasures from the Prose Writings of John Milton;" a second series of "Spare Hours," by Dr. John Brown; "Life and Letters of Frederick Robertson," of Brighton, England; "Matthew Arnold's Essays," a volume containing, besides what he has collected in the English edition, his papers on Homer, Freueh, Eton, etc., making a volume twice the size of the London book; "St. Martin's Summer," by Miss Brewster, author of "Compensation;" "Honor May," a new novel of much promise; "Geological sketches," by Agassiz; "Atlantic Tales;" a beautiful new edition of Tennyson's poems, with steel engravings; "Breathings of the Better Life," edited by Lucy Larcom; a new complete edition of Whittier's prose works; "Spheres of Life and Duty," by Dr. Chapin; Dora Greenwell's poems; Christina Rosetti's poems; "Seaside Studies in Natural History," by Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz; new "Juveniles," by Carleton and Gail Hamilton; and Dante's great poem translated by Mr. Longfellow.

THE admirers of Tennyson have been disappointed in most of the portraits of him, as failing to express the refinement of sentiment and depth of reflection characteristic of his mind. At last (says the *Transcript)* a satisfactory likeness appears. It was executed by an intimate friend of Mr. Tennyson, and as a labor of love—two conditions which account for the remarkable success achieved. This painting is the work of G. L. Watts, an artist of high rank, and a man of wealth, whose object in undertaking it was to present to the English nation a permanent artistic memorial of their greatest living poet. It is a grand head—the broad and lofty brow, the long dark hair, the flowing beard and the loving deep eye are all expressive of the poetic character; while the likeness is pronounced by Tennyson's friends by far the best. Mr. John M'Clure, who is aware, from his long residence in this country, of the great popularity of Tennyson, has purchased the plate of an admirable line-engraving of this beautiful portrait, by J. Stephenson of London, and will soon publish it by subscription.

F. B. CARPENTER, who painted the "First Reading of the Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," has received commissions from Chicago and Cincinnati for full-length portraits of the late President. Robert Lincoln says, in a recent letter to Mr. Carpenter: "My mother and myself both have always considered the portrait of my father the best and most natural that has been made, and its value to us would be inestimable."

ROGERS, the sculptor, who was recently married, left for Europe, with his bride. He will be absent several months, and will visit the principal continental cities before he returns.

KUNTZE has finished a statuette of William Cullen Bryant, of the size of his Shakspeare, and will soon begin a companion-piece, a statuette of Longfellow.

WARD is engaged on a bust of William T. Blodgett, which is a spirited and faithful likeness.

LAUNT THOMPSON has recently executed a bust of the late Thomas Tileston, and also one of the late A. B. Sands.

THE DRESS OF THE HAMBURG PEOPLE.—A letter from Europe, published in the Ohio *State Journal*, gives the following description of the style of dressing of the people of the Free City of Hamburg: "The drssses of the different classes, or *castes* in society in this city strikes an American as being very singular. The servant girls have their special dress, so have the chambermaids, nurses, serving-women, menservants, carriage-drivers, porters, etc., etc.; each one has his or her distinctive and unmistakable style of dress, or uniform, as it more properly should be called. In the markets may be found at any time the Vierlanders (pronounced Feer-lenders,) a sect of people who preserve an unique and singular style of dress in vogue now for many centuries. The women wear a singularly formed bodice, which fits closely from the shoulders to the hips—then a skirt scarcely reaching to the knees, then the hose are woolen, and of all imaginable colors; the girls and single women apparently preferring a striped skirt and scarlet hose. The head is covered by a hugely wide-brimmed straw hat: the brim being folded so as to conceal the crown—this hat is tied under the chin, with ribbons at least four inches wide. The hair is often put up in two plaits and hangs straight down the back almost to the knees—others braid the hair, and put it up in more modern styles, but place on the back of the head instead of a "waterfall" a stiff kind of black material about four inches broad, so as to project at least a foot on each side of the head, and two more points of equal breadth hanging down the back from eighteen inches to two feet."

"WIT AND WISDOM FROM WEST AFRICA."—Such is the title of a "Book of Proverbial Philosophy, Idioms, Enigmas, and Laconisms," compiled by the famous traveller, Captain Richard F. Burton, and recently published in London. The *Athenæum* says of it:

The proverbs relating to woman are expressive of the contempt in which she is held in all savage societies. The following are specimens of many: "A woman who has lost her rival has no sorrow;" (from the dramatists of ancient Greece to those of our own time this has been a favorite estimate of woman;) "Trust not a woman; she will tell theo what she just told her companion;" "If thou givest thy heart to a woman she will kill thee;" "Whatever be thy intimacy, never give thy heart to a woman;" "If a man tells his secrets to his wife, she will bring him in the way of Satan;" "A woman never brings a man into the right way;" "Men who listen to what women say are counted as women;" "He who marries a beauty marries trouble." Some of the moral aphorisms contained in the volume show that the negro at least knows a certain portion of the whole duty of man. "Not to know is bad, not to wish to know is worse," is sound doctrine. Respect for experience and age is declared thus: "Man should take as companion one older than himself." "Lies, however numerous, will be caught by truth when it rises up," and "When the mouth stumbles it is worse than the foot," show proper disdain for falsehood; but other proverbs express a corresponding tenderness for liars who do not tell more untruths than are absolutely necessary. Of such the following are examples: "To flatter one who separates us is good, but it is better to flatter one who strikes us;" "If a great man should wrong you, smile upon him." The poet Campbell would have approved the following statement: "Hope is the pillar of the world." A fine sense of honor makes itself felt in this reflection: "When your relation dies you do not die, but if he is disgraced you are disgraced." In each of the following sentences the moral is excellent: "He who injures another, injures himself;" "He that forgives gains the victory in the dispute;" "If God should compute our sins we should perish;" "He who does not love his neighbor acts maliciously." The African's natural politeness appears in the direction, "One should not press a full man to eat," and in "'I have forgotten thy name,' is better than 'I know thee not.'" The courage of despair is pointed at by "He who wishes to blow out his brains need not fear their being blown out by others." Here the negro's sociability speaks: "A bad person is better than an empty house;" and here is a note of that constitutional sadness which is the shadow of his mirthfulness: "Thought breaks the heart."

DIDN'T SUIT.—Many years ago there resided in a town in one of the Western States, twelve jovial old citizens, who met on the first of every January for social and convivial intercourse. Wine, wit, good will towards themselves and "the rest of mankind," reigned around their ample board. At one of these re-unions, a proposition was offered and unanimously concurred in, that each member should state the character and qualities of his wife, without concealment, be the same good or otherwise. The disclosures commenced, and each one pictured in glowing terms the amiable belougings of his better half. One, however, member S ——, remained silent and absorbed apparently in deep reflection. He was urged to respond to the common pledge, but still remained obstinately reticent. At last, on being assured and reassured that what he disclosed would never be mentioned outside of the precincts of the club, he said, "Gentlemen, you have given flattering, even angelic descriptions of your wives, and I have no doubt each one of you have told the truth. Mrs. —— and myself have lived together harmoniously for forty years. She is an exemplary wife, a kind mother, a good Christian and charitable to the poor; her hand and heart are ever open to the afflicted; her neighbors, and all who know her, say she possesses every lovely attribute that should adorn female character; but confound my eyes if she suits me."

DEATH BY THE GUILLOTINE.—He (Sanson) repeated again and again that the amount of physical suffering from the fall of the axe and the separation of the head from the body, was esseutially small—that death was instantaneous—that in the whole of his experience he had never seen a voluntary motion of the muscles after decapitation—that the stories of the opening and closing of the eyelids after execution were inventions contradicted by the whole of his observations, without a single example to the contrary—that the extinction of feeling and of life followed the fatal event immediately and without a single exceptional case.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE LATEST "SELL."—"A beautiful day, Mr. Jenkins?" "Yes, very pleasant, indeed." "Good day for the race." "Race, what race?" "The human race." "Oh! go along with you stupid jokes; get up a good one, like the one which I sold Day." "Day, what Day?" "The day we celebrate," said Jenkins, who went on his way, rejoicing that he had "got eaen."

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White Wine, sauterne; Angelica Wine,
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Muscatel Wine, Leoville Medoc Wine,
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[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyaus! thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

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THEATRICAL TALK.

THE *Workmen of San Francisco* was played at Maguire's Opera Hoase until Wednesday evening, when it was withdrawn, and the sensation drama of *Leah the Forsaken* took its place. Mrs. Sophie Edwin's impersonation of the chief character was remarkably effective, and displayed great tragic power. "The curse" was thrilling; Mr. Charles Thorne played "Joseph" admirably, and all the characters of the drama were well acted. On Friday, *Waiting for the Verdict* was revived for the benefit of one of the most faithful, painstaking and correct actresses on the American or any other stage. The public were of course only too glad to have an opportunity to testify their appreciation of the talent and untiring efforts for their amusement of the actress of whom all California is so justly proud, and the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Of Mrs. Sophie Edwin's impersonation of "Martha Roseblade" I spoke on a former occasion. This afternoon and evening the same popular piece will be performed.

On Monday, Mr. George Panncefort, an actor who, during the short time he has been at Maguire's Opera House, has done quite sufficient to prove how sterling an artist he is, takes a benefit previous to his departure for Marysville. *Aurora Floyd* is chosen for the occasion. Mr. Pauncefort will make a capital "John Mellish" and the piece will be produced with fully as strong a cast as at any previous time in this city. I hope Mr. Pauncefort will have a crowded house. He has richly deserved such a mark of public favor, and the entertainment offered on the occasion should, setting aside the merits of the beneficiary, ensure a large attendance.

The opera season drawing to a close, Mr. Maguire opens the winter dramatic campaign with three armies of actors. There is no good reason why cities of the size of Sacramento and Marysville should not be able to support a theatre to amuse them during the winter months, and Mr. Maguire intends to try the experiment, and see whether, instead of depending for amusement on seven-up and whisky drinking, the good people of the valley will not give such liberal support to dramatic companies fully as talented as the one which will fall to the share of the people of the Bay City, as to enable him to give them a theatrical season every year. Sacramento and Marysville both possess fine theatres, and it will be their own fault if the doors are allowed to remain closed. The beautiful new theatre just completed at Marysville will be opened on Thursday next, the drama of *Waiting for the Verdict* being chosen for the occasion. The opening address has been written, and will be delivered by Mr. Walter M. Leman. All the unemployed actors in the State have been drafted into Mr. Maguire's great dramatic army. Stockton, Grass Valley, Nevada and other interior towns will not be left out in the cold, but will have first-class amusement provided for their winter evenings. San Francisco is even going to spare Mrs. Sophie Edwin for a short season, during which Mr. Dan Setchell will prevent us weeping over our loss by keeping us constantly laughing. It is considered somewhat of a feat to play three games of chess simultaneously, on as many different boards. I wonder if Mr. Tom Maguire, who can move an opera troupe, three dramatic troupes and a minstrel company, and win the game every time, wouldn't beat Harwitz or Paul Morphy at chess.

If the Eureka Theatre is ever again allowed to remain closed for any length of time, it will assuredly not be owing to any lack of energy in Manager Wheatleigh to make it a permanently popular resort. On Wednesday "Trem's" extravaganza, which is really a good deal like "Hamlet's" (not "Trem's") mouse-trap, serving to catch the opinion of the public with regard to the establishing of an empire in Mexico, was produced. It is a hit, a very palpable hit, as may be ascertained by listening to the shouts of boisterous applause which peal forth from the Eureka, and sound on Montgomery street like distant thunder. It presents a most satisfactory solution of the Mexican difficulty, which appears to be unanimously accepted by the audience. The Chinese song of Miss Yeamans, in the character of "Hung Wing," accompanied by a Chinese orchestra, is an immense feature; the audience actually yell with delight and mirth. Miss Yeamans appears in a superb maudarin's dress, and cannot actually be distinguished from a real Simon-pure Chinaman. Mr. Wheatleigh's "Uncle Sam" is capital, and the sharp satire of the text receives full justice delivered by him. Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps, as the "Chevalier Monroe," is superb in her handsome chevalier's dress, and acts with much spirit. Mr. Percy makes "Maxamiliano" a most weak-minded monarch, and he and Miss Gass, as the strong-minded Empress, cause much laughter in many amusing scenes. Mr. Leach, as "Benjamin the Wandering Jew," ex-Secretary of the C. S. A., is immensely funny; his performance on the Hebrew lyre is ravishingly beautiful. Mr. Reeves makes up capitally for Duke Gwin, whom he in figure resembles. Mrs. Judah, as the court fortune-teller, delivers the oracles of fate most impressively; she was greeted with much applause. On the first night of its presentation this extravaganza met with the fate of all metrical dramatic productions—it was most sadly dealt with. The rhyme having now been perfectly studied, runs quite smoothly on its feet, the points are brought out, the puns made palpable, and the extravaganza bids fair to prove the great dramatic hit of the season. The closing tableau, in which Miss Louise Clarkson impersonates Mexico, and looks so pretty that no one can wonder Monroe fights for her, is very beautiful. Monroe, his work accomplished, stands by her side, his foot on the Imperial crown; Max accepts the situation, shakes hands with Uncle Sam, who wishes him *bon voyage* to Europe, and all ends well. The next novelty to be produced at the Eureka is a comedy by "Inigo," entitled *My Friend from Victoria*. The well-known ability of the author is sufficient guarantee that the dialogue will be sharp and lively. He has doubtless displayed sufficient skill in the laying out of scenes and construction of the plot to make it act well and ensure its success, as he has gone through a short but earnest course of study in those matters. I have but little doubt this comedy will be perfect in all its parts. It will be produced during the early part of next week. This afternoon a Maxamiliano Levee will be held, when his Imperial Majesty will receive the ladies and rising generation at court. This amusing piece will be played this evening, and for many an evening to come I should judge, from the crowds which flock nightly to witness it. This evening, in addition to the extravaganza, the glorious, rollicking comedy of the *Wild Irish Girl* will be produced, Mrs. Fanny Morgan Phelps appearing in the character of the Hibernian mad-cap, singing Irish songs and dancing Irish jigs.

In Wilson's circuses within circuses, five joined in one, a magnificent hippodromical spectacle is presented. I rather fancy "Jas. Cooke's Royal Circus" is not in strict accordance with the Monroe Doctrine, but as it is perhaps a little joke like the Imperial institution in Mexico, no patriot need object to it. Siegrist's wonderful dogs have a wide field now; they are the pets of the public. *Turpin's Ride to York*, a grand equestrian spectacle, with new costumes, scenery, etc., is to be produced Monday night, on which occasion *Black Bess* will make her *début* before a San Francisco congregation.

TOUCHSTONE.

[For the Californian.]

HOW TO SING.

THAT young lady to whose vocal entertainment I have just been listening, is entirely unconscious what memories she has startled in me. She is young and not beautiful, is in delicate health as I learn, is just from the atmosphere of the young ladies' boarding school, is very crude in her wisdom and doesn't sing half so well as she imagines. All young ladies from boarding schools sing. It seems as if it were a law of all such establishments, never to recognize any possibility in the reality of the parable of the "talents." So, all that come into that company, must be favored alike, and the most unmathematical heads must attempt to manage innumerable figures; the lips, that will never lisp grammatically their vernacular, must take on new sweetness in foreign utterances, and throats that were made especially for food and medicine must open to let out the latent tones that may be too deeply concealed. Academical commencement days turn out on the world's stage such cornucopiæ of sweet lispers, it is a wonder we find greater joy in listening to foreign artists.

All this has very little to do with my subject, which is more personal; but this young lady who insisted upon accepting a feeble invitation—when I wished all the time that she wouldn't—has diverted my attention from what is most interesting to every one—self. I will add, in losing sight and hearing of this young person, that it is probable she would save herself a great deal of trouble, and her friends considerable anxiety, if she would not sing any more in social circles. If she is persistent, I wish for her a happier fate than her single blessedness; and, when more ripened years are hers, that she may be led to the altar by some appreciative person, be he Jew or Gentile—better perhaps the latter—best of all one of that peculiarly musical persuasion, the Methodist, one who thinks "Coronation" and "Brattle Street" reach the acme of sacred music. Here are my hands lifted up to bless her as she enters the church.

And these memories which her singing awoke! They are scattered at intervals over the period of my unillustrious life. Because I was a singer in my youth, what pains has it cost my maturity! Little girls and I used to sing together then, at picnics, in Sunday-schools, and at parties, whence we were sent home early. It's not out of my recollection now, how I used to be called up to the piano to fill up some awful vacuum which existed in a chorus. It was a flattery which made a deep impression on my mind. And it turned out curiously enough, as other's experience will avouch, that I never learned what an inharmonious noise I must have made in those days, until I was a good way beyond my possible singing days. I can't help letting out this little secret, which I knew nothing about then, that all this fine singing of mine, all these occasions when I earned pattings upon the back, and parental flatteries, was before the time that I had outgrown my "childish treble." This should not provoke a smile. It was indicative of great innocence. It scarcely seems possible now, but that young idea, that I was a tenor of considerable merit, went along with me a good while, and chiefly, I suppose, because there happened an interval when I made no vocal attempts. Afterwards, and not many years ago either, it happened that a musical fever attacked the locality where I staid. It was contagious, of course, to one who knew somewhat of that art. The enthusiasm and sympathy of young communities concentrate and develop best in a "club." So a club of ambitious amateurs was formed with wonderful rapidity. One must try to learn the temper of his steel before the battle; and, naturally enough, there must be a trial of voices and an assignment of parts, when the club came to be formed. I listened to others' attempts, fearful of no personal catastrophe. I was conscious that I knew a thing or two. I did stand up, however, for the assignment of my part, and, as I raised my voice, the amusement depicted upon others' faces was fully equalled by the consternation and embarrassment which I felt. The tones were not what I thought I had reason to expect. There was no name in the musical vocabulary by which my voice could be classified. It fell short of tenor, by a rare mingling of unmistakable bass in the same note, and attempts to fulfill the requirements of the bass clef had singular terminations in angular movements of the voice in the regions alternately of soprano and baritone. To tell a sad truth, there seemed to be a deficiency in my control of the organ of sound. I was to myself an outsider, much like lookers-on at the fireworks, when no one can tell the direction the fiery missiles will take, nor if rockets will burst in snakes of fire or golden stars.

It was not decided at that time what part had better be assigned to me in that musical sodality. I remember that my friends, who would come and drink my ale, spoke seldom to me afterwards of musical matters, and having lost some little confidence in myself, the thought of what prizes my voice was to gain for me went away like a bad dream.

Perhaps I ought not to charge upon this ambitious young lady whom I have mentioned, that her tones beat a reveille to the unpleasant memories of my youth. She did not mean to. But they came flocking up to me in such troops that I cannot count them all, nor even recount the whole story of a single one. If blushes were a balm to wounded vanity, I fear I should be charged hereafter with intemperance of living. For to one's embarrassment it seems as if one could do not too great penance. It would be a beatitude to me if I could pass back again before the years of manhood and sing again those childless verses which are set to simple airs. I would call out to that former voice of mine to come back, if it would avail. It has gone away like a pleasant spirit. This voice of to-day would not recognize its father, that youthful tenor. I do not know if that young tenor would not flee away to early sounds again, if it should try to harmonize with the unmentionable tones of this voice, that to-day does not try its own melody.

To seek again for a lost voice! One wonders that among his acquisitions he cannot find the blessing whose face he did not recognize till it whispered "Good-by." But no moralizing, if you please.

PHILIP.

THE harvest of the grain growing counties of the State is giving an enormous yield this year. Some favored portions of the Bay counties have yielded nearly fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, and nearly double the amount of barley. The principal element of "golden" California's wealth may now be gold, but in future it will surely be her golden grain.

A TRIUMPH OF ART.—Chancing to visit recently the extensive Music and Piano establishment of Messrs. Wamelink & Barr, on St. Clair street, we took occasion to examine a Grand Scale Square Piano of Bradbury's build, which Messrs. W. & B. claim as the finest Piano ever brought to the West, and from what we then heard of its capabilities we feel justified in saying that we have never before heard an instrument possessing such rich roundness, mellowness, and depth of tone. It is not our purpose to vaunt its superiority over any other particular build of pianos, but merely to note its own excellence, with a feeling of gratification that the taste of our citizens is so refined as to create a demand for such instruments. This magnificent instrument possesses not one harsh, jarring or "wooden" note, either in its highest or lowest registers; it sinks its melodious tones to the softness of an æolian harp, or in the wildest forte passages pours forth a flood of richest harmony, its music seeming a thing of soul, and life and sympathy, with the heart of an impassioned performer, not a mere machine of hammers, wires, and keys, for the rendering of written notes. It seemed to us as if perfection had at length been reached in the construction of the piano-forte. This instrument has since been sold to a wealthy gentleman of Oil City, but Messrs. Wamelink & Barr propose to replace it by a similar one at an early day.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.—J. R. Mead & Co., corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, so justly celebrated for the superiority of the styles and finish of the clothing got up for them by their New York house, are now reducing their stock by selling at cost, to make room for Fall and Winter goods.

CLOSING OUT.—The stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods of the estate of the late Thomas G. Sandford, is being sold out at 233 Montgomery street, to close up the business, by the Administrators. See advertisement.

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CONSUMPTION.

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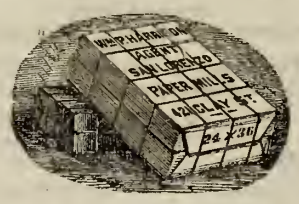

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Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. de3

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. **1865.**

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find a Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
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CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOMESTEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
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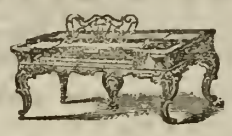
THE BEST PIANOFORTE,

ONE THAT WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME!



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Is pronounced such by the best judges in the musical profession. They "excel all others in the essentials of a perfect Pianoforte," viz., in Tone, Touch, Power and Thorough Workmanship. Call or send for Circulars with Illustrations and Testimonials of the most eminent artists and amateurs.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

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New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

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Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers
—IN—
Fine Clothing
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GENTLEMEN'S
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200 & 202 Montgomery Street, Corner of Bush,
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OVERSTOCKED!

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Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

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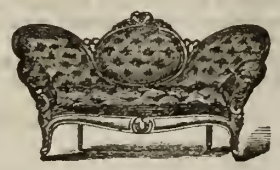

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LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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—TO—

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ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.
o5-tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
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Confectioners,

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FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry-looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
416 and 418 Front street,
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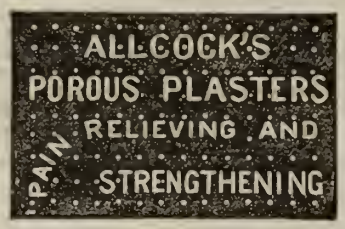

THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

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Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. je17 3m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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THE FIFTH INDUSTRIAL FAIR

OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

OF SAN FRANCISCO,

TO BE HELD IN THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE PAVILION,

IN AUGUST, 1865.

The MECHANICS' INSTITUTE having determined to hold their Fifth Industrial Fair during the coming season, the Executive Committee would respectfully invite all persons desirous of exhibiting Machines, Manufactures, Agricultural Implements, Horticultural Products, Minerals, Ores and Works of Art, to make application immediately, in order that the proper space may be allotted them.

The Exhibition will be opened on THURSDAY, the 10th day of August, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The general management of the Fair is entrusted to an Executive Committee, consisting of the officers of the Institute.

No contracts or agreements will be recognized, unless made by the authorized agents of this committee.

A competent person will be in attendance at the Pavilion to receive and register all goods designed for exhibition, and will receipt therefor.

Contributions of machinery and other articles that require long time to prepare for exhibition, will be received from the 15th of July to the 21 of August.

Articles for exhibition that require large space may be entered on or before the 20th day of July, and space will be allotted to the exhibitor on or before the 21 of August.

The Picture Galleries will be ready for the reception of Pictures, Embroidery, Wax and Fancy Work of all kinds on the 1st of August, when space will be allotted.

The committee will be prepared for the reception of Fruits, Flowers, Agricultural and Horticultural productions, and design to have the tables so arranged that the best display possible can be made in this department; and every effort will be made and care taken to preserve their freshness, so that exhibitors may receive full credit for their productions. Those wishing space on these tables should engage it at an early day. There will be space reserved for additions to this department during the Fair.

The several transportation companies, as on former occasions, have, with commanding liberality, consented to transport articles intended exclusively for exhibition, free of charge, and Messrs. Wells, Fargo & Co., in like manner, will take charge of them.

The committee have the fullest confidence that the coming Fair will not only be the most complete and varied in its character, but will also be more attractive than any previous Exhibition of the kind on this coast.

No pains or expense will be spared to give the contributors satisfactory opportunities in the spacious Pavilion of the Institute for the display of their contributions, and to furnish whatever may be necessary to make the Fair an institution where those who frequent it may be pleased and instructed.

All articles forwarded should be labelled, "For the Industrial Fair," San Francisco.

All communications to be addressed to C. S. HIGGINS, Corresponding Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—Charles M. Plum, Chairman; Josiah Moulton, James R. Deane, A. A. Snyder, W. W. Hunscom, Edward Nunan, D. A. MacDonald, C. S. Higgins, David Dwyer, H. K. Cummings, J. W. Reay; P. B. Dexter, Secretary. my27

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
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CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Personal Orders, small or large, and for articles of every descriptions, PROMPTLY and carefully attended to.

Who wants anything from New York?

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,
or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

We can fill them on better terms than you could obtain if here; while our commission, even on large orders, is much less than the expense of visiting the city in person.

Orders under $10, from places within reach of our daily Expresses, (except for perishable articles,) can be paid for on delivery by Express; others should be remitted for, either direct, or through some city friend to be paid when filled. Every order should be as clearly worded as possible.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CT.

Address:
CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

CAN MAN CRITICISE WOMAN'S DRESS?

WE hardly know whether it is to be taken as a tribute to the dignity, or as a snub to the self-conceit, of the male animal of the human species that he is so rarely consulted upon the outward adornment of his female companion; but when we call to mind the universal prevalence of this exclusion, it is impossible not to wonder at the inconsistency of the sex which has thus tabooed from masculine approach one chief subject of its thoughts. For what is the invariable auswer which a lady makes to any remonstrance that may be addressed to her upon the costliness or the inconvenience of her attire? Does she not always turn round upon you with the retort that men at least have no right to make such complaints, because it is simply to please men that womeu are so anxious to look well? Now, supposing this answer to be true, there follows from it a very obvious consequence. If it is for man's gratification and improvemcnt only that young ladies devote so much of their own time, their parents' money, and their dressmakers' skill to the settlement of the great question what they shall wear, they ought surely to feel some interest in discovering if they have succeeded in their benevolent design. It cannot be desirable or pleasant for them to remain in total ignorance whether all their disinterested exertions may not have been entirely thrown away. And yet if every male mouth is to be closed, and every male suggestiou rejected as superfluous or impertinent, there is no way left of obtaining this invaluable knowledge. We are most sensible of the honor which women do us when they profess to have no other object in dressing themselves than the wish to enchain our fascinated gaze by the beatified apparition of a fashionably got up augel; but, considering their repeated assertions to this effect, we should have more respect for their consistency if they did not so often resent as insulting the least approach to criticism. Indeed, even our admiration, however respectful or however delicate it may be, is frequently rejected unless at the same time it is absolutely dumb and unintelligent. It would almost seem as though, to be accepted by the objects to whom it is offered, it must be wanting in any intellectual basis whatever. A man may be allowed to admire, but he must never presume to express—it will be safer for him not even to have—an intelligible reason for his admiration. He may go so far, for example, as to speak of crinoline as a becoming fashion, or to say that a particular young lady looks better in a low dress than in a high one. But if, in the innocence of his heart, he praises the hoop-petticoat because it displays the ankles to advantage, or prefers the evening gown because it leaves visible a pair of white shoulders, the chances are that, though he has only put into words a fact of which the fair wearers of the garments in question are perfectly conscious, he will be held nevertheless to have committed an offence of the deepest dye. We know of no other consolation under these undeserved trials than the reflection that the charges of presumption and of meddling in things too high for them, which are so freely levelled at men who venture to have an opinion on such matters, are nothing after all but a reproduction of the common misconception to which criticism has always been exposed. It is always asumed that any qne who—not being a poet, a novelist, or a woman—dares so much as hint at any imperfection in the rhythm of a verse, the plot of a story, or the make of a gown, ought necessarily to be able to construct something better. People forget that the sphere of art is wide enough to give full play to the critical as well as to the creative faculty, and that the two are rarely found in combination. And so, though man could never unite into one mysterious whole the varying elements of color, form and texture which make up the feminine costume, he may still be able to test the process by ascertained principles of taste, and to pronounce, however diffidently, whether the result is in accordance with his standard.—*Saturday Review.*

The Little Gavroche.—Here is the last Parisian literary anecdote: "Receutly an elderly, but well preserved gentleman, while walking on the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, Brussels, was struck by the sign over a tobacco shop, 'Au Petite Gavroche.' Looking first on the sign, and then at the number of the house, he said to the friend who was with him: 'I really don't understand that. It certainly was here!' He entered, and speaking to an elderly lady, said: 'I beg your pardon, madam, but please tell me, have you tenanted this house long?" 'No, sir, I have heen here only two years.' 'May I ask you, without being over-inquisitive, why you took that sign?' 'Do you know M. Victor Hugo?' 'I do not, but I know little Gavroche, for I have read *Les Miserables.*' 'Did you like the book?' 'Indeed I did, for I, too, belong to this people. I have seen barricades, and have been in prison for political opinion's sake.' She weut on giving an ardent red republican creed of her own. When she euded, he held out his hand to her, saying: 'Madam, allow me to shake hands with you as a friend; I am the father of little Gavroche.' It was Victor Hugo. His astonishment on seeing his little hero's name on a sign was doubled by its hanging on the house in which he commenced writing *Les Miserables.*'" We are assured that is no convenient fiction, but a veritable fact.

BURSTING OF A WATERSPOUT ON A RAILWAY.

THE Liverpool *Mercury* says: "As the four o'clock express train from Edinburg to Glasgow was nearing Croy station, aud speeding along the line, which at this point is carried through a deep cutting, the engine-driver was signaled, when passing the 4:15 P. M. express train from Glasgow, to proceed cautiously. Shortly after the warning had been given, a fearful noise was heard; flashes of lightning gleamed through the hazy air, followed by quick crashes of thunder; the carriages of the train were at the same time assailed by what seemed to the affrighted passengers a terrific shower of hail, and in an instaut a perfect deluge of water came sweeping down from the shelving rocks on either side of the cutting. A waterspout had evideutly burst in the vicinity of the line, and before the speed of the train could be diminished to any considerable extent it shot right into the centre of the suddenly-released waters, which, foaming and seething, rushed into the cuttiug in solid sheets. The water gradually rose outside the carriages, reaching in a short time the footboard, and afterwards floating into the first-class compartments, while the hissing noise which was produced through contact with the works of the engine tended to increase the feeling of consternation aud alarm which already prevailed amongst the passengers. The difficulties of the situation were still further complicated by the sudden descent of a quautity of stonework from the heights above, arising probably from the giving way of a drystone fence, which, spreading across the rails, destroyed any hope that might have been entertained by the party of a passage being effected down the line after the water had cleared away. Meanwhile the train, its momentum imperfectly arrested, had been quietly gliding into the accumulated waters; and as the line here takes a slight decline, every inch of progress led into deeper danger, until it was finally brought to a stand. All this was the work of a few minutes. The passengers had been suddenly placed in a most critical position, and the safety in which they were enabled to ride it over—no persoual injuries having been sustained—was probably owing to the presence of mind of the engine-driver, who, when he saw the turn affairs were taking, at once fixed the damper over the furnace, thus preventiug the iugress of the water, aud avoiding the explosion that might otherwise have followed. The train was by-and-by backed out of the water; aud while it was evident that the journey to Glasgow must be for some time delayed, all positive danger was at an end. Some of the passengers quitted the carriages, aud, climbing up to the top of the cutting, walked down as far as Croy station. The waterspout had evidently beeu limited to a comparatively narrow area, within which, however, it had operated with terrible force, for on reaching Croy it was found that here the elemental strife had been even more alarming while it lasted. The water was flowiug into the station, and the number of wagons which where shunted into a kind of lye had been floated right out into an adjoining field. The telegraph wires along the line, it was also ascertained, had been destroyed, so that communication with Glasgow was cut off; but the station-master seut a man on horseback to Campsie junction, from which intelligence of the occurrence was trausmitted to the city. The obstruction to the liue was of such a nature as to cause a detention of four hours to the traiu.

Modern Overtasking.—Human life is, in many respects worth more now than it was a hundred years ago. We no longer, as a rule, eat and drink to excess, as our ancestors did; we do not invite apoplexy by covering our heads with a cap of dead hair, and swathing our throats in folds of unnecessary linen; our sanitary arrangements are a hundred fold better, and our town-dwellers see much more of the country, and taste much more of the country air. Yet it is certain that nervous disorders are greatly on the increase, and it is to be feared that the excitement of modern life is introducing new maladies while removing old. A physician of the early or middle Georgian era said that a large proportion of the deaths of Englishmen was due to repletion. The proportion under that head is uow very much less; but what we have gained in one direction we have lost in another. Among the intellectual and mercantile classes of the presént day, the greatest danger to life is from nervous exhaustion. We make too serious and too incessant demands on the most delicate part of our structure, and the whole fabric gives way under paralysis, or heart complaint, or softening of the brain, or imbecility, or madness. Disease of the heart is constantly sweeping off our men of intellect, and the vast size of our modern lunatic asylums, together with the frequent necessity of adding to their number, is a melancholy proof of the over-wrought state of a large part of the population.

A Fine Retort.—On the day of the President's funeral a bronzed and weather-beaten soldier, anxious to obtain a better view of the procession, happened to step before a party of ladies and geutlemen. One of the gentlemen nudged him on the elbow, at the same time observing: "Excuse me, sir, you are right in front of us." Bowing handsomely in return, the soldier replied: "That is nothing remarkable for me, sir; I have been in front of you for four years."

WHAT MAKES BEAUTY IN A FRENCH WOMAN.

NEVER has any civilization flowered into such a womanhood as that of France. How intelligent, how bright, sympathetic, inspiring, deadly! There alone you find mouths that are, at the same time, gates for oracles and pillows for kisses. A good and noble Frenchwoman is the rose of all the world. We were looking at a head of such an one, at Goupil's, the other day. It was by Edouard Dubufe, *Dubufe fils*, the mau who can ask what price he likes for his portraits in Paris. Dubufe himself, a snug, boyish fellow in patent leathers, can get his palette and his curly head into the most exclusive bouidoirs of France—and be splendidly rewarded for the intrusion.

A picture from Europe, painted with perfect art, is a national event. Dubufe paints heads and hauds with such perfection and intensity that, to look at his work, you would think he could paint but those extremities alone, like the Russian musicians who could only blow one note apiece, and blow that one like Orpheus. The great artist distinguishes himself by grappling boldly with what lesser men consider the prosaic part of their work, and translating it into beauty. Canova—a fourth-rate man—was afraid of the skeleton, and represented his pretty dolls as boneless. Dubufe, in this head, has clearly indicated the cheek-bones, and a rather sharp chin—and they seem necessities of loveliness. It is a brunette, with quiet, planet eyes, clouded hair, "like twilight," as Wordsworth says, aud the hair seems to have been swept away from the perfect temples by a storm of kisses. The mouth is of the texture and color of rose-leaves, humid velvet; along the upper lip hangs the just guessable cloud of that slight moustache which goes with the pure brunette complexion, while near one corner, distracting, provoking, bewitching, sits the beauty-spot, the tyrannical, fantastic mole.

The hands of Dubufe's women are almost terrible; lithe and wise as serpents, large, and with the signs of physical strength clotted up in cream, they repose or undulate along a surface like separate creatures, living in their own wills, and ready to wake and peep from under their pink nails. We had never imagined such hands until we saw the pictures; we had rather know one such hand than many a whole woman we wot of. "Her steady eyes," says Currier Bell, somewhere, "I cannot picture. They are clear, they are deep as lakes, they are lifted and full of worship, they tremble with the rapture of love and the softness of prayer." That will do if you leave out the 'prayer;' that Gothic faculty has been denied to these purely French creations.

But are there really such women in France? Why, a man will find himself pantiug and panting, and ready to cry before the mere painted simulacra. Who can stand in the day of the live woman of France?—*Frank Leslie.*

Advertising in Olden Times.—Macadamized roads, in all save the name, were known iu the Roman dominions 200 years before the Christian era, and were not merely limited to the vicimty of the capital, but were laid down in every province that succumbed to the valor of the republican arms. At an equally early age, the Roman Senate, among various other decrees relating to the order and discipliue to be observed in the city, enacted that men should give place to women in the streets, and leave them the unrestricted use of the smooth line of pavement, which every house-owner had to maiutain in good condition in front of his own residence. Colossal sign-boards announced to the passers-by the business followed in the houses; while in the times of Plautus, notices of lost aud found objects were displayed on placards written in letters a cubit long; and gladiatorial games, races, shows and theatrical exhibitions were made public by huge boards displaying colored representations of some of the most striking scenes or sights to be exhibited. The walls, doors and palings were covered with these rude advertisements, which seem generally to have been drawn in some bright cotor on a black or red ground. Although the Romans, like other ancient nations, were ignoraut of printing as applied to the multiplication of books, they were familiar with the use of printing types, which their potters used for stamping names on their vases; and we are told that the Emperor Justinian, wheu he wished to append his signature to a public document, had recourse to a small wooden tablet, on which the letters of his name were cut, which he traced on the paper by following with the point of his style or pen the various contours of the carving. But perhaps the straugest indication that most of our assumed discoveries and inuovations are mere *réhabilitations*, to use a French word, of pre-existiug things, is supplied by the suggestion which is ascribed to Plato for "the establishment of agencies for marriage, by means of which the qualities of each candidate for matrimony might be made known, and men thus have a better chance of securing wives suited to their various characters." The idea seems to have been lost for ages, but not wholly, for it revived in great force about a ceutury ago, when some ingenious German, either from the depth of his own consciousness, or from a careful study of Plato's writings, established at Hamburg an office for the transaction of matrimonial affairs, in which advertisements for husbands and wives were always to be seen. There was not the slightest mystery or reserve assumed; and there is great frankness displayed both by the ladies and gentlemen who took part in these negotiations, for we are informed by one advertiser that "she is fifty-nine years of age, and having buried her fourth husband within the previous three weeks, is anxious to meet with a good-looking healthy young man of twenty-six, as successor to her lamented partners. He need be uuder no trouble or care about money matters, as she has plenty of both, and will leave him as her universal legatee."

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP
SACRAMENTO.
CLOTHING BAZZAR,
431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12-2m GEO. J. S HYAMS.

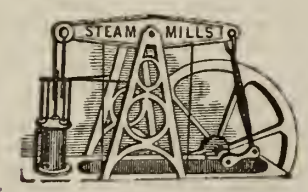
ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK
OF
Gentlemen's Clothing,
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS,
VALISES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
NOW IN THE STORE,
No. 233 *Montgomery street,*
(Russ Block,)
IS BEING SOLD
AT
GREATLY REDUCED RATES,
TO
CLOSE THE ESTATE
OF
THOMAS G. SANDFORD,
LATELY DECEASED.

au5-tf

THE ROYAL JAVA COFFEE.

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL COFFEES
GROUND FRESH TO ORDER BY
HASKELL & CO.



STORE FRONTS ON
514 *Market Street,*
AND
15 *Sutter Street,*
Three Doors below the Market House,
Au5-tf SAN FRANCISCO.

SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.
GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
Office, 520 Montgomery street,
San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. GEORGE PAUNCEFORT,
SUPPORTED BY
THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

This Afternoon and Evening, August 12th, 1865,

THE SENSATION PLAY
THE SENSATION PLAY
THE SENSATION PLAY
OF
OF
OF
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!
WAITING FOR THE VERDICT!

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 14TH,
AURORA FLOYD!
Will be played for the benefit of
MR. PAUNCEFORT.

TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15TH,
First night of the re-engagement of
MR. DAN SETCHELL.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

CALL AND SEE THE

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
ELASTIC STITCH
SEWING
MACHINES.

J. W. J. PIERSON,
AGENT,
329 *Montgomery street.*

au12-3m

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.
Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS
Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the
SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER
Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.
☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜
E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
jy29-3m San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

WHEATLEIGH'S
EUREKA THEATRE,
Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, AUGUST 12TH,
MAXIMILIANO!

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 12TH,
Will be presented the successful Extravaganza,
Maximiliano!
Or, Monroe Doctorin' for a Sick Empire!

Uncle Sam.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Chevalier Monroe.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Secretary Benjamin.....Stephen Leach
Maximiliano.....Mr. Percy
Mme Dealem.....Mrs. Judah
Empress.....Frances Gass
Duke Gwin.....E. A. Reeves
Hung Wing.....Annie Yeamans

☞ In active preparation—A new local comedy by "INIGO," entitled OUR FRIEND FROM VICTORIA.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,
COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,
NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

HUNT'S PATENT
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER
is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by
E. O. HUNT,
jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

RARE CHANCE
TO SECURE
DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.
J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22-4t Room Nos. 2 and 6.

NOTICE.

A LARGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG came to my premises on August 2d. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at DUNN & HENRY'S coal and wood yard, southeast corner of Powell and Union streets. au12-2t

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WILSON'S
Mastodon Champion Circus
OF THE WORLD!

THE PERFECTION of ARENIC ART!

GREATEST COMBINATION EVER MADE ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

PERFORMANCES THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
August 12th, 1865,
AND EVERY EVENING DURING THE COMING WEEK,
ON THE
Lot adjoining the International Hotel.

Mr. James Cook,
Ross and Carlo,
Ella Zoyara, Senor Olma,
Wm. Worrell, Mme. Ellouise,
John Barry, Master Austin,
La Petite Gemma,
Miss Anneran,
George Peoples,
Master Tomasito,
Senor Orlandino,
Master Henriques,
And a host of general performers, together with the celebrated
Dogs and Monkeys,
Trained Horses,
Ponies and Mules

JED. WILSON'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND.

All in one Grand Pavilion, with Arm Chairs, Cushioned Seats, and all the Luxuries of a First Class Theatre.

☞ Grand Matinee for Families on Saturday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock. J. ALEXANDER, Agent.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the
PATENT RIGHT,
is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, upon reasonable terms.
JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of AUGUST, 1865:

AUGUST 18th - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME
CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE
WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, the office of this paper. jy15-5t

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 13. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 19, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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- Popular Fallacies—No. 2.—By "Libra."
- Nature a Model.—By "Iris."
- My Second Capture—A Night in the Valley of the Shenandoah.
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POETRY:
- The Stammering Wife.
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EDITORIALS:
- San Francisco Benevolent Association.
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- Editorial Paragraphs.

THEATRICAL TALK:
- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits. [By "Trem."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III, Scene 2.

WE answered "Subscriber, G. & L.'s" query about "monkey on the heart" last week—the consequences have been terrible. Could we have anticipated them, we should have shrunk from the task in terror. Our vanity has been the ruin of us. The thousands of readers of THE CALIFORNIAN have come to the conclusion that the man who could solve such a problem as that propounded by "Subscriber, G. & L.," is capable of answering any question. The occupation of the editor of the *Sunday Mercury* is gone. He may now cry: "Farewell 'Constant Subscriber,' farewell 'Mud Springs;' farewell 'Traveller' and all ye tribe of anxious enquirers who want to know, and give me an opportunity to display my wisdom; the "Mouse-Trap" man has done my business; 'monkey on the heart' will be the death of me." We didn't mean to do it, but we have. We don't believe the editor of the *Mercury* has received one solitary enquiry this week. He can't have done so. Everybody can't want to know, you know; and all those who do, have sent their queries to the "Mouse-Trap." Their number is appalling; a boy has to be kept in constant attendance on the letter-box to empty it of its contents to make room for more. We will answer a few of those which appear to be the most urgent, just by way of a beginning, and to prove we are in earnest and intend to answer all in course of time:

A SWELL.—We cannot inform you whether paper collars are numbered according to size, but we know the paper of which they are made is all sized.

BOB.—We decline to inform you how much a pawnbroker would probably be willing to lend on your sister's waterfall. We do not believe you could put a waterfall up the spout, and if you could it would be wrong to do so.

LATIN SCHOLAR.—No, "*Mea voluntas sum currit suum caput contra homo dic pax plenum sed*," is not classical Latin. The literal translation of it, is "My William runs his head against the mantelpiece full butt."

POLITICIAN.—Absalom was a "long hair;" but we would not advise you to rely too much on this Scriptural fact, as it is well known that Samson was of no account whatever when he became a "short hair."

JULIA.—Tell you what your name signifies? Certainly. It was first given to an Israelitish lady who was an admirable performer on the Hebrew lyre or Jews-harp. Jew-lyre in course of time became corrupted into Julia.

CONFUCIUS.—We cannot say whether or no the editor of the *Call* has personal reasons for disliking the Chinese. We are inclined to believe that the story, that it is owing to a disappointment in love, he having been refused by a beautiful damsel of the Flowery Kingdom, to whom he offered his hand and heart, is a fabrication. The reason he had such a bad attack yesterday, may have been the omission of the Chinese merchants to invite him to their dinner party. We understand that, if the Chinese are unpopular with the *Call*, the *Call* is equally unpopular among the Chinese, it being too small to envelope a clean shirt. They say "*Alta* likee, good paper, *Alta*; *Call* no likee; too littee."

MUSICUS.—The great musical authority of this city is a gentleman connected with the *Alta*; he is a fine Italian scholar, as may be seen by referring to the *Alta* of Monday, August 14th, where, under the head of "Musical Matters," he gives the names of artists engaged by Muretzek for the Academy of Music. He obtained this information from a certain literary paper published in New York. Had the names been published in English instead of Italian, Monday's edition of the *Alta* would have been seized by the police. He is also an accomplished French scholar, and translates plays from that language into English. That he is thoroughly conversant with French, is sufficiently proved by his speaking of the church of "Notre Dame des Victoires" as "Notre Dame des *Victories*," in the same article in which he displays his knowledge of Italian. It is not every paper in San Francisco that can afford to secure the services of so accomplished a scholar and musical critic as this gentleman, but the proprietors of the *Alta* are wealthy. "If "Musicus" will read his *Alta* attentively, he cannot fail to be well posted on musical matters; that paper is to San Francisco what *Dwight's Journal of Music* is to Boston, only a little more so.

WE delight in Gottschalk's fantasies; we adore his *murmures Æoliennes*; but why will he not wed some of his delicious music to verse, and thus render that verse immortal. He could find many sweet little things in the *Flag*—we were going to say in the Poets' Corner of the *Alta*, but alas, that is still walled up! that blank commercial column still runs up to the top of the page. Why is the door of that sweet temple of the muses cruelly shut up? We hope the *Alta* will relent, and we shall soon have an opportunity of devoting a column to the reopening of the Poets' Corner. Perhaps the "stately march of numbers" which characterizes the poetry of the *Flag* is not suited to Gottschalk's music. Gottschalk's music is *so* simple. Something innocent would suit him. Poetry is not our *forte*, but we modestly lay the following simple little thing on the pedal of the great composer's magnificent Chickering as a bumble tribute to his genius, hoping that he may deem it not unworthy to be set to music. We have endeavored to catch the spirit of many of the great composers' most admired works, and at the same time have partly adopted the idea of the sweetly pathetic cradle songs sung by the peasantry of the Alpine valleys. We shall be indeed flattered if Mr. Gottschalk will set our lines to music, and shall consider we are amply repaid for the hours of anxious thought consumed in their composition:

Chickering-a-ring-a-ring,
Chickering-a-ri-do,
Chickering's pianos sing—
Play on them as I do.

Chick-chick Chickering,
Hear the sweet sounds swelling,
Golden music thence I bring,
Thousands they are selling.

Chick-a-ring-a Chick-a-Chick
Sounds like rippling water,
O'er the keys fly fingers quick—
Chickering's a snorter.

My soul's in my Chickering,
Chickering a-ring-ing;
Now I laugh, and now I sing,
Each note dollars bringing.

You can do it well as I,
Chickering-a-ri-do,
Orders left, attended to—
Chickerings supplied, oh!

THE following extraordinary announcement appeared in the *Examiner* of Tuesday last:

"ASCENSION DAY.—To-day, throughout France as well as all other Catholic countries, is observed as one of heavenly rejoicing."

We are afraid that Localitems of the *Examiner* is a sad heathen, or he would certainly be aware that Ascension occurs on the third day after Good Friday, which this year fell on the 14th of April. Tuesday last was celebrated by the Catholic church throughout the world as the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and by Frenchmen as the fête day of Napolean. Localitems of the *Examiner* will please make a note of the fact that Ascension Day cannot occur as late in the year as th 15th of August.

"MAHLSTICK" writes a letter to the *Alta*, praising the pictures exhibited in the Fair, by Fortunato Arriola. Fortunate, oh Arriola, art thou to have such an advocate as "Mahlstick"! This exuberant youth—his letter proves him to be a youth—gushes with ecstatic praise of "a sweet little picture, depicting an angel in the act of hearing a beautiful infant to the spirit regions." This is indeed a remarkable picture. The thought that strikes one on looking at that child is, Can the angel carry it much farther? It is a perfect baby Bunting. The little monster looks as if it had died of apoplexy!

WE notice a piece of music has been published called "The Last Ditch Polka." Many bloody-minded radicals would like to make "The Last Ditch Polka" a dance on nothing for the leaders of the rebellion.

WE want a musical composer. We were reminded of this went when we saw the last act of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Academy of Music last night, and listened to the music to which "Romeo" died. The music to which people die from the effects of poison in operas has a dreadful sameness. The composers do not study their subject sufficiently. They should first ascertain the nature of the poison which causes the death which they are to set to music. If laudanum has been taken, then the music may be soft, sleepy, and soothing; but how different should it be when strychnine is the drug employed! Then it should be sharp, fierce and spasmodic. Let composers, like doctors, try experiments with different poisons on animals, mark their effects and compose their music accordingly. A startling effect could be introduced into one of these poisioning scenes, thus: The victim is about to expire; strychnine music is agonizing the audience; in rushes a doctor with a stomach-pump and pumps him out to stomach-pump-music. We are sure it could be done; and if Mr. George T. Evans will undertake to compose an opera, introducing this startlingly original effect, we shall be happy to write the libretto, and assist him in strychnining a few cats, from whose dying agonies he can take musical notes, and, the heavenly muse assisting, we three could produce something great. While on the subject of medicine in connection with opera, we may mention that the proprietor of a patent medicine has offered Mr. Maguire $1,000 for the privilege of being allowed, this afternoon, when *Traviata* is to be performed at the Academy, to rush on the stage just before "Violetta" dies, and save her life by administering a bottle of his wonderful syrup. "Alfredo" is then to exclaim, "Saved! saved!" "Il Dottore" will answer, "Consumption *is* curable," and the patent medicine man, holding up the bottle, will add, "Yes, with Snufflem's Syrup;" and the curtain will fall. This would, no doubt, be a much more pleasing denouement, and the change in the opera necessitated by its adoption would be slight; but Mr. Maguire objects and will not even allow Professor Snufflem to distribute three thousand copies of his pamphlet entitled "Consumption Curable" in the dress circle. Violetta will, therefore, die this afternoon as usual to consumptive music, but the public as they listen to that distressing cough in the second act will be kind enough to remember that one bottle of Snufflem's syrup would, in the early stages of the disease, check it and save Violetta's life.

WE took occasion a week or two ago to refer to the ridiculous lines inserted to make out the full measure of a column. Here is one which appears in a number of papers: "Short rents make long friends." Now what does that mean? We should not expect to remain friends with our landlady long if we were in the habit of paying her rent short. Does it mean that by renting a house for a short time, and then moving, you have not time to quarrel with the owner? Bah! It is perfect nonsense. "Long rents make long friends," would appear to have some sense in it, but the other statement is absurd.

THE editor of the Reese River *Reveille* says he has been shown a letter from a person in Montana that contains "a laughter-provoking incident." A man went out to shoot moose, didn't know what a moose was like, met a drove of camels and shot one for a moose. We honor the editor of the *Reveille* for not, instead of calling it "a laughter-provoking incident," heading this paragraph "A-moosing occurrence," and afterwards saying that the man who shot the camel though he didn't shoot a deer, had a dear shot.

How true is it that, when everything appears prosperous, one is often brought to realize the weakness of human hopes by a thorn in one's side. "Inigo," on the first night of his comedy, had a thorne in his side which sadly rent the web which his fancy had woven, of tumultuous calls for the author, showers of bouquets, etc. There is no rose without a thorn. "Inigo" could not even say that the curtain rose without a thorne.

HENRY WARD BEECHER calls Secretary Stanton the most lion-like man of our times. The *Flag*, referring to this, says:

"Stanton is more like a hulldog, holding on with the tenacity of that animal."

We think Beecher knew what he was about when he used the term lion. A good many people thought when Stanton was in the dispatch-manufacturing business that very often he was a lyin'-like thunder.

A HYPERCRITICAL individual says that silver ore cannot be called raw material after it is roasted; there is quite a difference between silver ore and silver roasted.

ELDER R. GRAHAM preaches the gospel every Tuesday and Thursday night at Dashaway Hall. The gospel is called the bread of life; in this case it is of course Graham bread.

EFFORTS are being made by numerous parties of explorers to prove that California is an ile-land.

TREM.

MY SECOND CAPTURE.

A NIGHT IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

THE Adjutant T—— and myself, not inexperienced in battles, though, perhaps, like most Americans, infants in warfare, were captured in September last, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, Nature's noble art-gallery, on the west side of Opequan Creek, a stream that is a picture at almost any point. In one of the gallant charges which our eager cavalry, under General Sheridan, made before the great charge that captured Winchester and the Valley, our regiment had the right, and gained a fine position in the end. But two or three encounters were very close. The sea of battle surged back and forth, tormented only, however, by the mild breezes of a day like May; and as the waves of our army withdrew from the ridge on which the enemy rested, to gain greater impetus, my poor horse was shot under me, stranded, and left rolling upon the ground, midway between friend and foe. The orderly, my attendant, had another in the rear of the retreating column; but, inasmuch as that was now swept by the swift-receding current far beyond us, he could neither have me mounted nor command other present means whereby to get me off. I reclined, like Adonis, upon a soft bed of meadow-grass studded here and there with wild-flowers, an emerald velvet with silver spangles—but suffering, unlike him, from bruises, and with my best soulless friend dead at my side. I was somewhat sprained by the fall the dying beast had given me. The enemy was close at hand, following with yells and chaotic eagerness upon our troops.

"We'll take a march to Libby," said my orderly, dropping on his knees to feel my bones.

He drew his arm through his rein, (having had no idea of deserting me in his sound health by the aid of his ready animal) and continued his examination; whilst his sturdy favorite chopped the short grass within reach of his breathing hitching-post as closely as his long bit would allow. In a very few moments the Rebel foam was surging like wild beyond us—a private pausing at me for a second, to poke me in the ribs with his piece.

"There's life there, Grayback," growled my attendant; and the Rebel ordered us to the rear.

Indeed, had we remained where we were, we would soon have been in the rear, so impetuously did the foe sweep by us. But private soldiers, the potent keystones of the Rebel arch, built to crush the voice of the many, command the Southern armies in every great engagement; and one of these important atoms had given us our hint to move. You never see anything but the rank and file in the heart of a Rebel corps. Our new commander mounted my orderly's horse, and soon was lost in the distance.

It is not, I have found, a very diverting entertainment to wander free a few moments (a free prisoner) in search of some authority, out of the myriads who have the opportunity, who shall choose to take charge of one. I felt peculiarly as I stood irresolute, now framing one thought, now another, casting about in my mind, weighing the odds with no light fancy-scales, which of the rushing demons on all sides would draw up before me with a curse, and command me to follow him. Our regiment, our corps, our whole army, (this last had not left its works for the little fight,) were far in the distance now; and the ground on which I stood, and which but a short time since was tramped by Northern troops, had, in the mutations of war, become a portion of the Rebel dominions. The September sun shone brightly through the white fleece of the cloud-swans swimming in the morning air; and the early spring breeze that I have mentioned—for Æolus had given freedom to but a tender dove-zephyr—played with the silk fringe of the meadow grass, finding no olive-branch here, venturing its ripple, with the audacity of innocence, under the very heels of the contending forces. Possibly the feeling of loneliness which overwhelms a man at such a time as this is the most acute of all his feelings. I looked my orderly in the face as he supported me on his shoulder. He was gazing coolly before him.

"If we have to march soon, you had better rest," he said, deliberately. "There's a tree you can sit under. And if you have money or a watch, you had better hide them in your armpits."

We went to the tree, and set ourselves against it.

The fresh air that brushed by us, like fine steel points, relieved me of my oozing faintness, and in the ease of my circumstances I could attend somewhat to my bruises. With the aid of my canteen, I relaxed the strained muscles. It was my desire to have my loins girt about and my limbs in good order for the foot-journey that I doubted not was before us. They would march us to Gordonsville, and thence to Libby, carrying us through in an incredibly short time, and without boots at that. I had two objects to labor for, as I began to get myself into condition: first, to be taken in charge by an officer; and then—to escape from him that night, whilst the train was in disorder. I was of opinion that my companion, a taciturn machine, who labored, like the miners, well with his little light, had some such plan of his own, as I saw him buckling his belt beneath his trousers. He was stowing away his watch and a photograph—which every soldier must have, of some poor maid or other who toils in the shades of obscurity at home—and making himself ready for a run at any favorable moment. I thought that I would sound him.

"You had better do it, orderly, soon in the day," I said: "since the enemy will march you between two files, and you will then have but little chance."

"So I think," he replied. "I thought no time better than now. But then——"

"But what?" I asked.

"Well, it's rather hard to leave you here. What with your sprain, and your blow on the head, you're pretty sure to halt at Libby."

I had no chance to answer, for the Rebel was before me who was to have the honor of my capture.

He was of the flabby white flesh species of the genus Rebel, a Quaker scarecrow with matty locks, that many of my brethren in arms have met; harmless in units, but ponderous as even scarecrows will be, if hurled back and forth in thousands, swarms; lank, cadaverous, and whining; snuff-chewing, and grossly filthy, even under the best of circumstances. His flesh was set dough, and his hair was long and yellow. He spoke through the dirty causeway of his nose. The road-dust and drab of his uniform, so called in satire, have often been described. These gentlemen's faces, to me, who incline to an intelligent expression on the human index, look like tallow-vats of nursery-suet, pliable and swill-fed; and their mien and carriage have never impressed me favorably. I had seen them rush with a wild yell, an army like the Paris mob of intoxicated rags, upon our Gibraltar at Gettysburg; and had myself charged upon their Attila-works (behind which they had their household gods piled up and ready for burning) at Fredericksburg. I had even taken a ball from one of them in the shoulder, whilst skirmishing, in the shiftings of my experience; and they had before had the honor of my capture, in sunny, grape-growing Maryland. Perhaps all these scenes passed in panorama before my mind's eye, as I rose to my captor and eyed his dirty linen. Here was an indignity, indeed. My soul revolted at the thought of a journey southward, and all my instincts warned me against so dire an undertaking. I stood before the Rebel with my determination in my eye.

"A couple of Yanks, lolling under a tree," he screamed to his companions, pointing the finger, and garnishing his speech, in Rebel manner, with an oath. "P'rhaps you thought you were off," he chuckled.

He was "goin'" to take us to the "Gen'ral." He muttered more oaths with his orders, and directed us to be "right smart," and to "git."

I glanced at my orderly, who was inaugurating an onset upon the weaker side of this mean battery, or ditch-work—and who evidently counted upon making a breach by rapid, electric charges—by handing over his pistol. It was freely offered, before demanded, and the recipient took it in silence. He then drew out his tobacco, a treasure with which, I well knew, he would not willingly part, and which was the little ewe-lamb of his unjewelled life—which, also, was taken quickly, but under a nod of acknowledgements from the Rebel. The battery was shaken, but, in truth, continued to draw fire. "Give me your boots," said the critical captor, and the orderly knocked off his leathers in the best good-humor in the world. When we had walked a little farther, the orderly, now marching as the Moslems do on holy ground, asked our guide if he had any grub about him; and accepted a piece of pork. There was a variety of viands in the haversack from which this fragment came—both pork and bacon—but the fire-eaters, I have noticed, always prefer the latter meat. I divined at once that my orderly was laying in stores for a solitary tramp, and making a raven in this, to him, strange dessert, of the ill-omened bird that had pounced upon us. He would conciliate his enemy, and when the latter was growing careless, he would spring into some woods. The pork, with the berries to be found there, would sustain him after he had broken leash—and would be all that he would eat, no doubt, in the course of two or three suns.

We noticed a great stir on all sides of us, converging streams of straggglers, wounded men, and prisoners, as we made our way, scattering grasshoppers, over the fields, and soon mingled with the throng of troops on the open road to Winchester. It was about three miles from this town that our capture had taken place; and from the immense wagon-trains rumbling along with us, and the excited manner of the officers, I augured not as well for the Rebel cause. Perhaps Fortune had altered her humor, and the white eagles of victory had settled with the opposite side. Other parties of Union prisoners journeyed with us, and through the urgent manner of their guards, I thought I could discern a sunlit loop-hole to Freedom. In five minutes' time I was assured that the Rebels were preparing to retreat. Their six-horse teams were rushing to the rear, and their outlying bodies of cavalry were being hurriedly dispatched the other way. My mind was very busy on the new aspect of affairs.

The last I saw of my orderly was when he divested himself of the workman's incumbrance—his coat—and was trumping, bootless, haltingly along in the dustiest part of the road. He had conciliated his watchman into almost indifference, and was spreading himself with the sand, (tossed knee-high in little clouds by his feet,) having then become quite a Rebel in looks. In five minutes I turned upon him; but he had fallen out of the squad. I have never seen him since.

My own plans would keep me in the Rebel lines some hours longer. It was my object to escape; but I had already decided upon the evening, when darkness, and, I hoped, rain, would settle down upon us. I indulged a hasty prayer in behalf of the vanished man, and durst not more than snatch a look at where he should have been, lest the guard should miss him also. At one mile beyond Winchester, which town we had avoided by a branching road, we came to the office of the provost marshal, a very humble shell-work; and those of us who wore shoulder-straps were hustled into his presence.

He stood, the central figure in a dun picture, in an atmosphere of smoke, a dirty-looking Georgian in flying coat and high-boots. With hands in pocket he surveyed the objects brought before him, concisely delivering his orders over the stem of his teeth-clasped pipe. His clerk was at a table near, on which lay the papers of his office; and the splintered rafters behind him made the back-ground to a cabinet-picture that should have been done in chocolate.

We were placed in charge of a rather mild-looking officer, who wore his rank upon his sleeve in so elegantly twisted a knot that I could not make out his degree, and who had on a brand-new riding jacket, of a dark blue, to which the sleeve was attached, adorned with the staff-buttons of our army. It was his duty to command the guard that drove the captives of the Rebel hosts, in which safe branch of the service, as I afterwards learned, he had been engaged since '62. No doubt his many opportunities for demanding what he wanted, and for seizing, like Ahab, what was denied him, had furnished alike the jacket and the buttons; and were it not for his placid countenance, I should have fathered his entire outfit upon the Yankees—as having fallen to his shoulders by the same easy process. He was directed to drive us to the road at once, and to keep his herd in motion all the time. Hurried orders had come from headquarters, that set all the small bees about this lesser hive in a whirl of confused labors, whereby our departure was delayed for some moments. The provost marshal's clerk was even then packing up his rattling desk, pigeon-holing papers that would hatch knotty questions in the coop, and making due preparations for the departure of the Georgian magnate himself. I observed that their army-wagons kept trailing southward, like chalk vertebræ, in an unbroken string, and promised for a long while yet to obstruct the road. It was growing a little cloudy, too. It was now three hours after noon, and I hoped nervously for a sullen night.

Just before we set out on our melancholy march, I saw a man make a move toward me, and hastily clap one finger across his firm lips. It was Adjutant T——, of whom I have spoken, and who did not wish me to recognize him. It was his object to approach me, and to walk as a stranger at my side, so that the guards should not part us—and, I knew at once, to speak of a project common to both. The old stories of our camp-fires had flitted across his mind, and had blanched his cheek since morning. His blood was just thawing as he signalled me. I took no notice of him till after we had started, a company of men with bent brows, and he had marched on my right some forty rods. I then muttered slowly, "Speak little, and to the point;" whereat he waved his hand. It was singular and sad to ignore thus an old companion in the very hour of need, when surely a bitterness hung upon our souls that more than ever required balm. We were, perforce, to play the stranger, when at no time in life did we more thirst for the tender friend. Doubtless, our hopes of escape depended much upon each other; and we could but communicate those plans in insufficient monosyllables, which, if misunderstood, would lead to disaster. If ever plentiful words, in great ear-measures, are pardonable, it is at such moments as this—when even half-words—diamonds flashing betrayal—are imprudent. The Adjutant edged a little closer.

"Before dark, or after?" he asked.

To which I replied:

"After."

He gradually glided away from me, and for some time marched at the other side of the column.

I had noticed that he was walking without his jacket. The guards were accosting the officers in their neighborhood, and had taken his among other vestments. Most of the party of sad victims were well peeled ere their melancholy was an hour older. A rough boor turned to me and demanded my gauntlets. A basilisk fire shone through his eyes, and the breath which he blew through the grating of his teeth, over his thin, livid lips, and into my face, was freighted heavily with fumes of whisky. When I made bold to refuse him, he was dumbfounded in astonishment, and was pleased to compress his jaws.

"You d—d Yankee!" he screamed, profanely red with the inspiration of anger, "if you don't give me your gauntlets. I'll tear your hands from your body."

There was enough energy in his action to have guarantied even a more vehement manœuvre; and as he made his threat he raised his arm above me. But I had a mind to see myself through the affair in the course that I had chosen: and having noticed our mild officer a few paces in the rear of us, mounted upon his horse, and placidly sitting with his hand upon the pommel. I turned to him at once.

"If you will do me the favor, sir," I said, with some gravity of manner "I would like you to accept my gauntlets—a new pair from the box, that has only seen this day's work."

"They've had an unlucky birthday," he said, not inaptly, and rather courteously, as he took them.

"Yes, my gloves heretofore have all been spoiled by the sabre," I replied, keeping step with his charger. "I don't know but that you have to thank a drunken guard for the pair, sir, since he threatened to kill me, if I kept them on my hands."

He gave a hasty look for his orderly.

"Point out the man, if you can, sir," he said to me, and beckoned a trooper to his side.

"I am obliged to you for your interference," I answered. "The man marches third on the left there, and has his piece slung behind him. I hope that some day, sir, I may do you a favor."

A sense of humor, for which I must be grateful, considering the sombre dejection of my marching mate, filled my breast as I thanked him for his courtesy in putting one under guard for attempting (drunk) what he himself so soberly accomplished—the capture of my buckskins. He kept the gauntlets very willingly, and ordered a sergeant to accompany me. But there was generosity and magnificence in his action; the acquisition, per duress, of others' property was a daily habit with him—and to have a sergeant for a guard was a considerable favor. It was my desire to cultivate the sergeant thus cast within my reach, who otherwise might be a marlot, and who had good of some sort in him, I judged from his appearance; although, as with his kind, it was evidently very barren winter in his purse, and his summer clothes were apparently too open. His butternut jacket, a poor tweed with a cotton filling, was clasped about his throat with a shred of twine, flying away thence loosely, showing a dirty cotton shirt beneath, and the rough edge of the waistband of his pantaloons. The material of which these last were made was a very impressible jean, and marked the number of his journeys, could one but decipher them, in stains and intricate creases. He had the same face of lifeless suet, and the yellow hair that I have noticed as very prevalent in the rebel armies—but, withal, an elasticity of carriage that seemed too honest for the cause, an almost openness of countence, a cast of features tending towards amiability, which imbued me with a trembling hope. I had designs upon the sergeant, and intended opening upon him with rhetoric, after, perhaps, some amicable skirmishing. His detail to guard my person was a compliment to me which only the initiated—those who have made the same journey—can appreciate. The young provost officer with the sleeve-knots desired to offer me a delicate attention in return for my hand-furniture, and, perhaps, to impress me in some sort with his sense of right, even though he was of so wrong-headed a company. What a dainty, dew-sipping bunch of violets would be to conscious beauty—what a quaint volume of old matter, dust-breeding and crumbling, would be to the blinking scholar—what refined gold, or gold ore, or gold stamped in the mint, would be to a Wall street street broker—was this sergeant to myself. He was the gift of a royal potentate who stood not upon little matters. There was no calculation in the largess. I was to have the entire sergeant as all my own. We fell a rod behind the officer, and trudged evenly along.

Although big with an evil design, I did not intend to address my companion at once. The monotony of my walk, as I had at present nought else to think of, I allowed to engage a number of my thoughts. I hazarded conjectures upon many idle points, as my narrative will show. I fell to watching my feet, and to placing them, as far as practicable, directly in the footmarks of him who marched before me, instituting a sort of comparison between our soles, finding his smaller than mine, as, behind his back, I ventured upon his measure. I watched the ruts in the road, made by the wagons in advance of us, and wondered if those behind us had axle-trees as wide to an inch—as they would have, if made by the same contractor—in which case, I mused, it is just possible the coming train may move in this same rut. It seemed, then, a comfortable sort of a place. I saw the clouds of dust that had been provoked into rising in anger and rolling away sullenly many a day that weary summer, and that almost buried the wretched company in which we journeyed, hover heavily above the road-side, and choke the pretty weeds blooming there, by way of a mean revenge upon its human tormentors. Thereupon I envied the blue things, not their incubus, but their insignificance; for neither artillery, nor camp wagon, nor passing prisoner was aught to them. I wondered what each man here would say, if each man could tell his thoughts. Primarily, I was convinced, each captive would declare himself sick at heart; that is the only expression which will convey the sinking feeling. Once I heard a bird sing gayly a clear-throated song from a clump of trees; at which my heart grew sick also, to render me as miserable as the rest.

My mind reverted to Adjutant T——, of the manner of whose capture I knew nothing, and whom I had left that morning in camp, as the regiment set out for the fight. I doubted not but that he would be with me in a moment, to throw another mild projectile, a half-sentence at me. I had myself a catechism of one question with which to greet him. As some little parley might be necessary between us, which could not go on without the consent of our guardian, I concluded that then was the time to throw a sop to my sergeant. I turned coolly upon him.

"We are marching rather briskly, are we not, sergeant?" I said, endeavoring to insinuate the independence of unconcern in my bearing.

"Wal, right smart," he replied.

"I cannot tell by your uniform," I continued, with a half-smile, for the fellow was all beggar's rags and patches, "whether you are in the cavalry or not; but a pair of spurs, at any rate, may not come amiss to you—and I can have no use for mine for some time yet. They don't allow us, I believe, to kick one another in Libby?"

I took my long spurs from my boots, like fringe from my heart-strings, (of which the officer had directed my sergeant to allow no one to deprive me—the boots, not the heart-strings, they being inaccessible; I would possibly not lose those till I arrived in Richmond,) and handed them over to him.

"I'm of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry," he said. "but do right smart duty on horseback," (he liked the steel.) "I'm detailed to the provost marshal. They do treat a fellow rather hard down there."

I augured ever so much good from the sergeant's "do," upon which there was an emphasis.

"Were you ever a prisoner, sergeant?" I asked, always careful to bestow his title.

"Once," he said, laconically.

"Well! it 's all one in the end," I said, carelessly turning from him, to show that I had no desire for the conversation, if he did not relish it. "You have a chance now to give me the devil of a time, in revenge for your treatment among my friends. 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

My sang-froid had the savor of a good pickle. It was a very peculiar turn to give the affair, I must own: but I saw that the sergeant was struck by it. Possibly, that one was my best stroke of the day. I have, at any rate, ever since deemed it so.

I walked along as before, speculating, not lightly, upon the dejected beings about me, who marched, spectre-fashion, in the dust, like the unhappy (would-be) crew on the shores of the Styx, trying to appease Charon. They never would be at rest till he ferried them over to the shades of the world of death—or (what to them seemed impossible) till they were remanded back to life among the loved ones of their race. I remember particularly one trifle of this momentous march, that threatened towards night to gnaw into my very brain-tissues. Soldiers, it is known, are not over-careful in their dress, when in daily action in the field, nor have they time to grow fastidious during the fighting summer months. They then, perforce, disregard tapes with a loftier indifference to appearances than that which distinguishes the noble cynic of the world. But officers generally use tapes about their ankles (perhaps to keep some garment in place immediately upon the stocking:) and I have known them myself, for prudence' sake, to tie them in hard knots. A poor limping lieutenant, a little to the left, and some ten feet in advance of me, had not adopted this precaution, and now, consequently, more as a punishment to me than to him, one of his nursery ties had come undone, and was trailing after his foot in shadow-like persistency. I had here a world of torture in a nutshell. When, unluckily, my eyes fastened upon this appendage, I could not keep them from it. It fascinated me with more than the juggler's success upon the serpent. I fell to conjecturing how long the affair might be—if four inches or five; and pondered the allowance to be made in the calculation by reason of the man's distance; merging this view of the matter in another, as I watched his heel touch the ground, and noted the time which elapsed between that and the jumping forward of the foot, with the string, ever faithful, behind it. I conjectured how much dust the tape took up at each step, and wondered, if, in a long march, merely by accretion thereof, the end of it would not be a sort of dirt-coil, perhaps a tenth of an inch in diameter—soaring higher, too, in my delirium of nervousness, till I could imagine the incalculable increase in size which would be insured, should the lieutenant step into a puddle, and get the thing all wet: he would wear a sand rope for ankle-fetter, upon entering Richmond.

But the most provoking of all the phases to which my humor was reduced, and which my dilapidated body had to submit to, by means of this tape, was the almost irresistible desire to spring lightly forward, and to catch the thing beneath my toe. It invoked me to all sorts of gymnastic efforts. The impulse racked my breast, and set up an argument against every reason in favor of a jog-trotting march for the balance of the daylight. I surveyed the poor lieutenant from head to foot, and pictured to myself his surprise, should he find himself hitched to the ground. He would turn, I thought, with open, questioning eyes, and perhaps look flushed by the accident. He might only hop a step farther on and trust to my not overreaching him. He might, impelled by the influence that tormented me, fall behind me, I had an unwavering conviction that that tape would never be removed—and that, consequently, in some way, the lieutenant, who played guide to it, would be my haunting demon all the weary hours of my march.

Soon after I had conferred my tart speech upon the Sergeant, and had so sealed my failure to gain his grace in behalf of my friend and myself, the Adjutant was at my side. A hale, hearty, well-made man, unperturbed usually, he was now almost another person than himself. I thought I knew what causes produced the palor on his face and the quiver about the loose-hanging under-lip. The good fellow had had in his jacket (before it was stolen) the leave-of-absence which was to have carried him home to be married, and he was to have availed himself of it in a week. Perhaps the thought of his lady gave him the woebegone expression. All sorts of sweet dreams, that had illumined his life for months, and filled up the wide chinks of camp monotony, were now quite bitterly ended—capped by the reality worse than the dream which is called nightmare. His smiling eyes were hooded only a little sooner than were those milder ones at home, no doubt under traced eyebrows and with far finer lashes. The marriage, perforce, was put off. The view of home was put off. Perhaps the Adjutant's solemn quietus, like an extinguisher of the light of his and his sweetheart's hopes, would drop upon him in loathsome Libby, and cancel the leave forever. This, being the weightier thought, was evidently bearing upon his mind.

I had resolved, in a business way, upon two points—perchance brought to my decision through some such tender passages as the above: first, that, as we could not escape from the lines together, he must take the earlier, because, as in mortgages, the better risk; and second, that if he did not answer in a satisfactory manner the one question that I had kept for some time uppermost in my brain to propound to him, he must pocket my North Star.

"Have you a compass?" I muttered, as he edged by me.

"No," he replied.

My second resolution, then, was, that he should carry my compass.

"I've been robbed of everything," he said.

"Take—my—compass—quick!" I returned, and pressed it into his hand.

He was not as good an astronomer as I. He looked a hurried remonstrance at me; but was obliged to hide it at once, and could not, I knew, waste any eloquence now. Although, moreover, he was a lover, Nature had never endowed him with the art of speaking through the eye. There were stronger reasons in favor of his escape than of mine—worldly, if not spiritual—and he suffered from a dangerous nervousness, in dwelling upon the magnitude of the issue before him, which was not in my way.

"It is now five," I said; "at seven, if in such woods as this, you must watch your chance and double."

"Which way?" he asked.

"Travel north-northeast, seven miles," I whispered.

Then, as if anxious to burst into a flood of eager words, he began—

"But you ——"

I looked at him fixedly, and moved off towards my Sergeant. That cursed tape before me now again made a twist in my brain.

I was astonished at my Sergeant's opening a conversation. We were travelling (wearily enough) through a piece of woods, overarching and autumn-tinted, the road being cut down, and, consequently, either side of it walled in by upheaving embankments, green-covered and yellow-fringed, over which the declining sun could not dart its rays upon us. The heavy trains of the entire army were making the march along with us, disturbing the modest influencee of the spot—some trundling forward in the van, others toiling after in our rear, the tending angels of all being drowsy, in the shape of the lazy teamsters astride their beasts. Only that peculiar music, made up of the ponderous *thud*, (the birds had all grown still,) or tramp of the men, for a bass—of the clink and clatter of the canteens for a treble—and of a little broken conversation, in the whining, drawling tones of the guard, on their own side of the lines, and so with no quieting weight upon their tongues, for a *viva-voce* accompaniment—broke the sweet summer stillness. The shafts of sunlight bridging the road above our heads, making a golden ether-plank for the air-insects to cross upon, and lighting up the veins in the trembling leaves as the breeze put them to confusion, set me

to thinking of the eyebrows that the Adjutant was engaged to, and, no doubt, of eyebrows in general. A cool air, smelling of mould and fallen leaves, perhaps a little damp, fell upon us here. The charms of nature may have loosened the sergeant's tongue.

"I was captured in Mar'land," he began, looking straight before him, but of course honoring me with his address.

I was grateful to him, a little for companionship's sake, but chiefly for here giving me a chance that I had hoped for, as I deemed it of considerable value—I mean, a chance to dig down to the mine of good feeling, to the heart of this gray-covered, slumbering crater, that, an hour since, had thrust out that "do;" and also, I was beholden to him for taking my thoughts from the tape.

"How did our boys treat you?" I asked.

"Very fair," he said quickly, with a faint Judas-start, as if it were a matter of conscience, and he had now twitched it out. "They done well by me."

Here was good fortune, indeed! The mine, with all its riches, mine without any digging.

"I am glad of it," I said, briefly; for I saw that laconics were his jewels, perhaps from a sense of expediency as well as of beauty. "We always try to treat you well, whenever we are not firing our guns at you."

This he acknowledged with a nod, but without turning from his look directly front.

"I lay two months in hosp't'l," he began again—"In Fred'r'k, in Mar'land. I was wounded in the hip."

"In '62, I suppose?" said I.

"Yes, at Boonsboro'."

Here the conversation ended as suddenly as it had opened. It was very clear that the sergeant had said his last word for some time. But I was convinced in my own mind that at length more good would fall to my lot.

He pondered the matter some ten minutes, and then quite overwhelmed me with his story.

"One of your boys," he began, "lay wounded by me on the field—of a ball in the lungs—and wanted some water. Whenever he spoke, he threw out blood, and wasn't likely to live, nohow. I said—

"'Yank, will you take my tin?'—for there was a drop in it yet, and I rolled on my side and gave it him.

"'I am goiu' to die,' he said.

"'Yes,' says I.'

"'They'll treat you well,' he said; 'they'll carry you to the hosp't'l, and I hope you'll live to git home.'

"'Thank you,' says I.

"He gave me some 'baccy and a roll of money.

"'The paymaster's been about, and he gave me more'n I want now. You'll want 'baccy in hosp't'l, you'll want it all,' he said.

"And he run over in blood and died. He gave me right smart of money. I rolled away from him when he died, and they took me to hosp't'l."

The sergeant paused for my comment.

Under my peculiar circumstances, I was very much touched by this story.

"Poor fellow! many such a one has gone to his account," I said, sadly.

"And I want to give back some of the money to you," said the sergeant.

I looked at him in astonishment.

"You'll want it down there, as much as you can git. I have no need of it. It a'n't mine. It's his'n."

The sergeant had evidently taken it in trust.

"What claim have I to it?" I asked.

"Any poor fellow's got a claim to it. It's meant to help poor fellows, that money is. It's a dead man's work."

I was more than ever touched now, in the presence of the wealth of this mine which I had tapped.

"I will take some of it, sergeant," I replied; "and I shall do my best to use it as well as you have."

(This incident, strange to say, in its display of human purity, almost tempted me to abandon my scheme of escape, and to go with the sergeant down to Richmond. But he was no measure of his fellows.)

After that we chatted easily off and on, and had a feeling of confidence in each other which a two or three days' march could not alone have created.

At about half after six that night, (I had made the sergeant take my watch, which otherwise I should surely be robbed of, I told him; and he gave me the time,) at about half after six, two officers came riding furiously up to our mild officer and kept along with him for awhile, making three dim figures above our heads (they only were mounted) in the forest shades, in place of the one that, unlike the erl-king, had continued on his way harmlessly from our outset. Their consultation over, the two strangers dashed over snapping weeds and underbrush to the command on ahead, and our mild officer ordered our column (of prisoners) to halt. We were in the woods still, but we had emerged from between those sun-spanned embankments some time since. The ground was ill-chosen by our gentle ruler, but he may have depended much upon his men, whose vigilance, no doubt, he had before tried in the fall of day. They seemed to me but a handful, and only a sieve for their charge to dribble through, the latter aided by the time and place in their work of dropping off. I drew closer to the Adjutant.

"Say what you have to say for home, in case we miss," I said, and in the confusion of the halt I could talk rather freely. "Your time has come now."

"You will write, if I'm not heard from—and—my love to my"—— he gurgled.

"Yes, yes," I said, cheerily. "All right, old fellow, we'll both laugh over this, some day."

I gave him a moment.

"You'll do me the same favor, if I don't happen to turn up," I said; and we seized each other's hands. "You have the compass, you know the way. There is nothing more, I believe, Ned?" I said, hastily, and looked into his eyes.

"I shall watch my chance as the wagons pass; there is nothing more," he replied; and we parted immediately.

It was as if we had agreed to toss pennies for the guillotine. I had no time to think further of him, for my own plans were maturing.

It was soon whispered about that we were to let the trains get ahead of us, since it was necessary that they should move faster; and the Rebel authorities, I presume, had decided to save their transportation, at the risk even of their captives. One or other, then, it seemed likely, would be taken. The Yankees were driving us before them, having reversed the fortunes of the day, and, perhaps, might liberate the prisoners who so impeded this retreat. We stood, I presume, for half an hour, drawn up in a compressed mass upon the skirt of the highway, whilst, startled by fear, a powerful task-master over teamsters, the late drowsy drivers urged forward their toil-worn trains. It was seasonable, but I believed that my time had not yet come. The deep shades encouraged me, but I awaited the hour that I had hit upon. I thought for a moment of the Adjutant, perhaps then ducking his head beneath the bushes, and watching, with his heart beating time, the heavy mass by degrees moving on. I trusted that the wheel of Fortune, whilst these other wheels were moving Rebelward, had turned in his favor.

At a little after seven we again fell into line, not having allowed all the teams to pass us: and as the same fortune would have it, we left the woods behind us, and marched between open meadows It had now grown quite dark. My face wore a look of anxiety as I noted the wide stretch of open field beyond me.

But there were as anxious faces as mine among the groups of Rebel officers who rode slowly along the lines. This was the chill season of perturbation to the hot-blooded gentlemen. Some communications were passing rapidly between the commander of our detachment and the commander of the army. Things were not working satisfactorily to either. Orderlies were dispatched to the front and to the rear, and the air-blasting bugle was sounded on ahead, as if to chide the teamsters. When we had marched up an ascent, and were on the brow of a low ridge, we were halted, and then turned into an open field. It was decided, apparently, that the rest of the train should pass us.

No doubt I should here have all the graces of a ready pen at my beck, honey-dipped, or Vulcan-forged, in accordance with my humor, whether sad or harsh, in making up the climax of my account; for at this spot the good writer would be most impressive in his language, and set the reader in a tremble. We waited for seventy minutes in this road-side field, the prisoners resignedly huddling together, with the callous guards making a circle about them. Let me enlarge upon our circumstances. The time, about eight o'clock; the atmosphere thick and murky; the sky overcast, promising a warm September night. I asked the sergeant if it would rain, and said carelessly some other trifles. I feigned an excess of sleepiness. Our detachment lay some thirty yards from the highway, spreading into a thin line of no evenness, running parallel with the road, which, in the gloom, our eyes could scarcely find. The exigencies of the service had proved the ruin of the fences; and only here and there in the vague darkness could one make out the black bunch of a shadowy tree. Just beyond us—for my sergeant and myself stood at the rear extremity, the land's-end of this shoal of prisoners, outside of the ring of guards sparely posted, on the very top of the ridge which we had ascended—was a low clump of bushes, (perhaps neck-high,) squat and opaque, with much the appearance of a ball of boxwood. The hill, I thought, rolled away on either side—taking some comfort to myself in the conjecture; and the inky leaf globe, only a little more sombre than its background, could not be seen in a hasty glance. This clump, in its innocent blackness, would cover my purposed guilt; and I resolved to confide to it alone the secret crime of my attempted escape.

But there were calculations to be made, which I set about with the eagerness which the occasion required, watching my sergeant very closely as my head ran over its prospectus. And, first, if he stood by my side, I revolved, I could not by any chance whisper my tale to the silent bushes; although, if, at the favorable moment, when the squad was ordered to march, he but stepped a feather's-throw in advance of me, the confession could be readily made. His presence would frustrate my plans. There was one expedient at my beck, but quite hazardous, by the adoption of which against odds I might compass his death and my freedom—a thought which I dismissed on the instant, as it savored of murder and ingratitude. I must trust that he would give me his back, in spite of his sense of responsibility, for a breathing-space ere we "fell in." With his fellow watch-dogs my ruminations had nothing to do. The nearest of them, owing to their scarcity, (and they had grown trebly valuable this campaign, as they had grown rarer,) was not within twenty yards of me. My new world was scarce that distance in the rear. The moment of all moments, the crisis, the vision of a life-time, eddying through the brain in the flash of a powder-pan, and stamping red-hot impressions there, (which in some cases bleach men's hair-roots,) was finally upon me. My sergeant turned from me, and I glided with tiger tread to the bushes, and laid myself down.

I was, of course, between him and my new friends, and I pretended to sleep, so that, if he found me, he could scarce suppose that I meditated leaving him in so loose a manner; and, moreover, my being asleep would follow naturally upon my reiterated statement that I was sleepy. It would have been madness to have taken the other side, since, if there found, the case against me would have been clear. I deponded, as is ever man's wont, upon mere shadows to do much for me where I was.

I have thought often since, however, (then other than the deliberate thought which every man in trying circumstances has experienced, and which centres upon one subject, being so severe a tension of all the faculties as to seem no thought at all, was impossible,) that it would be unwise, and perhaps a stumbling-block to future Union captives in the custody of that horrid host, to ascribe my unbroken rest under those dry, dusty bush-branches simply to the heavy darkness of the evening excluding all other causes from participation in my affairs. It was usually cloudy, the sky resting overhead like a hanging pall, and threatening rain with thunder every moment, as is almost always the case after a hotly contested engagement. The fight that morning had been a grand one, (quite a Horace Vernet picture,) and hence the clouds that night. But I must own that I give my Sergeant a place in my memory now with a feeling of gratitude, induced thereto by the strong supposition that he did not allow himself to see me as I glided under cover. I count much upon his heart, as shown in his little proffered narrative. The other guards on the line might readily have failed to notice me, the more so as I had a special attendant to see to my wants; and I should have been very sorry, indeed, had one of them disturbed my rest. But my sergeant was not three body-lengths from me when I slipped away from his protection; and although he had his back turned, I am inclined to think that he had only fewer eyes than Argus. His general reputation, to be read in his bearing, pronounced him vigilant, and his every act betokened circumspection. Far be it from me, however, to bespatter his character by avowing him negligent in performing his duty in this case, whilst lauding him for his honest devotion to his masters. It may have been a part of his care to see the squad "fall in," and he could not abandon that line of his duty to search for a stray officer, smooth-spoken and amiable, to whom he had just shown a kindness. The bustle and unnatural darkness of the moment could not inspire one who was not a demon with a demonical desire to set a screeching and rash body of troopers upon my track. The detachment of melancholy mutes was moving off when I tried my fate; and he could have had but little time to think ere the miserable men were in the distance. The farther my sergeant journeyed, the more likely he was to keep quiet upon my subject.

I experienced very peculiar emotions as I lay there and found myself alone. I even seemed to hear the whine of the soldiery, the ringing of canteens and sabres, and the peculiar sound of the tramping feet, long after they had passed away—chanting, in my soul's depths, my fluttering song of triumph to that imagined accompaniment. I had an almost accurate idea of where I was, having observed our course quite closely during the day, and proposed going over very nearly the same ground in the next twenty four hours. I had already decided in my own mind that the Rebel general was making a retreat before the gallant General Sheridan, whose outposts I hoped soon to come upon. But dangers many, and some hidden, lay thick-strewn upon my path, which had not run over roses hither; and I deemed it best to encumber the cold earth for an hour, ere I sallied from my Moses-harbor.

The highway lay within a hundred feet of me; and as I intended taking up my lost stitches of the morning in a peculiar (and, I hoped, original) manner, having no knowledge of the country beyond the line of our late march, I was obliged to count upon keeping within sound of the troops and wagons travelling there, if I desired at all to gain my end. The Adjutant T—— had my compass, and was, I trusted, quite free from danger as I remained supinely within hail of

men who would be delighted to shoot me. His image, as I fancied him, cumbersome and crouching, as he hurried along, dodging from tree to tree, reminded me of the hunts which the chivalry indulge in farther south, (near that very horrible Andersonville slaughter-house,) where the bay of the blood-hound rings over the marshes, and the pack is let loose in the clear morning air, crystal-bright and all aglow, to lap up the dew with overhanging tongues, and to run down escaped prisoners. There is no poetical charm attaching to that pack, although Pan never played his reeds in a more poetical country; and its existence and employment are solemnly sober truths. They made me very grave, suggesting, as they did, some other dangers to which I was then liable. After working myself into a nervous state of body, I began pulling off my coat, leaving my shoulder-straps therewith, to play the part of asterisks, and explain who was within. My pantaloons the soil would soon make as white as a gray-back's; and my cap was to stay with the uniform, to grace some indigent discoverer of the other side.

When I had secreted my money in my waist'band, (not deeming my orderly's suggestion feasible,) and had strapped my suspenders tightly about my body, I worked my way round the bushes to the other side of the clump. As I had expected, I found an even sweep downwards of meadow land, stretching parallel with the road, and as far before me as I could see through the darkness.

I got myself flat upon the ground, with my feet, as in Christian burial, pointing towards the east—for there the highway ran—and with my handkerchief bound about my head. I then commenced rolling as gently as possible down the grassy declivity.

I should be unable to give any account of my thoughts during the first half-hour of my novel evolutions. I moved at one time slowly, at another rapidly, as the ideas of prudence and danger by turns reigned in my bosom. I risked much in being obliged to keep in line with the current of life flowing so noisily the other way, the thought of which spurred me onward; and I had far to go, and not a very great endurance to fall back upon—a reflection which counselled a cautious expenditure of effort. I was anon anxious to fly over the hard lumps of earth and pricking straw-blades—anon, eager to move gently, with deliberate hand upon the brake. I suffered much at my elbows, which were crushed as my body passed over them, (a pulverizing process,) and which, as I had clasped my arms across my breast, were most palpably in the way. It seemed as if they would be unhinged. My feet, too, demonstrated to me the causes of the circular motion of a pen-holder or a ruler when started down a desk-lid, and had the same influence upon my course as the pin-point has upon the whole pin when in motion. My head and upper members inclined to swing in a circle about my feet. I spent much labor upon this defaulting portion of Æsop's body of sovereign independencies, which threatened the greatest difficulties. My neck, also, in the narrow space between the band of my low woollen shirt and my hair-roots, was harassed at every turn by the needle-bed of short grass that I passed over; and the loose stones, stubble and gravel that had irritated the skin, worked their way beneath the garment. I was quite a child's rattle, full of pebbles. I could have endured all this for a long while, however, the spirit then actuating me being one of those unreflecting forces which would (as a last resort) have carried me down the same slope in a Regulus cask. But after travelling quite a distance, I began to revolve, not any complete remedy for these manifold ills, but some amelioration of the exaggerated violence of their sway. I tore one sleeve from my undershirt and wound that around my neck. I held my arms straight down my side and flat against my body. Nothing short of amputation could have crushed the rebellion in my lower members, and so (with the power to amputate not abandoned) I nursed them into insolence with a compromise.

A psychological history of the uneven progress of that billowy retreat would be as far beyond my reach as of the ten minutes of outset-trial. I thought only vaguely of my home, of my regiment, of my moments of danger in past life. I listened during that night till my sense of hearing changed from a passive to an active sense. I got my neck sadly cramped in lifting my head from the ground every time my body rolled face upward to gain some knowledge of the enemy. My imagination started up all sorts of shapes about me. The damp, heavy atmosphere sent a chill through my veins. I apprehended rain. I soon, also, began to think of daylight, (before which I had so many hours,) and to wonder how I should secrete myself after sunrise. I did not feel hungry; but I had not gone far before I felt the faint longings of thirst.

The ground, too, over which I travelled, was not all meadow land, and had worse features than grass-swords and gravel bullets. I did not find many fences, but I crossed innumerable small streams and one heavy hedge.

I noticed that by degrees, judging from the sound, the rebel troops were getting by, only dropping along finally in dish-water driblets—and that, at last, but scattering bodies of infantry, and at intervals some wagons, occupied the road, moving like dark lobsters in the midnight mists. I could not take to it myself, because of them; and I knew too well how full it would be of stragglers, those worthless gleanings of an army, even after the rear-guard had swept onwards. But I did not hesitate to erect my body from its voluntary abasement, and to make walking a branch of my exercise, when convinced that only vagrants could chance to see me. They never capture prisoners on either side. Thus was I enabled for two hours before sunrise to accomplish more than twice as much as my five hours' rolling labors had attained.

The long-expected rain began to fall in a heavy mist at about dawn, and shortly grew in importance, till the windows of heaven were wide open and it became a settled pour. Most fortunately, by that time I had entered some of the woods we had passed through in the journey of the previous day, and had fair shelter (from Aurora, not Pluvius) within my reach. It was a colossal pepper-box lid, that could keep men from seeing through it, but not the rain from dropping in. My first impulse was to make a fire, so chilled to the very marrow was I in the early morning air, that chilliest of all atmospheres, and so wet was I also in my light summer garments. But of course Prudence had no word in that matter, nor any countenance for a suggestion so reckless, and my soberer senses got to casting about for a fitting retreat ere broad day lay before me. I must reconnoitre, I thought, dripping at every point, like a convict in the marshes, before I continued a tramp here that might expose me to a scouting party at any moment. That hunger, too, which had not troubled me in the night-hours, came upon me now and urged very suggestive hints. I had made a cup of my hands more than once, and slaked my thirst from the streams in my way, Narcissus-fashion; but nothing solid had passed my lips for seventeen hours. First, logs and leaves for a cover, then food, then a critical examination of my position, were my objects, as I hastily settled my plans. The thought of the intelligent contraband, so beyond ordinary human excellence in the richness of his heart, who might minister to all my wants, (as without question many such had done to my distressed brethren flying from Libby,) and whose homely traits become to us golden virtues in moments of suffering, crossed my brain as the depression of hunger increased. Very dim visions of clean and savory cooking haunted me as I took off my boots and shook the water from them. I could not imagine anything to equal in value a good steak or a hot hash; nor could I check my feeling, a hopeless feeling, at having many a time and oft partaken of like viands, perhaps unappreciatively. The slimy dirt of my uppers soiled my hands as I endeavored to make myself less uncomfortable, and I took the shirt-sleeve from my neck, as the driest article about me upon which to wipe them. Near by lay the trunk of a large walnut tree, water-logged and growing sponge-moss; and small bushes, like coral reefs in this sea of trouble, were on all sides of me. I had not accomplished much when I heard distinctly the sound of a bugle.

It was, I supposed, about half a mile distant; but there was no knowing how near the wet horsemen whom it signalled might be to my proposed hiding place; and, accordingly, I got hastily down by the walnut, a good squirrel-cover, without shelter or head-piece. I lay along that side of it which was farthest from the road, and durst not move for fear of capture. The woods were quite thick at that place, and from the hidden pathway (now become scarce a highway) a body of the enemy might emerge at any moment. The unwelcome music of their bugle broke the Sabbath stillness of the morning, and interrupted the harmony of the falling rain-drops as they pattered through the great cathedral branches overhead. I spent, I presume, two hours in this lazy manner, without thought of any food, and scarce daring to look about me. During the first half of that period I heard the bugle thrice send its clear, ringing notes—for it is sometimes lark-throated—through the tree-aisles and under the half-arches above me, the tones lingering in waves on the air, and not failing to startle me. At the first commanding blast I got to watching for the troops that did not come forth at all. Being quite three grasshopper's flights from the road, I could reconnoitre the few rods of it passing near me with comparative ease and safety, and the intentness of my look-out drove thoughts of discomfort from my head. The silence grew oppressive to one who had been perforce so long alone. The thought that at times man has to avoid his fellow-beings in his misery, lest his misery be augmented, was productive of a tender feeling of self-pity in my bosom, which, perhaps, (strange to say,) was a source of some comfort to me. I had, I found, awakened a present sympathy in my case, the passive part of my nature having enlisted its kindly feeling in behalf of the bespattered, dripping gentleman who lay there before it, a sad mass of ooze, soaking on wet leaves. I was growing reflective over my woes, when the second blast broke upon my ear, and I started much as young ladies do at the sudden gun which, on the boards, sends the unholy Caspar to his account.

In a word, I was worn out, wet and hungry; and and become so unstrung, in the accumulated discomforts of the roll from Rebeldom, and the rain of the last stages of my journey, that I could not control my growing nervousness. Having waited a full hour from the third signal-call of the bugle, I jumped desperately to my feet, with a mind made up to hazard everything. Many unlucky fellows, escaping from their captors, have toiled with a wonderful energy, and have failed, when worthy of immediate success, if we rate them by (the war standard) their bravery and coolness. They succumb to fever, and despair finally, but a few moments ere the object of their toils would drop before them. It is ill-advised ever to cast one's hopes adrift as long as life is in us—an imprudence of which I myself was guilty, and which might have carried me back to thraldom. The dragging anchor may fasten, spell-bound by some fluke-enamored reef, as the vessel seems on the point of striking. I jumped to my feet in desperation, and walked hastily nearer home. I allowed no after-thought in the premises, but decided to dodge from tree to tree, like the hunting Indian, as long as my present humor impelled me.

I know not how far I advanced thus, through the most desperate (but to the reader, whom I commiserate, least interesting) stage of my adventure—nor anything of my thoughts or emotions, after the hot resolve had taken held of me. I was in a fever, a mad fever, the evidence of cold, and the handiwork of the past night's rolling-mill, and, I doubt not, was entirely unfitted to evade the enemy with presence of mind or skill. I did not pause till I heard the sound of axes, and the confused noises of a body of men.

I then again took the serpent's position upon the earth, after he, like myself, had lost his Eden, and summoned my oft-trusted counsellors, my ears, to their familiar duty of serving for all my senses in one. The sounds were very distinct indeed; I could even hear the men's voices, chopped up by their active tools; and I knew, by the noise of their labors, that they were driving stakes into the ground. It could not be the Rebels, I thought, in camp this distance in the rear; it might be our men, I hoped, pushing our advance up the Valley. I drew carefully forward on hands and knees.

In a little while I saw a bending figure, with its back to me, holding something that I could not see over a smoking bundle of fagots. There was a poncho about the neck, that covered it down to the ground, and in the morning gray, the figure, the colonnade of tree-trunks, the lazy smoke, a cabinet picture, wore an India-rubber look.

Presently another came up to my first discovery, as if emerging from the bustle elsewhere, and stood erect before him, seeming almost as wet as myself. There was a tasselled bugle in his hand, covered with a corner of his poncho, under which he had a cavalry sabre. He wore, also, a dripping cavalry cord round his hat. After a few words, the two sat upon their heels before the fire, which they bent over, paternally, to protect, watching the thing that was cooking.

Having drawn myself cautiously nearer, I waited a long while for one of the men to display his colors.

The bugler was burnishing his instrument upon his blouse beneath his rubber, hazarding some chance notes under shelter, as he laughed and chatted with his friend. He would, apparently, consult with him of his performance; and he finally lifted himself upon his feet, with the instrument tight to his lips. He then blew a rasping, grating blast upon the air, ear-splitting and dissonant, that was his own rendition of a few bars of Yankee Doodle.

The blouse, being dark, had given me much hope; the air gave me certainty; and before the bugler could wind his final note, I became one of the group.

My pantaloons showed that I was an officer, but in all other respects I appeared less than a highwayman. Accustomed to roughness, however, the men before me could not have divined that I was miserable, had not my appearance been by a few degrees more wretched than that of the most dilapidated of warriors. They gave over, the one his mess, the other his music, for a second, to inquire into my circumstances, and then conducted me to the Major who had command of the detachment some quarter of a mile in the rear.

The eight days' leave-of-absence that was given me, after a full report at headquarters, garnished with less ornament than the present record, afforded me an opportunity to reach my physician in time to have it extended by ten more; and in that period I learned from a letter, written in a thin, peaked hand, that the Adjutant T—— had escaped, but had been shot in the thigh. The compass, that had been his cloud by day and pillar of fire by night during his sad exodus, was returned to me, with his old lady-mother's thanks. Many simple, yet touching, speeches welled up from her rich heart, and shone on the thin white paper; and, no doubt, her great, manly son was tended by another, whilst, at her escritoire, the kindly epistle was made for me. In the subsequent hurry of camp-life, I received a second, that contained all those mournful expressions of resignation, and dependence upon the Higher Power, which broken-hearted Christians so sweetly utter. The Adjutant T——, indeed, had received his solemn quietus in running from the Libby Prison, and the extinguisher of his life was down.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A CONTOLLING interest in the Sacramento Valley Railroad has been purchased by stockholders in the Central Pacific Railroad. Leland Stanford is President of both companies.

THE BITER BIT.

THE sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair,
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is everywhere, oh mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother, I hear the marriage bell;
It booms along the upland,—oh! it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And closely to his side she clings—she does, the demirep!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood,
The stile beside the shady thorn, at the corner of the wood:
And the boughs, that wont to murmur back the words that won my ear,
Wave their silver branches o'er him, as he leads his bridal fere.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again;
But he will not think of me, mother, his broken-hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother, that I looked for rank and gold,
He said I did not love him—he said my words were cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game—
And it may be that I did, mother; but who hasn't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now too late:
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me—and he has taken wing,
And my heart is gone, and I am left a lone and blighted thing.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;
And, mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you'd please, my mother, dear, your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!

Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads.

IN THE MUD.

IF any man enjoys a holiday, it is a clerk in a public office; and in 184–, no one started for his Winter trip with more pleasant anticipations than those with which I locked my desk in the Title Deeds Office, and started for North Lincolnshire. I have never been there since that time; indeed if I ever have a nightmare, I wake from an awful dream of having been smothered under the wolds of that county, as the giants of old were whelmed under Ætna. But to my tale.

Does the reader know Great Grimsby? Why it should be called Great Grimsby, I cannot tell, as no one was ever known to have found his way to Little Grimsby. Let that pass. A popular novelist of the present day, when he wished to send the villain of his story to a place where he might reasonably be supposed able to escape observation, relegated him to Grimsby. His selection was most judicious. Does any one even know of a friend who has ever been at Great Grimsby? Dull and dreary is it, twining its slow length along one long street leading to the sea, like some wounded serpent dragging itself to the water, doubled up here and there into a convulsive row of houses, writhing at another part into a knot of two or three dingy cottages. North and south of it are spread out extensive tracts of mud and waste land, called "fytties," always dismal in the midst of Summer, and tenfold more lonely and dismal when the tide of the Humber runs down, and invites numerous flocks of water birds to their favorite haunts. In company with the cousin at whose house I was staying, I used frequently during the Winter to resort to those mud flats after nightfall, and we seldom failed to obtain a shot or two at wild-fowl.

The *modus operandi* of the gunners of these shores is very simple. They dig a hole during the day in a mud-bank some way above low-water mark. Towards nightfall they deposit a bundle of straw in it, on which they stand. They may wait in the cold for hours without seeing a feather, but generally patience is rewarded by getting a flying shot at a party of ducks or curlew coming to feed.

One night (shall I ever forget it?) my cousin had to spend at Lincoln on the Grand Jury. After dinner an immoderate desire took possession of me to ramble towards the Humber with my gun. It was a bright, frosty night, and all the time my hostess was singing to amuse me, I sat on thorns longing to start for the shore. At length she wished me "good night," when I informed her an uncontrollable liking had come over me to look up the ducks. Would she trust me with the key, and I could let myself in after an hour or two without disturbing any one? She tried to dissuade me, urging the charms of the chimney corner and a cigar to no purpose. Then she reminded me I might easily lose myself, but I assured her it was a bright moonlight. Finally, she gave me the key, and I took my double-barrel, and made direct for the "fytties."

A walk of half an hour brought me to the bank, kept up at great expense by the proprietors of the land to prevent the waters overflowing the rescued meadows, at the back of which lie the remnants of an old dyke, that may have been constructed for the same purpose by the Romans. Beyond the low wailing of the green plovers overhead, I had heard nothing during my walk. Now, as I cautiously wormed myself up the bank, and raised my head, an animated scene presented itself. Some 800 yards off, at the edge of the Humber, whither the tiny wavelets glittered in the moonlight, was a fluttering of innumerable wings, a screaming, calling, and clanging sound of many flocks of wildfowl. I thought of Homer's account of Cayster's banks, and longed to be nearer the water's edge, as little companies of eighteen or twenty ducks and curlew flew along every now and then parallel to it. A little way to my right a range of stakes and large boulders ran towards the sea. Trusting to them for concealment, I crept noiselessly along, keeping well in the shade, and with great trouble getting a hundred yards nearer the wildfowl, without as yet rousing their suspicions.

All at once I heard a loud rustle behind me. A flock of teal came overhead, flying towards the sea from some inland pond, and without a moment's hesitation, I fired both barrels into their centre. Much to my delight one bird fluttered to the ground sixty yards in front of me, evidently winged, but still, from the speed with which it made for the water, likely yet to escape me, as I had no retriever.

With a noise like distant thunder, and a loud screaming and whistling, all the wildfowl for a mile or more, either way, rose up into the air and made off. Over shingle and over banks of black mud, I ran towards my prize, now sticking in the tenacious mire, at other times plunging deep into a pool that tried my Cording's waterproofing capabilities to the full.

The moon was just passing behind a bank of clouds as I made my way to the reef of mud on which the teal lay seemingly dying. It had fluttered on some way, and drawn me four or five hundred yards from the embankment. The mud was particularly yielding here; but I pushed on to the edge of a little dip, six yards down which lay the bird, dead, as I now saw.

The descent was not inviting, but I went on bravely over the ankles in the hateful black slime. As I seized my bird, being rather out of breath, I slipped and fell on hands and knees, luckily saving my gun from getting damp. With a little difficulty, I recovered my feet, turned and commenced ascending the mud-bank. To my horror I slipped back at every step. My previous foot-tracks were little pools. The treacherous water filled them in immediately. With perspiration breaking out coldly over me, I once more madly essayed the ascent. It was only three yards in height, but that hid the country and even the moon from me. It was preposterous to be foiled at such a trifle. For full five minutes, I tried my best to mount the incline; but only made about a yard of it, the mud higher up the slope being less tenacious than where with some difficulty I maintained my stand. Now I began to wish I had listened to reason, and remained at home. However, there was nothing for it but, weak as I felt myself becoming, to drain my flask (which luckily retained a few mouthfuls from our last expedition,) and once more to essay to return.

After long struggling and expending all my little remaining strength in vain, I became seriously alarmed, and fired several times by way of bringing help. Alas! the nearest house was two miles away. It was half-past eleven on a bitter March night, and even professional gunners, I felt, would hardly come from Grimsby, so far down the river, except by the merest chance.

Then I shouted myself hoarse, and once more wasted my little remaining strength in trying to get out of the muddy prison in which I found myself. One side was just as bad as the other. I heard the far-off lapping of the sea in the death-like silence of that intensely bitter night; behind me, on the opposite side, the call of a duck or the scream of a curlew occasionally rendered the stillness more intolerable.

I am not one given to despair, so I made up my mind to wait till morning, and trust either to my absence from the house creating a hue and cry, or else, I knew the coastguard boat passed down at dawn, and I could hail them as they rowed by. I had wasted all my powder and shot already. Wrapping my plaid still tighter round my breast, cold and wet as I was, I lighted my pipe and rested, leaning on my gun.

Soon I began to perceive myself sinking into the mud. I extricated myself, only to sink deeper. Thoroughly alarmed, I put away my pipe, and paced away to the other end of my prison, about ten yards off. Once more I madly essayed to scale the bank. Down on my knees I crawled, and driving the gun into the yielding mud, strove to use it as a lever. Vain thought! I slipped down again up to the knees in water and mud.

Then the full horror of my position dawned upon me. I had heard there were dangerous quicksands on this coast. The water was up to my thighs now. No plunging was of any avail; it seemed to do harm. I had dropped my gun; reason almost left me; in unutterable despair I looked to the skies. The stars twinkled brightly, and here and there a fleecy cloud passed majestically along. There was no sympathy with them. Far over a purple waste of sea, I saw the Spurn light at the extremity of the Yorkshire coast. It was just seven miles off, but I screamed and shouted to it for help. Now I had settled down to my waist. A burst of tears came to my relief. To die, when so full of strength and hopes! Oh, horrible! Another plunge. I settled down deeper still, and bade farewell then to the world. Like some cold and slimy serpent, the pit slowly drew me downwards; button after button of my waistcoat disappeared. I spread out my hands and gasped in utter despair. What touched one foot? I kicked and felt something hard. The other reached firm ground too. Oh, joy! I was on the gravel subsoil, and though I could not stir, I could not sink deeper! The revulsion of feeling was as dreadful as had been my previous despair. I shouted wildly for delight. It was like being once more restored to life.

Soon my raptures abated. I was up to my arms in deadly cold water; the reef I stood on fell away, I found by experiment, on all sides. My pipe was hopelessly wet. No one could see my head and shoulders from the land. The ordinary path was two or three hundred yards behind me. The wind was rising and blowing seawards. All possibility now, even if I survived the cold, of being heard by a chance passer-by, was utterly hopeless.

Hour after hour of that pitiless night passed on. Only my head and shoulders seemed alive, so intense was the chill that had seized my body. Would it never end? The wildfowl passed gleefully over head; the stars grew dim, the Spurn light that had glared all night so fixedly on my misery that I had been tempted to curse it, paled; faint white streaks broke through the deep dark blue behind it. At last day was coming; but my senses were so deranged, I hardly knew whether it was not all a hideous dream. Was I alive, or a disembodied ghost? No form of punishment that even Dante's prolific imagination shadowed out can equal the sufferings of that night. Youth is full of hope, or I had flung myself forward many times, and perished in the hateful ooze.

With gray dawn the thin mists that floated over the river disappeared, and from one end of my prison I saw two outward bound steamers majestically passing along. Then I turned instinctively to the other, the inland narrow view between the two banks. In the far distance, joy of joys! a man approached! Long before he could possibly have heard me, I shouted wildly. It was my cousin's groom, evidently looking for me. He turned away, and my heart sank within me; no, he is turning again, and scanning the mud flats. I shouted and screamed in a vain attempt to make myself heard over the raging winds that so often sweep over the "fytties." I raised my hands and plunged in the mud once more, but to no purpose. He seemed again to be drawing towards me. Had he seen me? I redoubled my shrieks. Alas! he turned his back, and soon passed beyond the limits of my view.

Then I gave in. It was useless to struggle any more. I must have swooned. When I revived, horror of horrors! the tide was coming in!—cheerily rippling against the breeze, and circling round some large boulder or stake, and then swallowing it up. It was but a hundred yards from me now, and the distance momentarily lessened. Anything is better than to be slowly drowned, I thought. Oh, for a dry death! One more plunge; all was softening around me. The first ripple came into my prison. Perhaps (as I could swim) I might manage, after all, to wriggle out! Hope revived! the first wave washed over my mouth and nose; as I opened my eyes a boat passed along not thirty yards from me. How I shouted! One long wail cut abruptly short by a wave! They had heard me, and turned her head near me. I could just raise my hands and arms. More amazed than words could tell, a hardy coast-guardsman leapt into the ooze, holding on by the boat with one hand, and grasping me with the other. The next wave dashed the boat on me, and I fainted. A rope was flung round my body, I heard afterwards, and two or three of the men pulled me in, minus shoes and stockings, and nearly dead with exhaustion and terror. After a long attack of brain fever I slowly came round; and now you will not be surprised to hear me say, how sincerely I detest Lincolnshire.

SCRATCHING POSTS, LUXURIES FOR CATTLE.—Sidney Smith used to say: "I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals; now all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones; they break down gates and palings to effect this. Look! there is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh reviewer can take his turn. You have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

THE Stranger's List of the several hotels at Mittwoch, Baden, June 14th, had the following: "Mr. F. B. Winchester, mit Gattin, Boston; Hr. H. C. Jarett mit Fam. und Bedien, Baltimore; Miss Stuart, und Mr. Paul Plumer, Boston; Hr. Edward Wigglesworth mit Familie und Bed., Boston; Mrs. MacLanahan mit Bed., und Mr. George MacLanahan, New York." The latter is none other than Major Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, late commander of the Army of the Potomac.

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

BY J. G. SAXE.

I.

WHEN, deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her—
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except, "You're an ass—
An ass—an ass-idous teaser!"

II.

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
The stammering lady had spoken the truth,
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog—you're a dog—
A dog-matic curmudgeon."

III.

And once when I said, we can hardly afford
This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
And fretfully cried, "You 're a Jew—you 're a Jew,
A very ju-dicious adviser!"

IV.

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk]
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said: "You're a cus—cus—cus—
And were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

V.

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame
To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech—like a churl as I am—
And angrily said: "You 're a dam—dam—dam—
A damage instead of a blessing!"

[*Ledger.*

A SPECTRAL HOLIDAY.

THE papers for a week past have announced the second picnic of the season for Spiritualists and "friends of progress," all in favor of free discussion and disinthrallment being invited. These terms of welcome embracing everybody of our acquaintance, we took the Weehawken ferry boat at 9 o'clock yesterday, and were landed at the end of a sand wharf, along which, at intervals, isolated beer houses stood shrinking from the sun, and which terminated in a series of gardens at the foot of a flight of inconceivably high steps. The most ambitious of these gardens was called "Ned Wilson's Ruins," which we recognized around certain tables, drinking New Jersey Bourbon; the top of the flight of steps disclosed, upon the crest of Weehawken, a number of beer booths and quite a pleasant highland, excellently shaded. This spot was dubbed "Palisade Park," and the Spiritualists were in full blast when we got there.

The Spiritualist can no more be mistaken than the African. Owing to his love of his species, he cannot cut his hair. His whiskers grow rank and weedy like a graveyard, and are at first of radical red, to indicate his fiery spirit, and soon after grow quite white, in witness of his sage principles. From looking into the future over-much, this gentleman's eyes grow anxious as one's unbefriended, and he seems to groan under a load severer than that of Atlas, who carried this world only. The Spiritualist and Friend of Progress is a double-humped Atlas, therefore and it would be hard to say whether his learning or his language was the most unwieldly.

We fell in with a party of these philanthropists soon after leaving the New York-side ferry. Said one of them:

"Brother Downs, what is the object of your gathering?"

"Soul-blending, simply blending," said the other; "our poor human weakness craves crab-apples; we are earthy; we are weary over much intuition!"

"Precisely so," answered a third, whose name was Simpson; "the acme of being, even in this sphere of conformation, could not stand the imponderable."

"Yes," said Brother Downs, "it is hot!"

Introducing ourself, we learned that the prime mover in the affair was Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, a disemboweller of the profound sciences, and late editor of the *Herald of Truth*, a paper which never had a daily issue. Mr. Davis' paper suspended, owing to the fact that all his subscribers became editors, and switched off into new realms of being, whither the mails could not follow.

So he started a school, and taught a sort of natural religion, which eschewed small tooth-combs, and shears, and tobacco in every form.

Personally, Mr. Davis is a very springy and handsome gentleman, whose eye is direct and enthusiastic, and whose hair is not so long that it will not turn under. At present, he is teaching by the light of the future a few ardent young mediums and gentlemen, who seemed to be merry and thoughtless enough as they tumbled over the grass and joined in a cotillion.

The picnic was entirely free from formality, and until the close of the day no attempts were made to go at speech-making. Brother Farnsworth, having a flow of humor, sufficiently large to turn the crank of a hand-organ, however, let fly some unabbreviated and energetic remarks, the which, to put in the *World's* type, would, by their indurate and jaw-breaking character, quite clogg our press, and must be omitted.

Having had the good fortune to fall in with a little party who were singing:

"I am coming, sister Mary,
I am coming, by-and-by,"

we were soon wedged into the centre of a congregation of the master-spirits of the day. For a time, the conversation was by-play, great deference being paid to the witticisms of the higher lights, and uproarious laughter following their sallies. Some of the concourse were eating vegetable diet only; some only bread made of flour and cold water; others went the whole hog almost literally, and drank from large tin cups. The principal female was short and fat, and was understood to be Mrs. Careys, a noted medium. One of the gentlemen asked her if, without incommoding herself she could go into the trance state for a few moments.

"You mean under the influence!" said Mrs. Careys.

The gentleman stood corrected. Mrs. Careys finished eating her strawberries, dropped her saucer, and was in the other world in no time. It was explained by a bystander, that she was possessed of the spirit of an Indian chief, and she gave us the war whoop in so stirring a style, that a quantity of prowling rowdies attempted to scale the park-wall and scalp the whole party Mrs. Careys then carried on an animated conversation with everybody around her, recognizing them with her corporeal eyes, and playfully nick-naming them; then she sang:

"The poor old slave has gone to rest,
We know that he is free."

And after a sort of snatch at the air, a swallow, and indications of great exhaustion, came back to *terra firma*, and took some more strawberries.

The next feature was an explanation in reply to a question, from one Mr. Androms. The latter gentleman is looked up to with much reverence by the entire community, as he is engaged upon an epitomization of the sciences, having discovered the key common to them all. He is also constructing a universal language, whereby the vulgar vernacular and the scientific terms of the spiritualists can be compounded, and Hottentot comprehend Patagonian. Mr. Androms is a tall, thin-nosed, precise gentleman, wearing a benign smile in one eye, while he analyzes with the other. The question was:

"Brother Androms, do you desire assistance from spiritualism in your great work?"

"I have sometimes thought," said Mr. Androms, "that in my moments of intricacy, when the mind's eye failed to divide the possible from the absolute, a touch of the vital fluid has greatly acuminated my diagnosis. But I am not prepared to say that these tests validate the whole tendency of the discovery. My objects are never individual. *Toto cælo!* I do not stop with the spheres."

A young woman, without any solicitation whatever, here began to dream, and describe a scene in the Perfect Land. She was heard attentively, until her paroxyism continuing beyond limit, the party sung the spirit away with

"There's a good time coming friends,
A good time coming,"

and the fiddler on the dancing-platform summoned off the whole party.

The proprietor of the place, unusued to parties which neither smoked nor tippled, beheld the dancing with great aversion; but it was original, to our mind, and some of its merrier phases bore a striking resemblance to the tripping of three-legged tables.

An excellent old gentleman directed the fiddler,, and called out the wrong figures in the wrong places, laughing at his own mistakes till the perspiration ran in sluices down his face, but greatly incommoding an astronomical gentleman, whose grave and bearded face seemed to have at one period been the focus of a telescope. Young females in Shaker hats—which, bending double, wrapped them up like a blanket—whirled round with veritable discoverers of perpetual motion, and folks who could swing near a ceiling on their coat tails. The child-medium was there, the seventh child of the seventh daughter, holding in her little fist sinews of mahogany, and the spiritual couple, who had embraced the faith together and given all they had to the poor, turned corners and made their heels fly as if they were catching up to the future.

"Go on, brethren!" said Mr. Davis, "the essence of the present is the athletic. *Chasse!* the foot is a divine propulsion; second couple forward! Swing partners! All time is before us; we have widened existence and brought the skies a little nearer. March!"

The younger portion of the party seemed abundantly able to take care of itself, and had no fear of ghosts, for it wandered off into the remoteness of the woods, and bathed its little feet in puddles.

"But puddles," said Mr. Downs, "are not to be despised; they shadow the blue sky. And perchance, young sir, even our incoherent and superficial moods contain in their depths more than muddiness."

How shall we describe a galaxy of these pioneers of truth (there having been nothing true since the beginning) loitering at the base of one of "Drake's Plantation" rocks, pitching penuies. But Newton was struck in the eye with a pippin.

It occured to us to ask Mr. Androms why the associated friends of progress had selected Paliasde Park for their picnic. He regarded us fondly for a moment, and then led the way to the rear of the principal restaurant. We saw some unfinished stone walls, a fragmentary tower, and many arched wiudows falling to decay.

"It was intended for a church!" we exclaimed.

"Thus high," answered Mr. Androms, "in the empyrean, shall we build science above the relics of dead creeds. Long as the Palisades, and high as Weehawken. The vagary of the carnal and the confused must cease; we act upon the true poles, and the spiritual is our needle. Entity and ideal have had their indigenous period; the actual and the exotic succeed."

This seemed to us so very reasonable that we said we would remember it, and came away. Everybody behaved excellently.—*N. Y. World.*

BIERSTADT'S "YOSEMITE."

THE art critic of the New York *Review* gives the following notice of this picture. Those who had the privilege of seeing the original sketches from which the picture is taken, during the artist's stay in this city, will thoroughly appreciate and endorse the critic:

"We now pass by a whole crowd of insipid mediocrities to the picture which is esseutially, both in regard to its size, quality and subject, *the* picture of the collection. We refer to Mr. A. Bierstadt's "Looking Down Yosemite Valley, California." A magnificeut treatment of a magnificent subject; and well calculated to sustain this most rising artist's already great reputation; an artist of whom America may justly be proud as her hitherto greatest master in landscape painting. Nature here gives you one of her grandest and most exceptional surprises. We are ushered into one of the stupendous gorges of Californian sceuery—the rocks piled up with that gigautic abruptness of form so peculiar to the geological formation of the Pacific coast mountains. Bathed in a rich fulness of sunlight, upheave these terrible stone masses, the clouds far ovehead reflect the same golden glory, and the stream that has worn its way through this adamantine wall with the tireless patience of au eternity, also repeats as much of the scene as the over-towering rocks vouchsafe to its narrowed surface. On the right we have a primeval wood quietly reposing in the shadows of these enormous mountains. There is a peculiar quality, however, about the sunshine in this picture which suggests dryness, but not *heat;* it is cold sunlight; albeit, we believe the Californiau thermometer is accustomed to range among the 120's. Mr. Bierstadt evidently sets out to be the exponent of these grand exceptional phases of Nature; he is oue to whom

'The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood
Their colors and their forms,
Are an appetite, a feeling and a love
That have no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.'

And though it has been often-time complained of, that he does not devote his magnificent powers to the illustratiou of more familiar and every day scenes, still we ourselves do not sympathize with that criticism. We look on this artist's superb Rocky Mountain views as contributions not only to art, but to science as well, so truthful and photographic are they in detail. We confess, moreover, to a predilection for the *outre* and the odd in the bypaths of nature as yet untrodden. Why will not some of our yachting fraternity take Mr. Bierstadt this season up Icelandward? How sublime from his pencil would be a reproduction of the wierd aud awful glories of the Almanna-jau or the Hrafna-jau!"

MILLAIS' "TRUST ME."—A lady aud gentleman were standing before a picture by Millais, which most of our readers still remember, called "Trust Me," in which an elderly squire confronts his daughter, who holds a letter behind her back. The picture admits of more explanations than one, for M. Millais has that rare faculty of putting blended expressions into his faces, which often puzzle us, as the expression of real faces do. But the one this gentleman was overheard giving his compauion is as new, we will be bound to say, to the painter as to our readers. "You see," he said, "she has got a letter in her hand, which she is keeping back from the man in the red coat. Well, he is the postman, and has just given her the letter; I suppose it's from abroad. She hasn't the money to pay the postage, so she says—'Trust me.'" The explanation was given with perfect gravity, and in apparent good faith. It was gratefully accepted in the same spirit, and the lady seemed proud of her companion's intelligence in so rapidly reading the riddle.—*The Shilling Magazine.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

Sacramento Agents: Crowell & Lobe, at A. Dennery & Co.'s, 138 J street.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1865.

SAN FRANCISCO BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

A FEW months ago several charitable gentlemen of this city resolved to organize a society for the relief of the destitute and needy. They had become convinced through some experience in private acts of benevoleuce, as well as through positive knowledge of the steady increase of want and suffering in this apparently prosperous and wealthy city, that the work of charity would be more readily compassed by the incorporation of a public association that should have systematic forms and methods of relief and succor, and that should absorb the sporadic, spasmodic, and irregular charities of our citizens. This conviction resulted in the organization of the San Francisco Benevolent Association Scarcely had these newly accredited Samaritans begun their work before they learned its real magnitude and extent. Thousands of dollars of outlay, and years of patient care and investigation were before them. Destitution hitherto hidden and unsuspected, besieged the door of the relieving office and clamored for food, for raiment, for lodging, for work. Our Samaritan friends found that to do anything they must double their efforts and quadruple their expenses. They had gone too far to withdraw. Their work of fancied supererorgation had become, really, one of obligation, and the very existence of several poor families actually hung upon their hands. They were spending double the amount of their monthly subscriptions. In this emergency, they resolved upon an appeal to the city government, and to the public. The substance of that appeal has been promulgated in the daily papers. It only remains to be seen with what response it will be met.

In the meantime, if any curious reader wishes to learn some of the workings of the Association, he will find in an unpretentious office on Pine street, not far from the gayest and most prosperous part of Montgomery street, and near two of the principal theatres, some information that will contrast strangely with the impression left by the appearance of this fashionable thoroughfare, and he may hear the story of some griefs that will outvie the fictitious sorrows of the drama. He will find that in a community where sudden wealth is common and fortunes are rapidly made—fortunes are as rapidly lost and the extreme of sudden poverty is as well known. He will learn how terrible this poverty becomes in a strange land, where the protection of kindred cannot reach, and where friendships are too recent and acquaintanceship too slight to justify the sufferer's appeal. He will learn, if he does not already know, how the avenues of trade are choked with helpless and hopeless applicants, and how difficult it is to get the means of earning bread honestly, even in this energetic, bustling city. The manager will tell him of the kind of relief most usually demanded—the old burden of the old story—how loss of work brings, first despair, then drunkenness, then wife-beating, down to the usual climax of a family turned homeless in the street by an irate landlord, at which point in the story the Society steps in as landlord, father and protector. He will be told of the more delicate and isolated cases of educated and accomplished men and women, standing before the counter of the Relieving Office, and claiming, with hesitating lip and flushing cheek, the means of keeping within them that life with which, in too many cases they often part, rather than come to this humiliation. It will be some satisfaction to the curious stranger to learn that in these cases, delicacy is met with delicacy, that—thanks to the chivalry which invests all true charity—the pride of those unfortunate suppliants is respected and recognized, and that they are taught to believe that they have but accepted a loan from a sympathizing friend, which they may repay at their leisure. He will be pleased to learn that this same sensible and manly theory is adopted by the society in most cases, to relieve the applicant from a sense of obligation, and that, as an evidence that this standard of human virtues is not too exalted, in several instances the Association has been duly reimbursed by former recipients of its bounty. He will find in this a definition of their enunciated policy, that "the poor shall be made to help themselves," and become parties to their own advancement.

For objects like these, and to carry on the system glanced at above, the San Francisco Benevolent Association to-day stands before our people, itself a supplicant. We cannot believe that its appeal will pass unheeded. The monthly subscriptions of San Francisco to the Sanitary Commission have shown her citizens capable of sustained and generous almsgiving. That noble charity is now extinct, with the struggle and sacrifices that called it into existence. The Almoner who takes its place is born of that Peace, whose homely lesson is equally suggestive of "good will to men."

[For the Californian.]

COMPLETE LETTER-WRITING.

TO write an elegant letter has been usually considered a desirable accomplishment Aids to this form of composition have been repeatedly offered to the public at prices, which, contrasted with the quality of moral sentiment and rhetorical elegance exhibited in the examples given for imitation, have seemed cheap indeed. For myself, although I am one of those who usually hang spell-bound over a blank sheet of letter paper, and with difficulty sound their "dim perilous way" to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the sheet, I have availed myself but sparingly of these adventitious auxiliaries, and have a reasonable doubt whether this faculty of clever letter-writing can be called an accomplishment, or whether excellence therein is to be attained through precept and example. It is true that, in my youth, I was impressed with the history of a boy who wrote his mother a "beautiful letter," and who, said the chronicle, received a "plum cake" in reward. I fear that as an example the story was a signal failure. The general verdict of the juvenile circle of which I was a member, was that the epistolary youth was a prig—a verdict since sustained by my maturer judgment. Indeed, the only boy's-letter I ever thought worth reading was that which Mr. Charles Reade ascribes to Reginald Bazalgette, in one of his later novels—a letter hardly calculated to provoke a reward from the most indulgent parent. The question of what is really meritorious in this kind of composition remains unsettled, and also, whether beautiful letters, written with a more or less remote plum cake contingency, can be claimed to possess this virtue.

Every family possesses its "beautiful letter-writer," and nearly every family has some one member on whom the duty of correspondence mysteriously devolves, and who is looked upon as possessing a superior faculty. A critical analysis of the genius of this member, unfortunately, is very apt to disclose a preternatural tendency, on the part of that individual, to prolixity and verboseness, as well as the fact that his letters are not only too often insufferably stilted and vealy, but that they do not afford any index to the writer's real sentiments. The amount of moral and sentimental platitude that may be palmed off on one's relatives and friends in such cases is really wonderful. Enthusiastic uncles and cousins have been known to prefer their correspondent's description of notable events and occurrences—the correspondent evidently not shrinking from comparison—to those of the most clever professional writers, reading them to strangers with a perceptible mouthing and inordinate emphasis. This exalted praise sometimes results in the rash and premature appearance in print of the "beautiful" correspondent, where, by a system of compensation, he at once finds his level.

Disregard of sincerity and naturalness is the glory of most letter-writers. Two friends, accustomed to the free and simple interchange of thought, being separated, at once fall to filling pages of stilted formulæ—which neither accept as genuine—and to the bandying of fine epithets which they dare not, in ordinary circumstances, bring the tongue to pronounce. It is a knowledge of this propensity which sometimes adds a bitter pang to the parting of friends, each feeling dimly conscious that the other is destined to visit him hereafter as a prosy ghost, which he cannot exorcise. Each knows that the other will feel it necessary to philosophize and moralize in his new condition. Each will be astounded at depths of weaknesses hitherto unsuspected in each other's character. There is nothing so surely demonstrates this half consciousness of folly as the feeling with which we look over an old letter in the hands of a friend. "Is it possible that we wrote thus and so?" is the mental question that flushes our cheeks.

Our previous knowledge of a friend's character seldom affords us any indication of the tone of his letter. People are no more apt to write as we expect them to, than they are bound to act according to our comfortable predictions. Fanciful people very often write practical letters, and almost invariably the epistolary effusions of practical men abound in thin streaks of sentiment and poetry. Among a number of replies to a certain festive invitation, I once observed that the responses from clergymen were invariably the most jocular in intention—albeit somewhat too classical and heavy in execution. It will hardly be deemed probable that a D. D. should, in apologizing for his illness, allude to the possibility of his becoming "*clarior e* claret," yet such is the lamentable fact, and can be proven.

As there is a predisposition in the best of men to become bores at certain seasons, I look upon the attitude of epistolatory composition as alarmingly conducive to this weakness. With a blank sheet of paper before us, we hold our friends at a cruel disadvantage. We have it all our own way as we proceed to air our pet prejudices and hobbies; there is no one present to controvert, to yawn, to excuse himself, and we expand, we expatiate, we become eloquent. Perhaps we have been accustomed to being snubbed in argument, and are quite willing to improve the occasion by letting our friend know that we too are a logician. I know of nothing so grimly humorous as the story told of our late good President and his patient attitude under the infliction of a wordy Pacific correspondent who, at last, broke him down with a letter of *seventy* pages. What a picture is offered in the spectacle of this homely rail-splitter whose reverent conscientiousness so sweetened his intercourse with his fellow-men that he achieved that miraculous courtesy which princes and peers have vainly cultivated. What self-abnegation must have been employed in painfully winnowing the grain from all this chaff! Yet I confess I have not been without pity for the infelix epistolizer. Who can tell what dreary opinions on reconstruction, emancipation, and the Monroe doctrine were thus untimely cut off? Who knows what exhaustive and exhausting views of the resources of the Pacific slope were thus obscured? Who can speculate what histories of wrongs and rights and unrecognized merit were thus stopped? Whatever they were, the letter was never read, and yet by some unerring system of compensation, we know the correspondent only through the failure of that which might have kept him unknown.

Letters may be classified as the Business or practical, the Serious or sentimental, the Trifling or jocular. The characteristic of the business letter, legal or commercial, is to assert nothing that cannot be proven—hence this is perhaps the only kind of letter that is worth keeping. There are occasional combinations of this form of epistle, such as Serio-Business or the sentimental and practical letter—letters of condolence, lawyers' announcements of wills, and invitations to funerals and weddings. Indeed, it may be questioned whether all letters with a *motive* are not business letters. The sign of the Serious or sentimental is generally "Alas!" or the use of "'t were" for "it were," and inordinate poetical quotation. Any letter that begins with a description of scenery, the room in which the writer is sitting, a view from the window, or any allusion to the "setting sun," or other celestial phenomena, may be safely set down as belonging to this class. Remarks concerning the shortness of life, the vanity of human wishes, and all statements in regard to the soul, come under this head. A tendency to double epithets in the address, and a certain rhetorical flourish on approaching the signature, or a blending of the letter and signature, such as "the kindest regards of yours—" generally determine the sentimental form. The use of the word "epistle" for letter has a like significance. The Trifling or jocular is not as easily defined. Any species of mild impertinence or garrulous imbecility, comes under this designation. Slang is perhaps its dominant characteristic. An idiotic use of quotation often constitutes the available capital of a "funny" letter-writer. Reputations for wit are built up in private families, on sentences like the following: "I feel like the 'Last Rose of Summer.'" "Write to me soon, for 'I'm lonely and forsaken.'" "Excuse mistakes, for I'm 'not myself at all.'" It is wonderful what thin potations suffice to intoxicate the social circle. I knew a gentleman whose letters were always received with what the newspaper critics call "shrieks of laughter." Yet the performances of this mad wag consisted in his occupying three sheets of letter-paper with his address and name.

If I were asked what I considered the highest form of epistolary excellence, I should say that, passing by those clever every-day working thoughts of men of genius, which often give us a better idea of their character than their more ambitious productions; passing by the quiet, simple and unaffected utterance of the educated gentleman whose self-poised reputation requires none of these adventitious aids to recognition, I would give the palm to the simplest letter of an honest gentlewoman. In it I should be confident of finding that sincerity and truthfulness without which the most courtly and elegant epistle is but sham and tinsel. In it I should find those instinctive truths which somehow come to the feminine mind as results without the trouble of their recording, as we do, the tedious processes. There is something beautiful and yet terrible in this frankness which invests every woman's letter. The thousand little artifices, coquetries and deceits which belong to their conversation vanish when they commit their white souls to the white paper. From the silliest school girl to the sedatest matron, disguise and digress how they may, the hidden secret, the true object, the real motive of their writing will pop out in every letter. It may be delayed as far as the postscript, but it is sure to come. It will be readily seen that this frankness is as perilous as it is charming. Perhaps I am not prepared to urge the passage of any statute forbidding young women to write, and denying them postal facilities, and it is highly probable that if such were the law they would find some equally dangerous avenue of expression; but this would not and should not prevent those of our own sex who may have become the recipients of these dangerous confidences from guarding them as sacredly as their own honor. If I were the mentor of any young lady-killer, I would advise him to burn his *billet-doux*, however sweet, promising that if he did not receive his reward in the self-consciousness of a virtuous and manly action, he would at least find his correspondence greatly increased when the fact became known. BRET.

THE bodies of James Nesbit and twenty-six others, victims of the late disaster to the *Brother Jonathan*, have been recovered.

[For the Californian.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.—No. 2.

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THAT THE SUN RISES IN THE EAST AND SETS IN THE WEST.

THIS is one of those approximate truths which are taught us as absolute truths in early youth, and are so confidingly and trustingly adopted that they are seldom questioned in after life, and never unlearned.

In point of fact, the sun never rises in the east to us who live outside the tropics. To illustrate: Whenever the sun rises to us it is exact noon at the place ninety degrees east of us. Now, if we could (the moment the sun rises above our horizon,) travel due east ninety degrees in an instant, we would never find the sun overhead, or vertical, at that place, but always south of the zenith of that place. In other words, the sun, when rising, to us, is never vertical over a place due east of us. Neither in the east, so far as direction on the earth's surface is estimated, nor again in the east as direction is laid off on the celestial sphere, (both the same in reality.) does the sun ever rise to us; for a point in the heavens east of our zenith would always be thirty-eight degrees north of the celestial equator—a point which the sun never reaches.

Again, we are taught that, standing with face to the north and the back to the south, the arms extended at right angles to the body will point east and west. This, in a scientific point of view, or in any exact use of language, is utterly false. All that can be said of it is, that, for short distances, considering it true leads to no gross error. It is even a convenient approximation to the truth, (within those limits.) for many purposes, but it would not be safe to act on it as true in surveying a small farm or in navigating on a dark night from here to the Farallones.

Now, there are only two days in the year when the sun *appears* to rise in the east and set in the west. These are at the vernal and at the autumnal equinox, or the 21st of March and the 23d of September. On all other days the sun, as most persons, by observation, are aware, appears to rise in the Summer north of east—in the Winter, south of east. At the equinoxes the sun rises in the east point of the horizon. But this east point of the horizon is not east, as we reckon direction on the surface of the globe or on the heavens.

If, for example, on the 21st of March—when the sun appears to be rising exactly in the east—we could travel directly towards him with the speed of thought, we should pass over New Mexico, Texas, the Gulf of Mexico, the Caribean Sea, and along the coast of Guiana, till we reached the equator in mid-ocean, thus travelling mainly in a south easterly direction; and if we continued in the same path, which is the way our right hand points when we face the north, we should strike the coast of Africa not far from the Tropic of Capricorn. Again, if on the 21st of June—when the sun appears to rise farthest north—we could travel instantaneously towards him from San Francisco, we would pass over the continent and not far from Charlestou, S. C., to the parallel of 23 deg. 28 min., in mid-ocean, where the sun would be vertical at that time, or southeasterly again. In fine, to us the sun *always rises* in the southeast and sets in the southwest.

But some one may say: Our house stands exactly north and south, and in the long days of Summer the sun, at his rising and at his setting, shines into our north windows. True: and therefore you think he rises in the northeast and sets in the northwest, do you? Let us examine the matter. Grant that your house is rectangular, and that one side faces the north fair and square, the other facing the south as fairly and squarely. Now in what direction do the other two perpendicular sides extend? East and west, say you? True, for ordinary purposes of conversation. But the north wall of your house, if continued in the same direction, (or the line of your front fence, if parallel with your house, and if you can more easily imagine that extended indefinitely,) would run on towards the Cape of Good Hope. Is that east of us?

Now this and many other difficulties are cleared up by taking notice of certain facts. If we lived on the equator, the celestial mechanism would seem to revolve with much more simplicity. Facing the north then our right hand would point exactly east and our left hand due west, and the sun would not seem to have such a circuitous diurnal path in the heavens. But we live in latitude about 38 degrees. We have an oblique sphere, and we look at all celestial phenomena obliquely. We do not stand on the globe perpendicular to the axis of the earth, but our feet point to the centre. The plane of our bodies is not the plane of the small circle of latitude on which we live, but facing the north, with our arms extended at right angles, the plane of any man's body would describe a great circle dividing the earth into two hemispheres, and the direction of the arms is in reality all directions, as they would, if produced, box the compass.

There is only one way in which a man could with certainty point to the east. It is this: Suppose a ladder erected against the north side of a house, and making an angle with the ground of 52 degrees, or leaning southward 38 degrees from the perpendicular—equal to the latitude of this place—a man by leaning back on this ladder and extending his arms at right angles would point east and west, for his feet would then be perpendicular to the axis of the earth, and the plane of his body coincide with the plane of the parallel of latitude on which we live. Reference to a globe, or placing an image of a man with arms extended on the terrestrial globe, will make these truths still plainer.

The body of a man standing upright in our latitude describes, during the diurnal revolution of the earth, not a portion of the area of a circle like that of one standing on the equator, but a portion of the convex surface of the frustrum of a cone, whose apex is at the centre of the earth. We stand on the surface of the earth, then, with relation to its axis, like the branches of a cedar tree with relation to the trunk, and our changing zenith-point, as we turn with the earth exactly eastward, while it describes a true east and west line, never at any season of the year describes a line pointing towards the rising or the setting sun.

San Francisco is about on the same parallel as Richmond, Virginia, but it is a great mistake to tell a child that, facing the north and extending his right hand, he points towards Richmond.

THAT A POUND 'S A POUND THE WORLD AROUND.

So far is this from being true, that in no two places unequally distant from the equator is a pound the same thing. It takes more of an article to weigh a pound on the equator than at any place north or south of the equator, and a pound of iron or of any other article is lighter on the equator than the same identical pound of iron or other article would be if carried to latitude 40 deg., and its weight would increase till it reached the pole, where it would be a maximum.

The reason of this is that every point on the equator revolves with the earth's axial rotation, at the rate of about one thousand miles per hour. This velocity of rotation generates a centrifugal force which counteracts, to some extent, the force of gravity, which tends to draw bodies towards the centre of the earth.

As latitude increases, the velocity of rotation diminishes and gravity has more sway, until we reach the pole where a given body would be the heaviest. This principle is recognized in the construction of astronomical clocks, it being well known that the second's pendulum must be somewhat shorter on the equator than elsewhere.

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Leaving the domain of absolute truth, and descending to the conventionalities of society, we call attention to what we consider false doctrine in the rule—

THAT A GENTLEMAN SHOULD ALWAYS GIVE A LADY THE INSIDE WALK.

This custom arose several hundred years ago, before the days of pavements and sidewalks, when the streets of London and Paris were narrow and dirty, and when carriages had the right of way in preference to pedestrians. The horsemen and vehicles dashed along, regardless of the wayfarers who picked their way as close to the buildings as possible, and often bespattered by mud from the unswept street.

Then a companion on the outside served as a barrier against sudden collision, as well as a safeguard against frequent soiling of apparel. In those days, too, distinctions of rank were plainly marked in the style of dress. Lords and gentlemen wore ruffles and lace and long stockings, which it was desirable to preserve immaculate. It became a question of rank as to who, among gentlemen, should take the inside, and frequent quarrels arose on this point of giving the wall and taking the wall.

In our days all this is changed, and the custom, which was founded in courtesy and deference to the weaker sex as well as to superiors of one's own sex, has no reason for being perpetuated. In our cities, the outside walk is just as convenient and just as safe for ladies as the inside walk. Oftentimes it is more so, especially when, as is often the case in our streets the inside walk is beset with pitfalls, gratings and trap-doors, or encumbered with boxes and bales of merchandise, or with an array of fancy wares or fruit stands. Many punctilious people, and especially young men, desirous of paying strict observance to traditional etiquette, feel it incumbent on them, when walking with ladies, to keep them on the inside; but, an increasing disregard for the old usage has been observable for many years, and has now become very general, if not almost universal. There is to us something ridiculous, as well as unnecessary, in trying to observe this old custom. A gentleman walks half a mile through our streets with a lady on his arm. In that space he turns and crosses perhaps a dozen times. Each time he must drop her arm and dodge around behind her at the risk of treading on her train, or jostling against a third party, or awakening the lady's apprehension that he may be darting off in the crowd and deserting her, and finally, after some difficulty in our crowded streets, he comes up alongside and makes fast again. This manœuvre is often repeated several times in a few yards.

Besides, it is becoming now the custom, when meeting others, ladies or gentlemen, to turn to the right. No other rule, so simple and so unmistakable can be devised, and in this case it sometimes happens that we give the lady the inside and sometimes the outside. Why not, then, let the old custom fall into utter desuetude? It has served its day, and is no longer needed.

LIBRA.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MR. DAN SETCHELL seems to have taken up the affections of the people of this city just where he left them, judging from the large audience I saw on Thursday evening, when *Our American Cousin* was played. A more delighted audience I have seldom seen. Mr. Setchell and Mr. Harry Courtaine play together admirably, and the fun which they put into the piece made it appear new to those who had seen it many times before. Mr. Dan Setchell *is* a whole team in himself—there is no denying it. *Leah the Forsook*, which is underlined, is, if the London papers are to be believed, and they generally criticise pretty severely, a wonderfully funny extravaganza. This afternoon *Our American Cousin* will be performed. In the evening, the performance will be for the benefit of the Ellsworth Zouave Guards; the entertainment will consist of *Paul Pry*, *Toodles* and a drill by the company.

On Tuesday, a large audience assembled at Wheatleigh's Eureka Theatre, to witness the production of a comedy in three acts, entitled *Our Friend from Victoria*, being the first attempt at dramatic composition of "Inigo," (Mr. C. H. Webb.) An amusing prologue put the audience in the best of humors. On the first night the piece was marred by two actors who filled important parts being drunk and certainly incapable of doing them justice. On the second night, this was to a certain extent remedied, though many good points were even then destroyed and made away with. The plot offers sufficient material for a farce—I think the author is mistaken in stretching it into a three-act comedy. The next fault is a deficiency of action; the characters either sit, walk or talk, and as, save the hero and heroine, there are few characters in the piece who are interesting, the audience get rather weary. With three such important deficiencies as lack of plot, action, and marked individuality in the characters, it may easily be imagined that the comedy has not proved a very brilliant success. The author appears to have depended for success on smart repartee and puns, some new, and others old acquaintances. The chief character, "Fitz Clarence Witherspoon," (Mr. Wheatleigh,) is an Englishman; in the first two acts he causes amusement by his ignorance of the slang of San Francisco, which "Miss Chopper," (Miss Fanny Morgan Phelps,) a rapid young San Francisco belle, uses profusely. In the last act, the character of Witherspoon undergoes a most extraordinary metamorphosis, and he is as unlike what he was as it is possible to imagine. A period of a few weeks, at most, is all that is allowed for the stupid Dundrearyish Britisher, who is presented as a butt for ridicule, to become a very smart Californian who carries a pistol in his coat-tail pocket, and remarking, "I'm heeled," threatens to shoot through the lining! Perhaps the best scene in the play was where "Fitz Clarence Witherspoon," having been mistaken for Lord Fitz Clarence, received a letter from Samuel Wimblepin and eleven others, requesting him to hold himself in readiness to visit the City Prison, Home of the Inebriate, and other public "institutions," and also to address some half-dozen societies. This displayed much humor, and convulsed the audience with laughter. Had the remainder of the scenes been up to the standard of this, *Our Friend from Victoria* would be indeed a brilliant comedy. Miss Chopper is a little too broadly drawn; she is supposed to occupy the position of a lady, and yet, on her first introduction to a stranger, makes use of phrases which are not. I am willing to believe, often heard coming from the mouths of ladies in first-class California society. Among other effects, an earthquake is introduced. "Witherspoon" calls for one and it comes shortly afterwards. It did not frighten the audience much; they nodded to it as if to an old acquaintance. The local scenery was very fine. Mr. Wheatleigh, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Judah, Mr. Leach, Mr. Percy, and Miss Clarkson did the parts committed to them justice. Mr. Edwin Thorne was very defective. I think "Inigo" will, next time he writes a play, produce a much better one than *Our Friend from Victoria*; he is fully competent to do so, and has a sufficient fund of wit of his own to refrain from reproducing jokes which have lost the gloss of novelty, in dialogue, as he has done in several instances in the present piece. So much for criticism. On Monday, this comedy, renovated and made better than new, with a new surprise even more startling than the prologue which, on the occasion of its production, made the audience laugh so heartily that they were all satisfied that they had received full value for their money, will be played for the benefit of the author, when, I hope, he will have a good house to recompense him for the agony he must have endured while his play was being tortured to death before him at its very birth. Young dramatic authors ought to have their first efforts criticised; it is *good* for them, and very few have ever had their first attempt crowned with success. The company at the Eureka has been considerably weakened by several important secessions from it, and Mr. Wheatleigh and Mrs. Phelps, unexceptionably excellent as they are in everything, have a considerable amount of heavy material surrounding them, and it can scarcely be hoped that the leaven of their talent will leaven the whole lump, and transform supers into rising comedians. Mr. Shiels, the Scotch comedian lately from Australia, who joins the Eureka next week, will, if he is really talented, be a most welcome and much needed accession.

This afternoon and evening, the two final performances of Wilson's grand circus will be given. This fact will be enough, I should think, to insure an overflowing tent. The excellent and varied entertainment given by Manager Wilson, excels anything in the way of ring performances ever before offered in San Francisco. The grand equestrian drama of *Dick Turpin*, is got up in splendid style. Mr. Cooke both in reading and acting "Dick Turpin," displays fine dramatic ability. The pursuit of Turpin with a mounted force is very effective. The comic business, especially where the saddle-girths are loosened, and the pursuers are left scattered over the ring, is very amusing. Carlo's zampillæ rostation leaps are immense. The Buislay family of gymnasts will open with a new and enlarged tent, and a new company, next week.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE, BY A. POPE.

Behold the mansion reared by dœdal Jack!

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the Rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent—
Whose tooth, insidious, Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed Canine Foe's assault,
That vexed avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who hayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fabrics that involved the grain,
Which lay in Haus' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spots from vaccine dugs who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The hurrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indiguant fur
Of puss, that with vermicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chrono's iron tooth,
Behold the man, whose amorous lips incline
Full with young Eros' osculative sigh,
To the lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albulactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordaceous rat that dare devour
Antecedaneous' ale in Johu's domestic bower.

Lo, here! with hirsnte honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks; the priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift
Whose means exiguous stured from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied,
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the house that Jack built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shonts aroused the shorn ecclesinst,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Inoculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horrid brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

DICKENS ON ACTORS.

[In a late number of *All the Year Round*, Charles Dickens pays the following tribute to actors:]

I LIKE to meet actors off the stage—not that I am possessed with the fond idea of the stage-struck youth, that all actors are gods, and all actresses goddesses of supernatural beauty (which I have long admitted to be an error,) but because it has been my lot to be thrown a good deal into their society, and because, knowing them well and intimately, I have learned to respect them. There are certain actors and actresses whose hands I am always proud to shake, not because they are eminent tragedians or comedians, but because they are honorable men and women. One of the most simple, unaffected, generous natures I ever met with, is enshrined in the breast of a clown. If any Diogenes should be going about looking for a specimen of a good husband and a good father, I will give him the address of a pantaloon; only regretting that I shall have to request him to ring the top bell. If I cherish a platonic affection for any member of the fair sex, it is for an actress whom everybody loves, because in every relation of life, as wife, mother, daughter, and friend, she is as bright an ornament to her sex as she is to her profession.

Believe me, I am not saying these things in a spirit of exaggerated charity towards a class requiring to be apologized for. I am not adopting the *nil nisi bonum* maxim, as if I were speaking of the dead. These good people are alive, pursuing an honorable career, and doing good deeds in the sight of many.

I little thonght in my young days, that I should ever have this opinion of play-actors. In the sphere, a very narrow one, in which I imbibed my early ideas, it was broadly inculcated that the theatre was a very wicked place, and that actors and actresses were very wicked people. When I first went to the theatre, on the sly, I had some compunction about it; but not being able to discern any wickedness in connexion with the performance of a beautiful play, in which virtue was rewarded and vice punished, I dismissed the feeling, and was rather pained to think that some particular friends of mine had told me what was not precisely true. It was not until a much later period of my life that I made the acquaintance of actors, and found how much they, too, were belied. I expected to find them at least very knowing persons; but, after spending an evening with a party of players, I came to the conclusion, that I myself, who had been religiously brought up and warned to avoid plays and play-actors, was, in the ways of this wicked world the most knowing person in the company.

I am not going to argue that players are by nature better than other people, but I think their generally single-minded natures may be accounted for rationally enough. In the first place, the ambition to become an actor is an intellectual one, and it will be readily admitted that only a trusting and unsophisticated disposition could hope for a high degree of success in the profession. Next comes in the exalting and refining influence of Shakspeare's poetry, which all actors whether they be destined to shine as the kings of tragedy or the valets of farce, begin by studying. Talk to a low comedian on the subject, and ten to one if he will not confess to you that his first aspirations were in the direction of the tragic. He knew the lofty poetical speeches of Hamlet by heart—never to be forgotten—long before he was driven to lower his attention to the waistcoats of the First Gravedigger. A knowledge of Shakspeare redeems a vast amount of ignorance. An actor's education may be very defective; he may not be able to spell; he may betray in his handwriting and composition a sad want of familiarity with the use of the pen—but he knows Shakspeare by heart. He has all the philosophy of life at the tip of his tongue in Shakspeare's glowing words. We may be very clever and very accomplished, but when the actor leans upon the arm of Shakspeare he is fit company for the best of us. There is another influence for good in the player's profession. It is a precarious one. Nearly all actors begin by meeting difficulties and knowing poverty. It is rarely that any one succeeds without a long struggle. A fellow-feeling makes them wondrous kind. There is scarcely a successful actor living who has not known what it is to be penniless, hungry, and, what is sometimes harder to bear, to be in debt for some miserable trifle among strangers. Thus it is that the most successful among them can always understand and feel for the misfortunes and sorrows of their struggling brethren. If I had not found by experience of them that players are in a remarkable degree kind-hearted, well-disposed people, these considerations alone might have guided me to the conclusion.

That actors have faults and foibles I will not deny. They are men and women, and they have the faults that all men and women have in a greater or less degree. But this I will confidently assert, that actors are not sinners in a greater degree than other classes of society, while in many amiable respects they can lay claim to a larger number of virtues. One of the reasons why they are so constantly traduced is obvious. They live more than any other class under the public eye; there is a strong curiosity about them, and, consequently any dubious story about their mode of life that prejudice may imagine, and the breath of scandal whisper, is rapidly spread abroad and eagerly amplified. How many times have I been told that So-and-So is a very immoral person, when there is nothing on earth of which I am so well assured as that that person is a model of purity and goodness? If scandal hits upon a truth now and then, does it never hit upon a similar truth with regard to other society? Really, upon my conscience, I do not know what class is in a position to throw stones at the players.

Fashionable French Dinner.—A Paris correspondent chats pleasantly about a charming dinner he was invited to, and says: "I was at a small, but pleasant, dinner last night, remarkable for its simple elegance. There was only fourteen guests, therefore the occasion did not call for much display. I will give you the *menu*—not as anything special, but as an example of what is suitable for such a party. It was *written* on an embossed card; for more formal occasions the *menu* is always *printed*, with the date and address. Some people have gone the length of sending their bill of fare with the note of invitation; but I cannot say it is the fashion, and I hope it never will be; the idea is vulgar in the extreme. There was a novelty for dessert which I had not seen before, namely, violets preserved dry in sugar. They were *almost* nice eating, and smelt deliciously. The ices were Italian; they were perfect. You are aware that they are always sent up now in little cups of embossed paper; this has been the fashion for the last two or three years. The practice of decanting the champagne also continues to hold ground. The bottle for the champagne is quite unlike anything else. I have seen some which affect a mediæval sort of form. Wine coolers are now almost disused at table; and, in the matter of finger-glasses, there is a new fashion, they are now much smaller, and are shaped like deep saucers, and the newest are made of tinted glass."

Mr. Davis in Prison.—The following exquisite specimen of Copperhead journalism is not a burlesque, as the reader might infer at a first glance, but a clipping from a *bona fide* editorial. As such, it is commended to the editor of the *Examiner*. It is copied from the New York *Daily News* of June 9th:

"The brutal stupidity which has given shape to the treatment of Mr. Jefferson Davis comes out by degrees into the glare of public indignation. The cowardly villany which attempts to accomplish his safe keeping in a cell of thick masonry by riveting fetters on his feet, is the suggestion of a man who is sufficiently base to steal to the unfortunate gentleman's side in the dead of the night to cut his throat. The base spirit which has ordered that wanton outrage upon a man of honor in affliction, has also placed Mr. Davis under a surveillance that nothing but its atrocity saves from laughter. Armed men stand guard over the gallant Mississippian to the number—we pray our readers not to suppose we are romancing—of twenty-six! Two soldiers walk backward and forward in his presence night and day, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets! And the force thus employed—who must, we are confident, be very tired by this time with the absurdity of the whole performance—is held subject to be brought at a moment's notice to the crash of battle by an ever-present pair of shoulder-straps! Do the people who have ordered all this ridiculous ado think that Mr. Davis cannot be kept from breaking bolts and bars by less than twenty-six rank and file? If the object is to frighten that gallant soldier, then by all means give full effect to the buffoonery carried out for that purpose by firecrackers and tom-toms!

"The absurdity of the disgusting treatment of Mr. Davis changes into a damnable spirit of torture, when we come to consider that he is deprived of pens, ink, pencil, paper, books! The black-hearted villain who has set all this going, appears to pant to put the unfortunate statesman on the rack, and in carrying out that purpose, as far as he dare, has forbidden him the relief of even conversation! The absence of chair, table, knife, fork, or any of the appliances of civilized life from the apartment—which will hereafter be honored as a scene of *martyrdom*—are of very little moment in illustrating the deviish malice of the man who, having planned the other tortures we have specified, will fall from his place of power under a popular execration that will assign him to the infamy of the blackest villanies known to history."

There is an Eastern tale of a magician who discovered, by his incantation, that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine its locality more definitely. He, therefore, strolled along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit on the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But, alas! he had become so accustomed to the "tonch and go" movement, that the real stones were involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. This story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts, that at length she throws away the right one, from pure force of habit.

Lord Eldon and the Chimney-Sweep.—Travelling the circuit with a companion, who, according to a custom not uncommon in those days, always carried pistols with him and placed them under his pillow; they slept one night at an inn, and at dawn of day Mr. Scott discovered in his bedroom a man's figure, seemingly dressed in black. The intruder being sharply challenged, said: "Please your honor, I am only a poor sweep, and I believe I've come down the wrong chimney." "My friend," was the reply, 'you have come down the right; for I give you a sixpence to buy a pot of beer; while the gentleman in the next room sleeps with pistols under his pillow, and had you paid him a visit he would have blown your brains out."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

Novel Iron-Clad.—A trial has just been made, at Toulon, with an iron-clad, said to be the most useful yet invented. It is a steam gunboat which can be taken to pieces, draws but little water, and may be removed from one place to another by rail or by an ordinary wagon. This boat is said to be ball-proof, draws but three feet of water when fully laden, and carries a battery of rifled guns in a space where forty gunners as well as the guns are protected. The trial was made in the outer roads of the harbor, and succeeded perfectly in regard to speed, precision in firing, and facility of evolution.

An accident occurred on one of the English railroads recently and several persons were killed. A young nobleman was seen running about in search of his valet, whom he feared was among the victims. Presently one of the guards came up to him and said: "My lord, we have found your servant, but he is cut in two." "Then," said he, with the regular Dundreary drawl, "be gwood enough to see in what half he has gwot the key to my carpet bag."

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Lognac Wine, Chat. Margoux Wine,
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Pure Article of Ground Coffee,

must have it ground in the mill at our store, in a few moments—Java, Mocha, Rio, and Costa Rica Coffees.

Do not mistake the number the first time you call—☞531 Washington, a few doors below Montgomery☜—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

Hotel and Restaurant proprietors, and families, will find it greatly to their advantage to examine our Goods and PRICES. All goods warranted, and delivered by our teams throughout the city and suburbs.

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Have received a Large Stock of
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JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

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The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

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We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
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MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE benefit of Miss Phillips on Wednesday evening was all that the lady could expect, as the Academy was deusely crowded, or her friends desire, as the performances were admirable and worthy of the event. *Il Barbiere*, alike familiar to the troupe and the public, was given and accepted with equal zest and relish by both the artists and the audience. The last act of *Romeo and Juliet* was sung very effectively by Miss Phillips and Signorina Sconcia as the conclusion of the entertainment. Miss Phillips as "Romeo," gave the audience a very strong evidence of her tragic abilities—all the more prominently brought forth by the strong contrast formed by the lady's previous performance of the vivacious, arch and coquettish "Rosina." In the departure of Miss Adelaide Phillips, San Francisco loses an excellent comédienne and lyric artiste and the best contralto that ever graced her stage.

I Martiri was performed last evening, the choruses being rendered with even more than the usual effect and ability. This afternoon *La Traviata* will be presented. Mr. Morley will have a benefit on Thursday evening next, and will produce *L' Elisire d' Amore* for the attraction.

As the harvest season of benefits is at hand, we trust that the claims of the chorus at this house, whose musical proficiency has aided so much in the successful production of opera, will not be overlooked, and that the public will have an opportunity afforded them of testifying their appreciation of their indefatigable industry and acknowledged professional ability.

HOW PEOPLE TREAT EACH OTHER.—Not one man in ten thousand sees those with whom he associates as they really are. If the prayer of Burns were granted, and we could all see ourselves as others see us, our self-estimates would in all probability be much more erroneous than they are now. The truth is, that we regard each other through a variety of lenses, no one of which is correct. Passion and prejudice, love and hate, benevolence and envy, spectacle our eyes and utterly prevent us from observing accurately. Many whom we deem the porcelain of human clay are mere dirt, and a still greater number of those we put down in our "black-books" are no further off from Heaven, and perchance a little nearer than the censors who condemn them. We habitually undervalue or overvalue each other, and in estimating character, the shrewdest of us only now and then make true appraisal of the virtues and defects of even our closest intimates. It is not just or fair to look at character from a standpoint of one's selection. A man's profile may be unprepossessing, and yet his full face agreeable. The merchant, who gives curt answers in his counting-house, may be a tender husband and father, and a kind helper of the desolate and oppressed. On the other hand, your good-humored person, who is all smiles and sunshine in public, may carry something as hard as the nether millstone, in the place where his heart ought to be Such anomalies are common. There is this comfort, however, for those whose misjudgments of their fellow-mortal lean to the kindly side—such mistakes go to their credit in the great account. He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is guided, is the goodness of his own heart. It is only the base who believe all men base, or in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody; for, when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least, while living. However corrupt, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice; but they rarely get it while living, either from friend or foe.

BEDSTEAD SUPERSTITION.—A writer in *Notes and Queries*, dating his letter from Frankfort-on-the Main, in Germany, says: "Having ordered a neatly constructed, single bedstead, with somewhat high and ornamental sides, I was surprised when it was brought home to find that the ornamentation of one side of the bedstead was not repeated on the opposite side, it being in fact quite plain. I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction to the maker; saying, that when the head of the bedstead was placed against the wall of a room, the sides hen showing will appear quite unlike—one ornamented, and the other plain. At this the maker expressed his surprise that I should be ignorant of a German custom and prejudice; 'for,' says he, 'in Germany single bedsteads are only placed sideways against a wall, or partition; and only removed from this position, and placed with the head against the wall, to receive a dead body." And the worthy maker assured me that nowhere in Germany could a native be induced to sleep on a single bedstead which had not its side placed against a wall or partition. The same objection does not hold against placing two single bedsteads side by side, with their heads against a wall." He asks if the custom, with the prejudice, prevails in other countries? So far as the United States is concerned, we believe not.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

ON the 9th inst., at Monoville, Patrick Higgins, aged sixty-one years, was killed by the caving of a bank, while mining.

THE Wilmington *Journal* is to be moved to Los Angeles, where it will be published in future.

THE Post Office in Stockton has been designated by the Post Office Department as a money order office.

THE sawmill of Joseph Gardner, at Liberty Hill, Nevada county, was recently destroyed by fire. About 80,000 feet of lumber and a considerable portion of a valuable flume were also burned.

A BLOCK of marble weighing six tons lies on the levee in Stockton. It is from a quarry at Columbia, and is intended to be used in the Broderick monument.

A TEAMSTER, named N. B. Breese, was killed near Bear Valley recently. In turning a short corner the wagon ran off the road and rolled over the embankment, the wheel passing over his breast, causing instant death.

THE Calaveras *Chronicle* says that opals have been found in the French Claim, near Mokelumne Hill. They have been polished, and are to be sent for exhibition to the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute, San Francisco.

SIXTY dollars in gold was recently cleaned up from three pans of decomposed rock, in the Wisconsin Ledge, Nevada county, and in one day seven ounces were taken out by one man with a hand mortar.

THE new theatre in this place, says the Nevada *Transcript*, has been a long time in the hands of workmen, and citizens will be glad to know that there is a prospect of its being speedily finished.

IN Ashton, Colusa county, lately, some of the boys got tired and went to the hay stack to sleep. An Indian boy came along, and seeing a pitch fork lying on the ground, thought it would do better on the stack, so he gave it a pitch and it fell among the sleepers, sticking into Mr. Tate's leg, causing a painful wound.

THE Placerville *Mirror* of August 14th, says: "As Archbishop Alemany and Father Cotter were coming to this city from Mud Springs, on Saturday evening, in a buggy, some fast drivers in another carriage collided with them with such force as to drive the shaft of their vehicle through the buggy and under the seat on which the reverend gentlemen were sitting. No other harm was done, we believe.

THE farmers in Santa Clara Valley are cutting and threshing out the wild mustard, which grows in great abundance in that section. It has heretofore been treated as a nuisance, and burned to prepare the ground for grain crops. As it has become a marketable commodity, it pays well for harvesting.

THE California State Fair of the present year will commence on the 18th of September, one week later than was at first announced.

AT Canyonville, August 12th, a shooting affair took place between Mynatte and his brother-in-law, Custon. The latter accused Mynatte of ill-treating his sister, to which Mynatte took exceptions, and was about to administer punishment with his fist, when Custon drew a pistol and shot him. It is supposed the wound will prove fatal. Custon claims to have acted in self-defence.

ON the 14th inst., says the *Enterprise*, a serious accident occurred in the Chollar mine, by which two men, named Charles Bolan and — McGee, came near losing their lives. It occurred from a premature explosion of a blast. It is thought that Bolan is seriously, if not fatally, injured. He is frightfully mangled. McGee is less seriously injured, and will probably recover.

AN Indian was identified at Unionville, lately, as one that participated in the first attack on the whites at Paradise Valley, last Spring. The citizens arrested him, and on the next day, with the assistance of powder and lead, (says the Nevada *Transcript*,) sent him to the hunting grounds allotted to all good Piute Indians.

THE Mariposa *Gazette* of August 12th says: "Schuyler Colfax, while travelling to Yosemite, discovered the difference between diplomacy and following a mountain trail. He got things considerably mixed, and found himself several miles out of his latitude. Some sheep ranchers discovered him making a bee line for Brigham Young's kingdom, and placed him upon the right track again, with the understanding that each is to receive a Consulship for meritorious services. Colfax wasn't scared nor nothing—'twas the sheep men!"

A MAN named Griffith was killed while working on a claim at Newark, Sierra county, a few days since, and a man by the name of Collins has been arrested on suspicion. We understand, says the Downieville *Messenger*, that the assassin stood behind a stump, or tree, and fired from an ambush. We have heard that a difficulty existed between the parties on account of a late lawsuit tried in the District Court at this place, about the claim on which Griffith was working, in which case both parties were witnesses.

THUMBS.—A Scotchman, named Beamish, has recently published a book entitled the *Psychonomy of the Thumb*. In this work we are informed that idiots have very small and ill-developed thumbs; and as proof of this, we are referred to a plate representing the thumb of the gorilla, from which it seems intended to infer that idiot and gorilla are convertible terms. "Generally," it is said, "a small thumb is the index of vacillation and irresolution; it is also indicative of an accommodating and loving spirit. The large thumb, on the contrary, is the index of a strong will, and little general sympathy—in short, of the heart being in subjection to the head." The question, of course, arises, whether "an accommodating and loving spirit" may not animate a creature who is free from vacillation and irresolution, and then what is the rule of thumb? But to pass on to the "phalanges," or what common people call "joints." The first phalange is "the index of will;" the second, "the index of logical acumen." If you see a man with a "large, broad first phalange," depend upon it he is full of prejudice; and "if the second phalange be also deficient, the prejudice is invincible." If the first phalange be longer and more powerful than the second, the possessor is a man of tyrannous tendencies; if it "be of a medium size, it no longer represents domination, but simply passive resistance;" if it "be short and feeble, power of will will be wanting, and the mind, fluctuating and irresolute, becomes subject to the will of others;" if it "be *very* short, resistance becomes impossible, and prostration is complete. Gaiety and sadness succeed each other without any apparent cause." If the second phalange "be long and strong, logic and reason prevail over impulse and will. But should the second phalange be short and weak, the individual hesitates to act."

ROGERS' STATUETTES IN ENGLAND.—The London *Times* says of the exquisite statues of the American sculptor, Rogers:

"All these groups have the refreshing and unmistakable stamp of nationality upon them, and are admirable for life and spirit of action, cleverness of grouping, and truth of expression. This is better work for the plastic artist than imitating antique nudities, or outworn sophicisms. Here, at least, he has themes that come home to the heart of his critics, and breathing models in the world around him."

IT very seldom happens to a man that his business is his pleasure. What is done from necessity, is so often to be done when against the present inclination, and so often fills the mind with anxiety, that an habitual dislike steals upon us, and we shrink involuntarily from the remembrance of our task. This is the reason why almost every one wishes to quit his employment—he does not like another state, but is disgusted with his own.

THE FAIR is great in its success, and the receipts of the first five days were more than sufficient to meet the whole expenses of the exhibition. It has already become fashionable to attend the Fair Levees in the evening, and the immense capacity of the Pavilion is tested to accommodate the thousands who go. It is impossible to record in our limited space all the notable articles on exhibition, but some of the most prominent may be enumerated. The statue of Lincoln by Mezzara is the most commendable work of art—the sewing machines the most useful and ornamental in household mechanism; some beautiful work by the Florence, Singer, and Grover & Baker, (the latter exhibiting a case of richly embroidered goods,) were especially attractive. Drawing-room furniture claimed attention as among the luxuries of a household. A particular green-and-gold brocatel set, with elaborately carved rosewood frames, and a superb new style *etegere*, by Goodwin & Co., were generally admired. The art galleries were not as full as last year; Lawrence & Houseworth's California stereoscopes seemed to be the centre of attraction This firm also contributes a case of beautifully finished entlery that wins the admiration of many un experienced housewife.

DARING ROBBERY.—On the night of the 16th inst., the Treasurer's office of Macomb county, Mich., was entered, the safe broken open, and robbed of $7,000. The safe was laid upon its back, and the door entirely demolished with a sledge-hammer. We learn from highly authentic sources that the robbers could not have worked over ten minutes before entering the safe.

Persons now using the chilled iron safes should be very careful of depositing large sums of money in them, unless some one is sleeping very nigh. The safe above alluded to was purchased only a few months ago of Lillie's agent, and warranted both fire and burglar-proof. As soon as "Lillie's agent" heard of the robbery, he at once went to Mount Clemens, and (as we are told) tried to reconcile the matter, by offering the county a new safe, and asking at once to remove the old one. However, in this he has been foiled. The question now arises among the County Commissioners, are not Lillie & Son responsible for the stolen property, after warranting their safe both fire and burglar proof? The people of Macomb county are anxious that this thing should be looked to.

THE GRAND SCALE PIANO.—Professor Nash, of New York, one of the oldest teachers and conductors in the city, after using one of Bradbury's New Grand Scales for a concert at the Academy of Music, says:

Dear Sir: I have just used one of your Grand Scale Square Pianos in a concert at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I say, *emphatically*, that it is in every particular, as to touch, tone, power and brilliancy, the best square Piano Forte that I have ever played upon, seen or heard. If you continue to make such Pianos as these, you can carry everything before you.

Yours, very truly, F. A. NASH.

ONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on Property, for a term of years; repayments received ontbly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent. month from month to month. Apply to the California ding and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, oppo. Wells, Fargo & Co's.

PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
ELASTIC STITCH
SEWING
MACHINES.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

12-3m

THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
west Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

ecial attention given to the correct Printing of Trans-s, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.
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RANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
y opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCISCO.

he oldest and most complete Book and Job printing tishment in California. All descriptions of work executed at low rates."
27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

UNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDLY taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.
Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS
Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

T'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.
te
SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER
range1 as to give a steady motion, and is calculated ed for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll lar Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any ork. The above Machines are built of the best ls, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will em.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
For further Particulars see small circulars.
E. O. HUNT,
. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
m San Francisco.

AIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
FOR HORSES.
rtain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of e—superior to any article of the kind now in use by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
n Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent.	per day on a	$50	note.
Two cents	"	$100	"
Ten "	"	$500	"
20 "	"	$1,000	"
$1 "	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

ADDENDUM.

Per Overland Telegraph:

PHILADELPHIA, May 17, 1865.

Second Series all sold. Commenced on Third Series. Two hundred and thirty millions (230,000,000) precisely like other two series, except dated 15th July, and Government reserves the right to pay six per cent. in gold instead of 7-30 currency. JAY COOKE,
my27 Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

RARE CHANCE
TO SECURE
DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.
J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22 4t Room Nos. 2 and 6.

HUNT'S PATENT
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by
E. O. HUNT,
jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK
OF
Gentlemen's Clothing,
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS,
VALISES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
NOW IN THE STORE,
No. 233 Montgomery street,
(Russ Block,)
IS BEING SOLD
AT
REATLY REDUCED RATES,
TO
CLOSE THE ESTATE
OF
THOMAS G. SANDFORD,
LATELY DECEASED.
au5-tf

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Insurance Agency.
DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE WASHINGTON FIRE INSURANCE Company, of New York, has declared a Scrip Dividend of (60) Sixty per cent. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1865, being the Fourth Consecutive Scrip Dividend of Sixty per cent. declared by this Company since its adoption of the Participating System. The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after this date, at their Agency, northwest corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets, San Francisco.

Also, an Interest Dividend of (6) Six per cent. on outstanding Scrip, payable 15th March, in cash.

SAFEST AND CHEAPEST SYSTEM OF INSURANCE.

WASHINGTON INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

BIGELOW & BROTHER, AGENTS.

CASH ASSETS, - - -	$660,000
DEPOSITED IN CALIFORNIA BONDS, - -	75,000

This company allows the insured to participate in the profits of the company. They have paid to policy holders.

Dividend 1861, - - - - -	60 per cent.
Dividend 1862, - - - - -	60 per cent
Dividend 1863, - - - - -	60 per cent
Dividend 1864, - - - - -	60 per cent

They have paid to assured, $175,000 in Dividends. The Insuring community are respectfully invited to patronize this really first class company, and participate in the profits of the business without liability for losses.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
ap29 GENERAL AGENTS.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NOTICE.

A LARGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG came to my premises on August 2d. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at DUNN & HENRY'S coal and wood yard, southeast corner of Powell and Union streets. au12-2t

A NEW INVENTION!
LEWIS'S
Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion,

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

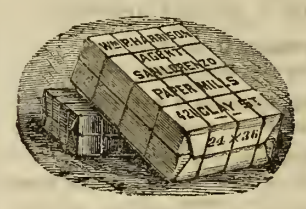
Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8-tf



DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,
With the most astonishing success in curing
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of
The Throat, Lungs and Chest,
INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physcians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "*I. BUTTS*," "*SANFORD & PARK*," and "*H. WISTAR, M. D.*"

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY

Is for sale by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No. 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4 tf San Francisco.

CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOMESTEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
Northwest corner Front and Clay streets,
jy1 1m Up stairs

NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE,

NOS. 727 AND 729 MARKET STREET.

We have now on hand, and are constantly receiving, a good assortment of the

NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

and of all goods usually found in our line, which we are offering at a very small profit.

To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
611 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner
From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from
Roots and Herbs
Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco

RUPTURE.

RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and compressing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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Between Montgomery and Kearny.
Manufactory, 232 Sutter street. dc3

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1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find in Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

CHEAP LOTS FOR SALE.

HOME-STEAD LOTS, inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
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A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS
AND THE
BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published
EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
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BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. A. STICKNEY. JOHN COLLNER. J. P. BOGARDUS.

No effort will be spared to enable THE CALIFORNIAN to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

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AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE
OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

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FOR PUBLISHING ON STEEL
A PORTRAIT OF
PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND SON.

This Picture was photographed by Brady in the White House at Washington, and is the last the President ever sat for.

It represents President Lincoln at home with his son reading the Bible, and is pronounced by the best judges to be superior to any other ever taken. We would recommend all who desire a first-class engraving—a life-like picture of President Lincoln—to subscribe now and receive their pictures from the *first impressions* of the plate. Early subscribers will receive proof-sheets. We propose to furnish to subscribers a fac-simile of the card engraved on steel 10 1-2x12 1-2 inches on plate paper 19x24 inches. Price in Rosewood or Gilt Frame, 14x18 inches, $5.

☞ Sold only by Subscription.

DEWING & LAWS, General Agents,
je24-tf 511 Sacramento street.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

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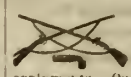

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
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M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Confectioners,
No. 765 Market street, near Fourth street,
SAN FRANCISCO.
aj22-tf

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE!

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Has fully established the superiority of

Redding's Russia Salve

Over all other preparations

FOR THE CURE OF

Scalds,
Burns, Cuts,
Flesh Wounds, Boils,
Chilblains, Blisters, Bruises,
Felons, Piles, Erysipelas, Ulcers,
Salt Rheum, Injuries by Splinters, Warts,
Old Sores, Ring Worm, Frost-Bitten Parts,

AND ALL CUTANEOUS DISEASES AND ERUPTIONS GENERALLY.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE

Is prompt in action, removes pain at once, and reduces the most angry looking swellings and inflammations, as if by magic—thus affording relief and a complete cure.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

REDINGTON & CO., Agents,
416 and 418 Front street,
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THESE PLASTERS have the compactness of kid leather and the flexibility of a silk glove. They have restored the withered hand, removed the unsightly hump, cured varicose veins and external aneurisms. For all affections of the chest, weight about the diaphragm or upper portion of the bowels, in colds and coughs, for injuries of the back, for all strains or bruises, for a weak back, for nervous pains in the bowels, and other nervous affections and cramps, for heart affections—in all cases they have to be used to be properly appreciated.

THOMAS ALLCOCK & CO.,
"Brandreth Building," New York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S,
San Francisco.
☞ Sold by all Druggists. je17 3m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES!

MRS. READ,
NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
(OVER FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE DEPOT.)
INVITES THE ATTENTION OF THE LADIES TO HER NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest
EXPANDERS,

For Expanding the Chest, Strengthening the Lungs and Stomach, Curing the bad habit of Stooping, and Straightening Curvatures of the Spine.

This Supporter possesses more merit than perhaps any other invention, has received the unanimous approbation of those who have used them, and is actually invaluable to every lady wishing to possess

GRACE OF FORM
AND
SYMMETRY OF PERSON.

It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

MRS. READ also fits Supporters for HERNIA and RUPTURE, and furnishes an elegant article of

GENTLEMEN'S BRACES AND SUSPENDERS.

MRS. READ also has a beautiful style of
BUST,
Indispensable in a Lady's Toilet.

MRS. READ also has a Supporter which she can confidently recommend to Ladies suffering from prolapsus uteri. It has no equal, and is far superior to the many mechanical supporters used in such cases, fitting the form perfectly. It is free from pads and steel, and creates no irritation; gives comfort and ease, with such an amount of support it would seem impossible to do without it.

Ladies, please call and examine for yourselves, or leave your orders, and Mrs. Read will wait upon you at your residences.

Mrs. Read will be in attendance at her Reception Room from 8 to 11 A. M. and after 6 P. M. my27-tf

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
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[For the Californian.]

NATURE A MODEL.

WE seldom remember, indeed, how large a portion of our ideas of grace and beauty are derived from the plants; how constantly we turn to them for models. It is worth while to look about the first room you enter, to note how very many proofs of this you will find there. Scarcely an article of furniture, from the most simple and homely to the most elegant and elaborate, but carries about it some imitation of this kind either in its general outline, form or color, or in some lesser details.

Look at the chair on which your friend is sitting; at the carpet beneath your feet; at the paper on the walls; at the curtains which shut out the darkness; at the table near you; at the clock, the picture-frames, the book-ease, the table-covers, the work-box, the inkstand—in short, all the trifling knick-knacks in the room; and on all these you may behold in bolder or in fainter lines a thousand proofs of the debt we owe to the vegetable world, not only for so many of the fabries themselves, but also for the beautiful forms, and colors, and ornaments we seek to imitate. Branches and stems, leaves and tendrils, flowers and fruits, nuts and berries, are everywhere the models.

As for our clothing, in coloring as in its designs, it is a studied reflection of the flowers and fruits and foliage; nay, even the bark and wood and the decayed leaves are imitated. *Fueille morte* was a very fashionable color in Paris at one time Madame Cotton, the authoress of the *Exiles of Siberia* had a *feuille morte* dress which figured in a book of some celebrity a number of years ago. The patterns with which our dresses and shawls are stamped or woven, whether from the looms of France, Italy or Persia, are almost wholly taken from the fields and gardens. Our embroidery, whether on lace, or muslin, or silk, whether it be the work of a Parisian, a Swiss, a Bengalee, or a Chinaman, bears witness to the same impressions. In short, the richest materials and the cheapest, the lightest, and the heaviest, are alike covered with blossoms or vines or leaves in ten thousand combinations; and such has always been the case—the rudest savage, the semi-barbarian, and the most highly-civilized races, have alike turned to the vegetable kingdom for their models.

Architecture, as we all know, has been borrowed almost wholly from the forest, not only in its grander forms, but also in its lesser ornamental parts. The lotus, the honeysuckle, and the acanthus, are found carved on the most ancient works of man yet standing upon the earth—the tombs and temples of Hindostan, Egypt, and Greece.

In short, from the most precious treasures of ancient art down to the works of our own generation, we find the same designs ever recurring. The most durable and costly materials the earth holds in her bosom—stone and marble, gold, silver, and gems—have been made to assume, in a thousand imposing or graceful forms, the lines of the living vegetation. How very many of the proudest works of art would be wanting if there had been no grace and dignity in trees, no beauty in leaves and flowers.

Probably the first rude attempts at pottery were modelled upon the rounded forms of the Eastern gourds. The rinds of vegetables of that kind were doubtless the first vessels used by man in antediluvian times. Wherever they are found, they are now employed in this way by the savage races of the present day.

Before tin-ware and crockery had become so cheap, calabashes or gourds were constantly seen in the farm-houses as water vessels in common use; very possibly a few may yet be found here and there in the rural inland districts at the present time.

Science has been indebted to the works of Nature for many valuable suggestions. In support of this opinion, we may state that the eminent engineer, Mr. Brunel, is said to have taken the idea of his plan of tunneling, (viz., the framework or shield as used under the Thames,) from the operation of the *Teredo*, a testaceous worm, which is covered with a cylindrical shell, and which bores through the hardest timber. Hence Linnæus called it *calamitas navium*. The accidental sight of the trunk of an old oak which had been sawed across, suggested to Mr. Smeaton the idea of dove-tailing each course of masonry in the Eddystone Lighthouse. The same happy observation of the wisdom displayed in the works of Nature, led Mr. Watt to deduce the construction of the flexible water-main from the mechanism of the lobster's tail. From a close consideration of the curious structure of the eye, Mr. Dallon contrived his achromatic telescope. "The temple of nature" says an observer of insect life, "is the model of a gorgeous cathedral, and stands distinguished not alone by features of solemn grandeur; the 'loug drawn isle,' whose arches and pillars are the growth of ages; the 'azure vault,' whose lamps are suns and worlds; but no less by a profusion of adornments worthy of the mighty fabric. Flowing draperies of foliage hung on high as curtains—floors tessellated with flowery mosaic, or bespread with verdant velvet—massive pillars and slender shafts marbled with painted lichens and entwined by graceful creepers—all these combine, while they immeasurably eclipse the beauty, to attest the origin of Gothic art." The Poet asks

> Who taught the nations of the field and wood,
> To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
> Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
> Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
> Who made the spider parallels design,
> Sure as Demoivre, without rule or line?
> Who bade the stork, Columbus-like, explore
> Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?

IRIS.

WHIMS OF A FRENCH ACTRESS.—"Spiridion," the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Gazette*. says: If you would judge of the extravagance of Paris go to the theatres and see how the actresses are dressed. Each tries to out shine the other in the beauty of her diamonds, laces, silks, etc. I heard of a good joke on Mille. Scheider, who plays "La Belle Helene" at the Varieties. She had ordered one of those immense crinoline skirts still in vogue, and which are to be seen, especially in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, covering the whole back and front seats of the carriage in which such actresses throne unattended. No carriage of cotemporary make could hold two women so attired. The crinoline skirt was sent home. She was absent at rehearsal at the time it came. When she rode out that evening she wore it, and immediately on her return home sent it to the tradesman, saying: "I will not wear such a horrid thing. It was so small I got into my carriage with it without the least difficulty." That will show you the tendency of life here; we are all straining after the impossible.

Will you allow me, while this actress' name is on my pen, to tell you an anecdote of her, It will show you how stupid and heartless actresses of her class are—and remember, these are the women who exert supreme influence in France. One evening she went on foot from her house to the theatre, leaning on the arm of the Duke de ——. On the way she noticed in a shop an English trinket. Nothing would do but she must have it, let the cost be what it might. They entered the shop. The trinket had been sold, and no more like it remained on hand; besides, the shopkeeper expected no new supply for a week or ten days. She was vexed, fell into ill humor, and turned the Duke off the moment they reached the theatre door. He said nothing, called a carriage, and ordered the driver to take him to the Northern Railway station. He took the train for Calais and reached London the next morning. He went to buy the desired trinket and took the return train for Paris as soon as he was in possession of it. He reached Paris the same night and went in triumph to Mlle. Scheider's room. When he told her the trouble he was at to gratify her least whim, she burst into a laugh and said: "Ah! *vois-tu, mon petit*, I never can love you—you are too stupid!" Such is their heart!

UNPROTECTED MALES.

IN a Parliamentary paper recently issued, Captain Tyler informs his chief that "Gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence to avoid in this manner all risk of being accused—for purposes of extortion—of insult or assault." The paragraph has been approvingly quoted in most of the newspapers; and it is seldom that a statement so bold, and at the same time so veracious, appears in a departmental report. Any one who travels much knows that a good deal of alarm has been excited among respectable males of late by the mania which appears to have seized the other sex for imagining, or asserting, that they have been criminally assaulted. Upon railways the terror has become a perfect panic. No man with any consideration for his character will venture within winking distance of any woman who is reasonably good-looking, and young girls are avoided by all prudent persons as if they had the plague. Old women, and very ugly women—women of that sterling repulsiveness that they carry in their faces an unanswerable refutation of any possible charge of assault—are at a high premium just now, especially for long railway journeys. Now is their hour of compensation. The men may turn from them in the drawing-room, may manœuvre to be separated from them at the dinner-table, but in the railway carriage they enjoy a popularity for which bright eyes and youthful cheeks pine in vain. True as the needle to the pole, the cautious passenger flies to the favored seat which places him under the wing of hairless and cappy age.

The alarm is not wholly groundless. A passion for particular kinds of perjury does at particular times infect particular people. In Germany and America, the witchcraft delusion, with all the horrible torments which were inflicted under its influence, was maintained entirely by the apparently disinterested testimony of a considerable number of respectable witnesses. A similar phenomenon occurred in England during the prevalence of the "Popish plot" panic. There seems to be little doubt that the same kind of half-conscious taste for perjury prevails just now among a considerable number of girls, especially very young girls. Several instances have occurred recently in which such accusations have been plainly proved to have been the mere fruit of whim or malice, and there have been many more in which their groundlessness was very apparent, though not distinctly proved. A particularly flagrant case came before the public a short time ago. One Caroline Barker, "a tall, well-dressed young woman, of prepossessing appearance," presented herself at the Coventry police station, and made a charge of indecent assault, accompanied with robbery, against a man with whom she had travelled from Rugby, and who had left the train at Coventry. She minutely described his appearance, and the police were already in quest of the alleged offender, when the Superintendent, by a little judicious cross-examination of the complainant, extracted from her a confession that the whole story was a fiction, invented to cover the loss of her railway ticket. The intended victim of this infamous fabrication had great reason to congratulate himself on having had a very lucky escape of imprisonment or worse. It is not every magistrate, nor even every jury, that would have displayed the sagacity with which the Coventry Police Superintendent detected the falsehood of a plausible and circumstantial invention.

ANECDOTAGE.

MR. *Punch* has been asked by a variety of Correspondents, who, on the strength of a fortnight's sojourn in an English hotel in Paris assume a taste for French literature, "why he never gives any Charming Little Anecdotes, like those which make *Le Grand Journal, Figaro Le Journal de pour Rire*, and other delightful Parisian papers so spiritual and so interesting." He has been looking at the intellectual productions in question. They appear to his English mind to be the merest twaddle, flavored by impertinence. In some cases they are simply puffs, no doubt paid for in some coin or other. But as he scorns to be churlish, he has made an arrangement with his Foolish Young Man to supply the article required—omitting, only, (with apologies) another little flavor, very dear to the fashionable patrons and patronesses of Mademoiselle Theresa, but not admired in the British household. The Foolish Young Man has, with commendable promptness, sent in the following specimens of his art—the scenes, of course, being laid in England:

I.

Jones—we all know Jones—is a papa.

The infant is a boy.

Papa Jones turned into Farrance's the other day, in hopes to see some one who would congratulate him on his new honors. Nor was he disappointed. The wit Robinson was there, taking some *Punch á la Romaine*.

Now Jones calls himself an original writer—and steals.

"You will want godfathers," said Robinson.

"I am puzzled about that."

"Well, ask Paul Bedford to be one."

"Why Paul Bedford?"

"Because your son will then be worthy of his sire."

"How so?"

"He will be called Paul Jones."

Paul Jones was a pirate.

II.

At the Zoological Gardens last Sunday afternoon there was even more than the usual crowd of pious persons eager to admire the works of creation, especially when manufactured into costume.

Jenkins and his friend Tompkins, dressed their best (according to their City lights) sauntered elegantly up to the witty Lady Buckingbury, who was seated near the porcupines.

"Most delightful gardens in London," said Jenkins.

"They would be, *but for the beasts*," said her ladyship.

III.

Fluker has many good qualities, but he dos not always pay his bills.

If his creditors do not complain, what is that to us?

But they do complain.

His tailor called on him on Tuesday, and pressed for something on account.

Fluker's indomitable good temper would have melted an iceberg, but could not melt the tailor.

"I must make up a large amount on Thursday, sir," he said.

"Do so, and lend it me," said Fluker, "and I will pay your small account on Friday."

The tailor did not seem to see it, and has appealed to his Sovereign.

IV.

Flaps, the publisher, is nevertheless a man of wit.

Dronesby, who writes what nobody reads, met him. Dronesby, who is not young, wears very well, thanks to certain tradesmen.

"How in the world do you keep your beard so black," said Flaps.

"Well, I don't mind telling *you*," said Dronesby. "I dye it. But don't you tell anybody."

"My dear fellow," said Flaps, "do you think I would publish anything confided to me by you. You ought to know better."—*Punch*.

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SEWING MACHINES,

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MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

SEPTEMBER 13, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

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The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA October 13th.

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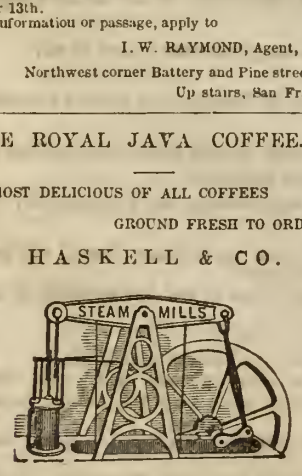

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THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, August 19th.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

The Sensation Play of

OUR AMERICAN COUSIN!

This Evening, August 19th, 1865,

Benefit of the

Ellsworth Guard Zouaves,

MR. DAN SETCHELL

IN

TOODLES,

PAUL PRY,

AND

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Parquet - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

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Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

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A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

THE WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested in the matter: That the Trustees of the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation of San Francisco have filed in the office of the Clerk of the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, their petition, directed to said Court, and therein praying for an order of said Court for the sale of the following-described premises belonging to said Welsh Presbyterian congregation of San Francisco, viz.: that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded as follows, viz.: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Pollard Place, 57 1-2 feet northerly from Vallejo street, running thence northerly along said line of Pollard Place 40 feet, thence at right angles easterly 58 1-2 feet, thence southerly along the line of Sonoma Place 40 feet, and thence at right angles westerly 58 1-2 feet to the point of commencement, for the sum of twelve hundred dollars, seven hundred dollars cash, and five hundred dollars payable in one year, on mortgage.

W. C. BURNETT,
Att'y for the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation
au19 3t of San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

y25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

WHEATLEIGH'S

EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES!

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, AUGUST 19TH,

OUR FRIEND FROM VICTORIA!

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 19TH,

Will be presented an Original Comedy, in Three Acts, by Ingo, entitled

OUR FRIEND FROM VICTORIA!

Fitz Clarence Witherspoon....Mr. Chas Wheatleigh
Julia Chopper.....Fanny Morgan Phelps
Gilbert Smibert.....E. Thorne
C. Lane.....Mr. Percy
Mr Chopper.....Stephen Leach
Lawrence Jenkins.....A R Phelps
Mr. Smithson.....E. A. Reeves
Mrs Chopper.....Mrs. Judah
Cecilia Shivley.....Louise Clarkson
Mrs. Mantrap.....Mrs. Wheatleigh
Mrs. Dobbin.....Annie Yeamans

On Monday evening the Author will take a benefit, when OUR FRIEND FROM VICTORIA will be played, with some important additions and a change of cast.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

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SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P M. Per order Board of Trustees.

GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
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THE PERFECTION of ARENIC ART!

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LAST TWO

PERFORMANCES THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

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Mr. James Cook,
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Wm. Worrell, Mme. Ellouise,
John Barry, Master Austin,
La Petite Gemma,
Miss Anneran,
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And a host of general performers, together with the celebrated

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By Ross and Carlo, and the Equestrian Drama of

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The following steamships will be despatched in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1865:

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From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street; San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN, WHO WILL BE

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References given and required. Address M HARP, the office at of this paper. jy15 6t

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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INTERIOR ITEMS:

Recent Events, in Brief.

THEATRICAL TALK:

The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:

Baited with Tempting Tit-bits. [By "Trem."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE performances of this, the last week of the opera, have been *Norma* on Monday night—the "Norma" of Signorina Brambilla being one of her best lyric achievements—and *I Masnadieri* on Wednesday night for the benefit of Signor Orlandini—well and impressively rendered—in which Signorina Brambilla essayed the new character of "Amelia," and achieved a happy success. This lady is worthily held in high estimation by her audiences. Possessing eminent vocal abilities, correct and refined action, and earnest application, we are glad to record her increased popularity. *Ernani* was sung last night. *Lucia di Lammermoor* will be the afternoon performance to-day.

The opera season having been one of heavy loss to the management, on Monday night a grand complimentary benefit will be tendered to Mr. Maguire by his fellow citizens, in recognition of his managerial liberality, and the something like Roman virtue he has displayed in completing his operatic contracts. The programme will be an opera *melange;* four acts from different operas will be given, drawing forth the full strength of the combined troupes. Everybody volunteers for the occasion, and the compliment is most willingly and deservedly tendered. The benefit of the chorus will take place on Thursday night next. We trust that the receipts may prove fully equal to their professional deserts, and that the Academy may be crowded.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

WE sent a wheel-barrow load of queries round to the *Mercury* office this week. This sort of thing must be put a stop to. We will clear off a few more letters which we have received since we were idiotic enough to meddle with that wretched "monkey on the heart," but must positively refuse to clear up any more moot points in theology, cock-fighting, worsted embroidery, conic sections, poetry, horse-racing, algebra, etiquette, or anything else. Send them to the editor of the *Mercury;* he likes it.

THIRD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—No, we cannot give you a list of the English champions of the light weights from 1836 to 1859 inclusive.

A HIGH SCHOOL BOY.—You are a very low school boy to say that your teacher is a "bilk," but if he is really unable to give you information which even a schoolboy should be ashamed of not possessing, and you appear to have a desire to acquire knowledge, we will answer your question. "Lohock" is something to lick, but it would not be proper to call you a lohock, though you might be licked with great propriety.

LITTERATEUR.—The printers call your manuscript "copy," because you copy whole sentences from those books which you get from the Mercantile Library, and, stringing them together with trash of your own, pass the patchwork off as original on the editor of the *Weekly Error*, but the printer knows it's copy.

A CAREFUL READER.—We were aware that Shakspeare's grammar was execrable, but were not aware that there were as many as eight hundred and seventy-two grammatical errors to be found in his works. We daresay you are right, but cannot afford time to verify your statement.

AN OLD WHIP.—The lines commencing "All the world's a stage," were written by a young man who used to drive the stage between Marysville and Chico. He composed them while on the box. We cannot give you his present address, but are under the impression that a few years ago, while engaged on some more lines, he allowed the lines to slip from his grasp, and the horses running away, he and sixteen passengers were drowned in a creek; but it might have been another man.

INQUISITIVE.—No, we do not consider you impertinent, and have great pleasure in telling you why the "Mouse-Trap" is signed "Trem." It is an abbreviation of the writer's real name which is Delirium Tremens—Christian name Delirium, surname Tremens. Is there anything else you would like to know?

CRAM wishes us to tell him of a handy little volume to carry in the pocket, which will give him information on all subjects. Certainly. The *American Encyclopedia* is just the thing you want. Webster's Unabridged is the best lexicon for the vest pocket.

OFFICE SEEKER.—We are afraid that you will not succeed in getting the position of clerk in the Post Office as you confess your ignorance of Chinese. You are wrong. The present head of the Post Office is a full-blooded American.

A YOUNG POET.—We sympathize with you. You are quite right. The only reason people call poetry with a well-known name attached to it good, is because of the name. Had the little poem which you enclose in your letter appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, with the name of Longfellow or William Cullen Bryant attached, every one would have gone into ecstacies over it. We regret that we have not room for more than a couple of verses. It is very original in conception, and quite as good as anything that has appeared during the last year in the Eastern periodicals:

TO A VIOLET.

Oh violet, so sweetly blue,
Hide in thy leaves besprent with dew,
And when the day is just begun,
Blushing, peep forth and view the sun.

How sweet thy fragrance beauteous smells
As thou hid'st in the mossy dells—
Like holy incense thy perfume
In vast cathedral's sacred gloom.

A small-minded and fastidious critic might object to the image of a violet blushing, and claim that it must blush blue if it attempted such a thing. We acknowledge the bold and startling originality of the idea, and hail it as an evidence of your genius. You will yet gain a name for yourself. In fifteen or sixteen years more—you say that you have been writing for only seven years—you will gain a high place among American poets.

LOTHARIO.—We cannot tell you whether the lady you refer to has been divorced three times. Write and ask her, enclosing a stamp.

LAURA.—Do we like the Fair? Positively adore them!

FLORA.—Mark Twain, though it may appear paradoxical, is single. Yes; very good-looking.

A GRASS WIDOW.—You need not wear widow's weeds.

BON.—"Colfax," not "Coldfacts."

LITTLE MARY.—Bats don't lay eggs.

SWEETLIPS.—Yes, we always did like it, and don't think it improper.

WETTERAN.—Dry up.

THE little *Call* is alarmed by the paper on "Popular Fallacies" by "Libra," which appeared in last week's CALIFORNIAN. It cries out "too much science" Too much science for the little *Call*, we suppose it means. It may be so and yet be not profound. The learned editor does not attempt to refute "Libra's" assertions, he only thinks it is a very dreadful state of things if they are true. He concludes this remarkable article thus:

"We congratulate THE CALIFORNIAN on its new accession, and we would hope that 'Libra' would continue to weigh out his scientific knowledge, were it not for a latent fear we entertain that if he keeps on the way he is going, he will demonstrate there is no such thing as existence, and that all our lives we have been the victims of a wild hallucination in supposing that we lived and breathed."

We sympathize with the fearful little *Call*. Who knows? It may have been, during the few years it has been in existence, the "victim of a wild hallucination!" "Libra" might undertake to prove logically that the *Call* has never existed as a newspaper. Wouldn't it *then* cry out "too much science?" "Libra" shan't do it. The little *Call* shan't be weighed in the balance. It is a very nice little paper, and shall still continue to be considered the champion of the light weights.

WE have always admired the poetry published in the *Flag*. If an editorial paragraph calls attention to "a beautiful poem on our fourth page," we turn with avidity to the fourth page. The poets whose productions the *Flag* ensbrines are not like those of whom Horace said: "*Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus.*" There is nothing of the mouse about the beautiful poem which appeared in Thursday's paper, though it may be slightly suggestive of "rat." The name of the author is not familiar. We have never heard of "Andy Eb" before. The use of the old English "bye" in place of "by," is no doubt one of the little affectations excusable in genius—"Bye Andy Eb." We cannot afford room for more than the first verse of this remarkable poem, but the other six are equally as beautiful as the specimen we present:

BYE-ANDY-EB.

Was the parting very bitter? t?
Was the hand-clasp very tigh
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a nce all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "bye-aad-bye."

It is peculiar, but very pretty. "Was the parting very bitter? t?" An abbreviation of tea, no doubt. That is, "was the parting as bitter as hemlock tea?" The line "Was the hand-clasp very tigh?" is obscure. In prose, a becomes an before a vowel or silent h, but poetical license may perhaps excuse the use of the expression, "From *a* ace all sad and white." We don't understand "a storm of rain-drops falling from a ace," but as it is not asserted that such a cloud did fall from a ace, the question being merely asked whether or no such a cloud is falling, we have no fault to find. A, or as we prefer to say an, ace in the hand of an opposing party during a game of bluff, has caused a cloud of sadness, if not positive rain-drops, in many cases, but the ace has been either red or black; but let that pass; Andy Eb is a beautiful poet, and we hope before long to see another of his productions in the *Flag*, which will evince equal skill in composition. He *may* write again. Perhaps he will write "in the future calmer." "A future calmer" is an *alias* for "a sunny bye-and-bye," we imagine. Or it may be another name for the millenium. Under any circumstances, Heaven speed the arrival of "a future calmer."

WE have received the prospectus of the State Fair, to commence at Sacramento on Monday, September 18th, containing a list of premiums. In addition to the fearfully extravagant premiums specified in the list, we are informed "Liberal special premiums for all worthy articles exhibited, not mentioned in the schedule," will be awarded. We are pleased to observe that art is to receive encouragement from the State; a premium of $3 being offered for "the best specimen of animal painting in oil by an American Artist!" Rosa Bonheur would not be allowed to compete for that magnificent premium—she isn't an American. Ah! she'd have a chance after all. We read a little lower down: "For best specimen of animal painting in oil by foreign artist—$3." That lets Rosa Bonheur and Landseer in. That is truly liberal! The best photograph gains a premium of $3, as also will the best pencil drawing by either a lady or gentleman. We have come to the conclusion that exhibitors are not led by the stupendous sums offered as premiums to exhibit at the State Fair, as it in very few cases rises above $3. The best fifty pounds of cheese however, receives five times the reward given to the best oil painting. Would it not be better to spend the money thus divided up into $2 and $3 premiums, on diplomas handsomely engrossed on vellum—something that will serve as a record of the fair. The successful exhibitors who receive $3 premiums will only go and lavish the money as soon as they receive it. We trust that the walls of the Art Union Gallery will not be left bare by the artists' removing their pictures to place them in competition for the premium at the State Fair.

HOME, the spiritual medium, has been badly treated by Louis Napoleon. Louis wished to be put in communication with the spirit of Louis Philippe, and Home determined to give him a striking proof of his power to call the spirits of the departed back to earth. Louis Napoleon went with Home into a dark room, and immediately received a slap in the face. Instead of coming to the most natural conclusion, that Louis Philippe did it, Louis Napoleon believed that Home had actually had the audacity to slap his face! We think if Louis the King and Louis the Emperor did meet as described, it was natural that the Emperor should get his face slapped. Poor Home had notice to quit the French Empire very soon after this occurrence Home seems unable to find a home anywhere; the Pope drove him out of Rome, and now Louis Napoleon banishes him because he introduced him to Louis Philippe and that monarch could not behave himself.

A YOUNG lady says that a certain popular actor in the character of "Rob Roy" is (s)Wheatleigh romantic.

[TREM

RED JIM.

AN INCIDENT OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

FIVE-and-twenty years ago it was such a summer, here in Victoria, as it now is, in the end of February, 1865; that is to say, the bush grass lay long and dead amid moveless trees, or upon the level tiresome plains; the heated air quivered against the low horizon, and danced above the withered verdure like the surroundings of a furnace. There had been a long season of drought. Nothing but dry water-beds, distressed flocks, and wandering cattle, were to be seen anywhere; sometimes the black heavy masses of smoke would roll along the distant sky, and cloud the glaring sun to crimson. Sometimes in the close night a flush, far and faint, told that the conflagrations which had not yet reached us were sweeping many an acre of brush or pasture land. That was a summer I shall never forget! Day after day the same bright dazzling sky, the scorched hills and plains, the weary irritating sense of prostration. I watched the poor half-maddened sheep, weeks upon weeks, with a painful sense of duty which is present to me even now. There was little feed they could eat, and still less of filthy stagnant water in the sole muddy pool on which they depended as their last resource. Listlessly they coiled in the shade, and listlessly I watched them, until I began to experience a fierce irritable longing for rain that haunted me day and night like a coming mania. Some nights I threw myself down outside the hut and tried to sleep, but could find no rest; the still hot atmosphere kept up the fever that was coming upon me, and my slumber was ever broken. I used to envy the old station horse they had left for my use, when I heard him nibbling among the grass in the darkness of the night, and snorting satisfaction that the sun had passed the hazy hills. After a time I began to loathe the weary walk home, and, taking with me an extra supply of tea and damper, made a practice of camping where the sheep camped; visiting my hut only as the vagaries of the flock led me to its vicinity; then I replenished my stock and left with the sheep again. I am sure I had fever, and would soon have become delirious, for I had nothing to relieve the frightful monotony—always the same brazen sky, the dead sweltering heat, the motionless forest, the strange murmurings of the wilderness, like the faint whisperings of a sea-shell.

One night I was lying tossing about in the long grass of a box-swamp, not a mile from my hut. I chose the place because the ground was cooler there than on the unsheltered plain; and as I looked up to the dull starlight, I thought of many of my boyish remembrances, and soon felt that I was weeping what time they surged up dimly and tenderly. How I longed for the bleak sky, the cold bracing wind, and the sleety rain of home! How I longed for the pattering fall of rain on the windows, and the winter comfort of the bright hearthstone. Somehow these longings wove in with my thoughts, and in a partial dream I heard winter sounds again, and loud words and laughter.

I awoke with a sudden start to see, not twenty yards from me, three men hobbling their horses, and speaking to each other about some bush fire. I could hardly persuade myself that I was not still dreaming.

One of the men was soon engaged in lighting a fire on a bare patch of ground, and I was about rising to join them and taste of companionship once more, when a column of flame started up suddenly and displayed a face that caused me to shrink back again, with a muttered thanksgiving that I was not discovered. The face that the fire revealed was known to me at once, though I had never seen it before. The one eye and hair lip of "Red Jim" had been freely spoken about in every shepherd's hut on the surrounding stations. There was no mistaking him. The bull-dog forehead, the heavy jaw, and the thick neck, were features that in themselves would have sufficiently pointed out the identity of this escaped convict. Recalling the man now, as I saw him then, I think I never beheld so perfect an impersonation of a bad criminal. It was well known that Red Jim had escaped from penal servitude, accompanied by three others, but had arrived in this colony *alone*. It was equally well known that he could only have survived the incredible journey by cannibalism. Red Jim had ruthlessly murdered one or two settlers, against whom he entertained a grudge, and every effort was being made at that time to capture him. There was nothing remarkable in the faces of his companions. They simply showed by word and feature all the evidences of ruffianism usual in men of their class. They had coarse long limbs and heavy reckless faces, seared into revolting harshness by a long series of crimes. Two of them were armed with guns.

These thoughts and observations passed through my mind in much less time than it takes to write them. I was speedily recalled from speculation by hearing the word "Hallelujah" used. Hallelujah was the sobriquet given to my master because of his strictly adhering to the habit of reading prayers in the family, morning and evening. Mr. Christmas was a kind benevolent man, respected on every "hand" on the station; and by none more than by myself. He had been very considerate to me in a late illness, and often sought by many subsequent attentions to cheer the loneliness of my employment. One of Red Jim's companions, in answer to something Red Jim said, replied with an oath:

"Yes, we'll see if his psalm-singing will save him now."

Then the other said: "There are a couple of women there, and we shall have time to give them a taste of bush life before morning."

"Look ye 'ere," growled the ruffian, "we'll roast Hallelujah first. That's our look-out. We'll see if the old prayer-putterer has nothing else to do but help to run us down. Give him a taste of fire before the devil gets him."

I had no fever, no lassitude, now; the prostration of the last few weeks left me as by magic, and in its stead I felt a fierce delightful energy tingling along every nerve. Down close amongst the dry tindering-grass, away with suppressed breath, and a wild feeling closing round my heart, I crept from the vicinity of the fire. I pursued my way, on my hands and knees, with a slow determined care that has since surprised me, avoiding every branch or twig that might crackle in my path. I hurried on past the flock without so much as disturbing a sheep.

Not till a long safe distance intervened did I stand erect, and fresh for the events of the night. Whatever they might be, God in his mercy alone knew.

I turned and saw the black form of the bushrangers moving about the blaze, and with a run I started for the hut. Before a quarter of an hour passed, I saw it dimly against the sky, and almost at the same instant a frightened snort told me that the horse was within a few yards of my course. Uttering a hurried thanksgiving that I had found him so providentially near, I unfastened the hobbles with quick, steady hands, and led him to the threshold.

I put on the patched saddle and bridle, and in another five minutes the fine old cob was stretching himself to a swift free gallop. My mind was too full for thought; but I can remember uttering repeatedly the words, "Thank God!"

What a contrast to the still hot monotonous days, and the enervated frame! What a testimony to the power of mental excitement over bodily lassitude! The horse felt my determination, too, and sped along without pause or stumble. It was seven miles to the station, and the black belts of timber rose and passed and came again, as I hurried on for dear life, over crabbed ground and abrupt hillocks. The brave old cob had as little thought of rest as I had. Once, indeed, he paused at a rocky crossing-place, but immediately resumed the swift pace at which we had started. Have horses intuition or presentiment? I don't know, but I have often wondered at the long unurged gallop of that brave old gelding.

There away beyond in the black darkness, I see something that is not a star. Is it moving, or is it the pace of the horse? It seems extinguished now. No, there it is again. Hurrah, it is a candle. It is the homestead, calm and peaceful. Again, "Thank God."

Strange to say, I never felt such a sense of pleasure as I did when I learned that I had found the house again so quickly—the most familiar point is not easily gained in the trackless bush at night. A minute more, and I had dismounted to take down the slip panels of the station fence. another minute, and I had galloped up to the front entrance at a pace that dashed the gravel from the trim-kept paths.

The door opened, and a gush of light streamed upon the darkness, glinting on the sides of the reeking horse. Mr. Christmas himself—old, but hale and vigorous as many a younger man—peered out into the night, with an expression of surprise. In beyond, were the evidences of calm and refinement. A quiet comfort dwelt in the little glimpse I had of the room, that settled upon me even then, rough bushman as I was, with a pleasing sense. I can recall myself, bending below the withers of the panting horse, to peer under the rather low verandah, my dress wet with perspiration from his heavy sides, and my hand pressing the moisture from his shoulder till I heard it fall pattering on the gravel.

Mr. Christmas thought it was the working overseer, for he said, "Is that you, Curran?" and without waiting for a reply, he turned to place the light upon the table, and then stepped out to where I was.

"Well, Curran, what is it? I thought you were at the fire."

"It is not Curran, sir," I replied, "but Ned, the shepherd, I have come to tell you—"

"Better have your supper first, Ned. You've had a hard ride, I see. Are the sheep all right?"

"There is no time for supper. Red Jim!" I hurriedly told him all I knew. He heard me to the end without once interrupting, and then said quickly, "Come in. There is indeed no time to lose."

I stepped after him across the pleasant room, where there were seated two ladies reading.

"Ladies," said Mr. Christmas, as gracefully as though I held the position of a gentleman rather than that of a servant: "This is Ned Graham, the shepherd, to whom you remember sending medicines and comforts during his illness." The ladies bowed pleasantly, as Mr. Christmas continued, "He is now come to return your kindness with interest."

They looked at me with some surprise, principally, I think, because of the emphatic, distinct way in which the last few words were spoken. After a pause, the master said, "Amelia, Emily, I wish to speak to you a moment."

They all three left the room, while I, curious in such matters, looked at the open books that were lying on the table. One was "Ivanhoe," a second some French work, and that opposite the old gentleman's chair, a large family Bible.

In a few minutes I heard Mr. Christmas' step as he returned with two double-barrelled guns. There was a rigid expression on his face, very different to what I had ever seen there before—not the slightest evidence of faltering or fear.

"Are you cool, and a good shot?" were the first words he uttered.

"I am, sir," I replied confidently. "Are the guns loaded, and the ladies safe?"

"They are in as safe a position as I can find for them, Ned, and the guns are loaded with coarse shot and ball. You had better see if the powder is well up into the nipples. I am sorry to say my caps are none of the best. A shot missed may be death to us, and to those I value more than myself. However, we are in the hands of God."

"What plan do you purpose, Mr. Christmas?" I asked, earnestly.

"Take half a glass of brandy, and I will tell you."

He signed to the sideboard, where a decanter stood. I was about to follow his suggestion, when he said, "Stay! Don't pass between the light and the window. Go round the table. Everything must wear the appearance of peace. We cannot tell where they are now, and it would not do to arouse their suspicions."

In a few minutes the light was extinguished, the door was bolted, and we stepped quietly out on the little parterre in front.

"Now," said my master, slowly, "there are only our two selves to defend my home and my children. My servants are all absent at a bush fire that was reported this afternoon, and everything will depend upon our coolness and determination. We cannot do otherwise than shoot to kill. The gang will, of course, enter by the slip panels, for they will not run the risk of leaving their horses behind. Then, as the faintest noise can be heard on such a night as this, they will not hazard the pulling down of the fence. We will each take up a position behind the large posts, take sure aim, and fire low. I'll first first."

As silently as spectres, we walked across to the paddock entrance, and stood opposite each other at the place indicated. With straining eyes and beating heart, I peered into the obscurity. Alas, I thought I could see a faint tint on the sky, like the reflection of the ruffian's camp-fire. The night was terribly silent and oppressive. There was nothing apparently on which to exercise the senses but a kind of overpowering hush. There was a dim hazy curtain across the sky, and the night was of a black darkness. I should have thought oftentimes that I was dreaming, were it not for the patient, motionless figure opposite, and the faint stars. Inaction under such circumstances is hardly to be borne, and my thoughts often wandered, from their very intensity. I began to speculate how long it would take a star to pass some black ragged patch of cloud, and then I would look before me and see it dancing on the darkness. Then the face of Red Jim would grow upon me, till I saw the hideous features close to where I stood. Still, no sound broke on the dark shrouding night. Sometimes I thought, with a chilly start, that the bushrangers might have approached the house by some other way, but up behind me all was quiet.

At last there came a thin faint murmur that barely caught the air, and as I listened to know if it were real, I caught another but better defined noise that overpowered the first. At last I detected something that might be the footfalls of a horse; sometimes it would die away and come again, but each time more clearly than before. And yet I could not feel certain that I was not deceiving myself. Eventually I heard a muffled sound, distinct and defined enough to proclaim the approach of a horse, or horses.

Mr. Christmas heard it also, for I dimly saw him move. My hands felt along the cool barrels, and toyed with the hammers and triggers anxiously enough, and I put the gun to my shoulder against the sky, but failed to see the "view." Just as I had taken the weapon down again, Mr. Christmas said, in a clear low whisper, "Be sure you aim low, and don't be in a hurry."

As the sounds of the horses' hoofs, and of voices mingled, I detected the double click from the opposite gun. I followed the examples, and, with both guns cocked, we waited the enemy's near approach. Gradually, I recognized the outlines of the men against the sky, cloudy as it was; they were approaching in a single file, and as they became blacker and better defined, I heard a stifled laugh and an oath. In a short time they were within twenty yards of where we stood, and they pulled up to consult. Although they spoke in whispers, I heard much that passed, for my sense of hearing had become extremely acute, as that of all shepherds does. It was impossible to distinguish by the tones who the speakers were, but I heard one of them inquire:

"Are you sure the hands ain't above?"

"Sartin—when Leary spun his yarn about the fire, the cove sent 'em all to it."

"Hallelujah fust. If we fire the box, it'll bring 'em back."

"And no grabbing the molls," whispered one of them authoritatively, and whom I fancied was Red Jim, "till I make the cursed old psalm-singer a back log for the bonfire. Then we'll make love if you choose."

"Come on!" said an impatient voice: "don't hold a prayer meeting over it."

They then tied their horses to a fence that ran at right angles to the post against which I stood, and approached the entrance still in single file. I determined to adhere strictly to the orders I had received, and waited for the opposite fire. I knew that my companion would allow the men to advance a little, so that he might not endanger me; and it was with a throbbing heart that I saw the black form of the first bush-ranger pass between us.

I heard him stumble with an oath over a cart-rut. Then a line of flame cut its abrupt short track on the darkness, and the sound had not passed to echoes before a shrill cry followed it, as the villain staggered on a few paces and fell, ploughing up the dust. The light of the discharge had just died out, when I heard another snap, as a sportsman shoots when firing right and left. I knew that the master's gun was now useless.

"Come on Nix! It's the cove himself. I saw him by the light of the shot; his sting's gone now." And one of the men rushed to where my master stood, followed by his comrade.

I had one of them covered, but if I fired (I heard the noise of struggling,) I might kill my master. Thus I stood with the gun at aim, undecided and half mad. The voice of one of the men saying, "Damn you, knife him!" resolved me, and I fired amongst them. I saw some one sink down, but I could not tell who it was, and, as he appeared to let go his hold, and rush to the horses, I took a second hurried aim and fired; then I bounded across the entrance, just in time to see the wounded wretch bending over Mr. Christmas and trying to strangle him. In a moment the gun was poised and smashed to fragments on his skull. But we had exposed our strength, and the remaining bushranger, who believed he had stabbed my companion, seized one of the guns left standing at the fence, and fired. The ball was unpleasantly close, and had scarce time to know that I was uninjured, when Red Jim himself was upon me with the weapon clubbed. I made a rapid spring at him before the blow could fall, and grappled with him. We rolled on the ground together. With all the force of my strength I resisted his efforts to grasp me by the throat, but at last his hideous face sunk close to mine, and his teeth met beneath my chin. I experienced a suffocating giddy feeling, and then I heard hurried voices and running feet just as I felt my grip relax powerless. But the frightful grip relaxed too, and Red Jim rose to his feet and jumped on my chest with all his force.—When I came to consciousness, I found myself in the cheerful parlor, and the ladies' hands were tenderly washing away the traces of the fight. Mr. Christmas had fainted from loss of blood, but was not dangerously wounded.

Red Jim escaped, but his two companions, neither of whom were killed, were given into the safe keeping of the authorities, and afterwards hanged. Three years after the affray, Mr. Christmas made me his overseer, and finally his manager. A long time has passed since then, but yet a closer relationship exists between us. I am writing the tale of my early experiences at the same table whereon I saw the Bible on that memorable night. There is a lady who sits opposite to me. She was the reader of *Ivanhoe*, the daughter of Mr. Christmas, and she is my wife.

Fast Speakers.—A stenographer of the French *Moniteur* says that M. Dupin, the elder, is the fastest speaker in France; he speaks 24 lines of the *Moniteur* in a minute; M. Thiers speaks 22; M. Rouher between 18 and 20; M. Jules Favre 15; and M. Jules Simon 14. The reporter says it is excessively difficult to follow Messrs. Dupin and Theirs. It may be interesting in this connection to quote a passage from Gibbon's *Autobiography*: "As I was waiting in the manager's box, I had the curiosity to inquire of the short-hand writer, how many words a ready and rapid orator might pronounce in an hour? From 7,000 to 7,500, was his answer. The medium of 7,200 will afford 120 words in a minute. But this computation will only apply to this English language." Of a truth the average number of words in each line of the *Moniteur* is eight: this would make M. Dupin speak 192 words in a minute, M. Thiers 176, M. Rouher between 144 and 160, M. Jules Favre 120, and M. Jules Simon 112.

Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy." On numbering the troops, it was found there were but 50,000. The officer expressed his surprise at such a mistake on the part of his sovereign. Frederick's reply was: "I counted you for 10,000 men."

[For the Californian.]

OUR LADY OF THE WRECKS.

A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC.

MANY years ago, when the Pacific Coast was still under the proud dominion of Spain, and stately Spanish men-of-war were walking their watery beat from Mendocino to the Equator, there was in the service a stout ship called *El Volturno*, commanded by a sturdy old hidalgo named De Brezo.

The captain had formerly married an English woman, his junior by twenty years, whom he had met at Barcelona. The lady having bravely followed her husband to the West Indies, whither he had been ordered shortly after the marriage, paid the penalty of her rashness with her life, having fallen a victim to one of the terrible fevers common to the new country, leaving behind her a baby girl, whom the captain, with the assistance of a black woman of Jamaica, tried to bring up on shipboard, taking her with him on his various changes of duty.

The child was, at the time of which I write, about twelve years of age. She was more like an English child in her personal appearance, having blue eyes and flaxen hair like her mother. Indeed, she seemed out of place on board a Spanish frigate with its swarthy crew of weatherworn seamen. Her sensibilities and affections seemed, however, to have a touch of southern fire about them which made her, even at that age, impetuous and wilful. Her education was a grotesque one, if indeed that culture could be called education, which consisted in the main of wild stories told her by the rough sailors, of occasional lecturings by her ignorant foster-mother, and spasmodic attempts as a pedagogue on the part of her indulgent father. She was petted and spoiled on all hands; and very little control was exercised over her actions, beyond coaxings and caresses.

So she passed her days, hindering and amusing everybody, the only mutinous creature on board the otherwise solemn and orderly vessel. Now she would be swung aloft by some idle sailor, in imminent danger of a sea bath; now she would be over the side of the vessel, careless alike of the spray which dashed over her and the ejaculations showered upon her by her black nurse, who followed her around with a sort of human cluck of alarm over every new venturesome trick; and now her laughter would be heard from the maintop, whither her hoydenish spirit had led her.

Her father had foregone almost every species of remonstrance. Indeed, whenever he did essay reproof with her, she would climb lovingly over his broad shoulders, and, tugging at his grizzly whiskers, oblige him to cast aside his quarter deck dignity and work out a release from her caresses.

There was a young midshipman on board, a scion of some grandee family, who had been put under the care of the captain to learn navigation and make his first step on the ladder to admiralship. He was a delicate youth, fresh from tutors, and badly tinctured with the romance of Spanish fiction. His leisure hours were monopolized by Maria, who made him recount to her all the chivalrous legends which he had stolen time to read when at school at Salamanca. It was in the nature of things that the boy should begin to love his pretty listener; and it was also to be expected that he should adroitly turn the description of Don Guzman's passion for Donna Anna or Don Gonzaloo's for Elvira into a cunning menstruum to convey his own.

But Maria by no means lent herself to this plot of Henry's. Love in the abstract was pleasant enough for her to contemplate; but when the arrows were aimed at herself, she felt no ways comfortable. So, when he began to make things have a personal cast, and to look into her eyes beseechingly for favor as he knew was the custom with gallant cavaliers, she would push away his arm which she had allowed in friendship to steal around her little waist, get tired and yawn in his face, and then run off to the forecastle crowd, without so much as thanking him for his tale.

It was very improper on the part of the nurse and the captain to allow this familiarity; but the captain laughed when he heard about Henry's rebuffs, and bade him keep his declarations until he got home to Spain, when he would be old enough and tall enough to woo successfully more beautiful dames than ever Maria could be.

But Henry persisted, until at last Maria would have nothing to do with him; and one day, when she had crept down on the bowsprit rigging and found Henry following her thither, she forbade him, under pain of her displeasure, ever to address or annoy her when there. This weapon the little queen had learned to use from Henry's own tales of ladies who cruelly interdicted their troublesome lovers from entering their presence. Henry obeyed, and went back, half crying, to his trigonometry and maps, while Maria now formed the habit of sitting, when the weather was calm enough, there below the prow, gazing at the water and inventing little tales like Henry's for her own amusement.

She had been told by the seamen of beings who were somewhat human, and who lived in and about the sea. Indeed, Henry had confirmed their existence with whatever classical lore he possessed, and she fancied at times, as the vessel passed some rocky headland, that she could hear them shout far above the dash of the surf or the wind whistling through the rigging, though possibly it was only a moaning seal. Then, too, as she bent in her romantic reveries over the swaying, dashing brine at her feet, she fancied that she recognized two fiery eyes looking up at her from the flood, and floating locks, long and shaggy, tossed to and fro on the crest of the wave. But it was probably nothing but phosphorescence in the water, with only now and then a play of shadows made by the knots of rigging through which at times the sun shone. Still Maria gazed and believed in the watery apparition until she grew fascinated by her own credulity. She never dared to speak to the being who lay conscious at her feet; she was even afraid, and when the sun was sinking in the water, she would hasten up into the ship, trembling with some vague terror, not daring to look over her shoulder, and scarcely at ease even when nestling in the captain's cabin. At night, she would dream of great shaggy monsters, who talked to her in terrible tones and threatened indescribable terrors.

One evening, in her haste to get to the cabin before dark, she thought her foot slipped and that she fell into the water from her seat among the huge chains, and was just sinking, when some power lifted her up and placed her lightly back in a safer holding-place. She half fancied that she felt a brine-dripping beard upon her cheek and a human breath on her neck, while a strong grasp held her poised until she could regain her footing. It may have been. But it is more natural to suppose that the cap of some wave struck her and flung seaweed about her face, while the shaken chains had touched her and given rise to her fancy that hands had snatched her out of the water. For days thereafter she did not venture into that part of the ship; but sat silently in the cabin, not speaking to any one. The hale old captain missed her playfulness, and tried to arouse her. He set her on his knee and then flung her upon his shoulder; but though she tried to be gay, she could not, still thinking, as she was, of the quaint old monster who saved her life with such mysterious taciturnity. By-and-by, she outgrew her terrors and clambered down again to her old place. It was long before she dared to look directly at the water; but finally, little by little, she rested her gaze on the place where the eyes were wont to gleam. There they shone through the water, looking wistfully up to her with the same entreating expression which she had slighted when it beamed from poor Henry's. She imagined that a form was rising through the water, and screamed in terror. Her nurse was watching her from above, and, hearing her cry, asked the reason. Maria pointed to the place where the monster appeared, but the negress saw nothing but an undulating wave, which swept smoothly under the prow. Though the child watched all day, the being did not return again.

The next day, early in the morning, while the nurse was busy, and the sailors could not take notice of her, she was again swinging among the chains, overcome with the strange fascination of her sea acquaintance. She resolved that whatever happened she would make no alarm, but would find out what the merman wanted, deeming that he would do her no harm, insomuch as he had already once saved her life. After sitting but a few minutes, she saw the old fiery earnest eyes again, and presently the water broke above them, and a shaggy head appeared, set upon a pair of broad shoulders that seemed cushioned with huge epaulettes of grizzly hair. Maria was terrified beyond the power of utterance, and would again have fallen into the water if the monster had not stretched forth his arm and steadied her in her place. He then addressed her in a low gentle tone that seemed as musical as the waves beating against the ship. There was something so human about him that Maria, who had learned to know good people among the sailors, even under any amount of ugliness, began to be less afraid of him, and finally her childish confidence broke forth in questions about his curious appearance and way of living. She even got off the little speech of thanks to him for having saved her life; but he made no reply, and only asked her why she had staid away so long from her customary seat. Poor little Maria grew confused; she did not wish to tell him she had been frightened by him. Just then Henry called to her from above, "What are you murmuring about, Maria, all alone there by yourself?" Her new friend looked up at him sharply, and sank immediately into the water. Maria climbed up, and as she had not talked pleasantly to Henry for some time, she felt guilty, and putting her arms around his neck, she kissed him to make it up. Just then, she heard the angry swash of a wave at a little distance from the ship. It startled her, but Henry remarked that it was nothing but a porpoise, and danced her away to the cabin, where her father jested Henry about his success in wooing.

The next day, Maria awaited another interview with the merman. He was a little taciturn in his conversation. However, her clear frankness soon melted him into better nature, and he told her of his relations who lived like him in the sea; how they never grew any older, but spent their lives floating about, keeping watch over all the fishes of the sea; and mak-

iug rnles for their guidance. He said that it was his business to rule everything in the water, just as it was man's to govern on land. He told her strange things about the deeps of the ocean, of coral palaces, of castles surrounded by groves of sea trees, and covered with marine foliage. He was talking to her so, and she was all excitement, when she felt two hands over her eyes, and Henry who had clambered down beside her, in spite of her former injunction, shouted laughingly: "There you are talkiug to the water again:" for he did not see the shaggy mouster, but ouly a dark seaweed-covered wave swelling around the bow. Just then Henry was called by the c'ptuin. He snatched a kiss from Marin, and rushed back to his duty. In the meanwhile the monster had sunk, but reappeared when she was agaiu alone. This tune, he commenced to question the child crossly about Henry. "Who was he? What was his business with her? Did he love her? Did she love him?" At this last question Maria was confused. She finally said that she did. The monster grew positively terrible at this confession. Henry, who was impudent enough to seek her company again, came to the side of the vessel, and in climbing over, missed his hold and fell into the sea. At this, the monster grew furious, and lashing the waves with his limbs, seized the poor boy, and was sinking with him when catching a sight of Maria's bloodless and horror-expressing countenance, he rose again, and threw the drowning boy towards her. She seized Henry and dragged him into safety; while the merman said coldly, "You can have him. I love you too well to be revengeful." At this she blushed, and Henry thanked her for having saved his life, which, as he thought, was in danger from some eddying wave, while the dangerous rival floated out of sight.

The peril which Henry had undergone made Maria become very grave. She began to be reticeut in her interviews with her sea friend, and her moods of silence extended over her relations with every one on the ship. The seamen even began to notice it and whisper wonderingly about it with each other. One superstitious old tar, surprising her one day talking to the water, half believed that she was bewitched, and it was not until he had seen her cross herself one day at prayers before the Virgin that the unworthy suspicion was dispelled. At last, her father took her changed manner to heart; and finally he commanded her not to sit at the bow any more; noticing as he did the effect that her reveries there had npon her. She coaxed and wheedled him to overcome his objections; but the more she evinced her wish, the stronger grew his opposition. At last, fearful lest he might discover her secret acquaintance, the merman having shown a terrible repugnance to being known by others, she yielded. That night she did not go out of the cabin. The next night passed, aud she still secluded herself. The next night, a terrible storm arose; the sails were blown to shreds, while the huge rudder by some mysterious action of the waves was wrenched away, aud the ship, powerless in the hands of the sailors, began to drift slowly towards a rocky promontory that loomed up in the darkness. There was something so strange abont the storm, its suddenness and the unusual occurrence of a tempest at that time and in that part of the sea, that the superstitious sailors were rendered incapable of action, nnd heedless of the captain's orders, fell to praying and weeping. Mnria awoke to find every one despairing of life. She rushed to the bow, and, unmindful of every one else, cried to the mighty mouster below to save the vessel. Either the waves about the vessel took such queer shapes that his eyes were deceived, or his mind predisposed already by terror and ignorance worked out the odd fancy; but the superstitious sailor, who had suspected Maria of witchcraft declared afterwards that as she stood there in her floating night dress and talked to the water, there gathered up arouud the sides of the vessel a herd of strange uncanny creatures, who glared wildly at the praying crew, and theu sank into the flood. However incredible his story may be, and certainly no faith could be attached to so improbable a statement, it is certain that the ship drifted no longer towards the rocks, but appeared to right herself and oppose the storm with more power than it would seem possible in her wrecked condition for her to manifest. The sailors afterwards declared that all night long, strange voices were heard as if proceeding from the water; nnd when morning came, they found themselves near a well known harbor, into which they worked the vessel, and made ready to repair her losses.

The captain allowed Mnria to wander along the shore; and she was thus enabled to have many interviews with her marine lover, of whom she had no little amount of awe; but over whom she was half pleased to find herself exercising so potent an influence.

The sailors, however, thanks to the superstitious tar, who caught her addressing entreaties to the waves, began to fear and avoid her. Their impressions finally reached the captain's ears, and he foresaw that her further stay on the ship would be unpleasant. Ho had long been projecting a returu to Spain. He was now old. His child stood in nced of oversight necessary to instruct her in the duties of her rank, and a few years of convent education were part of his plan for her.

Accordingly, he disclosed to her his purposes, and having arranged his retirement from the service, he took passage down the coast for the Isthmus. On the new vessel, Maria continued her old reveries with more facility from the fact that she was a stranger to the sailors. She told her lover of their coming separation, and promised him that when she could, she would return, and build herself a house among the rocks where they had had so many meetings, and that he might always be able to see her. He was not well satisfied with the arraugement; but innsmuch as he was imperatively obliged by the laws of his race to disclose himself to more than one human being, he submitted with uo small amount of misgivings. Maria now really loved him. He was as chivalrous as the most renowned knight of Henry's tales could have beeu. He was rough and shaggy, not by any means a fit creature for a young Spanish lady to adore, but he was powerful, gentle, and yielding. So she overlooked all his wild defects, and saw her happiness only in being placed where she could always enjoy his presence.

At last they were obliged to part. With many secret fears Maria saw him float off, after she hnd bidden him adieu, and was looking down upon the bay, ready to enter upon her land journey to the Atlantic. The weary voyage was finally completed, and she nnd her nurse were placed in a retired convent near Madrid.

There she began her studies. She was taught many precepts by the sisterhood, became nn adept in embroidery, learned many Latiu chants, and occasionally a love song.

At this time Henry, who had returned to Spain, was permitted to pay her a visit. As usual, his conversation was about love, and very warm were his asseverations as to his devotion to her. But she very soon discovered that she was not alone in his regards, aud many were the tales he artlessly disclosed of beautiful dames he had met at court, who, he confessed, were neither as cold nor as beautiful as herself. Maria was no longer afraid ol his gallantry; but she quizzed him slily about his fickleness, and bade him always rely upon what her English relatives would call her friendship.

Still, when love was talked, and a couveut by uo means shuts off such subjects of discussion, Maria's thoughts would take a long jonrney to her Pacific experiences, and in her dreams she would see the rushing waters about the ship, the fiery eyes gazing tenderly up at her, and hear the rippling tide as her strange lover would rise through it to meet her. She began to get sick of the unchanging land. Her reading consisted of the old voyages of the early Spanish navigators, wherein the convent librnry had by some chance been well stocked, and the superstitions of the sea were her romances. She would sit for hours with some old seaman's chronicle before her, with the thought of her loved monster working in her brain. She begnn to grow pale and thin; the good sisters spent many mouths in trying to divine and remove her ailing; but though she showed herself to be nffectionate towards all; and though every little attention bestowed upou her called forth a thankful smile, yet her cheek grew thinner and thinuer, and her strength was fast abating. At last a fever came. She began to wander in her talk, and to believe that she was back agaiu in the Pacific, with the rough mariners arouud her; now she would laugh as though frolicking with Henry, now she would call merrily after her father, and now fling her arms around her old black nurse, as she was wont to do wheu she wished to nnticipate a scolding. Again her mood would change, and she would talk in a way nobody could understand to some one whom none knew.

She would at times beseech to be takeu back to the old vessel, crying out thnt the air was too close and warm. One night, to please her, they opened the windows to the breeze, and brought her couch to where she could look out upon a grove of oranges. At that moment a flock of sea birds came fluttering into the grove nnd settled about the garden. It was a great marvel to every one, as birds of that character had uever been known to venture so far inlnnd. At the sound of their twitterings, Maria grew excited. "Take me back!" she cried; "I must see him again. He is waiting for me. Take me to the ship."

They told her father of her strange sick whim. He was no whit less yielding to her now than he had been when she danced upou his knee and twisted his beard. So he twisted the beard himself now, and after swearing a round of good Spanish, seamanlike oaths, which the pious sisters kindly interpreted as prayers, he declared thnt she should go back, and he with her, and that they should live on shipboard, or on the coast of the Pacific, nnywhere she wished.

She seemed to grow better when told of the projected voyage. The fever seemed almost to leave her under the cool touch of the sea air. She never complained or was restive during all the long voyage; but cheered her nurse with a feigned show of strength and liveliness, and talked to her father with a gleam of the old merriment in her eyes. At last they reached the new country, and she was carried by the natives in a sort of sedan the remainder of the journey.

But every mile she was carried seemed to have kept a moiety of her life, and at last, when they came within sound of the great Pacific, they found that she was dying. She still managed to thank her father and nurse for their devotion to her happiness, and told them that she was indeed happy, since she could now die where she had known so much pleasure.

They carried her down to the sea-side, nnd she mustered strength enough to sit up and watch the water below her. There was no breeze, and the bay which they overlooked seemed perfectly still. Suddenly, afar off, there appeared a ripple on the surface, which grew to a huge wave as it came nearer shore. Maria watched it intently. At last she started up and cried, "There he comes! I knew he would watch for me!" She held up her handkerchief and waved it feebly, and then fell back lifeless into her father's arms. The strange wave, which until then had seemed to roll towards land, now retreated into the ocean. The nurse, who was disposed, as all superstitious people are, to attach importance to the delirious accents of the dying, affirmed afterwards that she saw distinctly a great dark form under the wave; but the Captain said that it was nothing more than Maria's childish habit, which he had long known, to claim familiar acquaintance with everything that lived in the sea.

They buried her on a slope of the coast, where the ocean's thunder could always be heard; and, to mark the grave, they placed over it an old figurehead that they had found on the shore, representing the Virgin; and no Spanish vessel ever passes that spot but every sailor makes a prayer to "Our Lady of the Wrecks" to watch over him on his voyage.

The Spanish legends have it, that a strange half human being still haunts that coast; that whenever a ship passes he lifts his shaggy head from the waters, and gazes wistfully at the decks, as if in search of some one who should be there.

Q.

[For the Californian.]

NURSERY RHYMES.

ADAPTED TO THE TASTES OF CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

THERE was an young girl of Milpitis
Who had an attack of bronchitis;
She said: "Why, I 'd cough
My infernal head off,
If I stayed two days more in Milpitis."

THERE was an old chap of Gold Hill
Who had his foot crushed in a mill,
When he cried out, "Enough!"
And remarked: "This is rough
On an old pioneer of Gold Hill."

THERE was a young woman of Folsom
Who was told that much pork was unwholesome;
She said: "I shall bust
That relative's crust,
Who tells me that pork is unwholesome!"

THERE was an young girl of Grass Valley
Who once made this humorous sally—
She said: "Go to grass—"
And when folks said "Alas!"
She remarked—"I intended 'Grass—Valley.'"

THERE was a young girl of Sonora
Who was asked by her fondest adorer
If she 'd be his wife;
She replied: "Bet your life!
That's me—count me in—ring-tail roarer."

THERE was a small child at Dutch Flat
Who played thimble-rig in his hat;
He said: "Just look here,
I'm a gay gambolier"—
That festive young child of Dutch Flat.

THERE was a soft youth at Knight's Ferry
Whose manners were innocent, very;
He always turned Jack
From the *top* of the pack—
A method unknown at Knight's Ferry.

THERE was a young girl of Martinez
Who said: "So disgustingly mean is
This half-Spanish town
I wish it was down
In the depths of the straits of Carquinez."

WODE.

IT is a popular fallacy that "A pound of lead is as heavy as a pound of feathers."

Some wiseacre will exclaim, as he reads the above statement, "Surely the printer or the author has made a big blunder;" but we here take occasion to say to such wiseacre: A pound of lead—in the sense you attach to that expression—is not as heavy as a pound of feathers, attaching to the latter expression your own and the popular significance. Do you wish for proof? You shall have it.

Any body weighed in air loses in weight as much as the weight of the air which it displaces. A pound of feathers, being more bulky than a pound of lead, loses more, or is buoyed up more by the surrounding air. If you were to weigh out on the most delicate scale a pound of feathers, and then balance them by lead, and afterwards observe the whole under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump, where no air could affect either, you would find the lead kick the beam. In like manner, it is undeniable that a ton of hay is heavier than a ton of iron. Neither is the difference so trifling as to be inappreciable. It will be easy to make an approximate estimate thereof. One hundred cubic inches of air at 60 deg. of Fahrenheit, barometer 30 inches, weigh 31 grains; or 13 cubic feet of air, weigh 1 lb. A ton of hay, as ordinarily put up in bales here, of eight or nine to the ton, contains from 160 to 170 cubic feet, and consequently loses, when weighed in air, from 12 to 13 lbs. Now a ton of iron would scarcely occupy a space of thirteen cubic feet, and consequently, in point of strict scientific truth, a ton of iron is ten or twelve lbs. lighter than a ton of hay.

THE FACTS

CONCERNING THE RECENT TROUBLE BETWEEN MR. MARK TWAIN AND MR. JOHN WILLIAM SKAE, OF VIRGINIA CITY—WHEREIN IT IS ATTEMPTED TO BE PROVED THAT THE FORMER WAS NOT TO BLAME IN THE MATTER.

Mysterious.—Our esteemed friend, Mr. John William Skae, of Virginia City, walked into our office at a late hour last night with an expression of profound and heartfelt suffering upon his countenance, and sighing heavily, laid the following item reverently upon the desk and walked slowly out again. He paused a moment at the door and seemed struggling to command his feelings sufficiently to enable him to speak, and then, nodding his head toward his manuscript, ejaculated in a broken voice, "Friend of mine—Oh how sad!" and burst into tears. We were so moved at his distress that we did not think to call him back and endeavor to comfort him until he was gone and it was too late. Our paper had already gone to press, but knowing that our friend would consider the publication of this item important, and cherishing the hope that to print it would afford a melancholy satisfaction to his sorrowing heart, we stopped the press at once and inserted it in our columns:

Distressing Accident.—Last evening about 6 o'clock, as Mr. William Schuyler, an old and respectable citizen of South Park, was leaving his residence to go down town, as has been his usual custom for many years, with the exception only of a short interval in the Spring of 1850 during which he was confined to his bed by injuries received in attempting to stop a runaway horse by thoughtlessly placing himself directly in its wake and throwing up his hands and shouting, which, if he had done so even a single moment sooner must inevitably have frightened the animal still more instead of checking its speed, although disastrous enough to himself as it was, and rendered more melancholy and distressing by reason of the presence of his wife's mother, who was there and saw the sad occurrence, notwithstanding it is at least likely, though not necessarily so, that she should be reconnoitering in another direction when incidents occur, not being vivacious and on the lookout, as a general thing, but even the reverse, as her own mother is said to have stated, who is no more, but died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection, upwards of three years ago, aged 86, being a Christian woman and without guile, as it were, or property, in consequence of the fire of 1849, which destroyed every blasted thing she had in the world. But such is life. Let us all take warning by this solemn occurrence, and let us endeavor so to conduct ourselves that when we come to die we can do it. Let us place our hands upon our hearts and say with earnestness and sincerity that from this day forth we will beware of the intoxicating bowl.—*First Edition of the Californian.*

(SECOND EDITION OF THE CALIFORNIAN.)

THE boss-editor has been in here raising the very mischief, and tearing his hair and kicking the furniture about, and abusing me like a pick-pocket. He says that every time he leaves me in charge of the paper for half an hour I get imposed upon by the first infant or the first idiot that comes along. And he says that distressing item of Johnny Skae's is nothing but a lot of distressing bosh, and has got no point to it, and no sense in it, and no information in it, and that there was no earthly necessity for stopping the press to publish it. He says every man he meets has insinuated that somebody about THE CALIFORNIAN office has gone crazy.

Now all this comes of being good-hearted. If I had been as unaccommodating and unsympathetic as some people, I would have told Johnny Skae that I wouldn't receive his communication at such a late hour, and to go to blazes with it—but no, his snuffling distress touched my heart, and I jumped at the chance of doing something to modify his misery. I never read his item to see whether there was anything wrong about it, but hastily wrote the few lines which preceded it and sent it to the printers. And what has my kindness done for me? It has done nothing but bring down upon me a storm of abuse and ornamental blasphemy.

Now I will just read that item myself, and see if there is any foundation for all this fuss. And if there is, the author of it shall hear from me.

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I have read it, and I am bound to admit that it seems a little mixed at a first glance. However, I will peruse it once more.

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I have read it again, and it does really seem a good deal more mixed than ever.

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I have read it over five times, but if I can get at the meaning of it, I wish I may get my just deserts. It won't bear analysis. There are things about it which I cannot understand at all. It don't say what ever became of William Schuyler. It just says enough about him to get one interested in his career, and then drops him. Who is William Schuyler, anyhow, and what part of South Park did he live in? and if he started down town at six o'clock, did he ever get there? and if he did, did anything happen to him? is *he* the individual that met with the "distressing accident?" Considering the elaborate circumstantiality of detail observable in the item, it seems to me that it ought to contain more information than it does. On the contrary, it is obscure—and not only obscure but utterly incomprehensible. Was the breaking of Mr. Schuyler's leg fifteen years ago the "distressing accident" that plunged Mr. Skae into unspeakable grief, and caused him to come up here at dead of night and stop our press to acquaint the world with the unfortunate circumstance? Or did the "distressing accident" consist in the destruction of Schuyler's mother-in-law's property in early times? or did it consist in the death of that person herself 3 years ago, (albeit it does not appear that she died by accident?) In a word, what *did* that "distressing accident" consist in? What did that driveling ass of a Schuyler stand *in the wake* of a runaway horse for, with his shouting and gesticulating, if he wanted to stop him? And how the mischief could he get run over by a horse that had already passed beyond him? And what are we to "take warning" by? and how is this extraordinary chapter of incomprehensibilities going to be a "lesson" to us? And above all, what has the "intoxicating bowl" got to do with it, anyhow? It is not stated that Schuyler drank, or that his wife drank, or that his mother-in-law drank, or that the horse drank—wherefore, then, the reference to the intoxicating bowl? It does seem to me that if Mr. Skae had let the intoxicating bowl alone himself, he never would have got into so much trouble about this infernal imaginary distressing accident. I have read his absurd item over and over again, with all its insinuating plausibility, until my head swims, but I can make neither head nor tail of it. There certainly seems to have been an accident of some kind or other, but it is impossible to determine what the nature of it was, or who was the sufferer by it. I do not like to do it, but I feel compelled to request that the next time anything happens to one of Mr. Skae's friends, he will append such explanatory notes to his account of it as will enable me to find out what sort of an accident it was and who it happened to. I had rather all his friends should die than that I should be driven to the verge of lunacy again in trying to cipher out the meaning of another such production as the above.

But now, after all this fuss that has been made by the chief cook about this item, I do not see that it is any more obscure than the general run of local items in the daily papers after all. You don't usually find out much by reading local items, and you don't in the case of Johnny Skae's item. But it is just THE CALIFORNIAN'S style to be so disgustingly particular and so distressingly hypercritical. If Stiggers throws off one of his graceful little jokes, ten to one THE CALIFORNIAN will come out the very next Saturday and find fault with it, because there ain't any point to it—find fault with it because there is no place in it where you can laugh—find fault with it because a man feels humiliated after reading it. They don't appear to know how to discriminate. They don't appear to understand that there are different kinds of jokes, and that Stiggers' jokes may be of that kind. No; they give a man no credit for originality—for striking out into new paths and opening up new domains of humor; they overlook all that, and just cramp an *Alta* joke down to their own narrow and illiberal notion of what a joke ought to be, and then if they find it hasn't got any point to it, they turn up their noses and say it isn't any joke at all. I do despise such meanness.

And they are just the same way with the *Flag's* poetry. They never stop to reflect that the author may be striking out into new fields of poetry—no; they simply say, "Stuff! this poem's got no sense in it; and it hasn't got any rhyme to it to speak of; and there is no more rhythm about it than there is to a Chinese oration"—and then, just on this evidence alone, they presume to say it's not poetry at all.

And so with the *Call's* grammar. If the local of the *Call* gets to branching out into new and aggravating combinations of words and phrases, they don't stop to think that maybe he is humbly trying to start something fresh in English composition and thus make his productions more curious and entertaining—not they: they just bite into him at once, and say he isn't writing grammar. And why? We repeat: And why? Why, merely because he don't choose to be the slave of their notious and Murray's.

And just so with the *Bulletin's* country correspondents. Because one of those mild and unoffending dry-goods clerks with his hair parted in the middle writes down to the *Bulletin* in a column and a half how he took the stage for Calistoga; and paid his fare; and got his change; stating the amount of the same; and that he had thought it would be more; but unpretentiously intimates that it could be a matter of no consequence to him one way or the other; and then goes on to tell about who he found at the Springs; and who he treated; and who treated him; and proceeds to give the initials of all the ladies of quality sojourning there; and does it in such a way as to conceal, as far as possible, how much they dote on his society; and then tells how he took a bath; and how the soap escaped from his fingers; and describes with infinite humor the splashing and scrambling he had to go through with before he got it again; and tells how he took a breezy gallop in the early morning at 9 A. M. with Gen. E. B. G.'s charming and accomplished daughter, and how the two, with souls o'ercharged with emotions too deep for utterance, beheld the glorious sun bathing the eastern hills with the brilliant magnificence of his truly gorgeous splendor, thus recalling to them tearful reminiscences of other scenes and other climes, when their hearts were young and as yet unseared by the cold clammy hand of the vain, heartless world—dreaming thus, in blissful unconsciousness, he of the stream of ants travelling up his body and down the back of his neck, and she of the gallinipper sucking the tip-end of her nose—because one of these inoffensive pleasure-going correspondents writes all this to the *Bulletin*, I say, THE CALIFORNIAN gets irritated and acrimonious in a moment, and says it is the vilest bosh in the world; and says there is nothing important about it, and wonders who in the nation cares if that fellow *did* ride in the stage, and pay his fare, and take a bath, and see the sun rise up and slobber over the eastern hills four hours after daylight; and asks with withering scorn, "Well, what does it all amount to?" and wants to know who is any wiser now than he was before he read the long winded correspondence; and intimates that the *Bulletin* had better be minding the commercial interests of the land than afflicting the public with such wishy-washy trash. That is just the style of THE CALIFORNIAN. No correspondence is good enough for its hypercritical notions unless it has got something in it. The CALIFORNIAN sharps don't stop to consider that maybe that disbanded clerk was up to something—that maybe he was sifting around after some new realm or other in literature—that maybe perhaps he was trying to get something through his head—well, they don't stop to consider anything; they just say, because it is trivial, and awkwardly written, and stupid, and devoid of information, that it is Bosh, and that is the end of it! THE CALIFORNIAN hates originality—that is the whole thing in a nutshell. *They* know it all. They are the *only* authority—and if *they* don't like a thing, why of course it won't do. Certainly not. Now who but THE CALIFORNIAN would ever have found fault with Johnny Skae's item. No daily paper in town would, anyhow. It is after the same style, and is just as good, and as interesting and as luminous as the articles published every day in the city papers. It has got all the virtues that distinguish those articles and render them so acceptable to the public. It is not obtrusively pointed, and in this it resembles the jokes of Stiggers; it warbles smoothly and easily along, without rhyme or rythm or reason, like the *Flag's* poetry; the eccentricity of its construction is appalling to the grammatical student, and in this it rivals the happiest achievements of the *Call*; it furnishes the most laborious and elaborate details to the eye without transmitting any information whatever to the understanding, and in this respect it will bear comparison with the most notable specimens of the *Bulletin's* country correspondence; and finally, the mysterious obscurity that curtains its general intent and meaning could not be surpassed by all the newspapers in town put together.

(THIRD EDITION OF THE CALIFORNIAN.)

More trouble. The chief hair-splitter has been in here again raising a dust. It appears that Skae's item has disseminated the conviction that there has been a distressing accident somewhere, of some kind or other, and the people are exasperated at the agonizing uncertainty of the thing. Some have it that the accident happened to Schuyler; others say that inasmuch as Schuyler disappeared in the first clause of the item, it must have been the horse; again, others say that inasmuch as the horse disappeared in the second clause without having up to that time sustained any damage, it must have been Schuyler's wife; but others say that inasmuch as she disappeared in the third clause all right and was never mentioned again, it must have been the old woman, Schuyler's mother-in-law; still others say that inasmuch as the old woman died three years ago, and not necessarily by accident, it is too late in the day to mention it now, and so it must have been the house; but others sneer at the latter idea, and say if the burning of the house sixteen years ago was so "distressing" to Schuyler, why didn't he wait fifty years longer before publishing the incident, and then maybe he could bear it easier. But there is trouble abroad, at any rate. People are satisfied that there has been an accident, and they are furious because they cannot find out who it has happened to. They are ridiculously unreasonable. They say they don't know who Schuyler is, but that's neither here nor there—if anything has happened to him they are going to know all about it or somebody has got to suffer.

That is just what it has come to—personal violence. And it is all bred out of that snivelling lunatic's coming in here at midnight, and enlisting my sympathies with his infamous imaginary misfortune, and making me publish his wool-gathering nonsense. But this is throwing away time. Something has got to be done. There has got to be an accident in the Schuyler family, and that without any unnecessary delay. Nothing else will satisfy the public. I don't know any man by the name of Schuyler, but I will go out and hunt for one. All I want now is a Schuyler. And I am bound to have a Schuyler if I have to take Schuyler Colfax. If I can only get hold of a Schuyler, I will take care of the balance of the programme—I will see that an accident happens to him as soon as possible. And failing this, I will try and furnish a disaster to the stricken Skae.

MARK TWAIN.

A BIT OF ANGLING.

I FISH. The reason is, I like it. There is great joy for me in this fine sport. My rod and I are the best of friends. Having for many years been trained and educated in all the angler's arts, I look upon myself as equal to the proper bringing up of any of the finny family.

One afternoon last Summer I enticed trout from a brook that ran and revelled along a cool Franconia valley. A mossy cushion mitigated the asperities of the rock on which I reclined, and I was happy. A canopy of waving branches overhead shut off the fiercest beams of the sun, while softer rays, trickling through the foliage, diffused a tender warmth around, the delicate perfume of forest flowers filled the air, and the music of the rippling waters echoed ceaselessly. Beside me lay an ample basket, half filled with speckled luxuries. Before me was the prospect of its speedy repletion.

The trembling undulations of my line announced another victim. A breathless moment of suspense, a few skilful allurements, a bit of scientific fascination, and the sharp hook, entering his innocent gill, whirled him quivering through the air, to my ready hand.

Rustling twigs and footsteps crushing the dry leaves distracted my attention. The boughs parted, and my seclusion was disturbed by a lovely apparition. Indistinct notions of white flowing robes, a pinkish shawl, shiny slippers afflictingly diminutive, a jaunty wide hat of the order known as flats, and other appurtenances of feminine attractiveness, came upon me; but I was mainly absorbed by two lustrous eyes, extravagantly distended with horror as they rested upon the struggling captive from whose lacerated nose I extracted steel.

It was sweet seventy-six that stood and gazed. I thus numerically designate her, not from any knowledge that I possessed of her age, which I hasten to announce as apparently eighteen, or seventeen plus, but because at that early period I was able to distinguish her only by the number of her room in the hotel, the second floor of which we both inhabited. Her door was opposite mine, and open at most times; and every morning for a week I had taken in her image with my boots, and cherished it.

Circumstances had not entitled me to advance a claim upon her attention. Our relations had been rigidly formal. I had, one unlucky evening, stepped upon her dress, and made a hole it, but I did not consider this a suitable opening for intimacy between us. Twice at table I had enjoyed opportunities of offering her mustard, but I could not bring myself to look upon mustard as the proper medium through which to establish a durable acquaintance with so exquisite a being. If it had been the cream, or honey, or even pudding, the case would have been different; but mustard lacked delicacy, and I recoiled from its intercession. And now, unlooked-for chance had brought us strangely together. Releasing herself from the enthralment of the augmented eyes, I rose and, courteously, I think, explained my occupation.

"Dear me," said she, "how horrible!"

That is just what she said. Sweet seventy-six said it was horrible. I thought this sort of beginning inauspicious, but I believed the point susceptible of argument, and ventured a contrary opinion.

"Oh, it *is* horrible," she persisted; "how can you bear to do it? So cruel, so heartless; poor little dears, all shiny and speckled, too," and she bent over the basket, much moved.

"Excuse me, how can you say so? People will eat trout; you eat them yourself; I think you breakfasted with two and a half this morning. Now if trout were not caught, trout could not be eaten. Therefore trout must be caught. Else how could you breakfast?"

This elaborate reasoning was ineffectual. Pity for suffering nature had overflowed this tender little heart, and left no room for logic any where about her. A series of compassionate remonstrances assailed me. How could I resist them? I, too, began to look upon myself in the light of a barbarian, and admitted disagreeable doubts respective of my recent sport.

"Oh, pray," concluded sweet seventy-six, "pray don't do it any more! I think I never can eat fish again. I didn't know it was so dreadful. Please, sir, give it up. Be merciful!"

Of course there was no denying such appeals, and so I promised, and ruefully gave over. One gleam of satisfaction alleviated my regrets. Conventional ice was broken, and we floated upon the waves of comparative familiarity.

At tea that evening smoking pyramids of savory trout rose before me. Sweet seventy-six's plate was near. I timidly dared to fill it. There was no remonstrance. She had, then, forgotten; but I shuddered to think of the consequences, should the recollection too suddenly break upon her.

"There," she exclaimed, flushed with a tardy consciousness, as she opened her fair lips to receive the last morsel that her plate afforded, "now if that *should* have been the poor darling that I saw you catch, sir. I wonder, now, if it was. Do you think it could have been, sir?"

"I believe it was," I answered gravely, and not without apprehensions.

"But how do you know?"

"I recognize it by the size," said I; "it was the largest of them all."

"Why, how nice! Do you know, now, I had no idea it could have been so nice. There is a great deal in cookery. I'll take another, if you please, sir."

I mused.

That this incident affected me unpleasantly, I will not attempt to conceal. I could not conceal it even then. It seemed as if fair seventy-six were not animated by that rectitude of sentiment which young women ought always to possess. In the matter of fish she appeared fickle. She was incapable of hardening herself against an appeal of appetite, though the original means of gratifying it were abhorrent to her. Reflecting thus, I went with her to the drawing-room.

We talked. Trout were referred to. With timid confusion she admitted her weakness, and spoke in slightly opprobrious terms regarding it. But on the question of the enormity of angling she remained obdurate. Then with feminine rapidity observing my concern, she deployed smiles and comforting murmurs, and playful agitations of curls, and other expressions of artful artlessness, known only to maidenhood, obliterating, as the evening faded, all thought of severity in my mind.

We walked a little on the piazza. I spoke, not coherently I am afraid, of the scenery and the lakes, and the mountain streams and the echoes, and undertook imbecile figures of speech, and occasionally obtruded feeble flatteries, suggested by the splendors of the firmament, and consequently moonshiny.

She gave me to know that her name was Laura. Something was said about a surname, which conventional forms required me to take note of. It was Larcher, and I thought it a bore.

When we parted, between our respective doors, she lighted her candle by mine, and beamed upon me with her eyes. The hot spermaceti fell upon my fingers, but I uttered no cry. She turned at last to go, and said in a manner that betokened final decision:

"Well, good-night; good-night!"

The next thing was, she came round upon me, and said she would shake hands, if I would promise sacredly never to massacre those sweet little fish any more.

What could a man do?

From that moment I resigned myself to infatuation. I caused my seat at table to be fixed beside Miss Larcher. At every regular meal I devoured her with my eyes. I avoided the woods and mountains, except when she chose to visit them, and cultivated brilliancy of boots and polish of manner. At the end of three days I was as inextricably fettered, metaphorically, as some time ago were Mars and Venus, by vulcanized process.

And yet I am fastidious. At least I think so. Experiences within a few short weeks had taught me to believe that I was very fastidious. I had been at Saratoga. My friend Dixford had shown me his sister and some attentions. I was attracted toward Miss Dixford. Her style of beauty was determined and imperious; black hair, dark eyes heavily shaded, implacable nose, and mouth delicately firm. I was at first rather awe-struck by her general regality, but in time we became fine friends, and I experienced devotion toward her. We rode together incessantly for two days, regardless of the dust and the comments of society. We had souls above both. On the third morning I gave a violent proof of my interest in her. I rose before the customary hour for breakfast to join her in an early ramble. We approached the springs, hitherto an untravelled region for me. Miss Dixford called for water. She handed me a glass. By unwonted exercise of fortitude I gradually absorbed the fraction of a gill. Before I had accomplished this, Miss Dixford had introduced the entire contents of her glass into her system, and had called for more.

To record the details would be to occasion myself unnecessary pain. The remembrance is odious Five distinct successive draughts, large draughts, five large goblets full, that resolute young lady disposed of. I stood aghast.

"Come," she said, in a voice which seemed to bubble up from some troubled deep, "come, let us go back."

"Certainly," said I, "by all means."

"You do not like the waters, I am afraid," she said, in tones still moist and effervescent.

"Not to drink," said I, gloomily.

"Dear me," said she, "I adore them. I am not up to my ordinary mark this morning," she added, with a bibulous sort of smile; "I shall have no appetite all day."

"Oh," said I, faintly, "not up to the ordinary mark?"

"No," she answered, "I usually take seven. I have taken eight." (Here a burst of heroic pride.)

"I admire your courage, Miss Dixford. I think you are a Joan of Arc, so far as conquering delicate and sensitive instinct goes."

Miss Dixford was pleased at the compliment, and appeared to regret that she had not given better ground for it by straining a point and achieving a few extra glasses that morning.

The same day I left Saratoga. I did not consider that it was proper for me to become the satellite of a luminary whose lustre was liable at any time to be quenched by excessive medicinal fluid. I could not reconcile myself to the idea of intimacy with a young lady who made a daily cataract of her esophagus. For myself, I resolved to look at once for waters of oblivion, which I could hardly hope to find near Congress Hall. As I was about starting, Dixford came to me.

"Why do you go so unexpectedly?" he asked.

"The truth is, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no fishing. It is charming here, in every respect, except that it is hot, and the roads are dusty— Well, never mind; but there is no profitable fishing. I must have fishing. I must have fishing. I am going to Newport."

"We shall be sorry. Julia will be sorry. She was pleased with you, and for her to be pleased—that *is* something. How do you like my sister, Plimkins?"

"She is most amiable, and I respect very much her decision and dauntlessness, if I may say so."

"Ah, there's where her strength lies," said Dixford. "Intellectually she *is* strong. She astonishes me, sometimes, in that direction."

"She does astoish one, sometimes," I said.

"Oh yes," said he, "she will do something yet. I think it will be Greek, or geometry. She has much to learn she says, to reach her own ideal standard, but she will reach it. Her receptive faculties are very great. Perhaps you have noticed that."

"Very," said I.

I went up to Newport. The second morning after my arrival (I pass over all inferior incidents,) a medieval lady of good-natured mien begged my pardon and asked if I were a Plimkins of Boston. Learning that I was, she furthermore hoped I would excuse her, and was curious to know if my mother had been a Rydwell. The bit of curiosity having been affirmatively assuaged, the good-natured lady claimed me as a friend, on the strength of her former boarding-school affection for my mother, whom she had not seen for forty years, and presented me to her daughter, in whom I took immediate satisfaction.

Lina Pinkerby afforded a thorough contrast to the dark lady whose picture had recently been washed from my breast by five glasses of Congress water. She was fair, and full of daintiest drawing-room refinement. Her liquid eyes seemed calculated to furnish the oblivious element I needed; and I could not help anchoring my regard in them.

The weather, which blustered much about this time, produced such peculiar effects upon vagrant crinoline that crinoline staid mostly within doors. Thus the accomplishments of Miss Pinkerby developed themselves. She sang sweet little ballads and played languishing waltzes all day long; and all the evening she floated like a soft white cloud held together sashwise by a yard of rainbow, on aromatic airs composed of Labitzky and Lubin.

She was kind to me, and it was very comfortable; and my anxieties, caused by annoying recollections, wore away. Congress water gradually evaporated from my mind. I was, in a measure, myself again, excepting that I never thought of fishing.

One day, however, I yielded to the persuasions of an ardent amateur, and took advantage of the first luxurious weather Newport had known during my visit. We fished. Good fortune fell upon my companion; but as for me, I felt that the sport had lost its charm. I lost first my reputation as an angler, and subsequently my apparatus. Then I went away.

I strode toward the hotel. I passed the beach. Bathers disported in strange attire. The sea was dotted with heads, variously bobbing. A figure emerged, dripping and diffuse. It ran by me. It screamed an aqueous salutation. It invited me to wait and see it home. I gazed with a full heart and a vacant face. It was she.

I saw Lina Pinkerby in red flannel. Not only red, but wet. She seemed to need squeezing, not to say wringing out. As she skipped away to her dressing-house, I thought of fresh-boiled lobsters of magnified proportions. Perhaps I could have borne it, but for the wet and the legs. The trowsers overwhelmed me, and the presence of palpable bifurcation made me swell with grief. And swathed in red flannel! She left a sinuous rivulet in her path. Was this the stream of oblivion I had hoped for?

It was the second time within two weeks that my spirits had been dashed and weakened with water.

Presently Miss Pinkerby came forth, dry and neatly costumed, and handed me a damp bundle to carry. She was lively and glowed with more than usual animation, but her smile had lost its savor, and the glistening of her eye was salt.

"Do you swim, Mr. Plimkins?" she asked.

"Not for pleasure," said I.

"Are you fond of the water?"

"To fish from, I am," said I.

"Now I like nothing so well," said she. "And we bathe here every day when it is warm. Sometimes I bathe twice a

day, I am so fond of it. I keep two dresses. The other one is yellow. Do you like my dress, Mr. Plimkins?"

"Infinitely," said I; it would be nice in a comic pantomime."

"Yes, it is generally thought pretty," she said.

Then I became stolid, and spoke no more, except with pointed brevity. Miss Pinkerby offered an opinion on the weather, with which I disagreed. She afterwards hinted at the advantages of riding on so lovely a day—a turn of conversation which I did not encourage.

The next day I turned my face in the direction of Franconia. I had yet three weeks for Summer recreation, and I craved a brief season of undisturbed happiness.

Very well, then. My friend who reads will be likely to understand that I am somewhat given to fastidiousness. But in the case of Miss Larcher, all afflicting doubts vanished one by one. Her sensitiveness on points of pure feminine taste was very affecting. I gradually melted beneath her influence, and gave myself up to absorption.

Sometimes I obtruded a remonstrance in the matter of trout-fishing.

"Oh don't, please don't, Mr. Plimkins," she would say, "you distress me when you speak of it."

"But consider—"

"Now you know I never consider; don't ask me to consider. Besides, I can't spare you. To-morrow we must see the flume again."

"Some other day, perhaps."

"Next day we do Lafayette. Now tell me, Mr. Plimkins, do I trouble you *so* much?"

"Troub'e? How can you say such things?"

"Well, it seems to me—don't you think, now, that you are tired of running on these foolish expeditions with me?"

"Dear Miss Larcher—"

"I think you want to get back to that horrid brook, with your naughty rod and line, and hurt and kill those sweet little fish that taste so good at tea."

"I want to catch them for your tea."

"No, it is not right, I'm sure."

"Yet you eat them."

"I know, dear Mr. Plimkins, I am very inconsistent; truly I am very bad; but don't scold, please."

Bless my heart!—to scold her! The notion was too wretchedly ridiculous. And so she had everything her own way.

Ah, those days of sunshine at Franconia! What never-ending delights came crowding along! There was joy in everything; in the fair lake of echoes, reposing in serene and tranquil beauty, hugged round by giant mountain arms; in the Indians on its shores, who chattered gibberish incomprehensible to themselves, and who sold us, at high prices, untrustworthy baskets and impracticable fans; in the tin horn, at one end of which I used to distort my face and bring on pains of ague, awakening the voices of the everlasting crags near by; in the eccentric cascade, in the neighborhood of which no water had been seen since the memory of residents; in the infantile tame bears, which ate raspberries freely, and tore the garments of those who proferred them; in the hot and weary paths of Cannon Mountain; in the dizzy acclivities and hard-backed ponies of Lafayette; in all that came within the sphere of our consideration.

I was never happier, and I intimated some such idea in a quiet way to Miss Larcher. She said she was glad. I remember perfectly well that she said she was glad, and it was on the evening of my sixth blissful day that she told me so.

Six days there were, during which my sun of delight was undimmed. On the seventh there appeared a spot. It was nearly six feet high, and well whiskered, and it displeased me.

It came from New York, and its name was Copsey. Copsey had personal attractions and a note of introduction to the Larcher family. For these reasons he was permitted to attach himself to the Larcher party. Consequently I reviled him.

Laura was amiable and kind-hearted, I said to myself. I said so because she took this Copsey, who was twice as big as she, under her protection, as it were, and assisted him to enjoy the scenery, and showed him all the lions, including the bears, for an entire day. I did not see her ten minutes, excepting at dinner, and then she outraged my feelings by asking me to help Mr. Copsey to butter.

By the time the gong sounded for tea I was greatly discomfited. I entertained vicious thoughts respecting Copsey. I observed that he was treated with solicitude. As we all turned parlorward, I assumed desperation and announced a determination to fish on the morrow.

"What! Oh no, Mr. Plimkins," said Laura, "you will not leave us?"

"No," said I, "but I shall fish."

"Now that is a parodox," said she.

"Can you think it so?" said I.

"But you will not forget your promise," urged she.

"We many of us are apt to be too forgetful," said I.

"That is very true," she answered penitently, as it seemed—and then confidingly, "have I done anything wrong, Mr. Plimkins?"

"What an odd question," I said; "I think I am interrupting you—good night!"

"Mr. Plimkins," said Laura, pathetically, this time, beyond a doubt, "good-night! if you will say it. I shall breakfast early to-morrow morning—very early—as soon as the gong sounds. You will sit by me?"

Of course there was nothing to be said in return but a full acquiescence. And so I left, and went, not fully at ease, to newspapers, and finally to bed.

Why need I recall too vividly the alternations of rapture and despair which followed? One day the thermometer of my hope would rise to fever heat; the next, it would sink into the tube out of sight. I longed to vituperate Copsey, who had embittered my existence, but pride restrained me. One day he attempted familiarity with me.

"I think you spoke of fishing?" said he.

"Well, sir," said I.

"I fish a little," said he; "I should like to join you some day."

"I generally fish in solitude," said I, "and besides, I would not draw you from more refreshing in-door entertainment."

He laughed a little, and pulled the ends of his moustache. I burned with wrath, almost to blazing, and left him for fear I should get put out.

One evening Laura and I stood watching the newly arrived as they descended from the stage coach. Suddenly she cried out queerly, and darted away. The next instant she was shaking vigorous hands with a male, whose appearance was unprepossessing by reason of dust. She accompanied him within doors, and for an hour was unseen in her accustomed evening resorts. At length she entered the parlor with the stranger, made him known to every one as Mr. Murvison, from New York, and withdrew to a distant corner, shutting herself out from the world but him.

I felt more kindly toward Copsey, and interchanged some observations with him on the state of the atmosphere.

That night I went to bed in a dismal frame of mind. It was a wonder, now I think of it, I did not go in my hat and boots. I dreamed thus:

I had grown a fin or two, wore scales, and had a flappy tail; yet I retained my individual consciousness. There were others like me. One was whiskered, and I recognized in him the Copsey genus. Another, which I avoided with assiduous care, was of the nature of Murvison. We floated in pellucid waters. We acknowledged an inclination for worms, and yearned for grasshoppers. We were prone to much opening and shutting of the mouth, and other singularities.

We saw appear above us a well-known face surmounted by a well-known hat, and supported by a well-known body, clad in a well-known garb. We were alarmed, but a fascination prevented us from hastening away. Our fins shook with emotion.

Presently we saw a line descend among us. From it depended a hook on which hung bait. Such bait! It was a smile and a sweet word deftly twisted together. I had no power of resistance. I dashed forward and suffered. I felt myself torn from my proper way of life. As I dangled helpless in the air I saw my beautiful capturess smiling unconcerned at my agony. Shame and sorrow overcame me. I was trifled with for a while, then disentangled, and cast carelessly aside.

I writhed in blind mortification until a sharp shock roused me. Alas! it was the Copsey gasping and struggling vainly by my side. I wriggled about with some difficulty, and obtained a view of her who had deluded and destroyed us. Her face was mildly radiant as ever, and intent upon the waves below. Then I was reckless. With one impetuous throb of my tail I flung myself in the air, and fell with a dull splash into my element. I was free again.

I awoke and found myself on the floor, amidst the shattered fragments of the wash-basin. My dream was over, and the scales had fallen. I was no longer a foolish fish.

The next morning I sought Mr. Copsey and opened the subject of angling. He lifted his eyebrows.

"Are you going?" asked he.

"I am," said I, with energy.

"But," said he, "do you not fish in solitude?"

"Not when I know a companion in distress," said I.

"Then you do not care for more refreshing in-door entertainment?" said he.

My heart ached, but with a degree of self-command that surprised myself, I winked.

"Do you know about Murvison?" he asked.

"Not I," I answered.

"I have just heard," he continued, "that it has long been understood that he is to marry Miss Larcher. They are near neighbors in New York."

"Ah!"

"Yes."

"Let us go fish."

As we stepped from the door we encountered Miss Larcher and Mr. Murvison. I displayed my rod defiantly.

"Going to fish, gentlemen?" she asked, airily.

"We are going to fish, Miss Larcher," I said—"going to fish for trout."

"Well, together, I think you will get many," she said. "Do try, for Mr. Murvison is very fond of them, and so am I, too, you know, Mr. Plimkins. Now see if you can bring home ever so many."

From that time I caught trout incessantly while I remained in Franconia. I supplied all that the hotel needed, every day, and at the end of a week I wound up my visit with a very large string.

I think that in future I shall fish more than ever.—*Harper's Monthly.*

THE PRESIDENT'S WORDS.

GETTYSBURG.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom; and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. *November*, 1865.

THE DECLARATION A WRECK.

Let us hear Judge Douglas' view of that part of the Declaration of Independence, which declares that "All men are created equal." Here it is: "No man can vindicate the character, motives, and conduct of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, except upon the hypothesis that they referred to the white race alone, and not to the African, when they declared all men to have been created equal; that they were speaking of British subjects on this continent, being equal to British subjects born and residing in Great Britain." My good friends, read that carefully over, some leisure hour, and ponder well upon it: see what a mere wreck, mangled ruin, it makes of our once glorious Declaration of Independence. I had thought the Declaration promised something better than the condition of British subjects; but, no: it only meant that we should be *equal* to them in their own oppressed and *unequal* condition. According to that, it gave no promise, that, having kicked off the king and lords of Great Britain, we should not at once be saddled with a king and lords of our own. I understand, you are preparing to celebrate the "Fourth" to-morrow week. Suppose, after you read the Declaration once, in the old-fashioned way, you read it once more, with Judge Douglas' version. It will run thus: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all British subjects who were on this continent eighty-one years ago were created equal to all British subjects born and *then* residing in Great Britain.—*June*, 1857.

VALLANDIGHAM.

Long experience has shown that armies cannot be maintained unless desertion shall be punished by the severe penalty of death. The case requires, and the Law and the Constitution sanction, this punishment. Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier-boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of the wily agitator who induces him to desert?—*July*, 1862.

THE NEGRO.

There will be some black men who can remember, that, with silent tongue and clenched teeth and steady eye and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while, I fear, there will be some white ones unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they have striven to hinder it.—*August*, 1863.

A SIMPLE mode of keeping butter in warm weather, where ice is not handy, is to invert a common flower-pot over the butter, with some water in the dish in which the butter is laid. The orifice at the bottom may be corked or not. The porousness of the earth-ware will keep the butter cool. It will be better still if the pot be covered with a wet cloth, the rapid abstraction of heat by external evaporation causing the butter to become hard.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1865.

THE OPERA IN SAN FRANCISCO.

THE Opera season at the Academy of Music terminates this week. If we take into consideration the fact that it is one of the best, *if not the best*, we have ever had in San Francisco, that it has received the universal commendation of the press and praise of the people, and that, notwithstanding these favorable conditions, it has occasioned a heavy pecuniary loss to the Manager, it is a fair presumption that it will not be revived in this city for many years to come. Managers are not always willing to sacrifice themselves to the public taste for amusement—at least to the extent of $28,000, which we understand is the sum of Mr. Maguire's losses.

But it may be argued that there were at one time two opera troupes performing in this city, dividing the patronage of the public; that at first both were well attended, and that at no time was this divided patronage insufficient to support one troupe; that more than this cannot be expected of a population the size of ours; that the final "combination" came too late—when the people were beginning to be weary; that taking into consideration the rival attractions of Gottschalk, the public have bestowed a degree of patronage on musical and operatic entertainments, totally unprecedented for the population, and that against Mr. Maguire's losses should be fairly placed the amount contributed by the people to these amusements.

While Mr. Maguire deserves great credit for having engaged at considerable risk an excellent troupe, one of whose artistes at least was superior to any ever before in this country; while he has continued, almost at the sacrifice of his entire fortune, to fulfil his engagements to his company and the public honorably, and while he has exhibited a degree of pluck and perseverance worthy of the name of genius, it must not be forgotten that he has simply failed in a speculation which no one was better fitted to calculate than he, and that this failure was owing to no deceit which had been practiced upon him, false representation or unfulfilled engagements. A combination of circumstances which was liable to occur to the most sagacious business man, had exerted an adverse influence over his plans. On the arrival of his company the ground was already taken by a rival troupe. It is not necessary to enter into the details of their rivalry or their relative merits. Neither of them were successful, and we are safe in saying that it is not probable that an event of this kind will occur again. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Signor Bianchi had to be subjugated, and that Manager Maguire must nearly undergo bankruptcy as the price of this important lesson.

Although, excepting San Francisco, the field for operatic entertainment is limited in California, and the expense of transporting artists hither is no inconsiderable item, it must be remembered that the introduction of the opera in New York was even more unsatisfactory in comparison to the population than here. We do not think it proven that the season just closed justifies an abandonment of the opera. If experience has revealed anything, it has been the fact that a single good opera troupe can draw paying audiences, although present patronage may not justify the engagement of any of the principal "star" performers of the old world. In the meantime, it is not necessary to be alarmed for the future. It remains for our musical public to bind up the wounds of their sorely-beaten, but still gallant *impressario*, by giving him a benefit that shall amount to something substantial as a pecuniary result and bid him good luck and "God speed" in his next endeavor.

Courage of the Late James Nisbet.—On the body of the late James Nisbet was found a will written in pencil and bearing internal evidence of having been composed after the ship had struck. An incident of greater coolness and thoughtful concern for others at a moment fraught with so much agony and peril, has seldom been recorded. The ill-fated vessel probably contained many whose vocations and habits of life had often brought them face to face with Death, and who no doubt did not forget their dignity and manliness in this last trying moment, but we doubt if their example exceeded the lesson taught by this humble civilian and peaceful man of letters.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following works were received from A. Roman & Co. too late for notice last week:

The President's Words. A Selection of Passages from the Speeches, Addresses, and Letters of Abraham Lincoln. pp. 186. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

Of all the memorials yet published of our late President, this volume is the most tasteful and appropriate. It is composed of selections from the speeches and letters of Mr. Lincoln, carefully and chronologically arrayed under five heads, viz: political systems; slavery and anti-slavery; faith; internal improvements; conclusion, with a liberal index to the several quotations. The selections have been made by celebrated clergymen, from an idea, born of the memorial service, on which occasion many of the "words" contained in this volume were read to the different congregations. The book is prefaced by the following touching and simple motto, borrowed from a characteristic telegram of the President: "All goes well with us. Everything seems quiet now." Of the quality of its contents we can give no better criticism than the tribute of Mr. Emerson:

"He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure, if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs.

"But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions! what unerring common sense! what foresight! and, on great occasions, what lofty, and, more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth."

Companion Poets for the People. Illustrated. *Songs for All Seasons.* By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The second number of the *Companion Poets*. The selections from Tennyson in this volume do not seem to have been as critically made as those from Longfellow in the preceding number. We have "Oriana" and the "Skipping Rope," from his earlier poems, and "The Ringlet," from his latest works, which might have all been well omitted. One or two songs from "Maud" would not also be missed from this volume (though perhaps more popular) if the editor had given us "Locksley Hall" or "Sir Galahad," instead. Nearly every reader of Tennyson has admired these simple and beautiful verses, contained in this volume:

"Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

"Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

"Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

"Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like Summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'"

But we cannot conceive what motive there was in also adding the author's later and weaker version of the same poem:

"Home they brought him slain with spears,
They brought him home at even-fall;
All alone she sits and hears
Echoes in his empty hall,
Sounding on the morrow.

"The Sun peep'd in from open field,
The boy began to leap and prance,
Rode upon his father's lance,
Beat upon his father's shield—
'O hush, my joy, my sorrow.'"

An equal doubt might exist as to the propriety of adding to a collection which contains the sweet cradle song from the "Princess" entitled "Soft and Low," such mild bathos as "What does Little Birdie say," from "Sea Dreams."

Life of Horace Mann. By his Wife. pp. 602. Boston: Walker, Fuller & Co.

Mrs. Mann frankly confesses the difficulties of writing a memoir of her late husband from so near a point of view, and admits that where "others see faults" she only sees virtues. Nevertheless, trusting chiefly to letters and a journal kept by the great "Educator," she has made a very creditable volume, which will be read with interest by Mr. Mann's "eighty thousand children" who have grown up since he first entered upon his educational work in Massachusetts. It is the history of a life of high aims and instincts—a chronicle of incessant labor and privation for the achievement of noble results.

Essays in Criticism. By Mathew Arnold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Most Americans know Matthew Arnold only as an Oxford Professor who has written very clever poetry. Such will be astonished at the power, analytic subtlety and critical insight of these essays. Perhaps some who believe that the "Censor should not write plays," will be ready to assert that there is a natural incompatibility between the functions of the bard and the critic, and will accord but little value to his judgment. But even the most prejudiced and old-fashioned reader—however he may be wedded to these time-honored beliefs—on turning over Mr. Arnold's pages, will confess that of all the English essayists, from Carlyle and Macaulay down to the snarlers of the *Saturday Review*, he is the least dogmatic, the most genial and sympathetic. He naturally claims that criticism should be based upon a rule, which "may be summed up in one word: Disinterestedness," and answers the question how criticism is to show "disinterestedness," as follows:

"By keeping aloof from practice—by resolutely following the law of its own nature, which is to be a free play of the mind on all subjects which it touches; by steadily refusing to lend itself to any of those ulterior, political, practical considerations about ideas which plenty of people will be sure to attach to them, but which criticism has really nothing to do with. Its business is, as I have said, simply to know the best that is known and thought in the world, and try in its turn, making this known, to create a current of true and fresh ideas. Its business is to do this with inflexible honesty, with due ability; but its business is to do no more, and to leave alone all questions of practical consequences and applications—questions which will never fail to have due prominence given to them. For what is at present the tone of criticism in this country? It is that practical considerations cling to it and stifle it; it subserves interests not its own; our organs of criticism are organs of men and parties having practical ends, and with them those practical ends are the first thing, and the play of mind the second."

The work contains fourteen essays, (chiefest among which is "Influence of Literary Academies,") including the three lectures "On Translating Homer," and the "Last Words." The former lecture is particularly to be commended to the scholar. Of his style, a late reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says:

"As a stylist, he is singularly inartificial. Would that our American writers might take a lesson from Arnold's prose, and correct their ambitious rhetoric, affected quaintness, and other varieties of fine writing, by this pure, simple, honest English. The peculiarity of his style, we should say, is its freedom from peculiarity. It is the style of a cultivated, thoughtful man, without the pedantry and mannerism which thoughtful and cultivated men so often contract. Easy, almost careless in its movement, but far from careless in its choice of words, it is neither bookish nor vulgarly colloquial, but maintains a just mean between elaborateness and rudeness. In our young days Macaulay was considered the model writer, and Ruskin has been thought to occupy that place in these latter years; but Macaulay is tumid, and even Ruskin stilted and stiff, in comparison with Mathew Arnold."

What I Saw on the West Coast of South and North America, and the Hawaiian Islands. By H. Willis Baxley, M. D. New York: Appleton & Co.

Mr. Baxley, as Special Commissioner of the United States, visited a few years ago parts of the west coast of America and the Hawaiian Islands, and has recorded in this volume his impression of those regions. As a mere history of travel his work is very interesting, although he does not seem to have been influenced by any general romantic effect of climate or scenery from very searching and critical analysis into details. Mr. Baxley has been shocked several times by certain religious customs and habits, and has enunciated this fact with a good deal of honest bluntness and sincerity, whatever may be the justice of his impressions. The book takes the reader through California, and the author has devoted some space to descriptions of the Big Trees, Yosemite, and the Geysers. It is illustrated, and printed in large type on clear white paper. We have given some extracts in another column.

Conversion of the Roman Empire. By Charles Merivale, B. D. New York: Appleton & Co.

The eight lectures comprising this volume by the author of *A History of Rome under the Roman Empire*, will be read by all scholars. Mr. Merivale considers the conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity to have been effected principally in four ways: 1. By the force of external evidence, or the apparent fulfilment of recorded prophecy and the historical testimony of miracles. 2. By internal evidence, the sense of spiritual destitution, the consciousness of sin, and the acknowledged need of a sanctifier and a redeemer. 3. The testimony of martyrdom and godly example. 4. The temporal success with which Christianity was eventually crowned.

Mary, the Handmaid of the Lord. By the author of the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*, etc. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The many readers of the *Schonberg-Cotta Family*—that clever picture of the great men of the Reformation, in their domestic and social life—will find in this picturesque and explanatory story of the Virgin, less material interest, and more of a spiritual, mystic, and didactic tendency. The typography of the volume is excellent, and the binding beautiful and appropriate.

Miss Mackenzie. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Bros.

Belial. New York: Harper & Bros.

[For the Californian.]

AT THE FAIR.

AS I cannot hope to add anything to the fast-increasing literature of the Fair, or indeed to offer any ideas of practical utility concerning it, perhaps I ought to say nothing. The *Bulletin's* daily review has interested me, not only for the care and patience displayed in its details, but for the apparent conscientiousness and genial good humor of its criticisms. Being naturally too indolent and inaccurate to excel in the first two qualities, and perhaps somewhat deficient in the two last, the following may afford the reader some change from the regular notices.

As the central figure of the Fair is the colossal statue of Mr. Lincoln, it challenges the attention of the visitor with a degree of self-assertion which I think quite inconsistent with the natural humility of the original. To be plainer, I fear that the real mistake of the sculptor has not been one of detail or outline, but in his conception of Mr. Lincoln as a *colossal* figure. There is no irreverence in saying that our late President had neither the outward heroic aspect which permits this exaggeration, nor the dominant qualities of mind and character which take exaggeration as their appropriate symbol. Perhaps, had he possessed those godlike attributes which would have found this expression, he would not have been as universally beloved. As a colossal figure, he seems removed from that kindly contact with the people; he is a little too large for the heart, and not quite large enough to fill the brain of most Americans. Artistically, the size is unfortunate. Mr. Lincoln was a tall man, but his height, owing to his peculiar formation of limb, was not a grace—the colossal figure intensifies this defect and gives it the effect of a caricature. We have in this monstrous effigy of our late Chief Magistrate, simply protracted homeliness—uncouthness prolonged to an indefinite extent quite beyond the power of any intrinsic kindliness to transfuse or make picturesque. I say this with no wish to decry the imperfections of the subject, nor with any intention of overlooking the general merits of Mr. Mezzara's details, or the insuperable difficulties which modern costume offers to sculpture. I do not object to his prefering the ordinary every-day dress as more suitable to the simplicity of his subject, but the error of proportion makes a giant in a dress coat hardly a fit object for serious and tender contemplation. His mistake is perhaps the more pardonable in a country where Nature is apt to fall into the same errors, and to produce inordinate squashes. and gigantic cabbages. Not far from the statue will be found pumpkins, beets, apples and pears, quite as exaggerated in outline, and I am willing to believe as inevitably sacrificing delicacy, sweetness, and refinement for coarser fibre and size

Perhaps because I am not of a mechanical turn of mind, and never constructed anything but a ship, in my boyhood, which had a singular tendency to keel over and continue its voyage bottom upward, I am unduly fascinated by machinery. I usually turn into the room devoted to this purpose immediately on entering the Fair, and amuse myself by watching the revolutions of the fly-wheels, the endless continuity of travelling bands and belts, and in listening to the half-human buzz and clatter of stamps and mills, which always impress me as though—like the Prince in the fairy tale—I had become suddenly alive to the language of inanimate objects. The labor of machinery conveys to the lazy man, like myself, none of that tacit reproach which individual or manual labor always suggests to an idle bystander. There is no spectacle of straining sinews and perspiring brows, which robs honest industry of much of its picturesqueness. There is always a dim, prophetic shadowing of a future time when all work will be done by this myriad-handed geni, and man will slip through life solely by the exercise of volition. But if machinery has neither human frailty nor weakness, it has neither human sympathy nor kindness. Any one of these noiseless, shifting, shiny bands will take you up, without outcry, save your own, without anger, without pity, remorselessly whirl you around under revolving barrel, and fling you—a shattered wreck—upon the floor, continuing its endless placid journey without a tremor of remembrance or regret for the life crushed out below it. That smooth, shining piston-rod, whose oiled surface almost invites your hand to linger caressingly upon it, will quietly remove that necessary member from your body, crush its bones to powder, and go on as smoothly and as patiently as ever, wiping the stains from its treacherous arm without excitement or compassion. Yet there are always people loitering about, whose carelessness leads you to think that they had "made a covenant" with Behemoth, and that they could disarm this fateful monster.

The picture gallery, in its present condition, I am frank to confess, does not exercise any of this terrible fascination. I am unconscious of any period when I could not have been torn away from it without much struggling and resistance. Like the photographs of our familiar acquaintances, which adorn our walls, there is always something that invites criticism. The self-satisfied air which these individuals wear is apt to unconsciously excite our resentment, even though we know the individual to be personally modest and retiring. If the pictures are not good likenesses we are apt to experience an ill-defined feeling that our friend has unwittingly developed under the camera some quality of which we were unconscious—some hidden faculty which we knew not. Of course the photograph has in later years undergone much improvement. The operator, though he deal with sunbeams instead of oil colors, is expected to have some artistic taste. The tendency of most sitters to preternatural stiffness and statuesque attitudes, I am glad to observe, is undergoing correction. They are not allowed to sit with their hands on the backs of chairs—the display of rings which that position offers not being considered now as essential to a good likeness. I could wish that equal good sense would obtain in regard to backgrounds and accessories. I do not see why gentlemen should be required to rest their hands on the fragment of a Corinthian column—a habit I am willing to believe not familiar to them in real life under any circumstances. I am at a loss to understand why the gentleman from San Andreas, whose features and garments are unmistakably American, chooses to have himself represented as standing on a terrace beside the Lake of Como; why Mr. Jones, of Front street, prefers to appear in a business suit on the plains of Arabia, with a palm tree over each shoulder; why I, who am not fond of ancient history, should be obliged to stand in an evening dress, with gloves and cane, just beneath the Acropolis, while a Grecian sunset diffuses its chaste glories generally around my person. The striking sameness of the photographic furniture is another defect that should be remedied; in its present peculiarity most sitters appear to have been originally inhabitants of the same house—many. occupants of the same room. Who does not know that little round table with its cloth drooping in accurate folds—possibly the most impossible piece of furniture extant—on which one-half of San Francisco has leaned its right arm, or read its good book. Who does not know that curtain which always looks out of place; that stone balustrade which always appears on a parlor carpet. as if it were a part of the furniture of a drawing-room; the great arm-chair on which most people lean as they never leaned before and never will again. But this digression bids fair to lead me away from the picture gallery, of which it suddenly occurs to me I have something serious to say.

There are, as is usual, in such exhibitions, many poor pictures, and some abominable drawings by young people of either sex, which good taste, I think, would have ruled out of the collection. But I observe with some concern that they afford a convenient opportunity for many simple-minded young men to air their callow criticism, and to make merry over the feeble efforts of an age and condition from which they themselves, I should judge, have not been long emancipated. I would have these young gentlemen remember that there are some things that it is good taste and true criticism to leave uncriticized, and that, poor as many of these efforts undoubtedly are, they must be endured as long as there are loving parents and doting relations to leaven this otherwise selfish world, and that it may be considered doubtful whether the cheap reputation made by a scurrile jest or disparaging comment is as necessary to the formation of character as that gentlemanliness which respects the weaknesses as well as the virtues of others. Being the other day in the gallery at an unfrequented hour, I came upon a hard-faced woman in that lustreless black which is the symbol of protracted mourning, who was dusting one of the most atrocious pictures I ever saw with a thoughtful care and tenderness that I would not have otherwise thought her capable of. The picture, if I remember rightly, represented a frightful storm at sea which would have proved fatal to any vessel less astonishing than the one which now rode the surges. Huge waves of guava jelly threatened to overwhelm her deck, and large flakes of verunicilli hung heavily on her spars and stately bowsprit. A lee-shore, the more terrible from its being composed apparently of chunks of old iron, threatened the hapless vessel with instant destruction. To add to the danger that environed her, out of an inky curtain to windward, a species of highly vindictive lightning forked—I should rather say, pitchforked—malevolently at three giants who composed the crew. As I was endeavoring to scrutinize the picture with an appearance of interest, the old woman timidly approached me.

"You'll see it here in a much better light, sir."

I turned and took the required position. It certainly was a more favorable light. As I stood beside the black bombazined female and looked at the picture, somehow I thought the bedaubed canvass faded quite away, and a bright young face, which might have resembled the one beside me, before grief, care and anxiety had drawn harsh lines around it, beamed pleasantly out of the frame. Still looking at the picture in this remarkably favorable light, I thought it changed to a long street down which a blithe-faced boy with his drawing book and satchel was passing. Again it changed, but this time it was to the hill beside the sea—where a little headstone struggled out of a mound of flowers. Just then the shadow of some passing visitor fell upon the frame. The black bombazined female noiselessly slipped away, and in turning round. somehow I found I had lost the favorable light, and was gazing only at the wretched daub which had at first excited my merriment.

I had intended to say something about Roger's statuettes and the New England Kitchen, but I find that I have already occupied the space allotted to me, and must defer this irregular notice till next week.

BRET.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House the burlesque of *Leah the Forsook; or, the Shrewish Maiden*, was produced on Monday to a good house. This is not the London edition, I find, but was written by the late Mr. Frank Wood, one of the editors of the late *Vanity Fair*. It is not a very sparkling production in a literary point of view, though many of the scenes are very comical. Mr. Setchell deserves credit for the apt local hits with which he has brightened up the piece—every one of them hit the mark. His impersonation of "Leah" was very ludicrous, and his tragi-comic attitudiuizing elicited shouts of laughter. Mr. Courtaine, who was cast for "Madelina," was on Monday seized with his old illness, and Mr. Franks. who at very short notice undertook the part, filled it very creditably. Mr. Franks is a thoroughly reliable actor. The burlesque was very creditably performed throughout, and the choruses were well sung by some of the members of the chorus of the late lamented Bianchi opera troupe; it is not true that the prime old tenor himself has accepted an engagement to appear in a series of burlesques at Maguire's Opera House. Last night Mr. Setchell had a good benefit, and won much applause by his impersonation of "Wilkins Micawber' in *David Copperfield*. This play, with *Leah the Forsook* as an afterpiece, will be played this afternoon and evening.

The brilliant Vestavali is probably, even as I write, in this city. If report speak truly, Vestavali is a star of the first magnitude, or more—a brilliant meteor blazing in the theatrical sky. Can one prophecy too sanguinely of the success of a magnificently handsome, dashing woman with a full, rich contralto voice? In course of time, Manager Maguire will introduce all the stars in the East to our theatre-goers—that is, if money and indomitable energy be sufficient to accomplish it. Madame Vestavali commences an engagement at the Opera House as soon as sufficiently rested from her voyage.

At Wheatleigh's Eureka, the comedy of *Our Friend from Victoria* was performed, for the last time, for the benefit of the author. His friends and acquaintances mustered largely, and the house was well filled. He had promised a new prologue as an attraction. Friendly as the audience assembled was, the reading of the prologue was a trial to them. The old joke of announcing that the comedy could not be produced was gone through with, the old protest was made by the English gentleman from Victoria; after this an outrage on the good taste of the audience was perpetrated, which surprised every one. It was "author's night," but no one suspected that the "author" would seize on this occasion to air a little weakness which would have been better concealed. The supposititious "Newspaper Man" insists on having the comedy performed; says he has written a notice of it without seeing it; said it was a failure because it was local; had written local pieces himself, which had been failures. etc., etc., the object being to show how unjustly Mr. C. H. Webb has been treated by the press. This was rather ungrateful. With one solitary exception the notices of the press on this "comedy"—they even went to the length of calling it a comedy—have been kind and considerate. The "Newspaper Man's" speech was not clever, but he finished it up by stating a great truth, which I am glad to see made some impression on this young dramatic author, though he cannot as yet fully appreciate it. The newspaper man quoted from my last week's "Theatrical Talk:" "Young dramatic authors ought to have their first efforts criticised; it is good for them." I am really much pleased that this inchoate dramatist remembers this. I would now give him a little piece of advice: Let him, *if* he ever writes another play, and the criticism of the press appears to him unjust, prove to the critics that their statements are logically incorrect, and they will no doubt make the *amende honorable* by retracting—I shall be happy to do so. Whining, on general principles, at "severity," "injustice," "prejudice," "jealousy," etc., can accomplish nothing; it cannot make a sorry farce, stretched into three acts, a good comedy. The above remarks are made in the best possible spirit. As Mr. Webb makes the "Newspaper Man" say in his prologue: "Young dramatic authors ought to have their first efforts criticised; it is *good* for them." Mr. W. D. Shiels, the Scotch comedian, made his first appearance on Tuesday, choosing for the occasion the character of "Bailie Nicol Jarvie," in the drama of *Rob Roy*. He has made a most favorable impression on all who have witnessed his performance. Mr. Shiels is an actor of sterling merit, well skilled in his profession. The play was well played throughout. Mr. Wheatleigh, who does everything he undertakes well, played "Rob Roy," a character by no means suited to him, with considerable power. Mr. Torning quite distinguished himself in the character of "Dugal," and gained much applause. Mrs. Judah was sufficiently tragic as "Helen McGregor." Mrs. Yeamans gained much credit for her dialect and by the manner in which she danced a Highland fling. Miss Clarkson sang "You'll Remember me" very sweetly, and really took pains to act her part, and the play went off remarkably well. The next novelty will be the production of *Guy Mannering*, in which Mr. Shiels will take the part of "Dandie Dimont," and Mr. Wheatleigh will appear in the character of "Meg Merrilies," in imitation of Miss Charlotte Cushman. Surely this ought to draw a crowded house. Mr. Wheatleigh's talent all know, and that of Mr. W. D. Shiels is acknowledged by all who have seen him. This afternoon and evening "Dandie Dimont" and "Meg Merrilies" will appear, and no doubt give immense satisfaction.

At Wilson's mammoth Circus, (in the magnificent new pavilion,) the Buislay Family are causing a veritable sensation. Their feats are fearfully dangerous, quite novel, and extraordinarily dexterous. I have seen numbers of "Bounding Brothers," but the brothers Julio and Esteban far surpass any gymnasts at present in the ring; they are perfect miracles of muscularity, their act *Le Moulinet Gigantesque*, their performance with *La Perche Perileuse* and thrillingly sensational and hazardous leaps on the Incomprehensible Ladder will grant a new sensation to the oldest circus frequenter who thinks he has seen all that can be accomplished. That the Buislay Family will prove to the contrary, he may take the word of

TOUCHSTONE.

ENGLISH RUSTIC HUMOR.

THERE is a great deal of human kindness mixed up with the characteristic ignorance and obstinacy of the English rural classes. There is many a Good Samaritan under a rough exterior; their mode of sympathy is clumsy, I allow; a nervons person may not find it very pleasant to be greeted with, "Lor', maister, how bad you be looking: it don't seem to I that you be long for this world." This is considered a proper and polite mode of salutation in the west. I heard an old woman reproaching her neighbor for going to a quack doctor, adding: "There now, you be wasting terrible —you be little better than a 'natomy—but it's all a your own fault, for arn't us warned in the prayer-book against 'false doctoring?'" A farmer of my acquaintance was not qnite so orthodox. He said to me one evening, "Parson giv'd out this morn' what I can't find in my mind to hold wi'; he said quite easy like (as though it didn't matter to such as he,) that if we didn't mend our ways, and didn't leave off following the flesh and the devil, that we should for sartain perish everlastingly, and our bodies would be burnt in fire and brimstone forever and ever. Well, that's what our parson said. Now I'll tell you what I said to my missus, as us was walking home through the lower cropt meadow—says I, 'I dou't hold wi' the parson; it isn't reasonable that we should burn forever and ever—no constitution could stand it!'"

The parish where my lot was cast *is*, or *was*, quite out of the reach of the disturbing influence of progress. When I knew the district, the people had preserved many old fashioned ways and customs. It was an offence not to take "a drap of zider" when you called at a house, and they were better pleased if you would take a pipe as well. But now, I dare say, every one is vastly genteel; the farmer would most likely offer you a glass of "sherry wine," and tell you how he had had his daughters "Frenched and musicked." In one instance the progress of civilization was too much for the rustic intellect. A west-countryman, of the old-fashioned stamp, was heard to say in his last illness, that "what wi' the earth a-goin' round the sun, and the telegraphs and railways a- yin' aboot, and steamers a-whirlin' and a-whizzin', he was nigh muddled, stunned and bet;" and so he died!

Parish clerks are proverbial for their absurd mistakes, but I would back old Lee against any one of the fraternity. Though a kiud-hearted old fellow, he used to declare regularly, that he was become "a lion to his mother's children," instead of an alien. On one occasion he gave out that Mr. A—— and Mr. B—— would preach every Sunday to all eternity;" he meant alternately! Tradition says (but this I cannot vouch for) that he announced publicly, "that there would be no service next Wednesday—'kas why—master was gone *a fishing* for another clergyman;" officiate was the word intended. I asked Lee one day how he liked Mr. ——, who had been serving the church for a few Sundays.

"Well, sir, was his reply, "we do like him pretty fair, d'ye see, but he's so low church."

"Indeed, I am surprised to hear you say that, for he is generally considered to be rather too much the other way."

"O, law, yes, sir, he's very low church—they could hardly hear him at all dowu where my missus sits."

The following occurrence was a severe trial to our risible muscles. An interesting event had happened in the squire's family, which was immediately followed by a thanksgiving service in the church. After the minister had said, "O Lord, save this woman thy servant," the clerk responded, "Who putteth her ladyship's trust in thee."

But the richest thing of all was Lee's reply to an inquiry as to how many clergy he had known in the parish since his half-century of clerkship. He gave the names of all the rectors, beginning with the squire's great uncle, "a mighty hunter in the land," known for his unclerical exploits fifty years ago.

"But how many curates have you seen?" demanded the inquirer.

"Bless you, sir, I don't take no account of curates."

Lee's dignity had been offended by the new views of what he called a "Pussy-ite" curate, who had taken him to task for his manner of reading the responses.

"Why, sir," said he, much nettled, "if I were to read just like you, there wouldn't be a bit o' differeuce between us." And so he went on declaring to the end that "some put their faith in chariots, and some in 'orses." I don't believe Lee ever felt the same towards the inferior clergy, after the young high churchman's attempt at reform.

While on parochial matters, I must not forget the story of Churchwarden Jenkins, who was doing the honors one day to a party of archæologists, when one of them asked him to whom the church was dedicated. The former was puzzled for a moment, but suddenly recollecting himself, he said, with the utmost confidence: "To the squire, your honor; the church is dedicated to the squire, and is most times given to one of the family!" It was this same enlightened individual who proposed that the church music should be improved by introducing "a bahoon."

"A baboon!" repeated the rector, in dismay.

"Yes, sir, a baboon is a wonderful help to the musicians in the gallery—it encourages them to sing out."

The rector never could tell the story of the baboon without laughing.

I was startled, one day, by a boy running up to me, saying that his "father had the collops, and mother begged I would come directly." I found the poor fellow in a state of collapse. There is no end of the absurd mistakes which the rustics commit when attempting to describe their maladies. An old woman asked me if consumption "wasn't hereditary if you slept in the same room with the person?"

If I could have abolished or even moderated the use of cider in the district, my labors would have been much lightened. It may be thought an exaggeration, but I have known a Somersetshire laborer drink sixteen quarts of cider in a day. I asked this man what he would do if he were to become suddenly rich. He replied: "I'd zit and drink zider all day, and when I could na' zit, I'd lie."

Rural notions of morality are peculiar. If a person is found out in the commission of a crime, the common remark is: "How voolish *her* to be vound out." "Her," it must be observed, means "he, she, or it," indifferently. I shall never forget asking a laborer how it was that he and his family were always so poor.

"Well, I'll tell ye, sir," said he, dropping his voice to a confidential tone. "At one time there wasn't an honester veller in the parish nor I; but, d'ye see, I was always poor; so says I to myself: 'This won't do; thee must change.' So I took to stealing a bit, wasn't particular for a duck or a goose; then I went on to poaching, and then I got into jail; so says I: 'Tom, *this* won't do neither; thee must change again.'"

"And what do you do now?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, you see, I do mix it."

The blacksmith was the man of all others who was looked up to as the wit of the village. He was voted "very good company" by his compeers. I remember laughing heartily over some of his good sayings, which were repeated to me at the time; but they don't bear transplanting. The flavor of rustic wit is only to be enjoyed when you know the people and their surroundings. Then my profession made me acquainted with the whole parish, and their private heartburnings, envyings, and backbiting; I knew every one, from Farmer Brown, whose wife came to church in a vehicle, down to that "indifferent honest" rogue, Tom Saunders, who "did mix his morality" with a little of the other sort. The blacksmith was a landed proprietor, and owned two acres of orchard. He was respected accordingly.

One evening, rather late, I stopped at the blacksmith's to have my horse's shoes removed, for he had become lame, owing to a careless youngster having pricked his foot. As usual, a group of idlers had gathered round the smith's shop, and while waiting for my horse I heard the rustics chaffiing one another in their broad Doric. A farmer rode by, mounted on a very scurvy beast, when one of the group called out:

"I say, farmer, d'ye want a dog?"

"No," said the farmer, testily; "why should I want a dog?"

"O, thought you might want a dog to help eat that horse of yours."

"Never mind, farmer," said the blacksmith, "your horse be steady, and that's more than you can say of Jones." At this there was a great laugh.

"I tell you what," added Jones, determined not to be outdone, "this farmer's horse is so steady, that if he were a bit steadier he'd stand still altogether."

After this they got talking about a case of very hard swearing up at the squire's, in the matter of a poaching affray. The blacksmith was on the side of law and order, and he wound up by saying: "David said in his haste that all men were liars; but, dang me, he might o' said it at his leisure now, if he'd a-knowd this parish as I have done, man and boy, these forty year."

I remember having a dispute with my friend about the *Prophetic Almanac*, which was his only literature.

"I wonder," said I, "that as shrewd a man as yon are should believe in prophecies about the weather and public events; you must constautly see how mistaken they are in their guesses."

"For sure, I think *her* comes wonderful true; I know her to be true about the 'clipse, and if her can tell the 'clipses, her can tell the weather and the crops, and a summut here and there about the royal family; but how they can study it, I can't think; but then they does wonderful things up in Lunnun."

"Have you ever been up there?" I inquired.

"No, I've not, sir, but I do mean to go; for they do zey down here that a man will die voolish if he don't zee Lunnun some time in his life."

When I first settled in Somersetshire, I found the dialect not a little puzzling; for instance, who could understand "*Cusin herne gonner?*" I found it meant, "Can't you run good now?" "*Dout the candle,*" is a Somersetshire expression—I suppose it is an abbreviation from "do out the candle." Then again they have many words and names for things which are unknown elsewhere. The corn-loft over the stable is called a "*tallet.*" I can find no such word in Johnson, so I conclude it must be local. I was one day superintending the repairs of the lock of this said tallet, when I noticed that there was a triangular hole in the door.

"You may as well nail a board across that," said I to the carpenter.

"Oh, sir, don't ye do that; if you do, her can't get in."

"But I don't want any one to get in," was my rejoinder.

'Lor', sir, why not? her's better than a cat."

"Better than what?"

"I mean the owl, sir; her's better than a cat any day."

Hence I found that three-cornered holes in the tallet were an institution not to be meddled with in the west.

The curate and I used sometimes to walk together, and recount to each other our experience of the rustics. I remember in particular one long day we had on the Quantock Hills, searching for a beautiful white heath, which is occasionally found in these picturesque wilds. Some one says, "the ridiculous is memory's most adhesive plaster," and I suppose that fact enables me to recollect the following absurd story, which the curate told me that day during our walk. The week before, he said, he had been present at the deathbed of an old woman, who had lived like a Christian, as she was—good old soul; and her neighbors seemed to think she was all right, for one of them said to her: "Betty, you be going to heaven shortly, I wish you'd tak a message to my John! Do'y tell him that I be pretty comfortable, for squire lets me have the cottage rent-free, and I get two shillings a week from the parish."

"Lor' deary me," said the sick woman, in a feeble voice, "how can a poor lame soul like I be going a-rambling and a-scrabbling all over heaven, and p'raps not find your John after all?"

We had eaten our luncheon, which consisted of a crust of bread and cheese, on Danesborough, a spot interesting to archæologists; and we had resumed our search for botanical specimens further down the Combe, when a thunderstorm came on. This drove us to the shelter of an isolated cottage, which we luckily espied. The only inmate was a very infirm old woman, who was cowering over the hearth, where a few charred sticks kept up the delusion of fire. To wile the time, the curate produced from his pocket a little volume of *Hudibras*, from which he read some passages. Suddenly we heard the old soul at the fire sobbing audibly.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" I inquired.

"O, sir, it does me a power o' good to hear the Scriptures a-read so beautiful."

"This reminds me," said the curate, unable to suppress a smile, "of an elderly dame of my acquaintance, who exclaimed, on one occasion, 'O, those comfortable words, Mesopotamia, Pamphylia, Thrace!'"

ANECDOTE OF REV. T. S. KING.—A correspondent of the Boston *Saturday Gazette*, writing from the White Mountains, gives a characteristic anecdote of the late Thomas Starr King in connection with his famous book on the locality: "Starr King was slow and doubting even in a general way in striking comparisons among the 'picturesque' which he so lingered with. In many a prolonged ramble, days and weeks, in these regions, with him, I well remember erasure after erasure he would make in his notes, in his preparation of this book of his, where he was endeavoring to describe scenes by comparisons. On one occasion, it was at the gateway of the famous ravine on the north side of Mounts Jefferson and Adams, to which his own name was given, King had written, sitting on the rocks under the cone of Madison, a page of description upon the depths of the great ravine; he sought to convey his idea of the deep, dark chasm before us. After a graphic sentence or two, in which he strove with his cloud imagery—in which, too, by the way, he always discovered his remarkable knowledge of the effect of color—he was for a moment at a loss for a word. Some better word than 'deep' he wanted. One of the party cried out '*deepdownity.*' 'That's it!' said King, delighted; 'that word shall tell the whole of it,' and he crumpled up the paper, preserving only '*deepdownity*' for his description of the effect of the depth of King's Ravine."

THE food crop of the United States for the year 1865 will be the largest known to our history. The waste of war in provisions and cattle has been considerable, but the loss will be made up fifty-fold by the excessive productiou of the present year.

THE Connecticut people are a civil set. The Boston *Traveller* informs us that the Litchfield town clock has been stopped, on account of the serious illness of two or three prominent citizens, who were disturbed by its striking.

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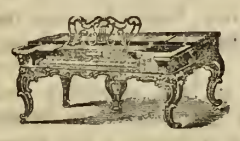

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ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

o5-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President

DEWING & LAWS.

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC STATES,

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New American Cyclopedia, 16 volumes; Annual Cyclopedia, first issued in 1861, 1 volume annually; Anecdotes, 2 volumes; History of the Civil War, 2 volumes; History of the World, by Philip Smith, B. A., 8 volumes; Gems from the Dusseldorf Gallery, issued in Parts; Burton's Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor, issued in Parts; Devotional Family Bible, issued in Parts; Life of Christ, issued in Parts; Poetry and Incidents of the War, 1 volume.

The above mentioned Works are sold by our distributing agents only.

Additions of New and Standard Works are constantly being made to this list.

Young men of good character and business habits are wanted to act as Agents. Agents wanted in every County in California, Oregon and Nevada.

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511 Sacramento street,
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JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Coeytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of Squarza rise!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty of operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

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BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.
W. F. BRANDRETH,
Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S
no26 San Francisco.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of

FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,

which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
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Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

On Sunday night, August 20th, a Mexican woman named Gregaria was badly burned in Marysville. Guiseppe Discaljo, who keeps a grocery store next door to the woman's, ran in and louud the woman stauding up in the room against the back-door with her clothes on fire. He caught hold of her and stripped her clothes off. The bed was also on fire, which he threw out in the strect, Discaljo's hands werc burned in his efforts to save the womau. There is some doubt about her recovery. She had been drinking during the day, and it is supposed her dress caught from a candle sitting on a chair close to the bed.—*Appeal*.

Sheriff McClatchy has seized and advertised for sale, says the *Union*, on the 11th of September, the entire rolling stock of the Central California Railroad, which counects Folsom with Lincoln. This property is sold by virtue of a decree and judgment in favor of Samuel Brannan against C. L. Wilson, *et al.*, for the sum of $139,755 59, with two per cent. interest compounding monthly since the rendition of verdict, etc. This judgment is now, and has for several months, been held and owned by stockholders of the Pacific Railroad Company, on whose account the sale will take place.

The Visalia *Delta* of August 16th, remarks : " Fat cattle in large numbers are being driven from the valley nearly every week. Last week Ira Van Gordon went out with a drove; this week L. B. Huff has taken out a large number. Thirty thousand beeves will be sold from Tulare within the year. This, added to the hogs. wool, bullion, etc., will make a neat little yield to our producers. We doubt whether there is a county in the State, excepting San Francisco, in which there is more money at this time in proportion to the inhabitants than in Tulare.

Saturday evening, about 10 o'clock, a man named James Cahill was shot in Virginia, Nevada. While walking towards his lodgings ; he heard the report of a pistol, felt a sting in his back, and found he was shot. The man called for assistance, and was conveyed to a Chinese wash-house contiguous, but was subsequently removed to his own quarters. He has no idea who fired the shot, as the night was very dark. The wound is not dangerous, and Cahill soon be well again.

The Gold Hill *News* says : " It is now claimed that the Virginia and Truckee Railroad construction will soon be under way. We are informed that the California Branch of the Pacific Railroad Company have agreed to lend $32,000 per mile of their bonds, or exchange that amount of bonds with the Truckee Railroad Company ; and our mine and mill owners have agreed to take mutual interests in furtherence of the project.

The Downieville *Messenger* of August 19th states that the sluices of Webster & Co., of Snake Bar, have been robbed several times just previous to their time of cleaning up. On Friday night last, Webster's partner, in concealment awaiting, discovered two men, whom he was confident were Chinamen, at the sluices. He fired twice at the robbers, wounding one or both, as appeared by the traces of blood left in departing ; they, however, made good their escape.

Relative to races during the State Fair, the Sacramento *Union* says : The speed programme of the State Fair has been so altered that there is but little doubt that we shall have two races between *Norfolk* aud *Lodi*. On the first day of the Fair (Monday, September 18th,) a purse of $1,000 is offered for a two-mile running race ; on the last day (Saturday, September 23d,) a purse of $2,000 is offered for a three-mile running race. Both races are free to all.

The California Stage Company on the 14th inst. commenced carrying passengers from Portland to Sacramento at reduced rates. The passage is now placed at $50, and the passeuger cau stop and rest three nights on the route. The time through is six days. It is hardly probable that this move will seriously affect the ocean liue. The fears engendered by the late disaster to the *Brother Jonathan* will soon wear away.

As the *Petaluma* was discharging freight at Lakeville, on Saturday last, Mr. Jacob Pricc fell overboard, and having a purse on his person containing about three thousand dollars, discharged it in order to keep from going to " Davy Jones " himself. Preparations are being made to fish up the money.

On the 19th inst., says the *Appeal*, the Jefferson Company, Brown's Valley, again cleaned up about seven thousand dollars. A most substantiul and very big ledge is crossing their incline shaft from which they are now taking their best quartz.

In the Supreme Court, August 9th, judgment in favor of Madden was reversed, aud the District Court directed to enter judgment in favor of Stratton, dismissing the complaint of the relator, with costs. This settles it that Straton shall be State Librarian.

A man named John Boyd was burned to death in his cabin near Placerville recently. The *Mirror* says he was about forty-five years of age, and is believed to have left no family. He crossed the Plains to Oregon in 1847, and came to this State in 1848.

ABOUT BALZAC.

THE continental correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette*, says : " M. Wartel, an old publisher who was ruined by de Balzac, has hinted some most deplorable stories of the novelist's love of money and contempt of the obligation of returning it. I met, a few days since in one of our newspapers, a story exhibiting this defect in his charaeter, which I will tell you. At one period of de Balzac's life he owned a periodical, *Le Chronique de Paris*, and as he had no credit, the printer and paper-maker reqnired weekly payments. To obtain this money he was obliged to resort to more artifi ces than can be described. One day every effort had failed, and it seemed that the periodical must stop publication. He sat iu silent despair in his office with two of the three contributors associated with him. All of a sudden the third contributor burst into the room, exclaiming : " Saved! We shall appear! I have discovered a capitalist!" De Balzac growled : " A real capitalist ? with sure 'nough money ?" " He has a pocket-book full of bank notes." De Balzac said : " Invite the fellow to dine with us next Sunday ; und look ye, gentlemen (added he, turning to his contributors.) take care yo wear good clothes and clean liren, for our all is at stake." Never, perhaps, did the old proverb, " Where there's a will there's a way," receive better demonstration than upon this occasion ; for de Balzac, stimulated by the appearance of this new horizon of hope, not only found money enough to print the current number of *Le Chronique de Paris*, but to redeem his silver from the pawnbroker's and to order a sumptnous dinner from the celebrated cook Chevet. of the Palais Royal. De Balzac lived then in what was one of the obscurest and remotest corners of Paris. It is so now. Judge what it must have been twenty years ago. His residence was in the Rue Cassini, which is near the observatory. Everybody but the guest was punctual. He. however, made his appearance within the five minutes of grace, and de Balzac was delighted with him, for he seemed the *beau-ideal* of that ingenuous shareholder whose purse is ready at any call, be it South Sea stock or Morus Multicaulis companies, lake copper mine or oil well companies—the minnow provident Heaven has made that the gudgeon go not hungered. He was a tall, thin young man, with long flat yellow hair, dressed in old-fashioned clothes, awkward, timid, embarrassed ; in fine, everything abont him showed the pigeon easy to be plucked. De Balzac held out his hand ; gave the newcomer's a hard squeeze which brought the blood to his cheek. The novelist's servant soon entered the room habited in a silver-trimmed livery (which he had borrowed from the costumer of a neighboring theatre,) and announced dinner. " Count, do me the honor to take a seat on my right," said de Balzac. " Is he noble ?" asked one of his coutributors. De Balzac replied : " Not a bit of it. I am only flattering the fool's vanity in order to get more money out of him." The prospect of an abundant supply of money put de Balzac and his contributors into excellent spirits, the repast and wines were of the best quality, and the intellectual portion of the entertainment was indeed a feast. The capitalist ate and drank and smiled, but he did not say a word. At the close of the dinner de Balzac said : " Count, you see what our ordinary bill of fare is. If you ever again feel like sharing our pot-luck, we shall feel honor and pleasure." The company adjourned to the drawing-room for coffee and cigars. De Balzuc stood with his back to the chimney, thrust his hands under the coat-tails of his blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, and said : " You know, count, that I am chief editor, absolute manager, and proprietor of *Le Chronique de Paris*, a periodical destiued at no distant day to ruin *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and *La Revue de Paris*. I have been informed of your desire to become my partner. Such propositions have frequently been made to me, and, to tell you the truth, not a day passes but one or two people press me to give them a share in my periodical I have heretofore uniformly declined these offers, but the common frieud who introduced you to me is so particular a friend of mine that I can refuse him nothing, and I will make that exception in your favor which hitherto I have refused everybody. I regret, however, to say that I cannot let you have as many shares as you may desire. The very utmost I can do is to give you 50,000f. worth of shares. But I beg that yon will not ask me for another ; I cannot give it you." The capitalist replied : " M. de Balzac, I will repeat all you have said to pa ;" and he took his hat, and, bowing to the company, retired. As soon as the door closed de Balzac clasped his hands to his forehead and exclaimed : " Duped, by Jove! Auguste (said he, addressing the servant,) carry the silver to the pawnbroker's the first thing you do to-morrow morning."

A pear tree in Dr. Chapman's orchard, in Nevada, Cal. (says the *Gazette,)* produced, n oa twig three feet in leugth, and about the thickness of a man's finger, eighteen pounds of pears! The twig was broken off by the weight of the fruit.

Maurice Fenton, an employe in the Union Copper mine at Copperopolis, fell down a shaft 60 feet deep, Friday last and broke his neck.

Politeness and Truth.—Many persons plead a love of truth as an apology for rough manners, as if truth was never gentle and kind, but harsh, morose, and forbidding. Surely good manners and a good conscience ure no more inconsistent with each other than beauty and innoceuce, which are strikingly akin, and always look the better for companionship. Roughness and honesty are indeed sometimes found together in the same person, but he is a poor judge of human nature who takes ill manners to be a guarantee of probity of character ; or suspects a stranger to be a rascal because he has the manners of a gentleman. Some persons object to politeness, that its language is unmeaning and false. But this is easily answered. A lie is not locked up in phrase, but must exist, if at all, in the mind of the speaker. In the ordinary compliments of civilized life there is no intentiou to deceive, and consequently no falsehood. Polite language is pleasant to the ear and soothing to the heart ; while rough words are just the reverse ; and if not the product of ill-temper, are very apt to produce it. The plainest of truths, let it be remembered, can be conveyed in civil speech, while the most maligaanant of lies may find utterance, and often do, in the language of the fish market.

Prejudice.—The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed to President Lincoln : " Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October ; a man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighboring hill a figure apparently of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear ; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him : the size lessens as they approach ; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly, diminished ; at last they meet, and perhaps the person he took for a *monster* proves to be his own brother."

Poisoning Grain.—The Sacramento *Union* of the 22d inst., says it has received a notice that the grain now being threshed on the Pico grant, of Herman Wohler & Co., Ione Valley, has been poisoned. The informant states that he put four ounces of strychnine in the sacks. It seems strange (remarks the *Bee.* in copying the statement.) that a man should tell of such a deed, if he did do it. The object is evidently to spoil the sale of any grain belonging to Wohler. There has been a great deal of trouble between the grant-holders and the squatters in Ione Valley, and the author of the letter claims to be one of the injured fraternity.

Diffusion of Knowledge.—An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious ; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite. The new world of ideas ; the new views of the relations of things ; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical power disclosed, counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasure ; and thus, in the end, a standard of character is created in the community, which, though it does not invariably save each individual, protects the virtue of the mass.

A Bad Investment for a Life Insurance Company.—A French lady recently dece sed at Versailles, in her 107th year. It further appears in a statement recently made, that in 1822, being then in her 65th year, she effected a life contract with the General Life Insurance Company of Paris, by which she was to receive 4,000 francs annually on the puyment of 30,000 francs at the time of making the contract. This annual sum was punctually paid and amounted to 170,000 francs! The company must have taken a long breath when this apparently interminable existence was closed.

The San Leandro *Gazette* says that Dr. Pratt, of that town, has in his garden a cucumber-measuring fourteen inches in circumference and fifteen and a half inches in length, and is increasing in size every day.

The sixteenth anniversary of the arrival of the ship *Humboldt* will be celebrated by her resident passengers on Wednosday evening next.

Under date of Feb. 16th, 1865, Prof. Beames, the Musical Conductor, of New York, says : " I have had the pleasure of examining one of your new Grand Scale Square Piano Fortes, and I unhesitatingly state that it is in every particular the most magnificent of instruments ; the tone is most brilliant and beautiful both in quality and power, and I can truly say that I have never seen its equal. You deserve the highest possible success for giving to the public such superb instruments. I shall take great pleasure in recommending them to my pupils, and when opportunity offers play upon them in public.

CLARE W. BEAMES.

Mrs. Read's chest-expanders, skirt-supporters and other articles of ladies' toilet, exhibited at the Fair, should receive the attention of every lady visiting the exhibition. They are acknowledged as very essential aids to grace of form, convenience and health, by every lady who uses them.

The Nicholson Pavement is gaining favor in the community. Bush street, between Montgomery and Sansome, is being paved, and the sidewalks on the north side of the street are being laid with this, best of all pavements.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwardod by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

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NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
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HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPidly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.
Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the
SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜
E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
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STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use
For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

Notes of all denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the great

Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the loan authorized by the last Congress, are now on the market.

This amount, at the rate of which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers through out the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

RARE CHANCE
TO SECURE
DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.
J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22 4t Room Nos. 2 and 6.

HUNT'S PATENT
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by
E. O. HUNT,
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NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, upon reasonable terms.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
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IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
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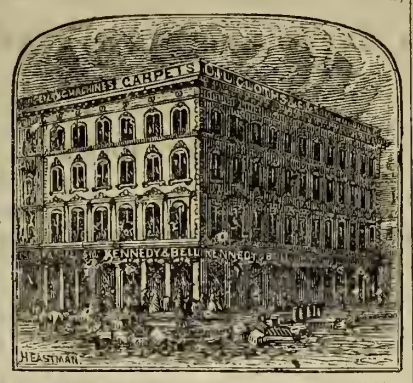

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,
NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK
OF
Gentlemen's Clothing,
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS,
VALISES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
NOW IN THE STORE,
No. 233 Montgomery street,
(Russ Block,)
IS BEING SOLD
AT
REATLY REDUCED RATES,
TO
CLOSE THE ESTATE
OF
THOMAS G. SANDFORD,
LATELY DECEASED.
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STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NOTICE.

A LARGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG came to my premises on August 21. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at DUNN & HENRY'S coal and wood yard, southeast corner of Powell and Union streets. au12-2t

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DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

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PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physcians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

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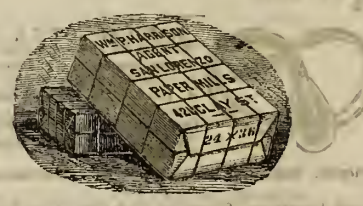

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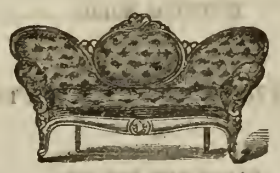

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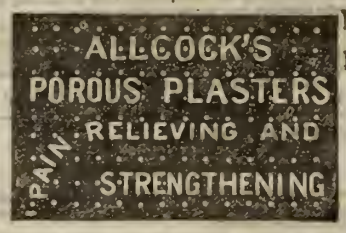

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jc30-3m

POOR FELLOW.

HE sat by the way, as the careless crowd scattered,
Oh, pitiful vision to see!
A poor crippled soldier all battered and shattered,
Both legs taken off at the knee!

And I said: "Noble fellow! How little is left him!
No blessing will come at his call;
The terrible bullet which cleft him bereft him
Of strength, hope, love, beauty—of all.

Yet stay! should he wish it"—my heart throbbing faster—
"I'll be his own true-hearted wife;
With me by his side he may master disaster,
And build up a beautiful life.

"His sorrow nipped early—his joy shall bloom later,
And I shall be proud of his scars;
This hero, thus marred by a traitor is greater
Than any in gold lace and stars!"

"Dear sister"—a saucy voice said at my shoulder—
Mistakenly kind, oh, beware!
This man, with a load for one older and bolder,
Already has all he can bear!"

[*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC CABLE.

THE latest telegrams bring us news of the failure of the second attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable. The prospects of the undertakiug, were very judiciously stated by the London *Post*, in an article published on the 28th of June, from which we make the following extract:

"The process of laying the Atlantic Telegraph Cable is about to commence. There are several considerations touching the difficulties which have to be surmounted, and which it may be desirable to set in their proper light. One of the principal dangers by which the cable is threatened is described as consisting in abrupt and extensive variations in the surface of the ocean's bed. It is known that at some distance from the coast of Ireland there is a great increase in the depth of the Atlantic, and it was formerly believed that the steepness of the inclined plane stretching between the shallow water and the deep sea beyond was much greater than it really appears to be. The slope is now believed, from soundings which have been made, to be very gradual, and to extend over a distance of nearly a hundred miles, with a gentle descent of less than a hundred and fifty feet in a mile. But the condition of things on that part of the earth's surface which is covered with water is, we have every reason to believe, as different in its configuration from the portion which is covered with air as the latter is from the surface of the moon, where there is apparently no atmosphere at all, or at all events no such atmosphere as ours. Unless a submarine precipice were so abrupt that the cable would have to hang from its summit perpendicularly, or be stretched across from one mountain top to another, like the over-house telegraphs, it would, if cautiously paid out from the ship, easily accommodate itself to slopes of considerable steepness. The bed of the ocean is generally soft, and when once the cable had accommodated itself to the configuration of the surface, it would remain perfectly quiescent. There appear to be no currents at great depths, and the gravitation of the water would tend to maintain it in its position. The chief peril which the enterprise has to encounter is perhaps, after all, that of storms, which may deprive the crew of the *Great Eastern* of all command over their vessel. It is well calculated to impress even the proudest and most powerful with the consciousness of our impotence when we reflect that the success of so great and so useful a project—a project on which so much care has been bestowed and so much capital expended, and the moral and political consequences of which are so important and beneficial—depends chiefly upon the happy accident of uninterrupted fine weather during the few weeks that it is being executed. But all that could be done has been done, and the best season has been chosen for the voyage.

"KILL IT!"—Affected young lady, seated in a rocking-chair, reading the Bible, exclaims: "Mother, here's a grammatical error in the Bible!" Mother, lowering her specs, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude, says: "Kill it! kill it! it 's the very thing that has been eating the book-marks."

In an important case recently tried in New York, the jury, after being out nearly an hour, came in and informed the court that one of their number knew nothing of the English language, and had not understood a word of the evidence, arguments, or charge of the judge. The court, after some hesitation, dismissed the jury.

STATISTICS.—One of those painfully idle animals called statisticians has discovered that the French Academy contains 5 octogenarians, 10 septuagenarians, 13 sexagenarians, 8 quinquagenarians, 3 quadragenarians, and that the total of the ages of all the academicians is 2,611 years.

FEMININE FASHIONS IN LIMA.

IT is probable that if those who formerly testified to a universal Limeña loveliness, could see the women in later fashions of dress, they would conclude that the *saya-a-manto*, the mysterious garment then worn, did much to shape their opinions. The interest felt in that unique dress may justify a description of it.

The name is composed of two substantive words, as the dress consists of two essential parts. The *saya* is a skirt hanging in apparently quilted folds from the waist nearly to the ground. In consequence of this quilting it is drawn in, or narrowed about the knees, so as to give an appearance of want of freedom in the use of the limbs, which, however, is more apparent than real, because of the elasticity of the skirt. The material of the saya is usually black silk. The manto, made of lighter material than silk, but also black, is attached to the saya at the waist behind and at its sides, whence it is brought up over the shoulders and head, concealing one arm entirely, which is folded up to hold the opposite sides of the manto together across the breast, and revealing only a part of the other arm, and the hand, which is raised for the purpose of drawing it over the face, leaving but one eye exposed. A well-turned arm and small hand, with taper fingers, adorned with brilliants, not more dazzling than the flashing eye, near which they loiter in coquettish mischief, show to great advantage in such a costume, and very naturally lead to the conclusion that all the unseen is in beautiful harmony. A gay colored shawl, usually crimson, is worn under the manto, and over the shoulders, covering the bust and falling in front, aiding by the bright reflection in beautifying the revealed arm and hand, always left exposed when the wearer is of pure Caucasian descent. Owing to the awkward appearance given to the figure by the contraction of the saya at the knee, and which gave to it also the name *saya adjustada*—drawn in—the Limeñas improved the style by opening out the skirt, letting it drop free and unconfined, and giving an air of greater ease and grace to the person, this being called in contradistinction *saya despliegada*. And thus it was worn until a few years since, convenient to the wearer for all artful purposes, and bewitching to the beholder—the chirimoya of dress—its captivating mysteries not to be described by language any more than the nectared sweets of that elysian fruit.

A few years since European fashions, under the skilful leadership of a few cunning beauties, began to make inroads upon the previously irresistible saya, which had placed the least favored in personal charms, provided she had but a bright eye, and understood the art of using it, on the same vantage ground with the loveliest. As in most important questions that have agitated the world, a compromise was the result, and the *saya-a-manto* is now supplanted by a large shawl, usually black, which the wearer throws over her head; and when it pleases her to be concealed it is drawn over the face from each side in such manner as to hide all but one eye, one end of the shawl being thrown carelessly over the shoulder after the manner of a Spanish cavalier's cloak. A Limeña is said to be *tapada*, and she is called *tapada*, when thus covered. The shawl thus worn answers all the purposes of concealment afforded by the manto, but is by no means as becoming. Indeed, so clumsy is it unless of a very fine and flexible material, and adroitly managed, and so troublesome to the wearer, that the prettier women, unembarrassed by the necessities of intrigue, are outwitting their less comely contemporaries, and with ready pretexts appear in public adorned as of old in the rich and courtly Spanish veil, and some of them even in that artful invention of modern millinery, the cunning little bonnet. It is refreshing to see this irresistible device of Parisian civilization, on the form, fit, color, and embellishment of which hang the hopes and happiness of nearly half the Caucasian race; and when, here in Lima, where it has not yet fully established its empire, it happens occasionally nearly to touch one's cheek as it flits by on the narrow footway, it brings thoughts of rosebuds and sweetness, pleasant thoughts and tender emotions.—*Baxley.*

WHAT ARE YOUR RELIGIOUS VIEWS?—About seven miles from Richmond I saw a man lying under the shade of a tree, assiduously chewing tobacco. After saluting him and asking several questions, to which I received lazy yeses and noes, I asked him to what churches the people in that neighborhood usually went. "Well, not much to any." "What are their religious views?" "Well, not much of any." "Well, my friend, what are *your* religious views?" I asked. The man answered slowly and sleepily: "My own 'pinion is, that them as made me 'll take care of me."

A TERRIBLE elephant is on the rampage in one of the provinces of Hindostan. He was walking in a marriage procession, but suddenly proceeded to pull up a few trees, and to pull down a house or two. On the next day he got worse, set his foot on a mahoot, smashed a Brahmin, punched a couple of kidmudgars, and frightened all the inhabitants of Kotulpore out of town.

THE LAW OF HONOR.—The feeling that prevailed under George III., was also strongly shown in the affair of the "Blueviad," a satirical poem on the "Blues," published in 1805 by a very young officer, who has since risen to social and professional distinction as a civilian. The officers came to a resolution to prosecute, and not to fight; but one of them, a captain who had joined in it, shook his whip at the satirist as they passed each other in Rotten-Row. This led to a challenge, which was refused on the score of the resolution, with the approval of six of the officers. The captain was forthwith posted, literally and actually, on large bills pasted against the walls, proclaiming him a coward. One of these met the eye of George III. "What, what, what? A captain in my household troops a coward? What are the Horse Guards about?" A court of inquiry sat, and every officer who had approved the captain's conduct in offering an affront for which he did not intend to be responsible was compelled to leave the regiment along with him. Elderly people who knew London society in their youth may remember a General T—— of the Guards, who was an assiduous and active frequenter of balls till past seventy. His affair with Theodore Hook shows how strictly the law of honor was once enforced. Overhearing the celebrated humorist, then a very young man, declaiming rather coarsely against waltzing, the general uttered a tart rejoinder, on which Hook grasped the collar of his coat, and flung or pushed him on one side with an expression of contempt. This took place in the hall of the house in which a ball had been given, as the company was breaking up. The general having taken no notice of the incident for two days, received a pretty broad hint that he must move in the affair, and eventually he screwed up his courage to the point of sending Hook a challenge through General A——. The excuse for delay was Hook's equivocal position in the world; and Hook, in telling the story, frankly owned that he did not know where to find a second. At length the thought struck him that he had better consult Colonel Reeve, an old friend of his father's, who, a little to his surprise, and much to his delight, undertook to act for him, stipulating that Hook should apologize after an interchange of shots. Hook consented, nothing loth, and the first fire having proved innocuous, was preparing for the apology, when General A—— stepped forward and delivered a written apology to him. The following day General T—— went to the Duke of York to report himself, and on mentioning what had occurred, was told that he had better leave the army. "If I leave the army, what am I to do?" was his very natural exclamation. To which the Duke of Cumberland (the King of Hanover,) who happened to be present, replied: "Why, turn dancing master, and be —— to you."

A FUNNY COURT SCENE.—A funny scene, and one not altogether in accordance with the chapter of the code regulating the duties of Justice of the Peace, was presented in a Justice's Court, not ten miles from the city of Dubuque, the other day.

A man was brought before the Squire to be tried for assault and battery. Now, be it remembered that the said Squire has an ardent love of the "craythur," and when his "love" is indulged to any extent, he is out-spoken, and betrays the "leanings" in the trial of a case.

Well the principal witness for the prosecution was called in the above trial. He proceeded to tell his story:

"I was going along the street," said he, "and I saw the plaintiff standing near the curb-stone. The defendant came up to him, looked at him a second, and then struck him a square blow and knocked him over."

"Bully for him! Bully for him!" shouted the Justice, in evident delight. "That's what I like to see, *a square blow.*"

The counsel and spectators were amazed, and sat looking at the delighted Justice like statues; then three or four of them burst into a laugh.

"Order in the court," cried the Squire. "This court must be respected in a proper manner. Proceed with your case, gentlemen."

"Well, but your honor," said the counsel for the prosecution, "I'd like to know what kind of a proceeding this is. How can we try this case under such circumstances? Your honor knows"—

"Order in the court," roared the Squire. "Gentlemen, proceed with the case. I am glad it was a square blow he struck him!" he continued, ending the sentence in a hearty laugh.

Of course the prosecution "rested" here, and well they might. The "square blow" had settled their hash in that Court. The defence offered their testimony, and the Justice dismissed the case.—*Dubuque Times.*

EXPLORATION OF AFRICA.—Dr. Livingstone is about proceeding upon an exploration to the district between the north of Lake Nyassa and the south of Lake Tanganyka. As British Consul to the native races of Eastern Africa, he has a salary of £500 a year. A private friend has paid £1,000 towards the new expedition, the Royal Geographical Society promise £500, and the Foreign Office will give as much more.

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

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MOTTO—The Singer Machine is the only Machine that will sew all kinds of thread.

☞ 75,000 ☜

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

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WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZZAR,
431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

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Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12-2m GEO. J. S HYAMS.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY, *SEPTEMBER* 13, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

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AMERICA.

W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commander.

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ON WEDNESDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 13TH.
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely,
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ERICSSON,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

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The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA October 13th.

For information or passage, apply to
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Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
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THE MOST DELICIOUS OF ALL COFFEES
GROUND FRESH TO ORDER BY
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Three Doors below the Market House,
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T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

MR. DAN SETCHELL,
SUPPORTED BY
THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, August 26th.
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
The Farce of a
REGULAR FIX,
AND
LEAH THE FORSOOK.

This Evening, August 26th, 1865,
MR. DAN SETCHELL
In the Play of
DAVID COPPERFIELD.
And the Burlesque of
LEAH THE FORSOOK!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

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The attention of the Public is invited to
The Floral Repository,
Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street,*
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

THE WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested in the matter: That the Trustees of the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation of San Francisco have filed in the office of the Clerk of the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, their petition, directed to said Court, and therein praying for an order of said Court for the sale of the following-described premises belonging to said Welsh Presbyterian congregation of San Francisco, viz.: that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded as follows, viz.: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Pollard Place, 57 1-2 feet northerly from Vallejo street, running thence northerly along said line of Pollard Place 40 feet, thence at right angles easterly 58 1-2 feet, thence southerly along the line of Sonoma Place 40 feet, and thence at right angles westerly 58 1-2 feet to the point of commencement, for the sum of twelve hundred dollars, seven hundred dollars cash, and five hundred dollars payable in one year, on mortgage.

W. C. BURNETT,
Att'y for the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation
au19-3t of San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M.

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

WHEATLEIGH'S EUREKA THEATRE,

Montgomery street between Pine and California.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
RALPH PHELPS.....Treasurer.

Engagement of the celebrated Scotch Comedian
MR. W. D. SHIELS.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, AUGUST 26TH,
GUY MANNERING!

SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26TH,
The Romantic Drama of
GUY MANNERING.

Dandie Dinmont.....Mr. W. D. Shiels.
Meg Merrilies (in immitation of Charlotte Cushman).....Mr. Chas. Wheatleigh
Col. Mannering.....A. R. Phelps
Henry Bertram.....E. F. Thorne
Dominey Sampson.....Mr. Percy
Gabriel (a Gipsey).....Stephen Leach
Julia Mannering (with song).....Mrs. Wheatleigh
Lucy Bertram.....Louise Clarkson
Mrs. McCandlish.....Mrs. Judah

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.

Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
Fine Clothing,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,*
AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

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Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,
San Francisco.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

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NEW VIEWS OF
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HYDRAULIC, QUARTZ AND PLACER MINING,
MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY SCENERY, GOLD HILL,
VIRGINIA CITY, BIG TREES, AND
YOSEMITE VALLEY,
PUBLISHED BY
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery street.*

CATALOGUES now ready, and can be had, on application, FREE. au19-1m

---

SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.

GEO. B. MERRILL, Secretary,
Office, 520 Montgomery street,
jy22-td San Francisco.

WILSON'S Mastodon Champion Circus

OF THE WORLD!

THE PERFECTION of ARENIC ART!

GREATEST COMBINATION EVER MADE ON THE PACIFIC COAST!

PERFORMANCES THIS AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
August 26th, 1865,
ON THE
Lot adjoining the International Hotel.

Mr. James Cook,
Ross and Curlo,
Ella Zoyara, Senor Olmo,
Wm. Worrell, Mme. Ellouise,
John Burry, Master Austin,
La Petite Gemma,
Miss Anneran,
George Peoples,
Master Tomasito,
Senor Orlandino,
Master Henriques,
And a host of general performers, together with the celebrated

BUISLAY FAMILY.

Who enjoy the reputation of being
WITHOUT EQUALS IN THE ART GYMNASTIQUE,

Will make their first appearance in the United States in the new and magnificent Pavilion, erected expressly at a cost of
TWENTY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

JED. WILSON'S CELEBRATED BRASS BAND.

All in one Grand Pavilion, with Arm Chairs, Cushioned Seats, and all the Luxuries of a First Class Theatre.

☞ Grand Matinee for Families on Saturday Afternoon, at 2 o'clock. J. ALEXANDER, Agent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1865:

SEPT. 2d, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A PLEASANT HOME

CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE
WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.

References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, at the office at of this paper. jy1

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF
COAL OIL LAMPS
AND
CHANDLIERS
AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

Preparatory to Closing Out that Department.

☞ For sale by STANFORD BROS.,
au26-1m 123 California street.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 15. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

NO CONTINUED STORIES—EVERY ARTICLE COMPLETED IN THIS NUMBER.

PROSE ARTICLES:

The Surprising Adventures of Master Charles Summerton. — By "Alexis."
The Canning of Lunacy.—By F. H.
Stories for Good Little Girls.—By "Ancient."
A Dramatic Company of Fleas—A Translation by "Trem."
Letter from Summit City. — By "Robin Hood."

Making free with a Chief.
Raphael's Cartoons.
A "Novel" Suit.
Stylish Equipages in Paris.
Misrepresentation as a Cause of War.
An Unpatented Ghost.
An India Rubber Book.
A Modern Upas.
The Old House and the New One.

POETRY:

A Riddle.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

EDITORIALS:

Franklin Tuthill.
Musical Matters.
Editorial Paragraphs.

NEW BOOKS:

A Review of Recent Publications.

INTERIOR ITEMS:

Recent Events, in Brief.

THEATRICAL TALK:

The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:

Baited with Tempting Tit-bits.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

ON Thursday last a remarkable poem, with the following heading, appeared in the *Flag*:

CRITICS AND RHYMERS.

BY ONE OF THE "FLAG'S POETS."

[The following is good-naturedly inscribed to those critical geniuses of the "*purely literary press*" who would, if they could, emulate the excellence of "THE FLAG'S Poets." Not possessing the requisite strength of wing to soar that high, they fly low, and chipper right enviously:]

"We that have free souls, it touches us not." "One of the *Flag's* poets" (Heavens! imagine the strength of mind a man must have to call himself "one of the *Flag's* poets"!) does not mean us We appreciate the *Flag's* poets, and only last week called attention to that sweet thing by "Andy Eh." "Let the gulled jade wince." We never strive to emulate the excellence of the *Flag's* poets—we confess we couldn't do it. "One of the *Flag's* poets" proceeds to give a sample of the sort of thing which makes these critics "chipper right enviously" because they cannot "soar that high." We cut a specimen inch and a half out of the middle:

> "Far be it from this recreant pen of mine
> To gild a phrase or trip a honeyed line;
> Let candor reign! let truth ut once declare
> What in her presence seems most good and fair!
> Let falsehood flaunt, let wholesale error win
> Her little day from out the babbling din
> Of *each grand show* where critics make their way,
> And furnish music while "the kitteas play!"
> Far be it from this recreant pen of mine
> To gild a phrase or trip a honeyed line;
> *Dethrone the earth-worm, or the moth despise,*
> *Because, forsooth! a winged Psyche flies!*

Didn't "one of the *Flag's* poets" think he'd just done it when he wrote—

> "Far be it from this recreant pen of mine
> To gild a phrase or trip a honeyed line"?

He had to put that in twice. We are sorry to observe that his recreant pen *has* tripped several honeyed lines, or at least played the mischief with their poor feet, making them halt very badly; for instance, the second of these three lines:

> Each bird will have his song, each clown his day,
> Each play applauders, each charlatan his claim,
> Each wit his jest, and each grand quack his fame.

This one of the *Flag's* poets is modest; he says:

> "O Shade of Sappho! let a burning strain
> Ring one full tone along the Western main!
> The fine-strung nerve and ear too long are jarred
> With non-idea'd rhyming by the yard!" *

He then gently hints that the "burning strain" is his poem; it *is* a considerable strain. The * attached to the last line directs attention to this note: "This line is especially intended for the 'Bohemians,' and especially not intended for the *Flag's* poets." "One of the *Flag's* poets" does not jar our ears with non-idea'd rhyming *by the yard*; his strain only measures nine inches and a half—little over half a foot—including introduction and foot-note. We did not discover an idea, but there might have been one somewhere. We are rejoiced that that much maligned class, "the *Flag's* poets," have found one among their number bold enough to throw down the gauntlet by writing a burning strain and challenging the Bohemians to equal it. We have given up that sort of thing, and shall not enter the lists, but we could soar "that high," if we liked; we did once—in a little poem in praise of Messrs. Lockwood & Hendrie's suits for boys—and probably could do it again, but the inducements offered are not sufficient.

WE are always happy to give information on any subject when it lies in our power to do so, as any one who noticed our frantic effort to answer that question about "monkey on the heart," must be aware. We are therefore most happy to give the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* the information which he seeks, though, at the same time, we must own we are somewhat surprised at such a request coming from such a quarter; for, be it known, this editor is a classical scholar, a professor of languages, and a most accomplished gentleman. In the kindness of our heart we warned him that he would certainly hurt his fingers some day if he persisted in pulling our "Mouse-Trap" about, but he would not heed our advice, and now he *has* done it:

"*Information Wanted.*—Will the acute, critical, and classical "Mouse-Trap" man of THE CALIFORNIAN be good enough to inform us why, in the proverbial saying, "*Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus*," he writes "*nascetur*" for "*nascatur*," and upon what authority he substitutes the future of the verb for the present?"

Will we inform you why we write "*nascetur*?" Certainly, with much pleasure. Because this "proverbial saying" was written by the Latin poet Horace, and he writes "*nascetur*" instead of "*nascitur*," as the classical editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* may ascertain by referring to the epistle entitled "*De Arte Poetica*," of which this sentence, which has since become proverbial, forms the 139th line. "By what authority?" We can give the authority of the Cambridge edition, published by Thos. Kidd, A. M., of Trinity College, 1817, the Latin and English edition by the Reverend Mr. Philip Francis; Dublin, A. Leathly and J. Exshaw, 1764. "Authority?" Nay, for fear of allowing our classical mouse any hole by which to escape, we will refer him to the Delphine edition, A. J. Valpy, London, 1825. We believe from the Delphine edition there is no appeal. Lest our editor should wish for still more authority, let him refer to "Quotations from Foreign Languages" in the last edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for, wonderful to relate, even Webster, whose Latin in the early editions of his dictionary was not at all safe to swear by, positively quotes this correctly. We, with Horace, prefer the use of the future tense as expressing something which will happen: "The mountains are in labor; a ridiculous mouse will be brought forth." The editor will observe that, as soon as the mouse is born ("*nascitur*") the laboring of the mountains ceases, therefore the verb is most properly in the future, will be born, ("*nascetur*,") as expressing what will be the result of the mountains being in labor. We devote so much space to giving this information, hoping that the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* asked it in good faith, and was not laboring under the idea that we were ever in the habit of misquoting either Latin or English authors; if he did he has made a very poor attempt. We, who edit the "Mouse-Trap," should certainly not be likely to make any mistake about a mouse—ridiculous or otherwise. If the editor wished to find and expose to contempt a ridiculous *mus* in our "Mouse-Trap, we fear the result of his labor will scarcely prove satisfactory to him. However, he is heartily welcome to the information which he has asked us to give him, and we trust that he will continue to keep a sharp eye on the "Mouse-Trap;" but he must not set his dog-Latin to catch our respectable Horatian mouse.

WE are an independent set of people in San Francisco, and do things in our own way without regard to the manner in which the rest of the world act. Public men generally have dinners given in their honor; the Chinese merchants invited Colfax to a dinner; the young gentlemen of San Francisco invited him to a dance—grand ball in honor of the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. That's how we manage it in San Francisco; we wonder whether Mr. Colfax there saw the solid men of California whirling in the giddy mazes of the waltz, and met the leading politicians of the State in a perspiring condition from the effects of a gallop. This was perhaps not dignified, but it pleased the young gentlemen, and Mr. Colfax, who is a kind-hearted man, accepted the invitation, no doubt, as he might accept one from a party of young Americans to join in a game at base-ball—to please the youngsters.

WE are really grieved and surprised that the following entry in the list of shipping arrivals at this port has not attracted the attention of the daily press:

"Schr *Hannah Louise*, Mason, 48 hours from Point New Year; lumber, to Waddell & Co.

What does that mean? Who are Waddell & Co? Why, Captain Waddell and the pirates of the *Shenandoah* who are burning our whalers up North, very likely. How do we know that he isn't out of coal, and this lumber isn't consigned to him for fuel. It *may* not be, but then on the other hand it may. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. Why did not the *Call* which discovered that gun—no, yeast powder—stored in Sacramento, call the attention of the authorities to this suspicious consignment? Waddell & Co! may be all right, but it looks suspicious, very suspicious.

THE last name on the Democratic ticket is E. J. Chase:

> The chase is up, the chase is up,
> The pack is in full cry,
> The scent is warm, the riders bold
> O'er fences seem to fly.
> The Monroe Doctrine—five-barred gate—
> Is cleared with one bold hound,
> The hapless nigger on the fence,
> Lies sprawling on the ground.
> Still faster speed the gallant throng—
> Their leader turns his face—
> "We're hunting nothing, boys," he cries,
> "We've all outstripped the Chase."
> The pack should sure pursue the chase,
> And Chase should lead the pack,
> The head man (Shaw)re will find this true,
> When he, too late, looks back

POOR Felix O'Byrne has been persecuted again, and this time the *Flag* did not come to his defence. Poor Felix! he was worse off than Lazarus, for the dogs came and licked *his* sores. As in the Enquiry, so in the Court Martial, voracity and lack of veracity appear to have been the cause of the trouble. Felix is charged with omitting to pay money which he owed for subsistence stores, and then telling stories, just as restaurant keepers accused him before of not paying for his subsistence stores. Then they say he took a horse out of a stable, without the permission of the owner, and told stories about that; but, in justice to Felix, we must state that he did not eat the horse. Felix is to have another trial—as if the poor fellow had not had trials enough already! How many more trials the *infelix* O'Byrne will bear, without succumbing, is hard to say; his next, which will probably be his last, (by the military authorities,) will come upon him on Monday next, and may the Lord have mercy on his soul—that is, provided he has such an article about him.

THE reporter of the *Call* has evidently a highly poetical imagination. He relates how the school children visited the Fair and gazed: "their young eyes with wonder dilated, first at the glittering piles, and then at the vast airy fabric that rose around them,

> ——a temple such as mortal hand
> Has never built, nor ecstacy, nor dream,
> Reared in the cities of enchanted land."

Good gracious! We wonder whether the reporter didn't steal that from some London penny-a-liner's description of the Crystal Palace, and think it would do just as well for the misshapen old wooden shanty on Union Square. That young man is in a bad way; he ought really, if he has any regard for his mental health, to go through a course of commercial reporting. Listen to him:

"The air was filled with the merry ring of their voices, the gay laugh and expressions of wonder as they slipped joyously from object to object—here admiring some fanciful pictures, there drinking in the magic tones that flowed from a piano like murmurs of the enchanted wine, or notes in a silver shower. Little folks, turned loose at these exhibitions with unclipped wings, heighten the charm and give a festival air."

"Murmurs of enchanted wine!" What sort of tipple is that? How can "notes" fall in a "silver shower" before they are cashed? It's really dreadful. If that poor dear young man does not have a care over himself, he will find himself in Stockton or writing poetry for the *Flag!*

"LE VOLEUR," published in Paris, is not a smart paper. Its title, "The Thief," and its heading, which represents a man surrounded by papers, and, underneath, the words, "*Il compilait, il compilait, il compilait*," "He compiles, he compiles, he compiles," denote that it depends almost entirely on pickings and stealings from other papers, but yet it need not omit making a point in the little original matter which it publishes, when it temptingly offers itself. In a paragraph in which it states that Napoleon's *Life of Cæsar* has given rise to quite a taste for ancient history, and notices a new work entitled *Gladioteurs*, it says: "The arena was the turf of the Romans during the existence of the Empire; a man longed to be the owner of a gladiator as now-a-days he longs for a race-horse." It actually has the stupidity to omit paying a compliment to the owner of *Gladiateur*, the winner of the English Derby and the Grand Prize of Paris, by saying that his *Gladiateur* had proved the noblest Roman of them all, that many a man, even at the present day, sighed to become owner of a *Gladiateur*—or something of that kind.

A LION-TAMER attached to a Combination Circus, while "taming" with a cowhide a refractory lioness in Terre Haute, lately, had several fingers gnawed off. Though fond of notoriety, he objects to being lionized—in that way.—*Exchange.*

Why didn't he knock the brute on the head when he found it a gnawing?

TREM

MAKING FREE WITH A CHIEF.

IT was almost all over with the *Chariot of Fame*, A 1 at Lloyd's for thirteen years, and two thousand tons burthen. Captain Barclay said so. Sam Johnsou, the first mate, said so. All the crew agreed with Captain Barclay and Sam Johnson. Only Heaven knew where we were; save that we knew too well that we were off a nasty coust on a dirty night. A brazen sunset had brought on a three days' hurricane, and there we were, the pumps clogged, the crew worn out with working at the pumps, the hold full of water, the bulwarks washed away, laboring in the trough of a yeasty sea, and every plank creaking and groaning at if its heart were breaking. It was a pitch-dark September night, and we could not see eveu the bare poles against the sky; and even with the night-glass we could make out uo coast, though we all of us pretty well knew that we should be on a lee shore in a few hours, if the wind did uot go down, and the vessel answer her helm a little better.

It was about three bells, as near as may be, when Captain Barclay, a respectable God-fearing man as ever came out between the dock gates, called me dowu into his cabin.

"Martingale," says be. "you being supercargo, are not called upon to work at the pumps, no more thau you are called upon to dip your hauds iu the tar bucket; but you have doue it," says he, "and you're a brave honest fellow," (those were his very words.) "and I thank you you for it in the name of our employers; your life 's a valuable one to the ship, and I insist ou your turning iuto my berth—the sea breaks into yours—and sleeping till I call you when the dog watch comes on. No words, Martingale; turn in, and I'll tell the steward to bring you a stiff nor'wester."

I could not very well refuse, for I was wet through and worn out; so I thanked him, and turned in. He gave one look at a portrait of his wife that hung over the sofa in his cabin, took down his speakiug-trumpet from the brackets over his desk, wished me good uight, and went on deck agaiu.

Three minutes afterwards, the steward's boy came in with the cold grog; the constant seas that the vessel shipped having put out the galley fire.

"Where is Mr. Johnson, William?" I said to the boy.

"He is at the pumps, sir, aud he says he won't leave them till daybreak."

I drank the grog aud lay down. The wind was so tremendous that it drowned all other noises; but iu a moment I was dreaming of the old orchard at home in Lanark, and fancying myself listening to the burr of the old threshing machiue. The sea might roll mountains, the wind might plunge and struggle; but I was asleep and at rest. I suppose I must have slept six hours, for when I awoke the wind had gone down, and there was a dead calm and a sileuce so intense that I think it must have been that which awoke me. It was just daybreak, and the pale sunlight fell softly aud cheerfully on the cabin wall, lighting up the picture of the captain's wife. Vexed at having slept so long, I leaped up, dressed as I was, and listened. Not a sound, no noise of deck-cleaning, no patter of bare feet, no hearty cries, no pacing, no clattering of plates in the cabin. I was out of my berth in a moment and washed my face. The fore-cabin was an inch deep in water, and the stairs were strewn with tangled ropes. I was up in three strides. Gracious heaven! till the last day I I have to live, I shall never forget how my heart beat at the momeut that I set foot on deck and saw that I was there, *alone*.

Yes, alone. There was not a soul left ou board. A straw hat and a telescope lay by the wheel, but the wheel itself was broken and useless. By the galley door hung a tarpaulin coat aud au axe, beside a shattered spar, a cask, and a pile of torn canvass. As I fell on my knees in the utter despair of that momeut, I heard a stout hearty voice cry from high above: "Harry Martingale, belay there! I'm up aloft, overhauling the top hamper."

I looked, aud, to my intense delight, saw the well-known face of Sam Johnson beaming down ou me from the cross-trees. In a momeut he was on deck at my side.

"This is bad bnsiuess," I said; "but they are not all gone, Sam?"

"Every man Jack, Harry," said he. "We were all at work cuttiug away spars an hour ago, when there came a great washing sea aud broke over us; it licked 'em all up, and carried over every soul on 'em, Harry—captain, doctor, down even to the very steward's boy. Goue before you could say 'Jack Robinson;' but there! It is no use crying for spilt milk. He was a good captain, and they were good messmates; but they 're gone, and I thank God for sparing us. Where were you at that time? I thought you'd gone with the rest. Well, I 'm glad to see you, old boy; but come, we must bear a hand, for I tell you the craft is going down by the head as fast as she can settle."

It didn't do to waste time in talking at moments like that, so we set to, got a good bag of biscuit each, a revolver, soue bullets, powder and caps, filled a flask with brandy, and theu prepared to go ashore. For there lay the shore on the starboard bow; a long low line of sand-bank, with a few scrubby trees here and there in the hollows, but no cliffs or trees to mention. It was not two hundred yards off, yet in my delight at finding Sam Johuson alive, I had not before turned my eyes that way.

"I am sure there are natives," said Sam, "for from the cross-tree I could see smoke rising over the scrub timber to the west."

How to get on shore was the point. At last Sam and I decided to lash a rope crossways round a likely cask which lay near the mast, aud probably contained salt pork; and then, tying ourselves to it, to guide it with two rough paddles that I had cut out of the oars of the captain's gig. There was a streng ground swell, rolliug in, green and bright, and the surf soon washed us in high and dry, cask and all.

When we turned and looked around. be hanged if the old *Chariot of Fame* hadn't gone down! All that was left of her was two or three big spars that wandered about in a helpless sort of inquiring way, and finally floated out of sight round the next headland.

"There goes a nice mouthful for the underwriters!" said Sam. He theu took up a big stone to beat in the head of our pork cask, for, says he: "We shall want a snack, Harry, about noon, and this junk and some fresh shell-fish, with a sip of brandy, will be a tidy meal enough."

We ponnded away, and at last got the head of the cask off, aud when we got the head off, how our jaws dropped to find it was not pork but rosin! Now, a man can't live on rosin, aud as for myself I felt ready to sit down and blubber.

"I'll be hanged," says Sam, after kickiug the cask about in a rage, like a football. for ten minutes, "if I don't go and overhaul that village! You come with me, Harry. We can't spend all our lives on a sea-shore, eating rosiu and mussels; besides, the mussels in these outlandish places ain't like the Liverpool mussels."

Off we weut, and sure enough, in about a mile, we saw some huts in a clump of gum-trees, and beyond them a forest stretchiug as far as you could see, here and there opening out into greeu places like parks, theu closing up again into woods.

Well, on we went, Sam first, for he was a better walker than I was, aud when we reached the first hut he ran forward and looked through the chinks.

He came back on tiptoe, motioning me to be quiet, makiug faces like a clown, aud stopping his mouth to prevent laughing.

"By the living jingo!" said he, "Harry, I don't know what sort of niggers we've got amougst; but, whatever they are, here's their dancing crib."

I stole on tiptoe to look. Sure enough, there were some sixty niggers, men and women, with uothing particular ou them except their great mops of oily black hair, and belts of strips of mattiug, rigged out for a regular dance.

The master of the ceremonies, who had his back turned to us, was dressed in the costume of 1830—long cinnamon-colored swallow-tailed coat, frilled shirt, pumps, and claret-colored pantaloons. Over this, he wore a soft of 'possum skiu cloak, and he carried a sort of long white wand in his hand.

"Take your place, gentlemen, for a cotillon, La Mignonette Française; now all at ze once."

Here the fiddler struck up, and the sixty niggers began to dance and jabber, every other word sounding like "Golly, golly;" which is the name, therefore, which they went by henceforth with Sam Johnson. All the time the man with the violin went on dancing like a madman among them, aud shouting: "Ladies, moulinet to the right. Each couple allemande to the left. Now La Grande Change. La Promenade. Chasse. Balance. Retour du Char. Tail of ze cat. Rigadoon. Pousette. Now ze great Round. Ver well."

Presently up runs a nigger from the shore and brought out the dancing-master, who very soon passed close to us, followed by all the niggers. We could see him now quite well; he was a tall, lean old nankeen-colored Frenchman, with thin long legs and a cat-like face, remarkable for his hollow lantern cheeks, sunken eyes, and promiuent cheek-bones, all crowned by a curly Brutus wig, very dusty, and almost worn out.

We followed them at a distance, aud hid behind a tree, from a spot where we could see all he did. As soon as the nigger who had brought the news led him to the cask, and he had stooped dowu aud examined it, he gave a sort of shriek, took out a lump ol the rosin, scraped his fiddle bow, and began dancing.

"Ladies, chain!" he cried, and away they went dancing round the cask as if they were all gone mad.

"They are as mad as March hares," said I. "Sam, I can't stand it any longer. I *must* speak, for there is no doubt about one thing, and that is, that the lubber is a civilized Christian, for he knows how to dance."

So out we stepped and walked straight up to the lubber, and told him about our vessel and how we were cast away. But the man didn't answer a word at first, he was so surprised.

"There, he doesn't know your lingo after all, Sam," said I; "do it by deaf and dumb signs." Then I tried him with the deaf and dumb alphabet, and went through a sort ol ballet to show that we had been cast on shore, were hungry, and wanted a night's shelter.

"What for you make zose faces, gentlemen matelots," he said, breaking out all at once; "you are welcome to what I have of mine, what for you play ze fool? Come, I will tell you of my news at ze village."

In less than half hour Sam and I were quite at home in the village, telling him of our shipwreck, and listening to our entertainer's own story over three stiff glasses of brandy-and-water, to which both our flasks contributed.

Our host, by name M. Hyacinthe Isidore Gallini, was, it appeared, a French dancing-master who had been wrecked on the coast twenty-years ago, about 1830; my story dates 1850. Gradually he had learnt their lingo, and ingratiated himself in their favor.

"I taught zem," he said, "gentlemen, to Balance and Rigadoon, Allemaude, Mouliuet. I taught zem Le Monlinet, Le Bouquet, La Rose, La Fantasie Liegeoise—all ze fashionable cotillions that would civilize aud amuse zem. I taught zem all ze words of my language that related to my favorite art. I taught zem ze quadrille to perfection. They loved and honored me for this; zey called me ze great Topinambow, which is their word for ze priest. They made me zeir king, and gave me zeir great mystery, ze petrified chief, to guard. I rule zem. I teach zem ze dances, which have become part of zeir religion, and the words and the directions in ze French and English. They look upon me as dropped from Heaven to teach zem cotillions. If I had not dance they wonld have killed me long ago. Ma foi, how I have taught zem to poussette; ma foi, how zey moulinet! Come, mes enfauts. I will show you ze petrified chief that this nigger people worship.

"Belay there! A *petrified nigger*," whispered Sam to me, as we followed Gallini; "wouldn't that please them at home, messmate?"

"Quiet, Sam," said I, observing something queer about his face as he spoke to me; and ou we weut, following Gallini to the place.

We soon came to the spot: it was a cave in a sandstone rock, so deep and dark that we had to enter it with lighted torches. The walls were covered with lantastic figures ot meu fighting, uncouth monsters, winged dragons, and all those sort of things you may see on siguboards and state coaches.

At the extreme end of the cave lay the petrified chief, his face painted with vermilliou, aud his hair as like oakum as could be. There was a boomerang in his right hand, and a carved wooden club in his left; a pair of sailor's trousers was tied in a kuot round his neck, and the rest of his body was wrapped in 'possum skins.

"It's as like our carpenter as one marling-spike's like another," said Sam to me, with a covetous look about his eyes.

Whether we did not admire the chief enough, I don't know, but from that time Gallini seemed always jealous ot and tried to set the niggers against us; while we did, on the other hand, all we could to show them that we were worth as much as the old dancing-master.

Sam one day put out the glory of his cotillions lor ever, by suddenly shouting out "Belay there!" and dashing into a hornpipe, such a one as even Wapping would have rejoiced at—a regular toe and heel, pulling and hauling hornpipe, with shivering trousers, hand in the side, shout, and everything complete.

The niggers were in raptures, and insisted on sacrificing a goat at the door of our tent in honor of Sam; upon which he rushed out, carried it off, and cooked it for his own dinner.

Gallini was going down as fast as mercury in rainy weather. We had all the songs and dancing now to ourselves, and we could not move without processious and sacrifices, which always ended well for Sam and me.

One day Sam aud I cleaned up our revolvers and got our powder aud bullets, and set to shooting at a calabash—just to frighten the niggers, and show them what fire-arms were. They leaped about like mad people when we hit the mark, as we took care to do every time, for I was behind the tree where the calabash hung, and if Sam missed I ran out and poked a hole in it before they could come up. They wanted to make us both kings, but Sam aud I wonldu't have anythiug to do with it. You see, we had a different game ou hand.

The night of the shooting, Gallini came and wanted to buy our pistols, but we wouldn't sell them; then he wanted to buy all our clothes to cut up into pantaloons and swallow-tailed coats; when we refused that too, he left in a rage, swearing at us in French.

Directly he left, Sam came up to me as if he wanted to whisper, and said, "Harry, that Frenchman don't mean us any good, and the sooner we cut it the better. But I tell you I'm not a-going away without that petrified nigger. He'd make our fortune in the old country. Harry, are you game? lor if so, the sooner we set to work the better."

"Never put off a good thing, Sam," said I; "here's my hand."

As soon as it was dark, off we went to the cave. Taking a horse to the entrance, we brought out the petrified nigger and tied him firm on it. Then we collected some grub in a bag, and struck off on the road leading to what we had been told was the nearest settlement on the Wullah-Nullah river. We calculated, that if we could make a thirty miles' march ahead, we should be pretty safe; we had tied up our hut so as to look as if we were asleep and did not want to be disturbed.

Off we started across a wild prairie half saudholes and half scrub. By the time the moon rose, we got safe under cover in a forest of gum-trees, through which we had ascertained our track lay.

There was just room for the horse along the native road between the trees, and there was no sound except now and then the scream of some bird far over our heads that our talking awoke, or the fall of some huge branches that now and then dropped with the noise of thunder, and seemed to shake all the forest:

"My eyes, Harry," said Sam, "if I think we shall ever get out again with our mummy! I only wish we'd got him passed clean through the Customs."

"They'll raise our hair if they catch us," said I. "I think, Sam, we'd better drop the stone nigger, both get on the horse, and push on as fast as we can for the nearest township."

"No, no," said Sam; "I'll never let go of this nigger. Only let me get him home to the Minories, and my fortune's made."

I wasn't going to quarrel with a messmate, so I gave in, and when the moon went down we halted till daybreak, slept by turns, took a meal, and reloaded the horse.

We had just got our traps tied on at daybreak, and all snug under hatches, when I found that that rascal Gallini, or some nigger he had employed, had stolen our pistols.

The second night we had just a mile or so to get clear of the timber, and were beginning to think we were quite safe, when the beast of a horse fell lame and gave in.

"He's shamming," said I.

"No," says Sam, looking at her from stem to stern in a hopeless way. "No, Harry," said he, "that craft's back's broken, and she's going down."

"Well," said I, "bear a hand then with the biscuit-bag, and leave the nigger to be his own tombstone."

Sam didn't answer for a moment; he was down on his knees, seeing if the red paint had at all rubbed off the mummy's face; then he rose up, and said in an awful deep voice to be sure, "No, Harry, no, not if I knows it. If you like to leave me on a lee shore, though I didn't expect it of you, do; but if I go, the stone nigger goes with me. Every one has his opportunity, as our ship carpenter used to say, and this is mine. The stone nigger and I keep together till we either get to Davy's locker, or the "Lively Whaler," in Ratcliffe Highway."

I was just going to tell him that we'd pull in the same boat whatever the weather was, when there came a cry from the wood behind us like the cry of a mad dog. Then, came two more cries, then three, then a dozen. Last of all, there came a sort of shaking howl that sounded like nothing but "Golly, golly, golly!" and grew louder every minute. It was the niggers after us. Presently, out they came across the prairie in a long black line like a pack of dogs, and ran straight at us with clubs and spears, knocking us both down with boomerangs, and stunning us.

When we came to, they were dancing cotillions round us, and chasséing and moulineting for joy at getting back their petrified chief. They had taken us back several miles to Gallini, and had lighted a fire to sleep round for the night. Presently, Gallini came to us, cursed us, pushed us about with his feet (for we were tied,) danced round us, and then told us that we were to be sacrificed early in the morning, in atonement to the great stone chief—as the niggers called the mummy. I don't suppose we had to thank him for much, but one of the black fellows brought us some victuals and left us.

By-and-by, the thieves, worn out with the chase they'd had, fell asleep round their fire. As soon as they were all sound, Sam nudged me, and, slipping his hands out of the ropes, drew his clasp knife out of his pocket, cut off his remaining tackling, and then cut mine.

"It's dirty weather with us," I whispered to Sam, "and there's such a sea round us, Sam, as no boat can live in."

"Never you mind," said he. "You bear a hand with the stone nigger. I saw some smoke, Harry, over those trees to the left, three hours ago, and that's what I'm going to make for."

Well, we went up to where the stone nigger was, and hoisting him between us, set off as quietly as we could in the direction where Sam had seen the smoke. The stone nigger was a heavy load, but we staggered on with him for half a mile, till we saw a fire and some men sitting round it. When we approached, they started up and seized their guns.

"Friends or enemies?" cried one of them.

"Friends, ahoy!" said Sam, letting down his end of the stone mummy as tenderly as if it was alive. "Friends! and Great Britons! Just got out of the hands of the bloodthirsty niggers."

"You're welcome," cried all the men; "we're Englishmen too. Come to our fire. We've got rifles enough here, to stop five hundred niggers; but what have *you* got there?"

"Well, it's a long yarn," said Sam, "to tell you what we're laden with. It's no baccy nor any smuggled goods, but as beautiful a stone nigger as ever you set eyes on."

Nothing could have been kinder than the explorers were, and in a few minutes there was Sam and I sitting by the fire on the petrified man, drinking our horns of grog, and singing:

"The heart of a true British sailor."

The explorers had pack-horses, and these bore the petrified man alternately. I and Sam made a good thing of exhibiting the chief in the settlement, and then we shipped him in the *Happy Return* for England, where we did still better. And those who want to see him, and hear our story fuller and better told, had better come and call on us at No. 14, Davis street, New Cut, where the stone nigger is now exhibiting with great success at twopence a head.

A "NOVEL" SUIT.

THE Continental correspondent of the *American Literary Gazette* says: "M. Alexandre Dumas has appeared before our courts as the defendant in an interesting suit to determine the liberties which writers may take with historical persons. The dramatic episode in the life of Marie Antoinette (which was so full of dramatic episodes,) known as the 'Journey to Varennes,' tempted M. Dumas. He made it the theme of a novel. It happened that a M. de Prefontaine, a chevalier de St. Louis, and a half-pay major, was drawn into this history. He lived at Varennes, and, either by accident or design, he opened his door when the carriages drove up. It was half-past eleven o'clock at night. Count de Moustier (one of the body-guards who accompanied the royal party) had got out of the carriage to find somebody who would point out to him the road from Varennes to Stenay. Perceiving a light and an open door, M. de Moustier made for them, but the door was instantly closed. M. de Moustier burst it open. Let me quote M. de Moustier's narrative: 'Thereupon a man appeared and asked what was wanted. The reply made was: 'To ask you to show me the road leading out of town towards Stenay.' The man said: 'I would do so willingly, but I should be hanged if it was known.' M. de Moustier observed that he was too well-bred not to do everything to serve a lady. He answered: 'We know all about it; it is no lady.' Thereupon M. de Moustier abruptly broke off conversation to let the king know what had taken place. The king ordered him to return and bid the man come to his majesty. M. de Monstier went back and said: 'My mistress has charged me to beg you come and talk with her.' This man dared not absolutely disobey; he went to the carriage bare-foot, so as to make less noise. He got up to the carriage steps, and after talking a moment with her majesty, he led M. de Monstier to the commandant of the detachment of Lauzun's Hussars, who was living at the Cordeliers' Convent at Varennes. This officer was not at his post. No one was there but a single hussar, who said he had orders to join the commandant at one o'clock A. M., if he failed to appear at Varennes. The man who acted as M. de Moustier's guide was named Préfontaine; he was a major of cavalry, and a knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis. As it is reported that he, with so many others, has since made numerous commentaries on the king's arrest, and has boasted that if the king had listened to him and had followed his advice he would have escaped, M. de Moustier owes it to the truth to declare that the only service which M. de Prefontaine rendered, or was willing to render to his unfortunate masters, was simply to lead him, M. de Moustier, to the residence of the commandant of Lauzun's Hussars. He would add that he never saw so timid or so pusillanimous a man as this man; that in the very slight and perfectly useless good office, which he could scarcely refuse to do his sovereign, he pushed precautions to the extremest limits, and that he did not cease to recommend to M. de Moustier secrecy in regard to his movements, saying they would compromise and ruin him if they were known. Should a decorated soldier reckon any risks or perils? In these circumstances, what is fortune compared with honor? What is this life, when the question is to save his king's existence? This man, after this moment, did not once again appear before the king until his majesty's departure from this detestable Varennes.'

"The family of de Préfontaine protest against the narrative of M. de Moustier, and appeal, to support their protest, to the narrative of M. de Valory, the second body-guard, who accompanied their majesties, and who, in his memoirs, says: 'The house of the respectable M. de Prefontaine might have served as the refuge for the relays, which were prepared, had he been previously informed and taken into the secret.' M. Alex. Dumas preferred to Valory's narrative that of Moustier, because the latter was present and was an actor in the scene, while Valory had been sent forward to gain what information he could; but the novelist confuses the names and represents M. de Vallory as giving his arm to the fugitive queen, whom he represents knocking at the major's door. M. Dumas dramatizes Moustier's narrative by putting it in the form of a dialogue. Vallory says: 'Sir, we are going to Stenary; will you be good enough to indicate the road to us?' 'But if I do that, I shall be compromised.' 'Even if you do compromise yourself, you will not hesitate to do this service for a lady who is in a dangerous situation.' 'Sir, the lady behind you is not merely a lady—it is the queen.' M. de Valory tried to deny it. The queen drew him back, saying: 'Let us lose no time in discussion; go tell the king I am recognized.' M. de Valory hastened to the carriage and in a few words told the king what had taken place. The king said: 'Ask that man to come and speak to me.' The man obeyed, and advanced to the carriage door, not without marks of lively apprehension. 'What is your name?' 'De Prefontaine, sire.' 'Who are you?' 'Cavalry Major, knight of the royal and military order of St. Louis.' 'As major, and as knight of St. Louis, you twice took an oath to be faithful to me. It is, consequently, your duty to aid me in the embarrassment in which I am.' The major stammered a few words; the queen stamped her foot impatiently. The king added: 'Sir, have you heard whether the hussars and relay-horses expected a treasure which was to pass through Varennes?' 'I did hear so, sire.' 'Where are these hussars? Where are these horses?' 'In the Low-town, sir. The officers are lodging at the Hotel du Grand Monarque.' 'I thank you. Now you may return home. Nobody has seen you, nobody has heard you, consequently no harm will befall you.' The major profited by the permission and returned home. The de Prefontaine family moved the court to order M. Dumas to insert the extract from M. de Valory's memoirs in the next edition of this novel. The lower court granted the desired order; but the appellate court reversed this judgment upon the ground thas M. Dumas was at liberty to give preference to Moustier's narrative, and that he faithfully followed it in substance.

MODERN CHURCH MUSIC.—"Doesticks" has communicated to the Detroit *Advertiser* some of his experience in New York. Having exhausted the amusements of the theatre, the opera, the museum, and the concerts, he tried the church. The following is his account of the music: "Pretty soon music—organ—sometimes grand and solemn, but generally lively enough for a contra dance. B. D. said the player got a big salary to show off the organ, and draw a big house. He commenced to play the Old Hundred. At first, majestic as it should be, but soon his left hand began to get unruly among the bass notes, then the right cut up a few monkey shines in the treble; left threw in a large assortment of quavers; right led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; left struggled mournfully to keep up, but soon gave up dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at Old Hundred in spite of the antics of its fellow; right struck up a march—marched into a quick step—quick step into a gallop; left still kept at Old Hundred; right put in all sorts of fancy extras, to entice the left from its sense of propriety; left still unmoved; right put in a few bars of a popular waltz; left wavers a little; right strikes up a favorite polka; left evidently yielding; right dashes into a jig; left now fairly deserts his colors and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor Old Hundred to take care of itself. At length with a crash, a squeak, a rush, a roar, a rumble, and an expiring groan, the overture concluded and the service began. At length, with another variette upon the organ, and all the concentrated praise and thanksgiving of the congregation, sung by four people, the service concluded. I thought from the manner of the last performance, each member of the choir imagined the songs of praise would never get to Heaven if he didn't give them a personal boost in the shape of an extra yell."

A BOHEMIAN REASON FOR IDLENESS.—M. Edmund About, tells the following characteristic story of Henri Murger: "One day I met him in front of the Varietes Theatre. I spoke to him, asked how he was, and I ended by the inevitable question between literary men: 'What are you at work on? Why is it that you have given us nothing to read and nothing to applaud this long time?' He replied with melancholy *sang froid*: 'Why? I will tell you. 'Tisn't literature, it is arithmetic. I owe 4000f. to Mme. Porcher, the Providence of dramatic authors; 2000f. to the *Moniteur*, and 1500f. to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Follow attentively my reasoning. If I bring out a play, my excellent friend Mme. Porcher will pay herself, and I shall not see a cent of the copyright; if I give a novel to the *Moniteur*, I shall have to write twenty feuilletons before I shall have paid my debt; were I to contribute an article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, after it had printed and published my forty-eight sheets, it would say to me, 'Now we are even.' So you see that it would be unpardonable prodigality were I to do any such thing; and I have at last determined to be a methodical fellow; therefore, I have resolved to do nothing, to avoid spending my money, and I am lazy—from economy.'"

Exchange.

[For the Californian.]

STORIES FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

THE STORY OF MARY HARRIS.

MARY HARRIS was a lit-tle girl who lived in Chi-ca-go. She was a very pret-ty lit-tle girl, and one day an old bach-e-lor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine letters to her and call her "Rose-bud," and "Puss," and "Lit-tle Mol-lie." But he went to Wash-ing-ton and got mar-ri-ed, and soon for-got his "Lit-tle Mol-lie." When Mary Har-ris heard the news she bought a pret-ty pis-tol and went to Wash-ing-ton too. There she found the old bach-e-lor in a big build-ing, which they called the Treas-ur-y De-part-ment. So she went up to him and shot him with the pret-ty pis-tol. The bul-let went into the old bach-e-lor. This made him feel bad and he died. Then Mary Har-ris cried, for she was a good girl and very affec-tion-ate. Then the Sec-re-tary came to see Mary Har-ris, and pit-ied her very much. Then the ed-it-ors came to see her, and pit-ied her very much. For Mary Har-ris was very pret-ty and *so* affec-tion-ate. And the jailors of the pris-on all pit-ied her, and the judg-es, and the jury that tried her, and the lawyers all pit-ied lit-tle Mary Har-ris. So they let her go free, and the good jur-ors said it was all a mis-take—that she hadn't killed any-body. And every-body kis-sed Mary Har-ris because she was a pret-ty girl. And the peo-ple all huz-za'd. And every-body was very happy, and huz-za'd except the old bach-e-lor, who could'nt huz-za because he was dead. O, what a nice thing it is to be a pret-ty girl and shoot an old bach-e-lor. Lit-tle girls, be affec-tion-ate and shoot old bach-e-lors.

THE STORY OF SUSAN NIPPER.

SUSAN NIPPER was a little girl with black eyes. She liked little John-uy Jones very much, for John-uy used to give her mot-toes and car-o-mels. One day when they were play-ing for-feits, John-ny was told to "kiss the one that he loved best." Now little Susan Nipper thought that John-ny would kiss *her*, but John-uy went up and kissed Mary Smith in-stead, who had a freck-led face and red-hair. Then Susan Nip-per took a chop-per and chop-ped off John-ny's head. Then her parents instantly said: "How affec-tion-ate our Su san must be."

THE STORY OF MARIA JENKINS.

MARIA JEN-KINS was a love-ly little girl who lived at Dutch Flat. One night when she was at a par-ty with her beau, she went into the corner of the room and wept bitterly. And her friend Sarah Skin-ner asked her why she cried. "Because," said Maria Jen-kins, "William Stubbs, my beau, has danced twice with that hor-rid Lucy Sprig-gins." "Do not cry," said Sarah Skin-ner, who was a very obliging girl. "Re-mem-ber Mary Har-ris!" Then Maria Jen-kins dried her face, and went and got a cannon from the armory, and shot William Stubbs through the head. Then the people all said: "What a lov-ing heart has Maria Jen-kins, and how obliging is Sarah Skinner." ANCIENT.

MISREPRESENTATION AS A CAUSE OF WAR.

IT is doubtless of great importance to the world's tranquility, as well as to the interests of both nations, that England and the United States should maintain not only peaceful but cordially amicable relations. And if we are to believe the oft-reiterated, we might almost say stereotyped declarations, alike from the throne, the parliamentary benches, the hustings, the banqueting room, the platform and the pulpit, there is nothing which our English brethren have more at heart than that peace and good will may be perpetual between what Burke used to call "the two branches of the English race." We heartily respond to that wish, and believe that it is the sincere and general desire of the American people. That beautiful petition of the Anglican liturgy, "Grant peace in our time, O Lord," is never breathed with greater fervor than when mentally directed toward the land whence we derived our birth, and so much beside that constitutes our glorious past and our yet more glorious future.

But it is vain to deny that this most desirable peace is in great danger of being interrupted. Dangers are not averted by shutting our eyes to them. On the contrary, we may escape them by descrying their approach in time, and taking wise precautions against them. And if there be an evil threatening either nation which all good and patriotic men in both should seek by all possible means to avert, it is a collision between two nations which have so much in common, so many advantages to expect from peace, and so many disasters to apprehend from war.

Many of these sources of uneasiness and alarm—these *irritamenta belli*—are patent and familiar to the people of both countries. They have been grouped with great vividness and force by Sumner in his masterly portrait of England, "Ready to strike," as delineated in his "Address on our Foreign Relations." But there are other occasions of ill-will not less grave and even less excusable. Even admitting that the British Government was forced to recognition and helpless to repress violations of neutrality, the utmost forbearance and generosity cannot find a like extenuation for disparaging and unfriendly intimations, which are purely spontaneous, and which will, therefore, and must be accepted in this country as genuine manifestations of the spirit of the English toward the people of the United States. The literature and science of England, we grieve to say, bristles on every side with indications of the same spirit which has given birth to pirates and blockade runners, which mounted the ramparts of Fort Fisher with Armstrong guns, and caused our brave fellows to find multitudes of rifles bearing the stamp of "Tower, London," locked in the grasp of dead rebels on the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg.

There is no subject so remote from American topics as not to furnish an English writer vantage ground whence to let off a shaft at our Government, our morals, or our social life. A writer in the *North British Review* some time ago, in an article on "Goethe as a man of science," took occasion to remark that liberty has a widely different significance in different communities. "In England," observes the reviewer, "it means reverence for habeas corpus and a sturdy maintenance of the right to it; in America it means license to insult anybody with impunity." The ridiculous falsehood of the charge does not prevent it from being an insult, and no insult which could be put into words would more deeply aggrieve and irritate the American people than a charge of lawlessness, utterly belied as it is by their history, their whole consciousness, and, we may add, by the verdict of the civilized world, expressed by such living publicists as Laboulaye, Montalembert and Mills, and of the illustrious dead by Edmund Burke, who expressed his especial admiration of that deep reverence for law which characterized the American people.

This charge, the gravest and most offensive which can be brought against a self-governing people, is perhaps that which is oftenest made or insinuated by English writers, plentifully mingled, too, with other ingredients calculated to season it with increased pungency and bitterness. We meet with it not unfrequently in works—so called—of pure science. The *British Journal of Mental Science* for July, 1863, contains a memoir of Dr. Luther Bell, an eminent American physician, whose acquirements in medical science, especially that branch of it which pertains to diseases of the mind, seem to have secured for him trans-Atlantic fame. Dr. Bell, at the breaking out of our great war for Union and liberty, forsook an honorable and lucrative position at the head of one of our principal institutions, and though in very weak health, devoted himself to the service of his country as a surgeon in the field. The service proved too severe for him, and he yielded up his life on the altar of patriotism and humanity. His generous martyrdom receives the following compliment from his British biographer: "Dr. Luther Bell was moved by the demon of war to go forth and aid President Lincoln's insane and hopeless attempt to force on the Southern Confederacy the mob rule of the North by aid of foreign hirelings and ex-Attorney Generals."

The *Journal* cites the following passage from one of Dr. Bell's letters while in the field: "Were I at home," says Dr. Bell, "I would go resolutely for the present Executive as the highest duty, and for the support of those means and men that went most fully for a vigorous prosecution of this war." On which the English writer favors us with this comment: "Fancy any sane man writing such wickedness."

The love of country is so grand a sentiment that, even in its wildest perversion, it inspires respect in all elevated minds. The noble Roman poet would have said at such a spectacle of self-sacrifice, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. The English journalist makes no other comment than "Fancy any sane man writing such wickedness!"

If the British Government refused to recognize the Confederacy, the writers of England have done their best to make up for this by proclaiming on all occasions and in all connections that "the once United States" were forever shattered, dissevered, exploded, and that the independence of the South was as good as an accomplished fact. Even in this year, 1865, the London *Quarterly* continues to speak of "the collapse of the great experiment of democracy,' declares that "the hopes of an early termination of the war are fading away," that "the North" has shown along with "blind ferocity an equal inability to produce statesmen of power to conduct the struggle with success, or prudence to close it without dishonor," that the South is "unconquerable," and its success being a certainty, the sagacious reviewer affirms that "the limits of the future Confederacy are marked out with tolerable decision by the hand of nature. The natural boundary," he adds, "will be the range of mountains which extends from a point near Memphis on the Mississippi, to Harper's Ferry on the Potomac." This is as good as the London *Times'* remark that Burnside's troops for the North Carolina expedition would be landed from the transports at Wheeling.

The "boundary of the future Confederacy" being thus ascertained by British sagacity, British science has already begun to adapt its nomenclature to this shadowy partition of the American continent. A recent article in the Edinburg *Review* "on Coniferous Trees" informs the world that "the deciduous cypress is a native of the Confederate States of North America." He is obliged just after to admit that some of its finest specimens are to be found in Mexico, so that to have called it a "native of the southern part of North America" would have been much more accurate. But an opportunity of recognizing the "Confederate States" was not to be omitted, even at the expense of geographical accuracy. We have no objection that the lugubrious cypress (*"tristis cupressus"*) should be regarded not only as a native but an emblem of a "Confederacy" which had so short and sorrowful a life, and which has inflicted on so many American families, especially in the South, a "sorrow which refuses to be comforted." Let British sympathizers by all means plant the cypress, especially the "*deciduous*" variety of it, at the gravestone of the departed "Confederacy;" but when future naturalists inquire for the native region of "the deciduous cypress," it would be a very vague and unsatisfactory answer to say "the Confederate States of North America." A Dutch witness, called on to define the western boundary of a farm on the Hudson, deposed that "it was where Hans Bergen had his snow-path last winter." The "limits of the Southern Confederacy" have proved as evanescent as the traces of "Hans Bergen's snow-path." The shadow of a cloud which sweeps along the mountain side does not vanish more suddenly and utterly than "the limits" of this "Confederacy" to which, less than three months before its downfall, a British reviewer assigns "a boundary" of mountain chains, rivers and coast lines.

Insulting allusions to the American people have become so common in what is considered the higher class of British periodicals, that the writers, probably, do not much consider the consequences nor reflect that such a tone would not for a moment be endured between equal individuals, and cannot long be between equal nations. *Blackwood*, not long ago, speaking of the villainies of certain Italian contractors, thus illustrates: "With an amount of malversation and corruption that Yankees alone can rival."

Such ebullitions of spite and rancor may be passed by with contempt by the American people, but they cannot be without influence. And this must be such as all good and humane men cannot but deplore. In the event of a *casus belli*—an event cut too probable in the complicated relations and still unsettled questions between the two countries—they must tend, as far as their influence goes, to blow up the embers of latent popular jealousies into the open flame of mutually disastrous war.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

SOUTHERN NEED OF ARMY.—It seems to be the general judgment now among the well informed that the force required to keep the peace in the South will be far less than our amiable well wishers of the English Tory press would believe; less, indeed, than the most sanguine of us expected. The testimony of officers who have come in contact with the Southern soldiers since the disbandment of their armies shows that they have come to the very sensible conclusion that they are badly whipped, and that nothing is left for them but to accept the result and become, in spirit, as well as in fact, citizens of the United States once more. Over their cups they will give expression to such sentiments as these, and join with seeming heartiness in the toast to "one country." They have done their best, they say; they have failed, and it is idle to fight against destiny. It is not with the men who have fought us like men that we are to have trouble in the future. There is scarcely a doubt that by the adoption of a just and conciliatory policy towards them, we can bring them speedily back to a true allegiance. Our difficulty will be with those miserable fellows who have refused to fulfil the obligation of citizenship toward either section; the men who, both South and North, have sympathized with secession, so far as railing at the government and shirking their obligations to it were concerned, and who, while renouncing their allegiance to the United States "to go with their section," have taken good care to go with it only so far as they could without interfering, in any way, with their selfish personal interest—these, and the class of men who have been the willing instruments of the "Confederacy," in all murdering and thieving expeditions, are the elements of opposition with which we shall have to contend. And it is from these classes that examples should be selected for punishment. Charity toward them will, indeed, be cruelty to the State. But those who have had the manliness to sacrifice and to suffer for their declared convictions, can, as a rule, be safely treated with magnanimity when the hard logic of events has once convinced them of their error. In them we may look for some of the best elements of citizenship, which require only to be rightly developed and directed.—*Correspondent of the Army and Navy Journal.*

THE Pioneer Stage Company has purchased the line of the California Stage Company extending from Clipper Gap to Virginia City. We understand that the former company transfer their mail and express to the latter route on or about the 1st of September next.—*Sacramento Union.*

THE OLD HOUSE AND THE NEW ONE.

ALMOST all of us know what it is to "change house"—to go off from our old haunts, the corners we have loved so well, the time worn-ways of home, and install ourselves in some new domicile, where everything is new, strange and unsettled. There are few things in life so full of discomfort. The more a man sees of the world, the more is he disposed to believe that a certain routine—a sort of quiet monotony in the general tenor of life—is one of the choicest aids to happiness. In fact, until this same "dull monotony," as some call it, be established, the real enjoyment of variety can never be experienced. There can be no furlough where there is no discipline. The business of life, besides, requires that even the idlest and most indolent of us, should have a certain method. There must be meal-times, and these, let me observe, are in a great measure the determining influences which render us active, energetic and useful, or dispose us to sloth, neglect and good-for-nothingness. Tell me when a man eats, and I will tell you when he works. We are, in a word, far more slaves to ourselves than we acknowledge; but I am decidedly inclined to believe that, on the whole, the servitude works well. Now the house we live in for a number of years cannot fail to exert great influence over us. The same places impress the same trains of thought, till at last we give ourselves up to a ritual, in which the drawing-room, the dining-room and the study are the masters, and certain inanimate objects, on which we scarcely bestow a thought, become our impulses and our directors.

With a change of house all this is revolutionized. You have to plot out your home—that is your life—anew. You have to discuss aspects and views, the points of the compass, and the prevailing winds — to balance with yourself the advantages of the rising against the setting sun—to think where you can sleep most profoundly, and dine most snugly; and above all, if a man of my temperament, where you can install yourself in a so-called study, a spot religiously believed to be sacred to meditation and labor, but in sober reality a Sleepy Hollow of refuge, dedicated to that noble pastime that is said to pave a disreputable region—a pastime which, in all its vague unreality, I would not exchange for many a practiced tangible pleasure. With a change of house all these devolve upon you. You cannot begin the daily work of life till they be determined, nor can you determine them without a constant reference to the past. Your drawing-room may be larger and loftier, your study may offer more space or accommodation; but depend up it there will always be something in which the by-gone will contrast favorably with the present. That this is a condition of human thought, I am inclined to believe; at least all my friends who have been married a second time have confidently imparted to me something that would go far to confirm it.

How long is it, too, before you can reconcile yourself to the new ways about you! There is a perpetual distraction in the sight of new objects, very jarring and uncomfortable; things which had no pretention to press themselves upon your thoughts stand obtrusively forward and ask to be considered; and, last of all, nobody can find anything. It is either locked up in the green packing-case or the brown box, or it has been left behind, or perhaps stolen. Scores of useless old trumperies are sure to be transported—things that could not possibly pay for the carriage, but which have an immense value in your servants' eyes, if only that they guarantee the immaculate integrity that remembered them. These, like poor relations, will thrust themselves reproachfully in your way at every moment, and it will be weeks before the last of them shall be consigned to its appropriate *oubliette*.

CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.—At last, says the *Home Journal*, there is a chance for unmarriageable ladies under thirty-two. A kind of joint-stock company or lottery has been started in Scotland, and will doubtless soon find imitators in other places. The plan is this—a young man at Abernethy propounds it through the advertising columns of the Banffshire *Journal*: "All widows and maidens who have not attained the age of thirty-two are invited to buy of him a ticket at the price of ten shillings. After three hundred tickets are sold at this figure the drawing will take place. There will be only one prize, and this "prize" will be the right of the fortunate lady who wins it to claim the young gentleman for her husband, and partake with him of the comforts to be derived from the one hundred and fifty pounds produced by the lottery." We should think "the young gentleman" would not spend a very happy life with a woman who had been silly enough to put herself up to be raffled for.

THE will of the late James Nisbet, says the *Bulletin*, is written plainly and firmly in pencil, on a sheet of note paper, covering about one page and an eighth. It directs the mode of settling his estate, and bequeaths his property to his brother and sister. Accompanying his will, on the same sheet of paper, are two brief notes, also written in pencil, in which he states that he was writing "in the face of death." These notes contain words of affectionate adieu to his relatives and most intimate personal friends.

[For the Californian.]

A RIDDLE.

A BIRD sat singing in my heart,
As if singing in a cage:
And I loved the bird so well
That I held her quite apart,
So no creature might engage
Aught of all the songs that fell
With her bosom's flowing song;
But alas! it was not long,
(After all my toil and art,)
The bird sat singing in my heart.

For the bird's song was so sweet,
Though I put the cage away
Out of harm's reach, as I thought,
Every man I chanced to meet
Knew, before a word I'd say,
That a wonder I had caught
And concealed; each one could trace
Half the secret in my face:
So I told the tale complete,
For the bird's song was so sweet.

Never sang the bird again:
As they turned their foolish eyes
On my cage door, quick my hand
Oped it. Lo! the bird, not slow,
But with suddenest surprise,
Off she flew across the land.
Have you found it, idle friend,
That you pause to guess my end?
Content is the bird I seek in vain—
Perchance she never sings again.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

STYLISH EQUIPAGES IN PARIS.

A PARIS correspondent writes: "The Champs Elysees has presented the most aristocratic appearance during the past week. Omnibuses have long been prevented from thrusting their lumbering forms 'betwixt the wind' and the 'gentility,' but cabs have not been expelled '*par ordre* de M. le Prefet.' Their voluntary disappearance, however, has given us leisure to study the immense progress there has been made of late years towards perfection in the style in which the great world of Paris turn out their equipages.

"Prince Paul Demidoff drives a phæton and a pair of magnificent Russian steppers, jet black, and of the peculiar race so celebrated in Russia for carrying off all the prizes at the trotting matches, which are as common in that country as in America. The Prince's barouche with four bays is very perfect, the harness not showing too much silver, the liveries dark green and orange, with the Russian cockade, which is black, orange, and white. The Prince's dark green drag, picked out with orange, which he drives himself, excites even English admiration. I dare not tell you what he paid for his team, which is matchless. His mines in the Ural Mountains are, as you are aware, almost as productive as Monte Christo's island. At one of the fancy balls of last season the costume his highness had chosen was remarked on—a plain buff coat, being a singular contrast to the glittering dresses of the rest of the company. 'Have you seen the Prince's cap?' 'His cap?' was the reply, 'it was black velvet.' 'And the button?' 'Ah! what is it?' 'The Sanci diamond, worth half a million.'

"The Duke de Montmorency's sister, Princess de Sagan, with her dark blue barouche, picked out with red, attracts attention, from the fact that she drives one gray and one chestnut, perfectly matched, however, and good steppers. The liveries of her husband's ancient house have been for centuries light blue and red, and powder, which is not *sine qua non* here, as it is in London.

"The Comtesse Mercy Argenteon's turn-out is English. The Comte drives in his phæton a pair of gray ponies from Tarbes, capital goers, but I venture to suggest to M. le Comte the advantage of learning how to handle the ribbons before endangering our valuable lives by his deviations from the straight line. The Comtesse rides better than any other woman in Paris, and dresses well beside. M. de Lastrade's horses are Norman, and would make capital hunters. The Duke de la Rochefoucauld drives his phæton and pair of dark bays at a slapping pace, while the great M. de Rothschild may be daily seen in his unpretending waggonet quietly tooling along his black ponies unremarked by any one who does not happen to know him by sight. The late Lord Pembroke's coachman drives the magnificent equipage of Madame Musard, whose husband's concerts we have all enjoyed. Vicomte Aguado sold her his splendid team of light bays for one thousand seven hundred pounds, and last Sunday her Victoria, the horses a la Daumont, the postilions wearing jackets of vert d'Isly satin, attracted great attention. A Russian droschky was the novelty yesterday—the coachman a true Mujik; the horses trotting at a wonderful pace."

COMMA WANTED.—An English clergyman was lately depicting before a deeply interested audience the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the Gospel in a state of intoxication!"

THE PETTICOAT QUESTION.—Some time ago when petticoats were intended to be concealed, their fabric make up and ornamentation were matters of little interest, comfort and convenience being alone regarded. Now it is different. Petticoats are meant to be seen and almost as much pains are expended on them in elegance and show as on the outer garments. The dress-skirt is very generally looped up to display the petticoat, thus revealing often most remarkable works of toilet art.

Looping up contrivances are numerous and varied. There are patent elevators, hooks and eyes, strings and pins. A new kind of pin, recently introduced, will doubtless prove very popular. They are of four different sizes and fasten in the manner of a brooch.

For travelling costume the dress, petticoat, and mantle are of the same material and trimmed alike. Very pretty ones are made of a light dust color *glace* alpaca, trimmed with a brown cord resembling leather, arranged above the hem in scallops, and turned in a loop at the point of each scallop. This trimming should edge the sack sleeves and pockets. Buff goat's hair trimmed with brown ribbons, pearl-colored mohair bordered with a band of a darker shade edged with black braid, steel-colored alpaca trimmed elaborately with green ribbon—all these are among the pretty suits we have seen.

White petticoats are of course much worn in Summer, and are often more elaborately trimmed than the dress-skirt Fluted ruffles are exceedingly popular. Sometimes two, four inches wide, or three of two inches, are employed as trimming, or else the skirt is simply edged with a narrow fluted ruffle headed by rows of tucks, insertion lined with a color, or a braiding design. Variety, however, is required, and some of the more fanciful skirts are ornamented with bands of white muslin, chain-stitched with colored silk or cotton in many ingenious designs. Bands of blue, pink, or buff cambric stitched on in a pattern, make a very effective trimming. This style of trimming has very much the effect of ribbon, with the advantage that it will wash well and do up with little trouble. More elaborate skirts have the ruffles edged with white or black lace; this, however, is too expensive a luxury for many to indulge in, and is not as effective a trimming as many others less expensive.

PERSONAL.—First Lieutenant Thompson Campbell, Jr., of the regular army, an old resident of San Francisco for his age, a veteran of the early campaigns against the rebellion, and an efficient officer in the various departments of military service in which he has been employed in this vicinity, takes his departure for the States in the steamer this morning, in accordance with orders from Washington to report at the headquarters of his regiment, Portland, Maine. We were inclined to question the wisdom of the War Department, at first, in sending Tom so far away during the present unsettled state of affairs on the Pacific coast, but our uneasiness was set at rest by his personal assurance that no less than four regiments of picked men have been ordered out here to take his place! This is probably the only good thing this veteran has said for some time, and the shock to his nervous system occasioned by its sudden conception prostrated him upon a bed of sickness for the space of two months, and utterly ruined his constitution. He got off easily, though—in the good old days of Annanias and Sapphira sudden death was the penalty for this particular species of levity. "So-long," Tom.

M. T.

HOW TO MAKE TEA.—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhillarating qualities. Another writer says, "If a piece of lump sugar the size of a walnut is put into the tea-pot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time."

A COMIC singer named Sam Collins died, lately, at a music-hall in London. It was his benefit night, and many had taken their seats; but such was the critical state of the proprietor, that it was deemed prudent to inquire whether the entertainment should be proceeded with. The reply given by the unfortunate man was, "Go on;" but, ten minutes afterward, his death was announced, when the place was, of course, cleared, and the doors closed.

ACCORDING to *La France*, the Queen of Madagascar, on the 15th of April, held a religious ceremony to inaugurate her Majesty's assumption of the dress called crinoline, which is henceforth to be a form of raiment reserved for members of the royal family. The only exception made was in favor of her prime minister's wife, Madame Rainilairyony.

WITHIN a stone's throw of Stewart's new marble house on Fifth Avenue is a dwelling really believed to be haunted It is an imposing and elegant building. It has been occupied and abandoned by three families within a few months. It is now in the market.—*Home Journal.*

A HORSE-STEALER on his way to the Iowa State Prison while on a steamboat, threw his manacled hands over the neck of the man who was guarding him, and making a desperate leap forward, threw himself and the man into the river. Both were drowned.

AN UNPATENTED GHOST.

SO plentiful, of late, has been the supply of spectral apparitions, that it is with some difficulty a new phantom, though furnished with the strongest testimonials, can obtain a patient hearing. It will therefore, perhaps, be the discreeter course to fall in with the commercial tone which has been given to the subject, and be content with stating, in reference to the ghost about to appear, that it is wholly unprotected by any patent regulations whatever, and perfectly at the service of anybody who can, by the exercise of legitimate spells, render it correspondent to command.

In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, a gentleman, whose name, we shall pretend, is Gauntrell, though in fact it is nothing of the sort, was induced, by the prospect of excellent perch fishing, to rent a comfortable cottage residence, in a somewhat secluded neighborhood, a few miles from Abergavenny.

What particular fun there can be in snaring that very abrupt, aggressive, and—when captured—all but worthless, fish, we cannot divine. Excepting the charm of voracity, it seems to display no characteristic that should endear it to the angler's soul, or be likely to beguile a sensible, middle-aged gentleman, like Mr. Gauntrell, to settle two hundred miles from his natural haunts and home. Habit, however, is second nature, a fact one is apt to forget, while opening the eyes of wonder at a hero who smokes his cheroot under a heavy cannonade, or a distinguished character (of another kind) who expressly stipulates for pig and prune sauce (and "plenty" of the latter) as his final repast on earth. Mr. Gauntrell had passed his earlier years on the banks of a famous perch river, and the enmity there first engendered between himself and the warlike fish family, had probably assumed something of the aspect of the vendetta, or death-feud, extending even to other streams and districts.

To speak with precision, "Grisewood Cottage" was something more than it pretended to be, possessing two good stories, the upper nestling in an enormous deep thatched roof, half overgrown with creepers and lichen, and an excellent kitchen, subterrene on the one side, but, owing to the peculiar formation of the ground on which the cottage stood, superterrene on the other, with a window looking to the garden. Excepting a door opening into the scullery, there was but one other, that through which a flight of steps led up to the hall passage. Let this be remembered.

The rent demanded for Grisewood Cottage was exceedingly moderate—so low, indeed, as to have induced the incoming tenant to make the unwonted inquiry, whether something prejudicial to health or comfort might not have suggested the terms proposed.

The agent smiled.

Why did the agent smile? Because he was a man of some penetration, and saw in his questioner a person who would take the initiative in smiling, if he—the agent—did not, when told what the latter was bound to disclose, namely, that Grisewood cottage, like dozens, scores, of other desirable dwellings in the superstitious west, had been suspected of a certain amount of—hauntedness. Mr. Gauntrell did smile.

"Not sufficient, I conclude, to interfere with our convenience?" he inquired.

"Quite the reverse," was the prompt reply.

"The reverse?"

"Literally so. It has been found of absolute service."

"You excite my curiosity. Pray be explicit."

The agent paused.

"Sir," he said," "I am not only bound, but perfectly willing, to tell you what is the matter with this house, and I could do so in two words. So far, I am in your hands. But, if I mistake not, you have made up your mind, ghost or no ghost, to take the cottage, and I am tempted to ask your permission to withold the information you have a right to require, in order that you may, unprejudiced by any previous warning, observe the disturbing influence, and probably detect its mysterious origin, for yourself. In doing so, you would not only confer on the landlord a service for which, I am sure, he would willingly place the house at your disposal for a term, rent free, but would also disabuse the rustic mind in your vicinity of superstitious fancies which are but too apt to influence it."

The shrewd agent had not misjudged Mr. Gauntrell's disposition. Nothing, perhaps, except, it may be, the unexpected appearance of a vast shoal of perch, on the feed, could have pleased him more than such an opportunity. The bargain was at once struck, and the family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gauntrell, two daughters, a son (a young Cantab, reading, in his vacation, for honors,) and four servants, entered into residence.

For about three weeks all went tranquilly. The locality was charmingly rural, the perch fed like famished aldermen, and the ghost, to say the truth, had been entirely forgotten—when, one night, Mr. Gauntrell, who had remained up later than usual, writing letters in his study, received an unexpected visit from his footman-butler. Thomas was a cool, intelligent London servant, and had been for several years in his present situation.

"There's something *very* queer below, sir," said the man, in a low, serious tone.

"'Queer?'" said Mr. Gauntrell, the agent's report suddenly flashing on his mind. "What do you make of it, Thomas?"

"Can't make nothing of it, sir, or I shouldn't have troubled you, so late as it is," said Thomas. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind stepping down, sir?"

"Not at all. Who's below?"

"Emma (the lady's maid) and Jane are sitting on the stairs, sir. Cook said her nerves wouldn't stand it no longer, and she went to bed."

"Why had you all sat up so late?"

"It kept a-coming and a-going, sir," said Thomas, "and we was waiting till it was full on, thinking that was the time for you to see it."

"'It,' man! Is it a ghost?" asked Mr. Gauntrell, as they left the room.

Thomas only shook his head doubtfully, and followed his master down stairs.

"No light?", said Mr. Gauntrell, feeling his way.

"We thought you'd see better without one, sir," was Thomas's reply.

Emma and Jane were sitting, arm in arm, nearly at the top of the little flight of stairs, within sight, and very easy reach, of the study door. All below seemed as dark as night could make it.

"I think it must be gone for good and all," said Thomas, stretching down cautiously.

Mr. Gauntrell was becoming impatient.

"Come, come," he said "What is all this about? What have you seen? What do you fear?"

Thus urged, Thomas delivered the following explanation:

It would seem that one night, about a week after the arrival of the family, as Emma was sitting alone at work in the kitchen, the door standing ajar, she became suddenly sensible of an augmentation of light in the room. Aware that no one entered, she put her hand to her cap, under the impression that it had taken fire. The cap, however, was all right. She looked eagerly round. Neither fire nor smoke was visible, nor did any smell of burning accompany the phenomenon. Nevertheless, the light disseminated by her solitary candle had increased twenty-fold!

Seized with an unaccountable panic, the girl, catching up her candlestick, darted from the room. The darkness of the passage caused her to observe that the candle had been extinguished in her rapid movement. She glanced back. The kitchen was filled with a whitish lustre as bright as day!

The cook, who had not yet retired to bed, listened with considerable alarm to Emma's statement of what was occurring in her own domain, but positively declined to descend, unaccompanied by Thomas. It became necessary, therefore, to apprise that gentleman of the circumstance; and thus was occasioned a delay of some three or four minutes, at the end of which time Thomas, creeping gently down, found all as dark, and to all appearance as secure as usual.

It happened that Mrs. Gauntrell was at this time in a somewhat nervous and delicate state of health. The servants therefore agreed among themselves that nothing should be said to her on the subject of the phenomenon; at all events, until it should again occur.

It did again occur within a few days, and at a moment when the cook, Jane, and Thomas were together in the kitchen. On this occasion, the increase of light was so gradual, that it for some time escaped their observation, until Thomas, whose eyes happened to be directed towards a small printed paper affixed to the wall, noticed that the words gradually became legible.

"It's coming," said Thomas. "Don't be afeard, Mrs. Mortimer; but when I say 'Now,' blow out your candle. So will I. *Now.*"

Out went both lights. It made no difference in the steadily augmenting splendor. The room became as radiant as though six lustres were burning within it.

For a half minute or so, the awe-stricken servants sat dumb and motionless in their chairs, when the light began to diminish, and much more quickly than it had come, disappeared altogether.

Another consultation was now held. Mrs. Mortimer, whose courage was scarcely equal to that of the high race whose name she bore, insisted that mistress should be told, without delay. The counsels of the cooler Thomas, however, prevailed, so far as to give "the thing," as he affected to call it, a still further trial, and this was done.

Twice more had the incident occurred, when Mrs. Mortimer, "wore out," as she expressed it, finally struck her colors, and, on the fifth appearance, Mr. Gauntrell was warned, as described.

It further appeared that, this last time, the light, instead of exhibiting a steady increase, had somewhat vacillated, waxing and waning, withdrawing almost entirely, then returning with greater power, yet never attaining its maximum brilliancy, until, before Mr. Gauntrell descended, it vanished altogether. Such was the history.

The most minute examination of the room, extended to the scullery adjoining, revealed nothing to Mr. Gauntrell that could, in any wise, point to a solution of the singular phenomenon. The window, secured with one huge strong shutter, offered no perceptible crevice through which even a thread of light could penetrate, still less the mighty flood that had been directed into the apartment. The consternation of the female servants was too genuine to be mistaken: the integrity of Thomas beyond suspicion.

All that could be done was to be in readiness for the next recurrence of the event; and, for this purpose, Mr. Gauntrell contrived an apparatus by means of which he might be warned, at any instant, from the kitchen, of the approach of the phenomenon; this was, next day, continued to other apartments above, for Mr. Gauntrell, aware of the firmness and calm good sense which characterized the members of his family, made no scruple of relating to them, at breakfast, all that had occurred.

By reason of the early habits of Grisewood Cottage, the expected signal, when it was at length given, found the master of the house alone in his study. Hastily telegraphing to his son, who was reading, still dressed, in his own apartment, and joined him in an instant, Mr. Gauntrell descended the haunted precinct.

Thomas was there, alone. One candle was burning on the table; but, already, its light was overborne by the mysterious glow, and, when Mr. Gauntrell extinguished it, the sole result was to give to the growing lustre a purer and more silvery tone. Clear and lucid as a beautiful dawn, the strange splendor grew into the room, lighting up every speck and crevice with a ray as searching, though not so warm in color, as that of noon.

Young Gauntrell rushed to the shutter, and drew it down. All without was pitchy darkness, nor (strange to say) was any portion of the lustre that prevailed within, projected into the obscurity. In vain did the two cool investigators search in every direction for a possible nucleus of this strange fount of light. It was dispersed, with one uniform power, throughout the room. After the lapse of a minute, or a minute and a half, the radiance began to diminish, first slowly, then rapidly, vanishing, at last, with a start, so to speak, as if some one, bearing a lamp, had suddenly closed the slide.

It would be needless to dwell upon the efforts made by Mr. Gauntrell, aided by his family, to arrive at some solution of this enigma, which, puzzling as it was, they one and all believed to lie within the province of discovery. Philosophical conjecture, no more than material investigation, was able to suggest the slightest clue. Appeal to the agent proved that the phenomenon described was identical, in character, with those which had cost Grisewood Cottage its good name. Still, Mr. Gauntrell did not abandon the hope of dispelling the singular mystery.

The incident began now to recur so frequently that the domestics—Mrs. Mortimer excepted—grown familiar with it, discarded their terror, and even began to regard it as a curious performance, provided for their amusement. Mrs. Mortimer's nerves, however, were not proof against the strain. The kitchen was hers; she was responsible for all that happened there; and to have this "queer fire" burning when it wasn't wanted, and making her hair stand up, on account of the kitchen flue, was more than cook could bear. As, however, Mrs. Mortimer was an excellent servant, and attached to the family, an arrangement was effected by which leave of absence would be granted to her for the remaining months of Mr. Gauntrell's tenancy, and her place temporarily supplied. Thereupon, Mrs. Mortimer departed.

Now became manifest the disadvantages of an evil reputation. The party who had been relied upon to discharge the offices of cook, positively declined to remain in the house later than nine of the clock, evening. This being attended with inconvenience, she was dismissed in a day or two, and another substitute was sought. The inquiry seemed fruitless. Far or near, no one could be found willing to undertake the culinary department, with residence, at Grisewood Cottage.

During this state of things, a curious incident occurred. Young Richard Gauntrell, who had somewhat over-fatigued his student brain, one day resolved upon a walk as far as Abergavenny, and arrived there, in due course, about noon. In that town there stands a small quaint quiet coffee-house, of the temperance persuasion, known as the "Greeting Hands," and in the clean fresh parlor of that house there sat, on the day in question, a little old lady, eating bread and cheese. She was a bright and brisk old lady, with clear busy eyes, and a cheek which, though no longer young, looked as if it would be pleasant and comfortable to kiss. That she was also a careful and wide-awake old lady was proved by her—rather sharply, for her—reproving another guest who, on entering, had nearly tripped over a bundle she had placed on the floor.

"That's all the property I have in the world, young man," said the old dame, "and if you'd broke your nose over it, it wouldn't have done any good to you or me."

The guest, admitting that there was an absence of any

perceptible advantage to either in such a catastrophe, begged respectfully to ask why it was necessary to place her property so elose to the threshold.

"Why, to be ready for a start, young man," was the reply. "I don't know what momeut I may he come for, you see"

"I thiuk whoever's comiug treats you very bad," said the landlady. 'Here you've been, with your hnndle packed, and your bonnet on, two whole days."

"I'm noways impatient," said the old lady.

"Do you mind my asking where you're going?" asked the laudlady.

"Not I, my dear. 'Tis 'corden as I dreams."

"According as you dreams!" echoed the landlady.

"To he sure," retorted the old lady, cheerily. "We comes of a dreaming family, and we always goes by it. I say, my dear, cau I get a horse and cart, if I want a lift, Ebbw Vale way?"

"Yes, sure. When shall you go?"

"Wheu my young man eomes. Bnt he'll be a walking, and p'r'aps he won't like to carry my luggage."

"He must be a very devoted young man if he do," said the landlady, laughing. What's he like?"

"He's a handsome young man, also pale, which I'm afraid he takes too mueh out of hisself, in pint of stndy," said the old lady. "He's not far off now."

"Am *I* the young man?" inquired the male guest, a young farmer of the neighborhood.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old lady. "I do believe that's him. Yes; he's a coming in. I see him turu."

The uext moment the door opened, and Richard Gauntrell entered.

The old dame started up.

"Here I am, young man. I'll go."

"Go!" exclaimed Gauntrell, who, attracted by the appearance of the clean little hostel, had turned in for some refreshment. "What does this good lady mean?" he iuqnired.

"You're wanting a cook?"

"Very much," replied the young man, laughing.

"Here I am, sir," said the old lady, tying her bonnet-strings.

"But you dou't know about the place."

"Nor dou't care," was the answer.

"Character?" suggested Gauutrell.

"Here's a hatful," said the old lady, producing several letters. Two of these the hostess presently pronounced to be from ladies of station, residents in the county.

Ganntrell hesitated. Here was a prize indeed. He felt, however, that the peculiar circumstances of the case should not be concealed, aud the guest withdrawing, and the hostess being summoned away, an opportuuity was afforded him of giviug the cheerful old lady to understand that there was, in fact, a *ghost* in the case.

"I don't care for no ghostes," was her reply. "I rather likes 'em. When all alone, they gives quite a relish to one's tea."

Under such circumstances, there could be no farther scruple on either part. A light carriage was obtained, and the old lady and her long-expected "young man" did really depart in company.

At Grisewood Cottage, it is needless to say, the pair were received with open arms. Mr. Gauntrell had executed a long and successful foray among the perch; but his exploits were completely lost in the splendid fish captured by his son. As for the brisk old lady herself—Mrs. Applebee, as she was called—alter a brief interview with her mistress she threw herself at once into the heart of office, winning easily the affection and confidence of her fellow domestics, and demeaning herself altogether as though she had lived in the family twenty years. She had an extraordinary flow of animal spirits, which never seemed to flag, and a pleasant hearty voice, which, constantly as it was heard, never tired the ear.

Now Richard Gauntrell, in touching upon the ghost, had purposely avoided describing the precise nature of the disturbing mystery, curious to see in what manner it would act upon the apparently fearless intelligence about to be confronted with it. But it had escaped his memory to warn the servants to do likewise, and hence, when, sitting together after supper, Mrs. Applebee suddenly bethought her of the ghost, and requested particulars, Mr. Thomas at once gave them.

As he proceeded, to the extreme amazement of all, the hitherto fearless old lady turned deadly pale, and lay back, as if gasping for breath, in her chair.

"How—how often—does he come?" she presently ejaculated.

Thomas did not notice the expression "he," and only answered that the visitation might occur any night—perhaps, *then*.

"Then, my dears," said Mrs. Applebee, presently regaining her looks and smiles, "you do a poor old lady this kindness. Moment you see him—the light, that is—coming, all of you bolt up-stairs like frightened rabbits, and leave me all alone." Emma drew a long breath.

"Well, you *are* a bold one, Mrs. Applebee."

"'Mr. Greatheart led the way,'" quoted the old lady, with her confident smile. "I'm afraid of nothing He sees fit to suffer in the world."

It was remembered that, while she was yet speaking, the marvellous light began to steal into the room, slowly, this time, as the revealiug of an actual dawn.

All looked at Mrs. Applebee—Thomas raising his hand, as if to apprise her of what her less experienced eyes might not have yet detected. The old lady nodded. She betrayed no trace of fear, but, as the light increased, her countenance seemed to put on a strange solemnity.

Presently she signed to the door, when the servants, remembering her request, all three quitted the room. Turning at the top of the stairs, Thomas, who went last, observed that the apartment was filled with a radiance brighter than auy they had yet beheld.

For the next half hour, the servants waited quietly in their respective rooms. At length Thomas, becoming a little uneasy, was on the point of going down, when Mrs. Applebee was heard to come softly up-stairs, and retire to bed.

The next morning found her active and cheerful as ever, but uncommunicative as to the ghost. Having got through the greater part of her morning's work, she asked permission to pay a visit to the little village—a mere cluster of the humblest cottages—close at hand, and, tying on her neat bonnet, set forth.

Near the first cottage, she encountered an old woodman, at work with his hatchet on the trunk of a felled tree. Upon this, looking, iu her scarlet cloak aud straw bonnet, like a bright old moth, Mrs. Applebee alighted, and the following couversation ensued. After a brief strangers' greeting:

"Folks very bad off in these parts, master?" inquired the old lady.

"Us, in Duffryn, couldn't hardly buy the Queeu a new crowu, if the old 'un was wore ont," replied the woodman, darkly.

"Poor, are they?"

"Cruel poor."

"But you helps each other?"

"O yes. *we* helps each other," replied the old man, dealing a savage cut at the tree. He seemed weak, aud in ill health, and the euergy of the action exhausted him, for he sunk the hatchet wearily, and sat down upon the tree.

"Is—is anything the matter?" asked the old lady.

"Hungry, and death," said the man; "nothin' more. Never you mind, missis."

Mrs. Applebee started up in a moment:

"But I *must* mind," she exclaimed. "Who's hungry? Who's dying? Tell me, tell me, *tell* me!"

Before her earnestuess, the man's sullen mood gave way.

"I'll tell you, missis," he said, "but don't put yourself out for *us*. You can't do nothing."

Thereupon, he related to her, in plain rustic terms, a sad—but not strange—history. His daughter, and only child—the beauty, as *he* called her, of the country round—quitted her honest home—several years before—under the protection of a young soldier, whose attention she had attracted at a neighboring fair. At the end of two years, the girl came wandering back, wretched, ragged, weary, carrying a sickly child. Her seducer had heen ordered on a dangerous foreign service, and, giviug her what he could spare, bade her farewell. Her mother had died in the interval of her absence, and her father, falling into indifferent health, was reduced to the last stage of poverty. The desolate home, however, could still offer the shelter of a roof, and to this the wanderer was made welcome.

It would appear that, either owing to a certain haughtiness in the girl's former bearing, or from the villagers having been deeply impressed by the grief of the heart-broken mother, the rude sympathy usually displayed by persons of their class in mutual misfortune, was withheld. The wretched parish allowance was insufficient for support—outside the Union walls—and, what is an uncommon circumstance in our day, no person of superior condition, in that vicinity, took any interest in the troubles of the poor. Unaided—or, at all events, unassisted in any effectual manner—the misery of this unfortunate family had reached its height, the father being able only to obtain a few hours' work now and then, as on that day, and that for the most trifling remuneration. In truth, they were all but starving.

Mrs. Applebee had listened to the old woodman's narrative with the most fixed attention. When he had finished, she reminded him that he had not mentioned the seducer's name.

"We never knowed it," said the man. "She wouldn't tell. Perhaps it was as well for all," he added, gloomily.

"But his regiment, was it the —th Highlanders?"

"Why, how do *you* know that?" asked the man, roused from his apathy.

"Black hair, dark blue eyes, thick eyebrows that touched?"

"Well, you arn't a fairy, are you?"

"No," said Mrs. Applebee, "I'm his mother."

"His mother!"

"Yes. Now you take me to Alice, and look sharp about it," said the brisk old dame, "for I'm cooking here, and 've got to be back in a jiffey."

The man looked at her, and led the way. On a wretched pallet, in the miserable hovel to which the family had deseended, lay the once-envied beauty of the hamlet, a querulous, despouding invalid, nursing a yet more weakly child.

How the very presence of the comfortable old lady seemed to bring relief aud blessing, and how the good creature brought the deserted ones to believe that they saw in her the instrument of a merciful Providence, to help and comfort them in their great extremity, we have not space to tell. The interview, though earnest, was necessarily short. For the time, Mrs. Applebee had to hurry away. Alice detained her for a moment, both with hand and eyes, as she asked:

"But how, dear, good woman, did you trace me out?"

"Bless you, my dear, I was *warned!*" said the old lady, and trotted away.

That evening, in the study, Mrs. Applebee accorded to the family certain explanations, subsequently embodied by Mr. Gauntrell in the following singular statement, to which we beg the reader's attention.

In the spring of 1855, being the second year of the campaign of Sebastopol, Mrs. Applebee received a letter signed by her son, then lying, severely wounded, in hospital at Balaclava, in which, after declaring his belief that he should not recover, he related to her the whole affair of Alice. Her name and place of abode were, however, left blank by his amanuensis—the young man no doubt intending to supply these important particulars with his own hand. This, either from forgetfulness, increasing weakness, or from some cause never ascertained, had not been done, and Mrs. Applebee was thus left without any clue to the mother and child whom, in the early part of the letter, she was affectionately adjured to seek out and relieve.

It was known that young Applebee had been despatched, among a ship-load of sick and wounded, to Scutari; but here all trace of him was lost. The vessel, half-disabled on her passage, had to put back to refit, and, in this interval, he might have died, as did many others, or it is possible he might have ultimately breathed his last in the hospital-ward at Scutari, at a period when deaths were numerous, and the identity of the fever-stricken or unconscious patients often lost and confounded.

One evening, towards the close of that anxious year, Mrs. Applebee was sitting in the housekeeper's room of a large country mansion, near Carleton, of which she had taken charge in the absence of the proprietor. She had had a bustling day, and, overcome with fatigue, dozed, and had a dream. She thought that, while still sitting in her accustomed chair, the room began to fill with a whitish light, which presently grew into amazing lustre, and that, at its height, an impression was conveyed to her, without spoken language, that the appearance concerned her son, and the message he had sent her.

"But what can I do, my dear?" the slumbering old lady had demanded, addressing the light.

An answer was returned, in the wordless manner before described, to the effect that, when the appearance should next recur, the object of it, Alice, would be close at hand.

Thenceforth, the existence of Mrs. Applebee was a condition of expectation, fidget, and dream. Attaching an undue importance to the visions of the night, the good lady trotted about in fancied obedience to them, no whit discouraged by her frequent disappointments.

One night she had a singularly vivid dream of sitting in the parlor of a temperance hotel, in Abergavenny, and seeing a handsome young man, "likewise pale," said Mrs. Applebee, "who said (don't laugh, 'm, please,) 'you're to come and be our cook.' When I saw Mr. Richard" (with a curtesy,) "I knew he was my young man."

"When I saw *him*," repeated the old lady, "I knew I should soon see the other (meaning the apparition) also, and shortly find his Alice. I have enough, thanks be to God, to make her comfortable, and so I will, only staying with *you*, ma'am, as long as ever you pleases to want me.

"And now my story's done, and I don't think, my dears—young ladies, I would say—that you'll hear of any more ghostes at Grisewood Cottage." It is a fact, that they never *did*.—*Once a Week*.

It is, perhaps, not generally known to our readers, that a piece of blotting-paper crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with cloth.

Every man can and should do something for the public, if it he only to kick a piece of orange peel into the road from the pavement. To do so is the duty of every good man; also, to kick the fellow who threw the peel on the pavement—if he can catch him at it.

A Judge of Pork.—"No man," says Mrs. Partington, "was better calculated to judge of pork than my husband was; he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up among 'em from childhood."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

FRANKLIN TUTHILL.

WITHIN the past few weeks, a singular fatality seems to have pursued the *Evening Bulletin*. Elevated, through success, experience and influence, above the misfortunes which sometimes attack weaker journals, calamity appears to have struck its only vulnerable part—the life of its editors. On the day that the body of James Nisbet was committed to the grave in this city, Franklin Tuthill breathed his last on the opposite shores of the continent. In the first of these two men our cotemporary lost a senior to whose calm judgment, industry and worth we have lately borne willing witness; in the second, the accomplished and graceful writer whom we are now called upon to mourn.

To say that, as a daily journalist, Dr. Tuthill was the best writer on the coast, is high praise, indeed, yet it does but scant justice to his literary capacity. However indicative it may be of the versatility and practical nature of his talent, it must be remembered that the columns of a daily press offer a poor education for the literary man; that the exigencies of journalism, far from fostering that originality of style which is the basis of all literary excellence, rather tend to absorb all styles in its own, and that individual characteristics and graces are gradually but surely merged in the impersonality of the newspaper. But Dr. Tuthill triumphed over this tendency He brought into the field of journalism a fresh, original nature, a memory stored with facts and handles to fit them; a keen sense of humor, and a strong poetic taste. In spite of himself, quips and puns often found their way into his paragraphs; serious articles sometimes led the reader up to quaint turns of humor totally unexpected, or fascinated him with felicitous similes and figures brought from the various branches of science. Like his professional brother, Holmes, Dr. Tuthill never seemed at a loss for a happy illustration—the most classical and scientific brought no suspicion of pedantry—the humblest and commonest no trace of vulgarity. Readers of the *Bulletin* during the winter of 1860, when the Doctor seems to have been confined to no particular department of the paper, but roved at will throughout its pages, will remember having detected his characteristic touches in the local columns, now quaintly philosophizing over a lost child, now playfully satirizing some social nuisance, now recording some local entertainment with a grave irony which was his nearest approach to puffery. Nor was the Doctor's humor, although exuberant, ever misapplied or exhibited for humor's sake solely. He used his wit to illustrate, not to dazzle. His more serious and practical labors were equally effective. As a reporter of public meetings, speeches and debates, he added to the mechanical accuracy of the stenographer the higher critical faculty of preserving what was worthy of preservation. His reports were carefully winnowed of chaff, nor did a grain of wheat slip unnoticed through his fingers. The "penn'orth of bread" he retained, and enough "sack" to wash it down, but no more. Himself no mean speaker, orators found in his reports all the sympathy and thoughtful consideration of a brother. His felicitous transcripts of the lectures of the late Thomas Starr King were "gems miraculously set," and no one more heartily acknowledged the genius of the reporter than the orator himself. Mr. King once humorously declared his intention to submit his manuscripts hereafter to the Doctor, and to lecture solely from his reports. It became the privilege of the orator on one occasion to return the courtesy, and to report, albeit to a smaller audience, a speech which Dr. Tuthill delivered to a general gathering of Sunday School children, and which Mr. King enthusiastically declared to have been the best ever delivered on such an occasion.

Had Dr. Tutbill possessed less genius, and had he confined himself to the dull, plodding routine of his profession, we should not probably have been called upon to perform this melancholy duty. The draught horse in harness, who pulls straight ahead, outlasts the thoroughbred who kicks and chafes in the traces and makes "killing" time. People whose brains are "milked every day" soon run dry, and if they are too conscientious to offer chalk and water in place of the pure lacteal fluid, they soon kill themselves. It seems that to the regular labors incidental to his profession, Dr. Tuthill had within the past few years added another work—which becomes now, for the first time, known to the public. He had prepared by exhaustive research, during those hours which are usually set apart for rest and sleep, the materials for a history of California. His failing health, which at least imperatively demanded a cessation of his professional duties, and induced him to go abroad, did not, however, prevent him from completing his cherished scheme. It seems to have been his last effort. We had hoped soon to have welcomed him again, and in those columns where a few months ago his characteristic letter from Spain prepared his old readers to expect so much. But the hand which traced it is cold, and of him nothing remains but the manuscript history of that State, which, being graced by his labors, is partly a history of himself.

NEW BOOKS.

THE following works were received from A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street:

The Squibob Papers. By John Phœnix (Geo. H. Derby.) New York: Carleton.

Everything relating to the late Capt. Geo. H. Derby, in the way of reminiscence or composition, is sought for with avidity. His popularity is perhaps nowhere more strongly shown nor more severely tested than in the publication of the present volume. With the exception of one or two magazine articles, not quite up to the author's usual excellence, it is composed chiefly of letters, pen-and-ink sketches, and other *disjecta membra* of that wonderfully funny man, who died so full of promise. The humor of this posthumous book is broader and perhaps not quite as carefully wrought and refined as some of John Phœnix' previous essays, but even this broadness is eclipsed by some of the pre-Raphaelite illustrations of the author. The irresistibly comic character of these drawings are so essentially a feature of these "Papers" that we are restrained in our extracts to the following letter, which we do not remember to have met before:

A LETTER OF CREDIT.

August 24, 1856.

My Only Benson:—Your suggestion about the revolting pistols is highly approved by me, and I wish to improve a little on it, by purchasing also, a clarionet (E. flat) for Marlin, and a piccolo, or octavo flute for yourself. With these dulcet instruments, you can sit on the bridge, during the midwatches of the autumnal nights, and breathe forth your saddened spirits in a flood of melody, which shall charm the marine inhabitants of Walewski creek and make the angry and perturbed nature of the murdered Bell, as soft as mercurial ointment. Please send the money for the pistols and musical instruments, and they shall be forwarded without delay.

For the Colt's Revolting pistols, for Marlin		$60
" " " "	Benson	30
" 1 E. flat Clarionet		10
" 1 Piccolo		10
" Extra reeds		1
" Music, a few concerted pieces in B. Minor, arranged for clarionet and piccolo		10
Total		$121

I have not the money by me, or I would advance it as you request.

You could not have supposed the United States Government would furnish arms for the use of overseers on a military road. Do they furnish them for the officers of their armies? No. by my faith, those warriors pay for their own swords: they purchase their own habergeons and surcoats, their targets and bucklers, and if they are fain to indulge in the luxury of a Colt's revolter to strap upon their posteriors, (there to hang in inglorious idleness, for aye,) they have to borrow the money from their friends for that purpose.

Fain would I furnish you and the gallant Marlin each with a suit of Milan armor of tempered steel, inlaid with arabesque work of fine gold; helmets of the same, with a crest of marabout feathers containing four at $1 25 each, swords, shields (with a device representing Bell fishing off Walewski Bridge) habergeons, battle-axes, daggers of mercy; and surcoats and lutes with broad blue ribbon at 3s. per yard for your ladies' bower, but I haven't got the money to spare, and well I am not, if ye seek to come forth in martial guise, your coffers are far better able to supply your armament than is my poor pantaloons pocket. I counsel you therefore, to purchase what you may wish, or make unto yourselves bows and arrows withal to defend yourselves after the manner of our ancient forbears. As to Bell, have I not written unto the sheriffs of Stillacoom and Olympia, praying that he may be suddenly and quickly removed from our midst.

The rope will be sent, the gimbolet is enclosed, (on the outside.) Make more than 2,600 feet per week, and believe me to remain,

With deep admiration,
Your affectionate friend,
G. H. D.

Alfred Hagart's Household. By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Alexander Smith has apparently abandoned poetry for prose. His latest work—*Dreamthorpe*—was a collection of essays. *Alfred Hagart's Household* is a quiet narrative, whose incidents are laid in Scotland and whose characters are Scottish. The scope of this little story—it can hardly be called a novel—is somewhat limited, its *dramatis personæ* are few, but the slightest details are carefully elaborated, and the clever analysis and delicate perception shown in the delineation of the characters of two children betray considerable skill. His portrait of old "Kate McQuarrie," is an evidence that, in applying this same analytical power to age, he has been equally successful.

Song of the Shirt, and other Poems. By Thomas Hood. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

This is the second number of Messrs. Bunce & Huntington's series of the Cottage Library. It has been produced under the editorial supervision of Mr. R. H. Stoddard, the poet, whose critical taste and experience is shown in the vast improvement of this volume over the preceding number. In the present volume Mr. Stoddard has given us a selection of the best of Hood's serious poems, divided into different groups, which might be classified as philanthropic, amatory, and imaginative. But, with the exception of the well-known "I Remember, I Remember," the book is unrelieved by any of those lighter pieces in which the poet was wont to touch simultaneously the mirth and sympathy of his readers. The gloomy and serious complexion given to it by the character of the selections is not only unfair to the memory of the poet, but is calculated to lead unfamiliar readers to believe that Hood's "Other Poems" were all melancholy. Unless it be the intention of the publishers to present his humorous poems in another volume, it may be questioned whether the selection fairly expresses the intention of the series—*i. e.* of offering to the public the characteristic and familiar verses of their most valued bards. The book is elegantly printed and tastefully illustrated.

Notices of the following are deferred until next week: *Dennis Donne, Life of General Grant, Lambert's Human Anatomy, Mildred Arkell, A Summer Ride, Carry's Confession, Trial of the Assassins.*

Great Telegraphic Enterprise.—James Street, Esq., who built a large portion of the present overland telegraph and acted as agent of our city government and went to New York at his own expense and contracted for the construction of our fire-alarm and police telegraph, arrived here in the last steamer as agent of a company of heavy capitalists, to begin at once the erection of two separate and distinct telegraphic lines across the Plains—one from San Francisco to St. Louis and one from San Francisco to Chicago. All the money necessary to carry out these vast improvements has been subscribed and deposited in bank in the East, and Mr. Street, who is sole Superintendent of both, in their entire length, is empowered to draw upon Wells, Fargo & Co. for any and all sums he may require in the prosecution of the same. An army of men are already at work on the eastern extremities of the lines, and in a few weeks working parties will be distributed along the route at short intervals from here to the States. Both lines will be finished during the coming year—one in July and the other in October. The necessary wire, insulators, etc., for the Salt Lake and San Francisco division is already on its way to this port from England. The lines hence to Virginia City will be erected and put in working order immediately—the wire for them will reach here by the next steamer. Under Mr. Street's able management the contracts for these new overland lines will be carried out well and thoroughly, and within the stipulated time; and then, good-by to telegraphic monopolies and exorbitant charges.

Testimonial to Gottschalk.—The friends of Mr. Gottschalk surprised him with a fine dinner and an elegant medal on the 25th inst., by way of testifying their appreciation of his abilities as an artist and their esteem for him as a man. The medal was designed and manufactured by Messrs. Tucker & Co., and is in all respects an exquisite piece of workmanship. It is three inches in diameter, a quarter of an inch thick, weighs six ounces, and cost a thousand dollars. It is laced on one side with a miniature flag-stone pavement composed of six pieces of California gold quartz; in the centre are the initials "L. M. G." wrought in diamonds and surrounded by a wreath closely studded with diamonds and rubies held together by one large diamond; attached to the upper rim of the medal is an enamelled bow surmounted by a large ring of diamonds encircling a diamond harp. On the obverse is the California coat of arms beautifully chased, and around it is the inscription—"To L. M. Gottschalk—a token from his California friends, Aug. 25, 1865." The handsome jewel is on exhibition at Tucker & Co.'s, and attracts considerable attention.

Musical Matters.—The benefit tendered to Mr. Maguire on Monday night last was the crowning of the opera season, and did all that a single night's receipts could do towards reimbursing him for the losses he has sustained in fulfilling his late opera contracts. In a business aspect, his loss will be amply made up by the renewed confidence and patronage which his pluck has extorted from the public. The benefit given to the deserving and excellent chorus—the rank and file, to whose efforts much of the artistic success of the past season was due—took place on Friday night. The lateness of the hour prevents our giving an account of the performance, which, judging from the character of the programme, must have been a success.

(For the Californian.)

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF MASTER CHARLES SUMMERTON.

AT exactly half-past nine o'clock on the morning of Saturday, August 26th, 1865, Master Charles Summerton, aged five years, disappeared mysteriously from his paternal residence on Folsom street, San Francisco. At twenty-five minutes past nine he had been observed, by the butcher, amusing himself by going through that popular youthful exercise known as "turning the crab," a feat in which he was singularly proficient. At a court of inquiry summarily held in the back parlor at 10:15, Bridget, cook, deposed to have detected him at twenty minutes past nine, in the felonious abstraction of sugar from the pantry, which, by the same token, had she known what was a comin', she'd have never previuted. Patsey, a shrill-voiced youth from a neighboring alley, testified to having seen "Chowley" at half past nine in front of the butcher's shop round the corner, but as this young gentleman choose to throw out the gratuitous belief that the missing child had been converted into sausages by the butcher, his testimony was received with some caution by the female portion of the court, and with downright scorn and contumely by its masculine members. But whatever might have been the hour of his departure, it was certain that from half-past ten A. M. until nine P. M., when he was brought home by a policeman, Charles Summerton was missing. Being naturally of a reticent disposition, he has since resisted, with but one exception, any attempt to wrest from him a statement of his whereabouts during that period. That exception has been myself. He has related to me the following in the strictest confidence:

His intention on leaving the door-steps of his dwelling was to proceed without delay to Van Dieman's Land, by way of Second and Market streets. This project was subsequently modified so far as to permit a visit to Otahiete, where Capt. Cook was killed. The outfit for his voyage consisted of two car tickets, five cents in silver, a fishing line, the brass capping of a spool of cotton, which, in his eyes, bore some resemblance to metallic currency, and a Sunday school library ticket. His garments, admirably adapted to the exigencies of any climate, were, severally, a straw hat with a pink ribbon, a striped shirt, over which a pair of trousers, uncommonly wide in comparison to their length, were buttoned, striped balmoral stockings which gave his youthful legs something of the appearance of wintergreen candy, and copper-toed shoes with iron heels, capable of striking fire from any flag-stone. This latter quality, Master Charley could not help feeling, would be of infinite service to him in the wilds of Van Diemen's Land, which, as pictorially represented in his geography, seemed to be deficient in corner groceries and matches.

Exactly as the clock struck the half hour, the short legs and straw hat of Master Charles Summerton disappeared around the corner. He ran rapidly, partly by way of inuring himself to the fatigues of the journey before him, and partly by way of testing his speed with that of a North Beach car which was proceeding in his direction. The conductor not being aware of this generous and lofty emulation, and being somewhat concerned at the spectacle of a pair of very short, twinkling legs so far in the rear, stopped his car and generously assisted the youthful Summerton upon the platform. From this point a hiatus of several hours duration occurs in Master Charles' narrative. He is under the impression that he "rode out" not only his two tickets, but that he became subsequently indebted to the company for several trips to and from the opposite termini, and that at last, resolutely refusing to give any explanation of his conduct, he was finally ejected, much to his relief, on a street corner. Although, as he informs us, he felt perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, he was impelled under the circumstances to hurl after the conductor an opprobious appellation which he had ascertained from Patsey was the correct thing in such emergencies, and possessed peculiarly exasperating properties.

We now approach a thrilling part of the narrative, before which most of the adventures of the "Boys' Own Book" pale into insignificance. There are times when the recollection of this adventure causes Master Charles to break out in a cold sweat, and he has several times since its occurrence been awakened by lamentations and outcries in the night season by merely dreaming of it. On the corner of the street lay several large empty sugar hogsheads. A few young gentlemen disported themselves therein, armed with sticks, with which they removed the sugar which still adhered to the joints of the staves, and conveyed it to their mouths. Finding a cask not yet pre-empted, Master Charles set to work, and for a few moments revelled in a wild saccharine dream, from which he was finally roused by an angry voice and the rapidly retreating footsteps of his comrades. An ominous sound smote his ear, and the next moment he felt the cask wherein he lay uplifted and set upright against the wall. He was a prisoner, but as yet undiscovered. Being satisfied in his mind that hanging was the systematic and legalized penalty for the outrage he had committed, he kept down manfully the cry that rose to his lips.

In a few moments he felt the cask again lifted by a powerful hand, which appeared above him at the edge of his prison, and which he concluded belonged to the ferocious giant Blunderbore, whose features and limbs he had frequently met in colored pictures. Before he could recover from his astonishment, his cask was placed with several others on a cart, and rapidly driven away. The ride which ensued, he describes as being fearful in the extreme. Rolled around like a pill in a box, the agonies which he suffered may be hinted at, not spoken. Evidences of that protracted struggle were visible in his garments, which were of the consistency of syrup, and his hair, which for several hours, under the treatment of hot water, yielded a thin treacle. At length the cart stopped on one of the wharves and the cartman began to unload. As he tilted over the cask in which Charles lay, an exclamation broke from his lips, and the edge of the cask fell from his hands, sliding its late occupant upon the wharf. To regain his short legs, and to put the greatest possible distance between himself and the cartman were his first movements on regaining his liberty. He did not stop until he had reached the corner of Front street.

Another blank succeeds in this veracious history. He cannot remember how or when he found himself in front of the circus tent. He has an indistinct recollection of having passed through a long street of stores, which were all closed, and which made him fear that it was Sunday, and that he had spent a miserable night in the sugar cask. But he remembers hearing the sound of music within the tent, and of creeping on his hands and knees, when no one was looking, until he passed under the canvas. His description of the wonders contained within that circle; of the terrific feats which were performed by a man on a pole, since practiced by him in the back yard; of the horses, one of which was spotted and resembled an animal in his Noah's Ark, hitherto unrecognized and undefined, of the female equestrians, whose dresses could only be equalled in magnificence to the frocks of his sister's doll, of the painted clown, whose jokes excited a merriment, somewhat tinged by an undefined fear, was an effort of language which this pen could but weakly transcribe, and which no quantity of exclamation points could sufficiently illustrate. He is not quite certain what followed He remembers that almost immediately on leaving the circus it became dark, and that he fell asleep, waking up at intervals on the corners of the streets, on front steps, in somebody's arms, and finally in his own bed. He was not aware of experiencing any regret for his conduct, he does not recall feeling at at any time a disposition to go home—he remembers distinctly that he felt hungry.

He has made this disclosure in confidence. He wishes it to be respected. He wants to know if you have five cents about you.

ALEXIS.

[For the Californian.]

A DRAMATIC COMPANY OF FLEAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY TREM.

THE Vienna *Courrier* thus speaks of an exhibition which is certainly not unattractive:

Do you remember the rebus of Boileaux-Despreaux?

"A deadly foe to human rest,
Lovers oft envy me my nest;
I feed on blood, yet love not strife,
Am killed by those who give me life."

Yes, dear reader, it is an exhibition of fleas, which every one goes to admire at present. At the word flea many a fair reader will certainly not be able to avoid feeling a certain disgust for this little insect, and we would hardly perhaps wish to write on such a subject, but we engage if all our lady readers had had an opportunity to closely inspect the fleas of which we speak, they would certainly have with one voice cried out, "Oh, the beautiful little things!" and disgust would give way to admiration. These fleas are genuine artists They perform every imaginable feat, and even more. Nothing puzzles them. I have seen vehicles of every description, from the coach to the cart, drawn by fleas.

I have seen them in every description of costume; I have seen them riding, as huzzars, as lancers. I have seen them as artillerymen go through the exercise with a piece of artillery. I have seen them fight a duel with swords, and imagine how small the sword must be which a flea brandishes!

I have seen them seated in the cars of a railway train four inches in length. What pretty travellers!

I have seen them play on a rustic organ in a very free and easy fashion. I have seen a ball-room where fleas danced in full dress, accompanied by an orchestra composed of fleas. I much admired the leader of the orchestra and his baton.

I have seen a flea dressed as a peasant girl, drawing buckets of water at a well. In a word, I have seen extraordinary things, inconceivable performances. They must be seen to be believed.

If one of our charming readers will reflect a moment on the trouble she has sometimes had in catching a flea she can then form some idea of the pains he has had who has trained, educated, civilized all these little insects.

The trainer of these fleas is a man of about sixty years of age, who possesses another talent—that of making the coaches, utensils and instruments used by his fleas. With his sight unassisted by glasses, he makes things which one can scarcely distinguish without the aid of a microscope. I asked their teacher to give me some information concerning his pupils. This is what I learned:

The training of the fleas lasts some months. The artistes, who refuse with disdain any food but human blood, generally live two years. They are allowed two meals a day; then their trainer extends his bare arm, and lets each member of his talented troupe suck a drop of blood. The troupe is composed of sixty-five fleas, and when one thinks that the director has for more than twenty years been engaged in training this species of insect, one can imagine how his arms ought to look.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House the talented Worrell sisters have joined the company. Little Jennie appears to have learned much by her trip in the mountains; she is becoming quite a finished little actress. Miss Sophie Worrell will in course of time, become a very good actress in burlesque parts. Miss Irene has to depend upon her sweet voice and graceful dancing, more than on any dramatic talent which she possesses to render her a favorite. *Cinderella* was produced in capital style, and the fairy transformation effects were very well managed. Last night, Columbian Engine Co. No. 11, took a benefit, and it was well attended. The funny impersonations of Mr. Setchell, and the burlesque performances of the Worrell sisters, will serve to fill up time very acceptably until the stately Vestvali makes her appearance to receive the homage of the lovers of art and beauty. *Camea* is chosen for her first appearance; the comparisons made between the "gifted Heron's" rendition of that character and Vestvali's will not, I fancy, be complimentary to the former. Vestvali is graceful, tall, and altogether magnificent, Heron was—well, Heron wasn't. This afternoon, *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and *Cinderella*, will be performed. In the evening, *The Dutch Governor* and *The Maid and the Magpie* form the bill.

At Wheatleigh's Eureka, Scotch drama has held the stage, and Mr. Shiels has steadily advanced in popular favor. His "Dandie Dinmont" in *Guy Mannering*, and "Jock Muir" in *Gilderoy*, are admirable personations. When the leading lady whom Wheatleigh has in his eye, joins the Eureka, this company will be strong enough with Messrs. Wheatleigh, Shiels, and Leach, who are undeniably good, to produce pieces in which there are good female characters, but at present the fewer of these there are in a play the better it is. Miss Clarkson, though she evinces gratifying signs of improvement in her profession, and played "Lilias Logan" in *Gilderoy* with more life than she has displayed for some time, is not yet far enough advanced for leading business, and female talent is sadly wanted at the Eureka. Mr. Wheatleigh has received the models necessary for the construction of the machinery used in the production of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and in the course of a week or two we shall probably have the pleasure of witnessing Boucicault's last production, and I hope Mr. Wheatleigh will be repaid for the outlay he has incurred in securing the right of playing this piece in California. This afternoon the Eureka offers the *Gilderoy Matinée;* in the evening *Crammond Brig, Model of a Wife*, and *Gilderoy*.

The Buislay Family in conjunction with Wilson's grand circus continue to astonish crowds of spectators with their fearfully dangerous feats. This afternoon the remaining members of this talented family will appear, and new feats will be performed, some of which have never before been accomplished in the United States by any gymnasts.

TOUCHSTONE.

STEAMSHIP LINE TO CHINA.—The telegraph informs us that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have received the Government contract for carrying the United States mails to China. The subsidy for the service is to be half a million dollars per annum for ten years, from January 1867. The Company are building four first-class and first-speed American side-wheel steamships, of from 3,500 to 4,000 tons burden, and are to make at least twelve round trips per annum between San Francisco and Hongkong, touching at Honolulu and Kanagawa. The past record of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company is a sufficient guarantee that the new line will be based upon liberal and energetic management, and the commercial interests of our State have cause for thankfulness that the contract has been given to a company that will serve the public interest as well as their own, in place of being awarded to Vanderbilt or some other modern "pirate."

SAN FRANCISCO PUCK.—The September number of this really clever periodical shows no falling off in the excellence of its illustrations, or the wit and humor of its contributions. The cartoon entitled "The Mexican Belshazzar," has signal merit. Its central figure—Uncle Sam writing the ominous "Mene Tekel" upon the walls of Maximilian's palace—is one of the cleverest delineations of the Yankee character we have ever seen, as powerful and as original as Wheatleigh's "Salem Scudder." Altogether, *Puck* is a credit to our young civilization, and can compete fairly with the best satirical productions of the Atlantic coast.

[For the Californian.]

LETTER FROM "ROBIN HOOD."

SUMMIT CITY, Cal., August 22d, 1865.

EVERYBODY has read the story in the *Arabian Nights*, how a traveller going to bed in a dreary castle situated on a lonely heath, was, on waking the next morning, greeted with the sight from his window of a populous and thriving city on the very spot where, the night previous, was nothing but a blank tenantless spot. I am not going to comment on the above story, nor raise the question whether the city referred to *was* ever there or not; but I am going to relate a few facts of the "American Knights" of the pick and shovel and spade, that will compare very favorably with the above story in its marvellous element, and certainly outstrips it—on the point of veracity.

Four weeks ago, a miner coming to this district to prospect, would not have met with a single habitation, if we except two or three rough log-cabins. To-day, on this very spot, is a town consisting of over 120 houses, with a population, in and about, of 1,500 persons, almost every conceivable business being carried on, and the population daily increasing. The name of this place is Summit City, Excelsior District, Nevada county. It is situated on the western shore of Meadow Lake, a quiet sheet of water about a mile and a half long and about three-quarters of a mile wide. The town is well laid out, on almost a level plain, with facilities for extension, north, west and south. The whole of it has been already pre-empted, and building lots are actually selling to-day as high as $700.

The cause of this miracle was the discovery of rich gold ledges in the neighborhood. These ledges were spoken of in the papers, some time since, but it was only lately that the inhabitants of Washoe caught the excitement. Perhaps the fact of their catching it so suddenly, accounts for their having it so bad. At any rate, men suddenly began to rush out here, some bringing their families along, and in a couple of days they would have a house to stow themselves in—bivouacking, in the meantime, as in the days of '49. Virginia, Gold Hill, Carson, and the neighboring towns, are all getting rid of a large proportion of their surplus population, who come out here with the hope of making their pile, and are added to the population of Excelsior.

The rocks on the neighboring ledges are undoubtedly rich. Some men are already panning out good wages; but the question is, whether the rock below is as rich as the top indicates. If this turns out to be the case—and it will be decided very shortly, for they will soon have a couple of mills here—then this will compare very favorably with any mining section in California; and at any rate, the surface diggings are going to pay for some time.

The climate is very healthy, and just now exceedingly mild; but the country has one great drawback, namely, the winters are exceedingly severe. The snow falls sometimes to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, and a gentleman tells me has found snow here in the early part of July. This will therefore make it exceedingly difficult if not altogether impossible, to work during the Winter. Nevertheless, it is the intention of several who are now here to remain over Winter—or until they 're driven out.

At all events, I have every reason to believe that next Spring times will be exceedingly lively here. The country will not have been near prospected by that time, so that one good year at least to business men who settle here is in prospect. They are talking of building a road through to Dutch Flat, a distance of about twenty-four miles, which of course will greatly increase the travel to this section.

At night-time the town presents a very lively appearance. Fires are lighted at short intervals in the two principal streets; music is playing; hurdy houses are in full blast, and the saloons reap quite a harvest of halves and quarters. Almost every other house is a lodging or hoarding house, notwithstanding which, many a man has to find shelter under some friendly tree for the night; and the report that there are bears in the neighborhood must be sweet consolation to those who have to bunk outside; but such is life in Excelsior.

ROBIN HOOD.

A GUARDED ANSWER.—In one of our courts lately a man who was called upon to appear as a witness could not be found. On the judge asking where he was, an elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said, "Your honor, he's gone!" "Gone! gone!" said the Judge, "where is he gone?" "That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he is dead." This is considered the best guarded answer on record.

BARNUM AND LEDRU ROLLIN.—After Barnum's book had appeared, and after the clock speculation had taken an unfortunate turn, he wrote to this distinguished Frenchman, stating that he intended to revisit Europe and exhibit Tom Thumb. Rollin replied in something of this strain:

"Dear Sir—Let Tom Thumb exhibit you, who are by far the greater curiosity of the two.

"Je suis, etc., L. ROLLIN."

AN INDIA RUBBER BOOK.

CHARLES GOODYEAR has lately published what may be literally termed a *Book on India-rubber*. The *North American Review* gives the following description of its external phenomena:

"The work presents at least something unique in the art of book-making. It is self-illustrating; inasmuch as, treating of India-rubber, it is made of India-rubber. An unobservant reader, however, would scarcely suspect the fact before reading the preface, for the India-rubber covers resemble highly polished ebony, and the leaves have the appearance of ancient paper worn soft, thin and dingy by numberless perusals. The volume contains six hundred and twenty pages; but it is not as thick as copies of the same work printed on paper, though it is a little heavier. It is evident that the substance of which this book is composed cannot be India-rubber in its natural state. These leaves, thinner than paper, can be stretched only by a strong pull, and resume their shape perfectly when they are let go. There is no smell of India-rubber about them. We first saw this book in a cold room last January, but the leaves were then as flexible as old paper; and when, since, we have handled it in warm weather, they had grown no softer.

"Some of our readers may have heard Daniel Webster relate the story of the India-rubber cloak and hat which one of his New York friends sent him at Marshfield in the infancy of the manufacture. He took the cloak to the piazza one cold morning, when it instantly became as rigid as sheet iron. Finding that it stood alone, he placed the hat upon it, and left the articles standing near the front door. Several of his neighbors who passed, seeing a dark and portly figure there, took it for the lord of the mansion, and gave it respectful salutation. The same articles were liable to an objection still more serious. In the sun, even in cool weather, they became sticky, while on a hot day they would melt entirely away to the consistency of molasses. Every one remembers the thick and ill-shaped India-rubber shoes of twenty years ago, which had to be thawed out under the stove before they could be put on, and which, if left under the stove too long, would dissolve into gum that no household art could ever harden again. Some decorous gentlemen among us can also remember that, in the nocturnal combats of their college days, a fluty India-rubber shoe, in cold weather, was a missive weapon of a highly effective character. This curious volume, therefore, cannot be made of the unmanageable stuff which Daniel Webster set up at his front door. So much is evident at a glance. But the book itself tells us that it can be subjected, without injury, to tests more severe than summer's sun and winter's cold. It can be soaked six months in a pail of water, and still be as good a book as ever. It can be boiled; it can be baked in an oven hot enough to cook a turkey; it can be soaked in brine, lye, camphene, turpentine, or oil; it can be dipped into oil of vitriol, and still no harm done. To crown its merits, no rat, mouse, worm, or moth has shown the slightest inclination to make acquaintance with it. The office of a Review is not usually provided with the means of subjecting literature to such critical tests as lye, vitriol, boilers, and hot ovens. But we have seen enough elsewhere of the ordeals to which India-rubber is now subjected to believe Mr. Goodyear's statements. Remote posterity will enjoy the fruit of his labors, unless some one takes particular pains to destroy this book; for it seems that time itself produces no effect upon the India-rubber which bears the familiar stamp, "Goodyear's Patent." In the dampest corner of the dampest cellar no mould gathers upon it no decay penetrates it. In the hottest garret it never warps or cracks."

"BEASTLY" INTOXICATION.—The most remarkable case of intoxication we ever heard of is related by the Troy *Times*. About a month ago an illicit whisky distillery was in full blast on Green Island, near Troy. One night—it was a "still" night—the man running the machine had made eighteen gallons of whisky, and put it out in the open air to cool. Along came a cow. She was thirsty, and the beverage looked inviting. She swallowed every drop—eighteen gallons of unrectified whisky, warranted to kill at forty rods. The cow has been drunk ever since. She staggered home and is now in the fourth week of a grand old bender. The cow eats nothing; falls down whenever they try to raise her up; and has become as lean as a crow instead of a cow. This cow, besides, had a young calf, whose strange behavior first led to the discovery of the state of the mother cow. It reeled round and round, and lifting three legs and a tail in the air, actually *spun* on the fourth leg. The owner of the cow was an orthodox deacon, who had been led by Gough to leave off intoxicating beverages. Being of scientific habits he tasted the milk of the cow, to see what had produced such strange symptoms. He found it was milk punch, and, having once tasted he continued drinking, and it was the quantity thus taken from the animal by man and calf that made her as lean "as a crow." Chemical analysis proves that the casein had all changed to whisky; but the deacon will have to relate his experience to a consistory of farmers, to have his story believed and recover his upright position. Whether the cow will ever get sober, or end her life in a fit of delirium tremens, is a question which we shall look anxiously to see the solution of.

THE PRAYING MANTIS.

PERHAPS the most singular of all the entomological wonders with which the investigation of Natural History has made us acquainted, is the "Praying Mantis" of Brazil, popularly known in all the regions he inhabits as *The Walking Leaf*—named thus, undoubtedly, from his almost exact resemblance to the dry, dead brown of the peach or olive tree.

I have never seen a specimen Mantis in any entomological collection, or found him classed in any work upon Natural History. Indeed, the only mention that I have ever seen made of the insect, was an imperfect, incorrect sketch in a number of the London *Mirror*, printed in the year 1826.

Practically, it is of very little importance, probably, whether the Mantis is ever recorded and classed, or not; but, as a curiosity, the insect is worth a glance, and so I present him in a small way, something as I found him in Brazil.

It is only in particular districts in the interior of the country that the Mantis is found, and only at intervals that they are seen in any great numbers at one time. But there are instances when they literally fill the air, and cover the surface of the earth, over a considerable territory, like a flight of Arabian locusts.

These occasions are the war times of the Mantis; for they are a belligerent race—pitching their battles in vast array, charging upon each other always in the air, at an elevation of from five to fifteen feet above the surface; slashing at their antagonists like cavalrymen, with their long, sabre-shaped legs, and fighting out their feud with inconceivable fury, covering, often times, the surface of the ground with the slain—there are no wounded, for a Mantis soldier always slashes to kill.

They are cannibals, too—these shrivelled, dried-up savages, and when the battle is ended, the victors fall to upon the slain, devouring them so long as a carcass remains. Not much of a meal, even for a Mantis, you would suppose—one of these *walking leaves;* considering that although he is two and a half inches in length, and nearly an inch deep, vertically, with wings closed, body and all, he is scarcely the sixteenth of an inch in thickness, semi-transparent, and not a thousandth part of a drop of blood or any kind of moisture, in a million of them.

The Mantis is a quiet, harmless fellow as far as humanity is concerned. There is no venom in him; he never bites, nor does he in any instance ever prey upon vegetables, as the locust and grasshopper does.

Taking a Mantis in the palm of the hand, you will see him directly sit himself up on end very much like a dog, or rather as a dog does—toss back behind him his long, slender antennæ, raise one of his singular, sabre-shaped fore-legs, and continue to point steadily in one direction with it as long as you hold him in your hand. When a Brazilian *campaniero* becomes lost in the *sierra*, he takes a Mantis in his hand, notes the direction in which he points, and follows it home. He claims that the *Walking Leaf* never misleads him. This of course, is only a foolish superstition, but the Mantis is certainly a very sagacious, as well as a most singular insect.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Post.*

CURE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The efficacy of Dr. Buisson's sudorific treatment of hydrophobia, as reported in these columns, is confirmed by the *Revue des Provinces*, which quotes the following from a journal printed in 1830: "I remember," says the narrator, "a man who formerly lived in the same place as I did, and who was unfortunate enough to be bitten by a mad-dog. Some time after, he fell ill, and very soon appeared all the symptoms of hydrophobia, which became so violent that his friends resolved to terminate his sufferings by suffocating him. To accomplish this dreadful design, four of them extended a feather bed on the floor, threw the unhappy man upon it, and covered him with a second bed, on which they placed themselves to press upon and smother him. During this time, his wife was held in the adjoining room by some of her relations. The state of this unhappy woman may be imagined during the struggles and groans of the sufferer. She remained at first apparently stupefied, but when a frightful silence had succeeded the tumult, she seemed to break loose from her apathy; the full horror of the scene rushed upon her mind, and, with a shriek of despair, she rushed into the chamber of death. With superhuman force, she threw aside the men who were holding her husband down, and pulled away the bed which covered him. Life had almost departed, but respiration was soon re-established, and at last he opened his eyes. The efforts he made had covered him with so profuse a perspiration that it ran in streams from the whole of his body. He was calm, and, a short time after, to the astonishment of all present, announced that the symptoms of his cruel malady had quitted him. The man lived long after, had a numerous family, and never felt any recurrences of the attack."—*Galignani.*

POPULARITY in politics is to see your name in large type pasted to a fence. Somebody will inquire who you are, and when the first rain comes you will disappear.

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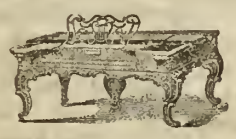

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[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this chimmy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

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INTERIOR ITEMS.

Mr. Henry P. Thomas, who came in yesterday from the New Truckee District, informs us that in a sort of cave near the hot springs, not far from Say's Station, an immense toad has been found. It is about three feet long and two feet broad across the back. Its weight is supposed to be not less than seventy pounds. When disturbed it moves about, making a puffing noise. It is a black, ugly monster, with warts on its body as large as a medium-sized potato, and has a mouth that opens like the jaws of a carpet sack.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

At 11 o'clock August 27th, a fire caught in the wild oats on the Aromas Rancho, about three miles from San Juan, which burned over the whole face of the country for about three miles square. The total loss is estimated at from $6,000 to $8,000. The heaviest loser is Henry Miller, of San Francisco, who lost a large quantity of hay, barley, lumber, and fence. A large number of men were engaged in fighting the fire, and did not succeed in quelling it until six o'clock in the evening. Origin, a camp fire.

A gentleman from Poker Flat, who is somewhat a confidante of Chinamen, and understands their language more or less, informs us that it was currently reported in Chinese circles that about ten days since a Chinaman, working with a party of eight others, found a chunk of gold weighing nine pounds, up the North Fork above this place. Chinamen for some reason rarely tell their good luck in these parts.—*Downieville Messenger.*

S. P. Storms, a California Pioneer, died at Virgin Bay, Central América, June 28th, aged thirty-three. On the 13th of January, 1849, he left Bostou in the ship *Edward Everett* for California, arriving, in company with one hundred and forty-nine others, owners of the vessel and cargo, at San Francisco on the 7th of July following.

The Aurora *Union* of August 12th says sage hens were never so abundant since the country was first settled by white men as they are this season. Last week two gentlemen went a short dislance from town and killed seventy-seven iu one day.

A man named Kramer was murdered by highwaymen, lately, in a gulch between Chinese Camp and Dutch Bar. The murdered man had gone to Chinese Camp for the purpose of exchangiug some gold dust, and was killed on his way back. The bloody deed was performed with a hatchet.

We saw a limb taken from a tree in Mr. Bettis' yard, at McSorley's saloon, which beats them all. The limb was twenty-two inches long and contained ninety-one large green gage plums.—*Nevada National.*

Mr. Morgan, while riding a wild horse on Floyd's ranch, Cherokee Lane, about five miles from Stockton, on Friday evening, August 25th, was thrown to the ground, breaking his neck.

Mrs. Sullivan, living at Sutterville, was reported drowned. Subsequently she called on the Coroner, and informed him that *she* was alive. The woman drowned was Katrina Dauber, of Newcastle, Placer county. The deceased was 73 years old.

A few days since, Thomas Scanlon was instantly killed by a falling tree, while working on the road between Webber's Station, on the Dutch Flat road, and Summit City. Mr. Scanlon was from Virginia City.

Jacob Goin, at one time a stage driver from Marysville, was seriously wounded at Virginia City on the 22d ultimo in a shooting affray with French Farrington.

A locomotive is being built in this city for the Napa Vally Railway.

A citizen of Petaluma was shot through the arm while entering his house, by his son, who mistook him for a robber.

Firemen's Funeral.—The funeral of Walter J. Bohen, foreman, and James C. Washingtou member of Engine Co. No. 6, who were fatally injured by being run over on the morniug of Monday, 21st ultimo, while guidiug the engine down the Washington street grade to the fire at the Niantic Hotel, were very numerously attended by both the Department and citizens yesterday afternoon. They were both worthy young men, in full health and vigor of life, who received their fatal injuries nearly at the same moment; and after days of suspense and suffering Death placed their names on his roll-call nearly at the same time.

The Colfax Banquet.—A superb banquet and ball were given to the Colfax party on Thursday evening at the Occidental Hotel, at which upwards of two hundred of the best citizens of San Francisco were present. The supper, which was the most sumptuous that could be provided, was set in the reading room, and the dance came off in the great dining-room; the ornamentation of both of these apartments was the most tasteful we have yet witnessed upon any similar occasion in the city. Mr. Colfax will take his departure to-day for the States.

PARIS HACKMEN ON A STRIKE.

THE hackmen of Paris have lately struck for higher wages. "Spiridion," in the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, among several amusing incidents of the strike gives the following: "The hack company was busy all this day in attempting to recruit, in the neighborhood of Paris, persons to supply the drivers on strike. It offered to these a carriage and horses to drive with 3f. wages a day and as many vails as they could get. It offered to give those who possessed carriages the right to exercise the trade of hackmen in Paris. The consequences of these measures were visible the second day of the strike. Hacks were again to be seen in our streets. The Chelsea quiet fled. The drivers were, however, recruited by Sir John Falstaff—surely since his regiment was disbanded never was so sorry a collection of human beings assembled. The majority of them were in caps and blouses; they had not shaved for at least three days; and they appeared to be as ignorant of the virtues of soap and water as of transcendental mathematics. I saw some lads of sixteen among them. Two women were on the box. It was amusing to see them at the corners. They would make as much ceremony with the coming carriage if it was within reasonable distance as two German peeresses whose pedigree and titles were of precisely equal worth would make upon entrance to a stateroom. Their politeness was often ill rewarded; sometimes an omnibus would swing around suddenly and while their Jehus *in partibus infidelium* were telegraphing their courteous temper, 'bus would give the hind wheels of the hack a blow which would send horse and hack several yards forward. The expression of Jehu's face at this moment was comical: it looked utterly bewildered, the eyes were of enormous size, and the mouth was screwed to an uncertain point, ignorant whether it should grin or blubber. Their awkwardness was as great as their politeness. In their rural simplicity they were unconscious of the uses of sidewalks, and in turning corners or in press of carriages they regarded the presence of one side of wheels on the sidewalk and the other in the curb-stone drain with stoical indifference. This ancient philosophy did not altogether agree with the passengers, especially if they were from the provinces. I saw one stoic contrive by a miracle of awkwardness to get one side of wheels so high on a pile of building timber which lay on the street that the vehicle was actually suspended. The screams of the passengers brought the carriage to a halt. They get out with great difficulty, and one of them, a young woman of nearly nineteen, almost fainted when she reached the pavement. They declined entrusting themselves again to such a driver. Nobody hired carriages after dark. It was believed that their extemporized drivers presented no security for good conduct, that many of them were ticket-of-leave men, and that if anybody was so unwary as to get into their hack they would be driven to some out of the way spot and then robbed and perhaps murdered. It is said there were some very desperate characters enlisted in the hack service; but as the police were unusually active and vigilant, no great danger really existed. There were more amusing than tragical scenes.

"One of the most laughable occurrences happened to a well-known writer here, and I give you his account of it: 'I took at the Madeleine yesterday a cabriolet driven by a volunteer, probably a countryman, who took advantage of the chance of seeing Paris. I told him my destination, Rue Jacob. He scratched his head, whipped up his horses, who went. I must confess, admirably—so well that it was with the utmost difficulty I could stop him, for the fellow was carrying me off to Montmartre. I showed the driver that our way lay by the Rue de Richelieu which seemed to excite his great surprise, for when we reached the Library he turned and said to me: 'I don't believe there is an end to this street!' When we reached the Rue St. Honore he seemed more at home and said: 'I know where I am now, sir; I am going to cross the Pont des Arts.' I replied: 'Why villager! don't you know that the Point des Arts is reserved for foot passengers only?' This argument brought him to a full halt. I took pity on him and on myself, I got on the box by his side and directed him in the proper way. 'Turn to the right—that's it. Enter the arch of the Carrousel—not this—t'other, the one reserved for carriages coming from the Rue de Rivoli.' He exclaimed: 'I tell you what 'tis, sir, this is a magnificent place.' 'Yes, it is the Place du Carrousel.' 'Indeed! Indeed! Don't the Emperor live somewhere about here!' 'Yes, there, in the Palace of the Tuileries.' 'And that is the Louvre?' 'Brand new as you see.' 'Then we can't be very far from the river?' 'Old fellow, if intriguers have not diverted it from its channel since this morning you will see it flowing under the Point des Saints-Peres.' 'I tell you Paris is a great town any how! It takes a fellow who is up to snuff to find his way about here.' In this way I reached my destination, and it only cost me thirty sous to show a portion of Paris to this countryman.' How shall I describe to you the vehicles which the neighborhood of Paris sent to our streets! You cannot imagine a more ludicrous sight. Our streets seemed to present a caricature of coach making. I saw a great many vehicles which I thought must inevitably fall to pieces before they could get around the neighboring corner. There were wheels which seemed intoxicated, so excessive were the angles they described. I say nothing of the impossible combinations of colors which defied all of Chevreul's theories. The tide of life seemed to have, in a single night, run back thirty or forty or fifty years. If you can conceive this motly assemby of vehicles driven by horses of all varieties, with awkward and uncouth drivers perched on the boxes, and the public promenades lined with jeering spectators, you may have some idea of Paris during the hackmen's strike. It was not without its dangers. We came very near having bloody riots; but the Police managed everything well, and all ended with a few hundred arrests.

A MODERN UPAS.

"WANDERER" contributes to the Mazatlan *Times* an interesting description of Socorro Island, distant some 300 miles southwest of Mazatlan, which, among other remarkable features, contains a species of poisonous tree:

"We encamped beneath the thick foliage of the trees, little thinking of the evil effects they would produce upon us, and prospected in different directions for water. The travelling on foot was difficult and laborious, on account of the sharp loose stones, overgrown with rank coarse grass and a stiff, unyielding brush. Thus our attempts to penetrate the mountainous regions of the interior under a vertical sun were rendered most intolerable. After spending three days in these attempts we found no water. The little we had on board caused no little anxiety in my mind of the dreadful anticipation of suffering from the pangs of thirst at sea. On the third day Capt. Simpton, after a most tedious and toilsome ramble in search of water, became suddenly blind, and it was with much difficulty that we approached near enough to enable us to hear him halloo. We immediately went after and led him in. After bathing his eyes often in salt water during the day, he was partially relieved—sufficiently so to go on board, but he felt the effects for several days. The Indian boy Ricardo was attacked in the same way, and even worse; his eyes and face were much swollen, and he was unable to see for several days, and finally had an attack of fever. We attributed these maladies to having been produced by sleeping beneath the poisonous trees among which we were encamped. These trees when cut or bruised eject a thick, milky sap; the bark is smooth, the wood soft, the leaf ovate, smooth and of a light green color. The fruit resembles small green apples, and contains a profusion of milky sap. Upon this fruit the parrots there found subsist almost entirely. The fact of all these annoyances determined us to quit a place so inhospitable, where

> "'Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
> And trees whose gums are poison.'"

It would seem that these are not the only pheuomena of this lonely island. "Wanderer" says:

"There is a very extraordinary point of rocks at the south-east entrance of our little bay, and one that can never be mistaken. It is of a colossal figure, as though shaped with a sculptor's chisel, a perfect form of a robust man, with arms folded, in a sitting position, upon an isolated rock looking out upon the eternal sea, whilst at its base the breakers dash with fury. Our captain called it a petrified Robinson Crusoe. I have taken a sketch of this remarkable point, as of many others about the island, which will eventually appear in my forthcoming work on the birds of Western Mexico."

The Connecticut Life Insurance Company, organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. Bigelow & Brother are General Agents for California.

The display of rich silks exhibited by Kerby, Byrne & Co., at the Industrial Fair, proves that for elegance and exquisite taste their stock cannot be excelled. The style of showing off to advantage twenty-five very rich and expensive silk dresses in a glass case, is very complete. The very elaborate embroideries and real laces serve very much to give a telling effect to the appearance of the display. Kerby, Byrne & Co.'s new styles in cloaks are gotten up equal to any imported; in fact, the workmanship on their cloaks is so much better than any before attempted in San Francisco, that orders for the new styles are given much faster than they can be filled. By the crowd always to be seen in the vicinity of Kerby, Byrne & Co.'s well fitted up and handsome department of the Fair, we should judge that the ladies largely appreciate K., B. & Co.'s efforts to please and gratify their taste for the beautiful.—*San Francisco Daily Morning Call.*

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

J. THOMPSON & CO.,
BOOK, CARD
—AND—
JOB PRINTERS,
NO. 505 CLAY STREET,
Southwest Corner of Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO.

Special attention given to the correct Printing of Transcripts, Briefs and Legal BLANKS of every Description.

☞ *All Work promptly Executed at the Lowest Rates.*
mh25-tf

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPidly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.
Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS
Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.
Also, the
SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER
Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.
☞ For further Particulars see small circulars. ☜
E. O. HUNT,
No. 28 Second street, and 108 and 112 Jessie street,
jy29-3m San Francisco.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS
FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use
For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency or are convertible, at the option of the holder, into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.
GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent. including gold interest from November, which makes the actual profit on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum, besides its EXEMPTION FROM STATE AND MUNICIPAL TAXATION, WHICH ADDS FROM ONE TO THREE PER CENT. MORE, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency, semi-annually, by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Bank, State Banks, and Private Bankers through out the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.
March 25, 1865. ap29-3m

RARE CHANCE
TO SECURE
DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.
J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22-4t Room Nos. 2 and 6.

A PLEASANT HOME
CAN BE OBTAINED FOR A FEW CHILDREN,
WHO WILL BE
WELL CARED FOR IN EVERY RESPECT.
References given and required. Address MRS. SHARP, at the office of this paper. jy1

NOTICE.

A LARGE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG came to my premises on August 21. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses. Apply at DUNN & HENRY'S coal and wood yard, southeast corner of Powell and Union streets. au12-2t

HUNT'S PATENT
Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,
For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.
HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER
Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by
E. O. HUNT,
jy29-3m 28 Second street, San Francisco.

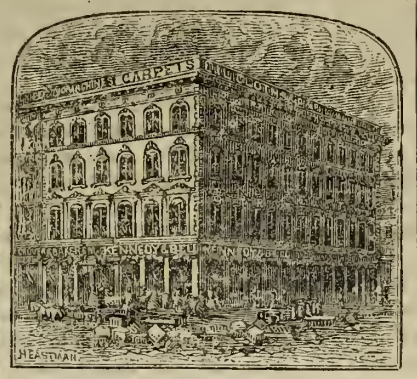
NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

The undersigned having purchased the
PATENT RIGHT,
is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement, upon reasonable terms.
JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,
COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,



HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,
NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;
Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.
Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.
KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

THE ENTIRE STOCK
OF
Gentlemen's Clothing,
FURNISHING GOODS,
TRUNKS,
VALISES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
NOW IN THE STORE,
No. 233 Montgomery street,
(Russ Block,)
IS BEING SOLD
AT
REATLY REDUCED RATES,
TO
CLOSE THE ESTATE
OF
THOMAS G. SANDFORD,
LATELY DECEASED.
au5-tf

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to
The Floral Repository,
Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.
A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.
MILLER'S 206 *Bush street,*
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM
—OF—
WILD CHERRY,
HAS BEEN USED FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,
With the most astonishing success in curing
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of
The Throat, Lungs and Chest,
INCLUDING EVEN
CONSUMPTION.

There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

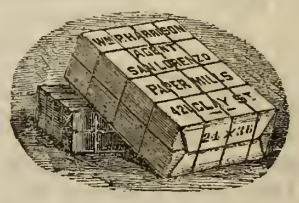
In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of
PULMONARY COMPLAINTS
has induced many physcians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:
S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.
In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of *"I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK,"* and *"H. WISTAR, M. D."*

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
Is for sale by
REDINGTON & CO.,
No 416 and 418 Front street,
mh4 tf San Francisco.



THE WELSH PRESBYTERIAN CONGREGATION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons interested in the matter: That the Trustees of the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation of San Francisco have filed in the office of the Clerk of the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, their petition, directed to said Court, and therein praying for an order of said Court for the sale of the following-described premises belonging to said Welsh Presbyterian congregation of San Francisco, viz.: that certain lot or parcel of land situated in said city and county, and bounded as follows, viz.: Commencing at a point on the easterly line of Pollard Place, 57 1-2 feet northerly from Vallejo street, running thence northerly along said line of Pollard Place 40 feet, thence at right angles easterly 58 1-2 feet, thence southerly along the line of Sonoma Place 40 feet, and thence at right angles westerly 58 1-2 feet to the point of commencement, for the sum of twelve hundred dollars, seven hundred dollars cash, and five hundred dollars payable in one year, on mortgage. W. C. BURNETT,
Att'y for the Welsh Presbyterian Congregation
au19-3t of San Francisco.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET*,
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

[For the Californian.]

THE CUNNING OF LUNACY.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

WALKING leisurely up Fleet street, one afternoon, after I had finished a tiresome day's work in the counting-house, I felt some person catch my left arm. I turned and saw my old friend S. R. He laughed and said: "You are just the person I want if you have a quarter-hour to spare and will let me bore you with a bit of Lunacy. I have just now parted with a poor fellow, of respectable connections, who is as mad as a March hare upon the subject of perpetual motion, and I had difficulty in breaking away from him; but my story is not on perpetual motion—it is something better than that which seems to be the madman's favorite problem."

With this I went with him to his chambers. I sat down by his table, and he turned over some papers and took up a small packet, saying: "Last week I had this sent me from the country—I'll read it over to you. The man who sends it to me wishes to know if he can have any redress for the degradation he has suffered. I say, No—it is only an exemplification of the cunning sometimes exercised by lunatics; and as his remedy would only be against such a person, the very tale of his misadventure, when related in court, would produce roars of laughter—this would be his only compensation, but making the matter public in a court of law would fasten it upon him among all his neighborhood for the rest of his life. Now only a few of his neighbors and friends know anything of it, and in the course of a little time, like most events in our lives, it will die away and be no more thought of. That is the best and kindest advice I can give him—let it alone; take no farther notice of it. It is true he has some property, and it might bring me a good bill of costs—but that would not be acting justly by such a man, and if he is not a thorough blockhead of a fellow, I think he will follow my advice, and in the end thank me for saving him from being laughed at and being made the subject of never-ending fun and ridicule in his neighborhood, and, in the hands of some malevolent persons, doing him harm in his business."

"But," I said, "what is this queer story of fun about?" "Don't be in a hurry, my friend—I'll read it to you, and if it do not make you laugh as much as it has me, I shall set you down as a very obtuse, thickheaded fellow—begging your pardon as an old friend." "Let us have the story and the laugh then," I said. So he unfolded the paper and read as follows:

"'In July last, a parish officer (the overseer) named Johnson, from the neighborhood of Middleton, Lancashire, undertook to convey a lunatic to the asylum at Lancaster, pursuant to an order signed by two magistrates. As the afflicted man was respectably connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that he was going on an excursion of pleasure. In the course of the journey, however, something occurred to arouse his suspicions, but he said nothing on the subject, made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. The lunatic got up very early in the morning and searched the pockets of the sleeping officer, where he found the magistrates' order for his own detention. With that cunning which madmen not unfrequently display, he left the room and made the best of his way to the asylum. Ringing the bell, the door was quickly opened, and he told one of the keepers who presented himself, that he had got a sad mad fellow down at Lancaster whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding, 'He's a very queer fellow and has got very odd ways; for instance, I should not wonder if he was to say I was the madman, and that he was bringing me, but you must take care of him and not believe a word he says.' The keeper of course very politely promised compliance, and the lunatic returned to the inn where he found the overseer still fast asleep. He woke him up and they sat down to breakfast together, and he said: 'You are a very lazy fellow to be lying in bed all day; I have had a good long walk this morning.' 'Indeed,' said the overseer, 'I should like to have a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me.' The lunatic assented, and after breakfast they set out, the overseer leading the way, intending to deliver his charge. When they came within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed: 'What a fine house that is!' 'Yes,' said the overseer. 'I should like to see the inside of it,' replied the lunatic. 'So should I,' observed the other, 'I dare say they'll let us look through; however, I'll ask.' The overseer then rang the bell, and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen made his appearance with two or three assistants. The overseer then began to fumble in his pockets for the order, while the lunatic very gravely produced it to the keeper, saying: 'This is the man I spoke to you about; you will take care of him, shave his head and put a strait waistcoat on him.' The assistants immediately laid hands on the overseer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman and he was the keeper; but this only tended to confirm the story previously told by the lunatic. The overseer was taken away, and became so very obstreporous that a strait waistcoat was put upon him, and his head was shaved *secundum artem*. In the meanwhile the lunatic deliberately walked back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his journey homeward. The good people of his parish were of course not a little surprized at seeing the wrong man return, they were afraid that in a fit of frenzy he had murdered the overseer, and asked him with some trepidation what he had done with his companion. 'Done with him?' said the madman, 'why, I left him at Lancaster asylum of course, mad—mad as need be.' This was not far from the truth, for the wits of the overseer had been nearly upset by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment. Inquiry was immediately made, and it being ascertained that the overseer was actually in the asylum, a magistrate's order was at once procured for his liberation: and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head instead of its natural covering, which the barber of the asylum had deprived him of.

"Well," I said, as soon as I had recovered my breath from laughing, "that is a ludicrous affair, but I think you are quite right to advise the man to put up with it; for he would only make the joke against himself much more known, and he would never get quit of it."

"That is my candid opinion and advice to him," said S. R. "You know, old fellow, or you ought to know, that I have had something to do with cases of lunacy. There was the celebrated case of E. D., the tea merchant, in which I had the assistance of Sir Edward Sugden and Mr., now Lord Brougham, and after a fourteen days trial, in which Lord Lyndhurst, then Lord Chancellor, took great interest, I gained the day.

"By-the-by, that reminds me of Mr. Brougham. The evening before the trial began we held a consultation, for there were five of us engaged, and were examining the list of jurors as to who should be objected to the next morning—and one of the first on the list was a Mr. McWilliam, a magistrate for Middlesex. He happened to be well known to Mr. Brougham, who, in his usual broad, northern county dialect, made this characteristic remark: 'I know McWilliam very well—he is a good fellow if on our side, but if he should take a crotchet against us he'll work with a ten-mule power; so we had better put him out;' which was accordingly done, and he was struck from the list of jurors."

I could not help smiling at the shrewdness of Mr. Brougham, but my friend continuing his remarks, said:

"You know that pretty place, Epping Forest?"

"Yes," I said. "Often have I been there in different parts."

"Well," he replied. "Did you ever meet with my friend, Dr. Allen, who resides at High Beach, a charming spot on the edge of the Forest." I expressed my ignorance of the doctor. "Well," said my friend, "his plan of action is one that has been taken up by Dr. Connelly and others at the Hanwell Asylum. I will tell you how Allen acts, for I have been in his house."

"Why," said I, "surely you were never so much out of your mind as to be taken there for a little medical restraint."

"No," he replied, "although at times I have been almost fit to be one of his patients. I went and stayed two or three days in his house as a visitor, and sat at table at meal times with all his patients, ladies and gents: and they were as orderly and well-behaved a company of about thirty as I would wish to meet with; and but for my knowing it was actually a retreat, I should not, from their behavior, have known or suspected anything of the sort. Dr. Allen is a very kind man, and he told me that when any gentleman was first introduced to his house he would take him into his parlor and begin a conversation with him in this manner: 'Sir, you of course have some knowledge of the reasons why your friends place you in my care?' Usually this was received with a silent bow. He would then say: 'You therefore suppose you will be subjected to a straight-jacket and such like restraints. But I see you are a gentleman who, I think, I can trust. Just come with me to the window. You see that avenue of trees and the grass plot?' pointing to a beautiful park in front of the windows. 'Now, instead of the confinement you may have expected, as you are a gentleman of good understanding, I give you liberty to walk in that avenue every day while you are here, the weather permitting, on one condition: That you do not attempt to fly or hide yourself, and you will give me your word of honor, as a gentleman, you will most certainly observe this condition.' 'I observed,' said Dr. Allen, 'my remarks had an extraordinary effect on the patient. His eye would brighten up; he would take my hand and promise very seriously that I might rely upon him, as a man of honor and as one gentleman to another, that he would strictly comply with the condition. I thus gained his confidence, and he had confidence in me: and from that interview,' said the worthy doctor, 'I had seldom any trouble with any of them, and his cure was commenced.'"

"But," I said, "the avenue being among the trees, afforded ample means of escape, if a person was so inclined." 'Not so,' said my friend S. R., 'for Dr. Allen had, at intervals, watchful attendants on each side of the avenue, appearing in dress as gamekeepers or foresters, who thus, without raising suspicion in the minds of those walking there, would prevent any attempt at escape. But he congratulated himself that, except in one or two instances, their aid had never been required since he had adopted this system.'"

It was now getting rather late, and my friend, having finished his lunacy case, I took my departure. But he made me promise to see him again in a few days, for he had a rather long and affecting case to shew me. So, with mutual promise for a further interview, I took my departure.

F. H.

RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS.

WHEN Her Majesty's gracious pleasure to allow the Cartoons by Raphael to be removed to London from Hampton Court was first made known, it was a happy thought on the part of the Kensington authorities to establish a Raphael Room in the vast Museum under their management. The large gallery formerly occupied, as we have before stated, by the best pictures of the English school, is now devoted exclusively to the actual works of Raphael, or to copies and designs that have emanated directly from his school. The Cartoons, well protected by glass, are now hung at a convenient height from the floor, along both the side walls, so that, in accordance with the original arrangement, they appear face to face. In the Sistine Chapel, however, the scenes relating to St. Peter were placed on the north side of the Presbytery, whilst those connected with St. Paul were reserved for the south. In the present instance it is to be regretted that the same distinction has not been observed.

The large masses of the Cartoons are judiciously relieved by the introduction between them of double pilasters, adorned with excellent copies in full size and brilliant colors of the arabesques which decorate the walls of the celebrated Loggie in the Vatican, whilst the well-known historical scenes of the lunettes, forming what is commonly called "Raphael's Bible," are placed above the string-course so as to serve as an architectural frieze at the point where the curve of the roof first begins. The fine chalk drawing, a legitimate cartoon, on white paper, done by Casanova in 1760, from Raphael's "Transfiguration," finds an appropriate place here, and it is satisfactory to find that its merits have at last been recognized. As far back as the time when the Cartoons were being photographed by Thurston Thompson, the *Athenæum* pointed out the fine drawing by Casanova, then hidden in the smallest, dingiest of ante-rooms at Hampton Court, as specially worthy of notice and fully deserving to be copied in photography for the use of students.

The remaining wall space at each end of this noble gallery is filled with Raphaelesque objects, such as majolica dishes, in cases, arabesque ornaments, a few specimens of Ugo da Carpi's chiaroscuro prints taken from the cartoons, and a fine piece of Gobelin's Tapestry, representing the Holy Family, in the Louvre, which bears the name of Francis the First. This splendid work of modern art was given to the Department in 1862 by the Emperor of the French, and contrasts strikingly with a very shabby Mortlake tapestry, executed from the "Feed my Sheep" cartoon, hanging very near to it. It is to be regretted that, as a specimen of the ultimate object of these Raphael designs, a more satisfactory example of loom-work was not obtained. "Hangings," wrought after these cartoons, are comparatively numerous in England, although none, of course, could admit of comparison with the original set still in the Vatican, or with the duplicates made expressly for this country, and which, some years ago, we allowed to slip through our fingers, to find an honorable resting place in the Berlin Museum.—*Athenæum*.

CRUEL MEANS TO A GOOD END.—Torture applied to extort confession, was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts in Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstance: "A conscientious judge, having observed the effect of the rack upon supposed criminals, in making them confess anything to the sacrifice of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try an experiment. It is a capital crime, in that country, to kill a horse or mule, and he had one of the former which he much valued. He took care, one night, to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the groom could get into the stable. When all were fast asleep in their beds, he stole thither himself, and cut the horse, so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty, but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of crime. Upon this confession, he had sentence of hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunal and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the fact himself, and disclosing the motives which had influenced him in making the experiment."—*Paris Paper*.

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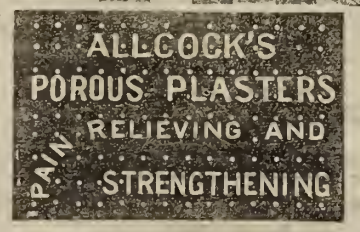

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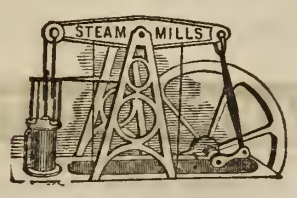

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MR. DAN SETCHELL,
AND THE WONDERFUL
WORRELL SISTERS,
SUPPORTED BY
THE POPULAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.

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SATURDAY, September 2d.
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,

A GRAND MATINEE!
Lend Me Five Shillings!
And the ever popular
CINDERELLA!

This Evening, September 2d,
MR. DAN SETCHELL
In the Comic Drama of the
DUTCH GOVERNOR.
To conclude with the Grand Spectacle of
THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - 50 cents
Gallery - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

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ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

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MARINE DEPARTMENT.

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Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets - - $4,000,000
Security do do do - - 2,000,000
Phenix do do do - - 1,000,000

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J. HUNT, President.
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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M.

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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EUREKA THEATRE,
Montgomery street between Pine and California.

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MR. W. D. SHIELS.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, SEPT. 2D,
GILDEROY MATINEE!

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 2D,
The performance will commence with
CRAMMOND BRIG;
OR, THE GUDEMAN OF BALLANGEIGH.
After which the laughable farce of
MODEL OF A WIFE.
To conclude with the Scotch drama of
GILDEROY.

Dress Circle, $1 00; Parquette, 50 and 25 cents; Private Boxes, $5 00.
Box Office open at 10 o'clock, when Seats can be secured.

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Fine Clothing,
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Capital, - - - - - - - $10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - - 11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - 2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, - $75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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SHELTON SILVER MINING CO.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the Shareholders in the above named Company at the office of the Secretary, on SATURDAY, August 12th, 1865, at 3 o'clock P. M. Per order Board of Trustees.

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NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1865:

SEPT. 24, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Bradbury.
SEPT. 18th, - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.
Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT
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COAL OIL LAMPS
AND
CHANDLIERS
AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,
Preparatory to Closing Out that Department.

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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 16. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THEATRICAL TALK:

The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:

Baited with Temptiug Tit-bits.

[For the Californian.]

CHILDLESS.

FAR out from the pitiless night,
Which enshrouds the gloomy shore,
A fair little bark has sailed o'er the sea,
And my voice—when I call it back to me—
Is drowned in the ocean's roar.

Only a brown little curl
Is left to me, here on the shore,
For the clinging arms and the beautiful eyes,
Soft and blue as the summer skies,
Are gone, forever more.

Only the memory sad
Henceforth will come to my soul,
Of the dear little feet that have wandered away,
And eyes that have sought the Perfect Day,
Beyond where the dark waves roll.

And I look with longing eyes,
Far away, o'er the midnight sea,
To catch the gleam of a snowy sail;
But tears and longings will not avail—
He will never come back to me.

INGLE.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

ELECTION day is generally a very quiet day in San Francisco, and the one just passed was no exception to the rule. Half our citizens didn't take the trouble to vote at all, and yet, though they don't set much value upon a vote when they have it, can pity the poor, wretched, miserable English workingman who is actually starving for what free and independent American citizens possessing it care little about. It's just the same with votes as with peaches. The English workingman reads of peaches which he can seldom hope to taste, as they cost from 2 to 5 cents apiece when in season, and $5 apiece when out of season, being eaten by hogs in America. "Oh," cries the workingman with a craving for wall-fruit, "I'd live on peaches if I were in America." He is mistaken, he would care little for peaches if they were as plentiful as potatoes. It was exactly the same feeling which made the English laborer howl so lustily for his rights at the late general election; he hadn't got a vote and he wanted one just as the little boy cried for the moon *because* it was out of his reach. A very large proportion of the people of England who have votes never vote, just as in San Francisco where every one has a vote, many neglected this duty. What a pity it is that we have not an unenfranchised class who, by their agonizing wailings over the misery of being without a vote might teach those who possess the article the true value of it. Votes are a dreadfully cheap, common commodity at a State election. Something ought really to be done to bull the vote market.

VESTVALI thinks she's quite a man,
When dressing—forth to sally—
Instead of crying, "Quick! my cloak!"—
Like us, cries "My vest! valet!"

MATCH, THE MATCHMAKER.—John T. Match, who was the original inventor of lucifer matches, died recently at Litchfield, Connecticut, aged ninety-seven.—*Exchange.*

Surely one who has done so much to enlighten the world should have a monument erected to his memory. Let the world, reflecting what matchless misery a return to the light of other days—the old flint and steel—would entail, rear the monument, and we will write the epitaph:

Death has put out the light of life;
Here, with a hasty scratch,
To shine in realms of light above,
See, Death has struck a Match!
A famous man—yet none can say,
(Although great and renowned,)
As of great men 'tis often said,
"His match cannot be found!"
Though dead, he lives—throughout the world
For aye endures his fame,
And children yet unborn will shout
This great inventor's name.
Nay! Match needs no stone column raised
To bid his memory live,
As long as boys cry "matches," all
Him who that light did give.
Unto the world, will, thankful, bless;
And all will say, no doubt,
Who see his tomb—"A first rate Match—
Lived long ere it went out!"

QUITE a painful feeling of anxiety pervaded the musical world of San Francisco when the fact of Signorina Elvira Brambilla's illness became generally known. We are happy to state that there are no fears for her life, and it is quite possible that she may at some future day recover her voice. We do hope she will be careful not to exert herself too soon. The certificate of her medical man, testifying to the existence of "irritation," will, we hope, put a stop to the absurd report that Signorina Brambilla was *advised* to have a sore throat on the occasion of Signor Fossati's benefit. Another *Prima donna*, more careful than Brambilla, to prevent the public being disappointed by the non-fulfillment of any promises made in her name, publishes the following:

TO THE PUBLIC.—As my name is made use of by parties in this city, without my consent, and as I am not in good health at present, I wish the public to understand that I do not play for any parties, nor have they any right to use my name without my consent, for benefits or anything else. JULIA MORGAN."

There! That's the way to do it. Why didn't Brambilla come out and say: "I do not play for any parties, nor have they any right to use my name without my consent, for benefits or anything else." "Irritation of the throat" would not interfere with Julia Morgan's appearance on the stage; trouble with her poor feet would be more serious.

A TELEGRAPHIC despatch brings the important intelligence that a call has been issued for a meeting of the holders of Confederate bonds. The bondholders have put their case into the hands of their lawyers with instructions to collect if possible. We are afraid that these bondholders will not be able to collect their little bill. They ought to be aware that the landlord, Uncle Sam, has put an execution in the house of their debtor, and is a preferred creditor. This case can be settled by common law; international law has nothing to do with it. If the bondholders did not remove the goods which belonged to them before the execution was put in, that is their look-out; they have no cause for complaint; they are well aware that, in the case of an execution in a lodging-house, the property of the tenants of rooms is seized as well as the property of the landlord; this is a parallel case; the Confederacy is attached by Uncle Sam, and the cotton belonging to these bondholders which they have neglected to remove, is attached with the rest of the property! They have nothing to complain of; if the Confederacy had been established they would have made a large profit on their investment; the Confederacy failed, and they have lost.

YESTERDAY the Fair was open for the benefit of the "Home of the Inebriate." This institution was about one thousand dollars in debt yesterday morning; it is to be hoped that by the time THE CALIFORNIAN went to press money enough was received to clear off the debt and enable the managers to carry on their good work unhampered. The directors of the Home of the Inebriate modestly refrain from stating the number of perfect cures which they annually discharge; they are afraid of shocking the sober people of San Francisco, we imagine, by letting them know what a number of inebriates there are. If all the patients who have been under treatment at the Home were at the Fair, the building must have been thronged. What a fine sight it would have been to have seen them marching, a sober band of brothers, singing "there's no place like home," meaning, of course, the Home of the Inebriate.

DUTCH FLAT.—"I send you one verse of a song which is very popular here. I hope the *Flag* and the Gold Hill *News* will not attribute *this* to Byron, as they did the little effort sent to "Mark Twain" a few weeks since. If you like the specimen, I can furnish you the remaining fifteen:

"'The wild flowers that blooms in the wild wood
Has at last lost their beautiful leaves,
And the cold chilly winds of mid-somber
Has stole my beloved from me.'

"D. F."

We thought we had made it sufficiently understood that we did not intend to answer any more correspondents; however, we will make an exception in D. F.'s case. We suppose D. F. thinks he is wonderfully smart. We know why he sent that verse to us; he thinks there is a fat feast of grammatical errors for a grammaniac there. We consider it quite as good as many of the popular songs of the day—"Nip-up-de-doo-den-doo," for instance. If D. F. knew the affecting history connected with the rustic ballad which he evidently sneers at, he would be ashamed of his conduct. The young man who wrote those words is a hopeless idiot! Of course you will say "that is evident;" but stay, how did he become an idiot? That young man was once one of the most brilliant contributors to the *Flag*—in a word, he was "one of the *Flag's* poets"—his brain softened, day by day, until he at length wrote the ballad, a verse of which you send. We know the other fifteen verses—the author has repeated them to us on some ninety seven or ninety-eight occasions. He claims that "mid-somber" is perfectly justifiable by poetical licence, being an abbreviation of "mid-December." Poor fellow!

WEDNESDAY last was a day to be noted in the literary annals of San Francisco. The *Alta's* Poets' Corner was again re-opened! Weeping poets had in vain brought their sacrifices and laid them at the gate; all in vain—it was sternly closed. To A. R., of Santa Barbara, belongs the credit of unclosing those classic portals. The Peri found the charm to unlock the gates of Paradise in a mortal's tear. A. R., of Santa Barbara, softened dear old grandmama *Alta's* heart with a deceased infant. Far be it from us to criticize the lines "To a Friend, on the death of an Infant," but we should indeed be remiss if we allowed such an event as the reopening of the "Poets' Corner" to pass without comment. We cannot regret that infant. No! We would be content that a whole hecatomb of infants should be sacrificed to restore to the world the blessing of a "Poets' Corner" in the *Alta*. We cannot refrain from quoting just two lines from A. R., sweet little thing—we won't criticize; we've said we wouldn't, and we'll stick to it:

"'Tis true that the earth his loved relics doth claim,
And from it engender'd their being first came;"

There! It's all like that. We implore the *Alta*, having made such a beginning, to keep it up. Let not these little gems be, as they have now, alas! been for so long, as angels' visits but each morning let one of them appear as a bright oasis in the commercial desert on the fourth page. Relent! oh stern Roman matron, relent! Once more fold the children of song to thy breast—on the fourth page.

GOTTSCHALK will this evening perform a new piece of music of his own composition, entitled "Her Eyes." Now how can he make a piano express "her eyes?" We shall not know whether her eyes are black or brown, hazel, gray, or green. If it is a dedication, then we would like to know to *whose* eyes it is dedicated, and why the pianist didn't dedicate it to her ears instead. The report that Mr. Gottschalk's next piece of music is to be entitled "That Nose," is, we believe, entirely destitute of foundation.

WE should have liked to have seen the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* while he was reading that little paragraph in last week's "Mouse-Trap." He is evidently subjugated; he knows that "*Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus*" is to be found in Horace now. He could find no case for his eyes in that paragraph in which he accused the Mouse trap of putting e's for i's. He has since endeavored to heap coals of fire upon our head, by constantly paying neat little compliments to "Trem" in the *Chronicle*. It won't do; we don't feel sorry for what we have done, and are as ready as ever to have a *mus* with the classical editor.

"EXTENSIVE FORGERY SCHEMES NIPPED IN THE BUD." This is the heading of a paragraph in an evening paper; it goes on to give an account of the affair, which entirely contradicts the heading. It appears that the scheme was "blown" by one of the parties concerned in it; it could not, therefore, have been "nipped in the bud."

WE elected Chase. We know Chase was a good man in the Washington Market, and hence he would be a good man for the Legislature. Men who scorned to put their votes in the market gave them to the market-keeper. We knew when we wrote that "stately march of numbers," which far surpassed the ballad of "Chevy Chase," that it would do the business.

TREM

MY WONDERFUL ADVENTURES IN SKITZLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEGINNING IS A BORE—I FALL INTO MISFORTUNE.

I AM fond of gardening. I like to dig. If among the operations of the garden any need for such a work can be at any time discovered or invented, I like to dig a hole. On the 3d of March, 1849, I began a hole behind the kitchen wall, whereinto it was originally intended to transplant a plum-tree. The exercise was so much to my taste, that a strange humor impelled me to dig on. A fascination held me to the task. I neglected my business. I disappeared from the earth's surface. A boy who worked a basket by means of a rope and pulley, aided me; so aided, I confined my whole attention to spade labor. The centripetal force seemed to have made me its especial victim. I dug on until autumn. In the beginning of November I observed that, upon percussion, the sound given by the floor of my pit was resonant. I did not intermit my labor, urged as I was by a mysterious instinct downwards. On applying my ear, I occasionally heard a subdued sort of rattle, which caused me to form a theory that the centre of the earth might be composed of mucus. In November, the ground broke beneath me into a hollow, and I fell a considerable distance. I alighted on the box-seat of a four-horse coach, which happened to be running at that time immediately underneath. The coachman took no notice whatever of my sudden arrival by his side. He was so completely muffled up, that I could observe only the skilful way in which he manipulated reins and whip. The horses were yellow. I had seen no more than this, when the guard's horn blew, and presently we pulled up at an inn. A waiter came out, and appeared to collect four bags from the passengers inside the coach. He then came round to me.

"Dine here, sir?"

"Yes, certainly," said I. I like to dine—not the sole point of resemblance between myself and the great Johnson.

"Trouble you for your stomach, sir."

While the waiter was looking up with a polite stare into my puzzled face, my neighbor, the coachman, put one hand within his outer coat, as if to feel for money in his waistcoat-pocket. Directly afterwards his fingers came again to light, and pulled forth an enormous sack. Notwithstanding that it was abnormally enlarged, I knew by observation of its form and texture that this was a stomach, with the œsophagus attached. This, then, the waiter caught as it was thrown down to him, and hung it carelessly over his arm, together with the four smaller bags (which I now knew to be also stomachs) collected from the passengers within the coach. I started up, and as I happened to look round, observed a skeleton face upon the shoulders of a gentleman who sat immediately behind my back. My own features were noticed at the same time by the guard, who now came forward, touching his hat.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but you've been and done it."

"Done what?"

"Why, sir, you should have booked your place, and not come up in this clandestine way. However, you've been and done it!"

"My good man, what have I done?"

"Why, sir, the Baron Terro's eyes had the box-seat, and I strongly suspect you've been and sat upon them."

I looked involuntarily to see whether I had been sitting upon anything except the simple cushion. Truly enough, there was an eye, which I had crushed and flattened.

"Only one," I said.

"Worse for you, and better for him. The other eye had time to escape, and it will know you again, that's certain. Well, it's no business of mine. Of course you've no appetite now for dinner? Better pay your fare, sir. To the Green Hippopotamus and Spectacles, where we put up, it's ten-and-six."

"Is there room inside?" I enquired. It was advisable to shrink from observation.

"Yes, sir. The inside passengers are mostly skeleton. There's room for three, sir,. Inside, one-pound-one."

I paid the money, and became an inside passenger.

CHAPTER II.

OF DIVISIONS WHICH OCCUR IN SKITZLAND—I AM TAKEN UP.

PROFESSOR ESSIG'S Lectures on Anatomy had so fortified me, that I did not shrink from entering the Skitzton coach. It contained living limbs, loose or attached to skeletons in other respects bare, except that they were clothed with broadcloth garments, cut after the English fashion. One passenger only had a complete face of flesh, he had also one living hand; the other hand I guessed was bony, because it was concealed in a glove obviously padded. By observing the fit of his clothes, I came to a conclusion that this gentleman was stuffed throughout; that all his limbs, except the head and hand, were artificial. Two pairs of Legs, in woollen stockings, and a pair of Ears, were in a corner of the coach, and in another corner there were nineteen or twenty Scalps.

I thought it well to look astonished at nothing; and, having pointed in a careless manner to the scalps, asked what might be their destination? The person with the Face and Hand replied to me; and although evidently himself a gentleman, he addressed me with a tone of unconcealed respect.

"They are going to Skitzton, sir, to the hair-dresser's."

"Yes, to be sure," I said. "They are to make Natural Skin Wigs. I might have known."

"I beg your pardon, sir. There is a ball to-morrow night at Culmsey. But the gentry do not like to employ village barbers, and therefore many of the better class of people send their hair to Sitzton, and receive it back by the return coach properly cut and curled."

"Oh," said I. "Ah! Oh, indeed!"

"Dinners, gentlemen!" said a voice at the window, and the waiter handed in four stomachs, now tolerably well filled. Each passenger received his property, and pulling open his chest with as much composure as if he were buttoning his waistcoat, restored his stomach, with a dinner in it, to the right position. Then the reckonings were paid, and the coach started.

I thought of my garden, and much wished that somebody could throw Professor Essig down the hole that I had dug. A few things were to be met with in Skitzland which would rather puzzle him. They puzzled me; but I took refuge in silence, and so fortified, protected my ignorance from an exposure.

"You are going to Court, sir, I presume?" said my Face and Hand friend, after a short pause. His was the only passenger able to enter into conversation.

"My dear sir," I replied, let me be frank with you. I have arrived here unexpectedly out of another world. Of the manners and customs, nay, of the very nature of the people who inhabit this country, I know nothing. For any information you can give me, I shall be very grateful."

My friend smiled incredulity, and said:

"Whatever you are pleased to profess, I will believe. What you are pleased to feign a wish for, I am proud to furnish. In Skitzland, the inhabitants, until they come of age, retain that illustrous appearance which you have been so fortunate as never to have lost. During the night of his twenty-first birthday, each Skitzlander loses the limbs which up to that period have received from no care, no education. Of those neglected parts the skeletons alone remain, but all those organs which he has employed sufficiently continue unimpaired. I, for examle, devoted to the study of the law, forgot all occupation but to think, to use my senses and to write. I rarely used my legs, and therefore Nature has deprived me of them."

"But," I observed, "it seems that in Skitzland you are able to take yourselves to pieces."

"No one has that power, sir, more largely than yourself. What organs we have we can detach on any service. When dispersed, a simple force of Nature directs all corresponding members whither to fly that they may reassemble."

"If they can fly," I asked, "why are they sent in coaches? There were a pair of eyes on the box seat."

"Simply for safety against accidents. Eyes flying along are likely to be seized by birds, and incur many dangers. They are sent, therefore, usually under protection, like any other valuable parcel."

"Do many accidents occur?"

"Very few. For mutual protection, and also because a single member is often all that has been left existing of a fellow Skitzlander; our laws, as you, sir, know much better than myself, estimate the destruction of any part absent on duty from its skeleton as a crime equivalent to murder—"

After this I held my tongue. Presently my friend again enquired whether I was going up to Court?

"Why should I go to Court?"

"Oh, sir, it pleases you to be facetious. You must be aware that any Skitzlander who has been left by Nature in possession of every limb, sits in the Assembly of the Perfect, or the Upper House, and receives many state emoluments and dignities."

"Are there many members of that Upper Assembly?"

"Sir, there were forty-two. But if you are now travelling to claim your seat, the number will be raised to forty-three."

"The Baron Terroro—" I hinted.

"My brother, sir. His eyes are on the box seat under my care. Undoubtedly he is a Member of the Upper House."

I was now anxious to get out of the coach as soon as possible. My wish was fulfilled after the next pause. One Eye, followed by six Pairs of Arms, with strong hard Hands belonging to them, flew in at the window. I was collared; the door was opened, and all hands were at work to drag me out and away. The twelve Hands whisked me through the air, while the one Eye sailed before us, like an old bird, leader of the flight.

CHAPTER III.

MY IMPRISONMENT AND TRIAL FOR MURDER.

What sort of sky have they in Skitzland? Our earth overarches them, and, as the sunlight filters through, it causes a subdued illumination with very pure rays. Skitzland is situated nearly in the centre of our globe; it hangs there like a shrunken kernel in the middle of a nutshell. The height from Skitzland to the over-arching canopy is great; so great, that if I had not fallen personally from above the firmament, I should have considered it to be a blue sky similar to ours. At night it is quite dark; but during the day there is an appearance in the heaven of white spots; their glistening reminded me of stars. I noticed them as I was being conveyed to prison by the strong arms of justice, for it was by a detachment of members from the Skitzton Police that I was now hurried along. The air was very warm, and corroborated the common observation of an increase of heat as you get into the pith of our planet. The theory of Central Fire, however, is, you perceive, quite overturned by my experience.

We alighted near the outskirts of a large and busy town. Through its streets I was dragged publicly, much stared at, and much staring. The street life was one busy nightmare of disjointed limbs. Professor Essig, could he have been dragged through Skitzton, would have delivered his farewell lecture upon his return. 'Gentlemen, Fuit Ilium—Fuit Ischium—Fuit Sacrum—Anatomy has lost her seat among the sciences. My occupation 's gone.' Professor Owen's Book 'On the Nature of Limbs,' must contain, in the next edition, an Appendix 'Upon Limbs in Skitzland.' I was dragged through the streets, and all that I saw there, in the present age of little faith, I dare not tell you. I was dragged through the streets to prison and there duly chained, after having been subjected to the scrutiny of about fifty couples of eyes drawn up in a line within the prison door. I was chained in a dark cell, a cell so dark that I could very faintly perceive the figure of some being who was my companion. Whether this individual had ears wherewith to hear, and mouth wherewith to answer me, I could not see, but at a venture I addressed him. My thirst for information was unconquerable; I began, therefore, immediately with a question:

"Friend, what are those stars which we see shining in the sky at mid-day?"

An awful groan being an unsatisfactory reply, I asked again.

"Man, do not mock at misery. You will yourself be one of them."

'The Teachers shall shine like stars in the Firmament.' I have a propensity for teaching, but was puzzled to discover how I could give so practical an illustration of the text of Fichte.

"Believe me," I said, "I am strangely ignorant. Explain yourself."

He answered with a hollow voice:

"Murderers are shot up out of mortars into the sky, and stick there. Those white, glistening specks, they are their skeletons."

Justice is prompt in Skitzland. I was tried incredibly fast by a jury of twelve men who had absolutely heads. The judges had nothing but brain, mouth and ear. Three powerful tongues defended me, but as they were not suffered to talk nonsense, they had little to say. The whole case was too clear to be talked into cloudiness. Baron Terroro, in person, deposed, that he had sent his eyes to see a friend at Culmsey, and that they were returning on the Skitzton coach, when I, illegally, came with my whole bulk upon the box-seat, which he occupied. That one of his eyes was, in that manner, totally destroyed, but that the other eye, having escaped, identified me, and brought to his brain intelligence of the calamity which had befallen. He deposed further, that having received this information, he despatched his unwashed eye with arms from the police-office, and accompanied with several members of the detective force, to capture the offender, and to procure the full proofs of my crime. A sub-inspector of Skitzton Police then deposed that he sent three of his faculties, with his mouth, eye, and ear, to meet the coach. That the driver, consisting only of a stomach and hands, had been unable to observe what passed. That the guard, on the contrary, had taxed me with my deed, that he had seen me rise from my seat upon the murdered eye, and that he had heard me make confession of my guilt. The guard was brought next into court, and told his tale. Then I was called upon for my defence. If a man wearing a cloth coat and trousers, and talking excellent English, were to plead at the Old Bailey that he had broken into some citizen's premises accidentally by falling from the moon, his tale would be received in London as mine was in Skitzton. I was severely reprimanded for my levity, and ordered to be silent. The Judge summed up and the Jury found me Guilty. The Judge, who had put on the black cap before the verdict was pronounced, held out no hope of mercy, and straightway sentenced me to Death, according to the laws and usage of the Realm.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST HOURS OF THE CONDEMNED IN SKITZLAND — I AM EXECUTED.

The period which intervenes between the sentence and execution of a criminal in Skitzland is not longer than three hours. In order to increase the terror of death by contrast, the condemned man is suffered to taste at the table of life from which he is banished, the most luscious viands. All the

attainable enjoyment that his wit can ask for, he is allowed to have, during the three hours before he is shot, like rubbish, off the fields of Skitzland.

Under guard, of course, I was now to be led whithersoever I desired.

Several churches were open. They never are all shut in Skitzton. I was taken into one. A man with heart and life was preaching. People with hearts were in some pews; people with brains, in others: people with ears only, in some. In a neighboring church, there was a popular preacher, a skeleton with life. His congregation was a crowd of ears, and nothing more.

There was a day-performance at the Opera. I went to that. Five lungs and mouths possessed the stage, and afterwards there was a great bewilderment with legs. I was surprised to notice that many of the most beautiful ladies were carried in and out, and lifted about like dolls. My guides sneered at my pretence of ignorance, when I asked why this was. But they were bound to please me in all practicable ways, so they informed me, although somewhat pettishly. It seems that in Skitzland, ladies who possess and have cultivated only their good looks, lose, at the age of twenty-one, all other endowments. So they become literally dolls, but dolls of a superior kind; for they can not only open and shut their eyes, but also sigh; wag slowly with their heads, and sometimes take a pocket-handkerchief out of a bag, and drop it. But as their limbs are powerless, they have to be lifted and dragged about after the fashion that excited my astonishment.

I said then, "Let me see the Poor." They took me to a Workhouse. The men, there, were all yellow; and they wore a dress which looked as though it were composed of asphalte; it had also a smell like that of pitch. I asked for explanation of these things.

A Superintendent of Police remarked that I was losing opportunities of real enjoyment for the idle purpose of persisting in my fable of having dropped down from the sky. However, I compelled him to explain to me what was the reason of these things. The information I obtained, was briefly this: that Nature, in Skitzland, never removes the stomach. Every man has to feed himself; and the necessity for finding food, joined to the necessity for buying clothes, is a mainspring whereby the whole clockwork of civilized life is kept in motion. Now, if a man positively cannot feed and clothe himself, he becomes a pauper. He then goes to the Workhouse, where he has his stomach filled with a cement. That stopping lasts a life-time, and he thereafter needs no food. His body, however, becomes yellow by the superfluity of bile. The yellow-boy, which is the Skitzland epithet for pauper, is at the same time provided with a suit of clothes. The clothes are of a material so tough that they can be worn unrepaired for more than eighty years. The pauper is now freed from care, but were he in this state cast loose upon society, since he has not that stimulus to labor which excites industry in other men, he would become an element of danger in the state. Nature no longer compelling him to work, the law compels him. The remainder of his life is forfeit to the uses of his country. He labors at the workhouse, costing nothing more than the expense of lodging, after the first inconsiderable outlay for cement wherewith to plug his stomach, and for the one suit of apparel.

When we came out of the workhouse, all the bells in the town were tolling. The Superintendent told me that I had sadly frittered away time, for I had now no more than half an hour to live. Upon that I leaned my back against a post, and asked him to prepare me for my part in the impending ceremony by giving me a little information on the subject of executions.

I found that it was usual for a man to be executed with great ceremony upon the spot whereon his crime had been committed. That in case of rebellions or tumults in the provinces, when large numbers were not unfrequently condemned to death, the sentence of the law was carried out in the chief towns of the disturbed districts. That large numbers of people were thus sometimes discharged from a single market-place, and that the repeated strokes appeared to shake, or crack, or pierce in some degree that portion of the sky towards which the artillery had been directed. I here at once saw that I had discovered the true cause of earthquakes and volcanoes; and this shows how great light may be thrown upon theories concerning the hidden constitution of this earth, by going more deeply into the matter of it than had been done by any one before I dug my hole. Our volcanoes, it is now proved, are situated over the market-places of various provincial towns in Skitzland. When a revolution happens, the rebels are shot up,—discharged from mortars by means of an explosive material evidently far more powerful than our gun-powder or gun-cotton; and they are pulverized by friction in grinding their way through the earth. How simple and easy truth appears, when we have once arrived at it.

The sound of muffled drums approached us, and a long procession turned the corner of a street. I was placed in the middle of it,—Baron Terroro by my side. All then began to float so rapidly away, that I was nearly left alone, when forty arms came back and collared me. It was considered to be a proof of my refractory disposition, that I would make no use of my innate power of flight. I was therefore dragged in this procession swiftly through the air, drums playing, fifes lamenting.

We alighted on the spot where I had fallen, and the hole through which I had come I saw above me. It was very small, but the light from above shining more vividly through it, made it look, with its rough edges, like a crumpled moon. A quantity of some explosive liquid was poured into a large mortar, which had been erected (under the eye of Baron Terroro) exactly where my misfortune happened. I was then thrust in, the Baron ramming me down, and pounding with a long stock or pestle upon my head in a noticeably vicious manner. The Baron then cried "Fire!" and as I shot out, in the midst of a blaze, I saw him looking upward.

CHAPTER V.

MY REVENGE ON THE SKITZLANDERS.

By great good fortune, they had planted their artillery so well, that I was fired up through my hole again, and alighted in my own garden, just a little singed. My first thought was to run to an adjoining bed of vegetable marrows. Thirty vegetable marrows and two pumpkins I rained down to astonish the Skitzlanders, and I fervently hope that one of them may have knocked out the remaining eye of my vindictive enemy, the Baron. I then went into the pantry, and obtained a basket full of eggs, and having rained these down upon the Skitzlanders, I left them.

It was after breakfast when I went down to Skitzland, and I came back while the dinner bell was ringing.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.

THE time required for a rifle-bullet to pass clean through a man's head may be roughly estimated at one thousandth of a second. Here, therefore, we should have no room for sensation, and death would be painless. But there are other actions which far transcend in rapidity that of the rifle-bullet. A flash of lightning cleaves a cloud, appearing and disappearing in less than one-hundred-thousandth of a second, and the velocity of electricity is such as would carry it over a distance equal to that which separates the earth and moon in a single second. It is well known that a luminous impression once made upon the retina endures for about one-sixth of a second, and that this is the reason why we see a ribbon of light when a glowing coal is caused to pass rapidly through the air. A body illuminated by an instantaneous flash continues to be seen for the sixth of a second after the flash has become extinct; and if the body thus illuminated be in motion, it appears at rest at the place which it occupied when the flash fell upon it. The color-top is familiar to most of us. By this instrument a disc with differently colored sectors is caused to rotate rapidly; the colors blend together, and if they are chosen in the proportions necessary to form white light, the disc appears white when the motion is sufficiently rapid. Such a top, rotating in a dark room, and illuminated by an electric spark, appears motionless, each distinct color being clearly seen. Professor Dove has found that a flash of lightning produces the same effect. During the thunder storm he put a color-top in exceedingly rapid motion, and found that every flash revealed the top as a motionless object with colors distinct. If illuminated solely by a flash of lightning, the motion of all bodies on the earth's surface would, as Dove has remarked, appear suspended. A cannon ball, for example, would have its flight apparently arrested, and would seem to hang motionless in space as long as the luminous impression which revealed the ball remained upon the eye.

If, then, a rifle-bullet move with sufficient rapidity to destroy life without the interposition of sensation, much more is a flash of lightning competent to produce this effect. Accordingly, we have well authenticated cases of people being struck senseless by lightning who, on recovery, had no memory of pain. The following circumstantial case is described by Hemmer: On the 30th of June, 1788, a soldier in the neighborhood of Mannheim, being overtaken by rain, placed himself under a tree, beneath which a woman had previously taken shelter. He looked upwards to see whether the branches were thick enough to afford the required protection, and, in doing so, was struck by lightning, and fell senseless to the earth. The woman at his side experienced the shock in her foot, but was not struck down. Some hours afterwards the man revived, but knew nothing about what had occurred, save the fact of his looking up at the branches. This was his last act of consciousness, and he passed from the conscious to the unconscious condition without pain. The visible marks of a lightning stroke are usually insignificant: the hair is sometimes burnt; slight wounds are observed; while, in some instances, a red streak marks the track of the discharge over the skin.

The effects of a shock of artificial lightning on a gentleman of our acquaintance, who is very sensitive to the electric discharge, may be here described. Under ordinary circumstances, the discharge from a small Leyden jar is exceedingly unpleasant to him. Some time ago he happened to stand in the presence of a numerous audience, with a battery of fifteen large Leyden jars charged beside him. Through some awkwardness on his part, he touched a wire which he had no right to touch, and the discharge of the battery went through his body. Here life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In a second or two consciousness returned; the recipient of the shock saw himself in the presence of his audience and apparatus, and, by the help of these external facts, immediately concluded that he had received the battery discharge. His *intellectual* consciousness of his position was restored with exceeding rapidity, but not so his *optical* consciousness. To prevent the audience from being alarmed, he observed that it had often been his desire to receive accidentally such a shock, and that his wish had at length been fulfilled. But while making this remark, the appearance which his body presented to him was that of a number of separate pieces. The arms, for example, were detached from the trunk, and seemed suspended in the air. In fact, memory, and the power of reasoning, appeared to be complete long before the optic nerve was restored to healthy action. But what we wish chiefly to dwell upon here is, the absolute painlessness of the shock: and there cannot be a doubt, to a person struck dead by lightning, the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the least degree implicated. It is an abrupt stoppage of sensation, unaccompanied by a pang.—*Reader.*

THE SERPENT.

I HAD doffed coat and hat, so as to diminish the surface exposed to the thorns and brambles, and looking around me from a square yard of *terra firma*, I found myself the spectator of a loathsome, yet fascinating scene. Three or four yards from me was the nest, beneath which, in long festoons rested a huge black snake; a bird, two-thirds grown, was slowly disappearing between his expanded jaws. As they seemed unconscious of my presence, I quietly observed the proceedings. By slow degrees he compassed the bird about with his elastic mouth; his head flattened, his neck writhed and swelled, and two or three undulating movements of his glistening body finished the work. Then, with marvellous ease, he cautiously raised himself up, his tongue flaming from his mouth the while, curved over the nest, and, with wavy, subtle motions, explored the interior. I can conceive of nothing more overpoweringly terrible to an unsuspecting family of birds than the sudden appearance above their domicile of the head and neck of this arch-enemy. It is enough to petrify the blood in their veins. Not finding the object of his search, he came streaming down from the nest to a lower limb, and commenced extending his researches in other directions, sliding stealthily through the branches, bent on capturing one of the parent birds. That a legless, wingless creature should move with such ease and rapidity where only birds and squirrels are considered at home, lifting himself up, letting himself down, running out on the yielding boughs, and traversing with marvellous celerity the whole length and breadth of the thicket, was truly surprising. One thinks of the great myth, of the Tempter and the "cause of all our woe," and wonders if the Arch One is not now playing off some of his pranks before him. Whether we call it snake or devil matters little. I could but admire his terrible beauty, however, his black, shining folds, his easy, gliding movement, head erect, eyes glistening, tongue playing like subtle flame, and the invisible means of his almost winged locomotion. The parent birds, in the meanwhile, kept up the most agonizing cry—at times fluttering furiously about their pursuer, and actually laying hold of his tail with their beaks and claws. On being thus attacked, the snake would suddenly double upon himself and follow his own body back, thus executing a strategic movement that at first seemed to paralyze his victim and place her within his grasp. Not quite, however. Before his jaws could close on the coveted prize, the bird would tear herself away, and, apparently faint and sobbing, retire to a higher branch. His reputed powers of fascination availed him little, though it is possible that a more timid and less combative bird might have been held by the fatal spell. Presently, as he came gliding down the slender body of a leaning alder, his attention was attracted by a slight movement of my arm; eyeing me an instant, with that crouching, utter motionless gaze which I believe only snakes and devils can assume, he turned quickly- a feat which necessitated something like crawling over his own body—and glided off through the branches, evidently recognizing in me a representative of the ancient parties he once so cunningly ruined. A few moments after, as he lay, carelessly disposed in the top of a rank alder, trying to look as much like a crooked branch as his supple, shining form would admit, the old vengeance overtook him. I exercised my prerogative, and a well-directed missile in the shape of a stone brought him looping and writhing to the ground. After I had completed his downfall, and quiet had been partially restored, a half-fledged member of the bereaved household came out from his hiding-place, and, jumping upon a decayed branch, chirped vigorously, no doubt in celebration of the victory. What the emotions of the parent birds were on seeing their destroyer's head so thoroughly bruised, and a part of their little ones at least spared to them, I can only conjecture; but I imagined the news spread immediately, and that my praises as the deliverer were sung in that neighborhood ever after.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

[For the Californian.]

PLEASANT GAMES FOR CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

Hunt the Chinaman.—This is a very pretty game, and may be played by any number of boys and girls. First, procure a Chinaman. This can easily be done, but the best way is to lie in wait for one on the corner of the street. Commence your game by pelting him with decayed oranges, which you may gradually exchange for pieces of coal, and eventually wind up with brick-bats. If he is particularly inoffensive, some diversion may be made by the smallest boys climbing up his back by the aid of his pigtail. Do not scruple to cut off his tail if you can; he values it highly, and the expression of his countenance under this infliction, together with his unintelligible protestations, is very amusing. Sometimes a dog may be set on him—but you should be careful to have the beast well in training, or he will take all the sport to himself. Should the Chinaman show fight, a clever boy will appeal to his parents, and not scruple to say he was attacked first, at which his father, if a believer in "superior races," will instantly join the sport. It is always safest, however, for young beginners to commence with Chinamen carrying bundles, as they afford much more entertainment in their endeavors to escape with their property. This game is peculiarly a city sport, and is in a measure protected by the police, who always interfere to shield any boy from an infuriated Chinaman.

Coasting Down Hill.—How bountiful is Nature! She gives us a variously diversified surface, with valleys and hills. The hills serve for a variety of purposes. Those in the city are chiefly used by little boys to ride down on their wagons. Rincon Hill, Bush, and California streets, are capital for that purpose. Drag your wagon to the top of the hill, place yourself fairly upon it, and descend. If the sidewalk is crowded with people, the fun will be greater. A clever boy will frighten one-half into the gutter, and upset the other half. Some boys have been known to alarm ladies into hysterics, and break old gentlemen's legs, but it is wisest for young beginners to avoid anything but simple fractures at first. Great amusement may be found in crossing the street, as foot passengers, crossing in another direction, will be totally unprepared for the encounter.

Ringing Door-Bells.—This play is essentially an out-door game, and requires some dexterity on the part of the player. Proceed boldly to the front door of any dwelling and ring the bell briskly. Retire rapidly to the corner of the street and watch the expression of the person who opens the door. Repeat the process immediately, but never a third time. A clever variation of this sport may be obtained by carefully watching the out-goings and in-comings of the master of the house. When you perceive him coming up the street, calculate your time so as to give two false alarms before he reaches the doorstep. The moment that he touches the bell, he will probably be vigorously assaulted with a broom by the chambermaid, or have a bucketful of hot water thrown over him from the area. At which retire.

An Experiment in Optics.—This is a scientific game, which may be played with advantage by school boys. Apply your fist rapidly, and with some force, against the eye of a confederate, without previously acquainting him of your intention. Then retire hastily. In a few hours afterward, you will observe a slight swelling around his eyelid, pleasantly relieved by a variety of beautiful colors. This, your teacher will tell you, is *ecchymosis*, produced by the presence of extravasated blood in the aerolar tissue, which you may explain to your confederate.

Evening Sports.—If you live on a frequented street, and your residence be distant from the lamp post, a fine entertainment may be afforded by affixing one end of a stout cord to the bell pull of your house, and the other end to the bell pull of the dwelling opposite, allowing the cord to stretch across the sidewalk at about the height of a pedestrian's ankles. If properly arranged, this cord will trip up the first passer-by, and ring the two door bells simultaneously. An altercation will probably ensue between your parent, the pedestrian, and the opposite resident, in which it is inadvisable to join. Retire hastily.

Selling the Waterman.—Follow a water cart, with a confederate. While he engages the attention of the driver, briskly turn the faucet so as to allow the contents of the cart to escape into the street. If your confederate keeps up an animated conversation with the driver, the water will probably escape entirely before he discovers it. This is a somewhat dangerous and difficult pastime. As its principal charm is the discomfited expression of the waterman on finding his cask empty, to be near enough to thoroughly enjoy it places you in a dangerous proximity to his whip.

To Sell a Vegetable Man.—This may be done in the same way as the foregoing, by removing the tail board of the cart. It has also another advantage, as you can pelt the driver with his own stock. Besides, potatoes look very droll when tumbling out of a cart. Wode.

[For the Californian.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.—No. 3.

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs."
Richard II., iii., 2d.

THE worm is probably the lowest order of the animal creation, and it has always been a favorite comparison with those who love to expatiate on the littleness and meanness of humanity to liken man to a worm of the dust. Not only so, but much rhetoric has been expended to show the inferiority of man in certain respects to his earth-born companions, and to enthrone the *annelida* over the *bimana*. The worm is represented as making man his prey at last; as triumphing over his proud rival, and revelling within the lobes of the brain like conquering Cortez in the halls of the Montezumas.

It is a common belief that it is the fate of the body, after death, to be devoured by worms; and we retain a vivid impression of a funeral sermon we once listened to, by a pious bishop, who improved the occasion and comforted the mourners by dwelling upon all the accessories of the charnel-house, and particularly by a vivid description of the worms crawling in and out of the eye-sockets.

We have even heard people in grave and serious mood speculating upon the origin of these

"Cold consumers of their clay,"

some contending that they were native earth-worms, others that they were developed after death from germs pre-existing in the body—a remarkable instance of ingenuity so often displayed in accounting for a fact prior to any evidence of or enquiry concerning its existence. If we trace the history of this widely-received notion we shall find it comes, like so many other fallacies and heresies, from a literal interpretation of a bold Oriental figure, or from an enlarged application of that figure, never intended by the original writers.

Man comes to the grave, and his bodily abasement in the earliest times naturally suggested humiliating reflections. The unknown author of the book of Job says, chapter xxiv., 14: "I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."

The same author, speaking of the death of the wicked, says, "The worm shall feed sweetly on him," xxiv., 20; and again, in chapter xix., 26, "And though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Now, although the word *worms*, in this passage, is not in the original, and the translators might as well have supplied *he* or *death*, yet, making the most of it, according to our version, it does not assert any general fact as to the fate of the body, but only makes a certain event independent of a possible contingency.

We remember an able exposition of this text by an old sermonizer, who divided it into three heads, thus: "Firstly, the skin worms; secondly, what they done; and thirdly, what become of the man after the skin worms had eaten him up." But we will remind the reader, for his comfort and consolation, that earth-worms are not carnivorous, but subsist on decaying vegetable matter, roots, vegetable moulds, etc.; that no animal life of any kind can exist excluded from air, and at the depth of ordinary inhumation.

Gehenna, or the Valley of Hinnon, a narrow ravine at the south of Jerusalem, it is well known, was the great *cloaca*, or cess pool, into which was emptied, not only the sewerage of the city, but where the dead bodies of criminals and the carcasses of animals were cast, and where fires were kept constantly burning. To the Jewish imagination, this furnished a striking symbol of retribution and infamy. Hebrew poets freely used the figure in denunciation of the wicked. The expression used in the last verse of the book of Isaiah, "For their worm shall not die, nor their fire be quenched," cited more than once in the New Testament, is a figure evidently deduced from the same source, and in connection with a few kindred expressions in the Sacred Scriptures, has, doubtless, been the fruitful seed of that wide-spread belief to which we have referred.

It is somewhat remarkable to what an extent this has passed into literature, and been adopted by poets and moralists—doubtless, in many instances, as a simple metaphor or poetic exaggeration—till it has finally come to be literally believed and cherished almost as an article of faith by multitudes of people.

We will cite only a few instances out of hundreds which could be accumulated. Sir Thomas Brown, in *Urn Burial*, speaks of the *Epicurean worm*, which will only feed on human flesh.

Shakspeare, in *As You Like It*, IV., i., says:

"Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
But not for love."

Or,

"Tombs do worms unfold."—*Merchant of Venice*, II., i.

"The worm that hath eat of a king."—*Hamlet*, IV., iii.

Byron freely uses the same image, two instances of which we will cite. In that "Sketch" wherein he portrays the character of the woman who was active in bringing about the alienation between himself and wife, and which contains perhaps the severest denunciation of anything in the English language. He says:

"Down to the dust, and as thou rottest away,
E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay;"

and again, in describing remorse:

"It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
Without the power to drive away
The cold consumer of their clay."

Dr. Watts improved the occasion in the well-known strain:

"Thy flesh, perhaps thy greatest care,
Shall crawling worms consume:
But ah! destruction stops not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb."

Carlyle, satirizing a do-nothing aristocracy, speaks of them as fattening for the worm.

Thus have poets and preachers made the worm an inseparable adjunct of the grave and the tomb. And yet, after all, there is not a word of truth in it. The body, when decently buried or when deposited in a tomb, is entirely safe from any predaceous *annelida*. What St. Paul calls the temple of the Holy Spirit is not subject to such profanation. Only in exceptional cases, as when bodies are exposed in warm seasons in the open air, insects, who do not discriminate between man and beast, deposit their *ova* in the carcass, and the larvæ feed sweetly upon it. Incremation and interment are designed as much as anything to prevent such a fate. No one dying in his bed and among human beings, need apprehend any such dissection of his mortal remains.

After all, it matters little what disposition is made of our mortal remains—of the body we are so prone to call ourselves, but which is only a cast-off garment we have picked up by the way. The vaults of St. Denis could not guard the ashes of the kings of France. Tombs, though their walls be forty feet in thickness, like that of Cecilia Metella, at Rome; pyramids like that of Cheops, cannot imprison the subtle elements which compose alike the frames of Pharaohs and of beggars. Earth, and air, and water, reclaim and repossess their own. A traveller falls in the desert, or in mountain solitudes, or in lonely forests. The sun kisses him, and he is sublimed. The soft winds steal to his resting-place. They shrink not from his touch; they caress his wan brow and faded cheek; they play about the parted lips, and lift the tangled meshes of his hair. So they woo him to their embraces; they bear him away on their wings till he is buried in air. The earthly residuum of this burned-out human torch—the handful of phosphate of lime, which formed the bony frame-work of his earthly tenement—goes "to mix forever with the elements."

We have only a life lease of our house of clay. Others occupied it before us: others will use it after us. By the endless transmutations of Nature's great labratory, the particles of our frame are wrought over into grass, and grain, and animal fibre, and again into human flesh and sinews.

"The dust we tread upon was once alive."

Aye! and it will live again.

The red man sleeps with his fathers, but his revivified limbs still stalk the streets of cities built beside the burial-place of his tribe. The nerve that once drew the bow now wields the pen or brandishes the sword. Blood-drenched Waterloo becomes a prolific wheat field, and the tide of life, which ebbed slowly and sadly away as night came down on the plain, now courses joyously through the veins of another generation. Truly has it been said, "Death is the Lucina of life, and the inexhaustible nutriment of existence is decay."

As Saturn devours his offspring, so we eat our ancestors. The lot of Mausolus, so loved and lamented by his wife, Artemisia, that she took his incinerated remains in morning powders, till his body had found a resting place in a living sepulchre, is by no means a solitary case. Could we have the history of the atoms which form even the less honored portions of our frame, some of them may have once obeyed a monarch's will or fed a maiden's pride.

The materials of which our life-garment is woven are gathered from every clime. China and Japan, Ceylon and Sumatra, the islands of the sea, and the sea itself, give us their choicest productions. The all-embracing air comes to us laden with odors and exhalations from distant shores, which we inspire and assimilate. If God had not originally made of one blood, all nations that dwell on the face of the earth, they would soon become so by the unceasing interchange of elementary particles.

Sir Thomas Brown says (we quote from memory:) "We are all what we so much abhor, anthropophagi and man-eaters; for this goodly frame, which surrounds our being, once lay upon our trenchers and came in by our mouths: in brief, we have devoured ourselves."

Shakspeare, in that exquisite passage in *Hamlet*, which discovers, perhaps as forcibly as any other, the rare delicacy of a fancy at the same time so marvelously vigorous, says of "Ophelia:"

"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

This is the true transmigration, to live again in tree, or flower, or bird, or insect, pursuing that long series of changes, which, for aught we know to the contrary, may be infinite, and which render probable, if not positive, the immortality of matter as well as of spirit. Libra

NEW BOOKS.

THE following works, notices of which were crowded out last week, were received from A. Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street:

Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

A novel by Mrs. Wood is pretty sure of a cordial welcome from a large class of readers. *Mildred Arkell* is in the author's characteristic and interesting style, but in sensation qualities—and Mrs. Wood's reputation is mainly based upon these—it is somewhat inferior to her other productions. Except a constructive homicide committed on one schoolboy by another, the story is quite barren of criminal incident, and lamentably deficient in supernatural appearances.

Human Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene. With illustrations. By T. S. Lambert, M. D. New York: William Wood & Co.

A class-book of human anatomy and physiology admirably systematized and illustrated, and particularly adapted to the general student. The explanations are free from technical expressions, except those which are thoroughly and comprehensively defined in the progress of the work.

Illustrated Life, Campaigns, and Services, of General Grant. Philadelphia: Peterson & Bros.

Another one of the illustrated cheap biographies of cotemporary great men; crude, undigested, and unsatisfactory.

A Summer Story, Sheridan's Ride, and Other Poems. By Thomas Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Mr. Read's new book, a thin but elegantly bound and printed volume, contains the popular "Sheridan's Ride," "A Summer Story," several battle songs, of which "The Piece of Halliard from the Flag of the Cumberland," is noticeable, and a few Roman poems, in composition and melody the best in the volume. We are tempted to make an extract:

ROME ENTERED.

THE loud Vitura rings along the way,
White as the road with dust. The purple day,
O'er Monte Mario, dies from off the dome,
And, lo! the first star leads us into Rome.

Oh, glorious city! Through the deep'ning shade
A thousand heroes, like the gods arrayed,

And bards, with laurel rustling on their hair,
Walk proudly, and speak grandly, till the air
Is full of solemn majesty, and night
Is half way robbed by temples marble white.
Yon tramping steeds, and yonder glittering wheel—
Chariot a Cæsar—while the commonweal
Greets him with pæans, and we proudly march
On toward the Forum. The triumphal arch,
Burning with banners, and the murmuring street,
Deep strewn with roses, till the air is sweet
With floating odors. How the heralds blow
Their wild delirious trumpets, notes that go
Like swift flames soaring with the fiery tune,
Bursting from clarions blazing in the noon!
Whence come we? from what conquest? with what spoil?
Whence are these captives, bleeding as they toil
Under our load of trophies? Whips, and groans,
And blood, that shames the rose-leaves on the stones
For depth of crimson! And the dew of tears
Blistering the noonday dust! O'ercome with years,
And toil, and grief, there drops the way-worn slave
Under the horses; and the conquering wave,
Above his carcass, pours its glorious flood
Down through the Forum in a path of blood,
Roaring with triumph! Do I wake, or sleep?
Thank heaven, 'twas but a dream; a ruined heap
The house of Cæsar and of Nero lies!
And o'er the golden wall the owlet nightly cries.

Carry's Confession. By the author of *Mattie—A Stray.* New York: Harper & Bros.

AT HOME.—The highest style of being at home grows out of a special state of the affections, rather than of the intellect. Who has not met with individuals, whose faces would be a passport to any society, and whose manners, the unstudied and spontaneous expressions of their inner selves, make them visibly welcome wherever they go, and attract unbounded confidence towards them in whatever they undertake. They are frank, because they have nothing to conceal; affable, because their natures overflow with benevolence; unflurried, because they dread nothing; always at home, because they carry within themselves that which can trust to itself anywhere and everywhere—purity of soul with fulness of health. Such are our best guarantees for feeling at home in all society to which duty takes us, and in every occupation upon which it obliges us to enter. They who live least for themselves are also the least embarrassed by uncertainties.

CHOLERA is making sad havoc in Turkey and Arabia. No less than 48,000 of the pilgrims of Mecca have been swept off, and the streets are filled with corpses. Five thousand of the Persian pilgrims have died, among them a shiek reported to be a saint.

THE *Enterprise* says things are assuming a more healthy aspect in Virginia City. Fewer signs of "To Let" are visible on dwellings and stores.

LUDICROUS AND ECCENTRIC EPITAPHS.

FROM PETTIGREW'S COLLECTION.

AT Kenning-hill Churchyard in Norfolk, a man of the name of Robert Button is stated to have died on the 29th of June, betwixt 6 and 7 o'clock at night, and the anxiety to record the precise hour of his decease has occasioned them to omit the insertion of the year in which it occurred. It was, however, in 1711.

AT St. Cuthbert, Kildale, Yorkshire:

JOSEPH DUNN.

"HERE lyeth the body of Joseph Dunn, who dyed ye 10th day of March, 1716, aged 82 years. He left to ye poor of Kildale XX s., of Commondale XX s., of Danby XX s., of Westerdale, X. s., *to be paid upon his gravestone* by equal portions, on ye 1st day of May, and ye 11th of November for ever."

AT Church Creton, Salop:

On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died.

AT Hegdon:

Here lyeth the body of
WILLIAM STRUTTON, of Padrington,
Buried the 18th of May 1734,
Aged 97.
Who had, by his first wife, twenty-eight children,
And by a second seventeen;
Own father to forty-five,
Grand-father to eighty-six,
Great Grand-father to ninety-seven,
And Great, Great Grand-father to twenty-three;
In all two hundred and fifty-one.

IN Winchester Cathedral Churchyard:

THOMAS FLETCHER, a Grenadier in the North Hants Militia, died May 12, 1764, aged 26 years.

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer;
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall,
And when you 're hot, drink strong or not at all.

IN Wolverhampton Church, ob. 1690:

Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who eat whilst he was able;
But once o'er fed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners:
Since he must dwell
In heav'n or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners!

JEFF DAVIS.—A Washington dispatch to the *Tribune* says: "Notwithstanding the various stories set afloat in regard to the ill-treatment of Jeff Davis, it is but just to the authorities to state positively that he is treated with the consideration due a noted prisoner of state by the commandant at Fortress Monroe. No officer has been or is stationed in his cell; he is allowed to take frequent walks upon the ramparts, and is permitted to choose his own food. The story that his cell is guarded by a score or more of bayonets, that in his promenades he is attended by a battalion of soldiers, and that his diet is limited to the army ration, are as ridiculous as they are untrue. The treatment of Jeff Davis is Christian-like and humane and just, such as a generous and dignified Government can well afford to bestow upon one who is no longer its enemy, but its prisoner."

THE New York *Tribune*, in an article on Mr. Wendell Phillips, says: "But for his misfortune in having received his moral and religious training from a Bible wherefrom the 13th chapter of 1st Coriuthians was unaccountably omitted, he might have taken rank among the very foremost men of our age."

MR. LEACH, of Leach & Cottle's Ferry, who was acting as Judge of Election at that place September 6th, was shot in the groin and dangerously wounded, by a man known as "Banjo John," of Knight's Ferry, who was flourishing a pistol around the polls which went off accidentally.

DELIVERY OF LETTERS.—By the new postal law, the system of free delivery is to be established in every place containing a population of fifty thousand, and at such other places as the Postmaster General, in his judgment, shall direct, provided that the prepayment on drop letters in all places where free delivery is not established shall be one cent only.

THE Marysville *Appeal* states that Colonel James, the owner of *Pilot*, will enter him for the grand prizes offered by the State Agricultural Society, and compete with *Norfolk* and *Lodi*.

THE MYSTERIES OF IRON.—There is no miracle recorded in the annals of any religion more mysterious, more incomphensible, than some of the well-known properties of the simple metal, iron. Consider, for instance, its change from its ordinary to its passive state. If a piece of the metal in its ordinary condition is immersed in nitric acid, it is powerfully acted upon, entering into a combination with the acid and losing its metallic form. But if a piece of platinum wire has one end inserted in the acid, and the iron is then immersed in contact with the wire, it is so changed that the acid has no power upon it, and this condition continues after the platinum wire is withdrawn. The contact of a single point with the platinum sends a transformation through all of its particles which renders them invulnerable to the attack of the most powerful acid. Even more wonderful is its change under the influence of a current of electricity. When a bar of pure soft iron is welded with an insulated wire and a current of electricity is sent through the wire, the bar is instantly converted into a magnet. It is endowed with an unseen force which stretches out from its ends, and seizing any other pieces of iron within its reach, draws them to itself and holds them in its invisible grasp. The object of insulating the wire is to prevent the electricity from leaving it, and yet through this insulating coat a power is exerted which changes so strangely the nature of the iron, enabling it to act on substances with which it is not in contact. As soon as the circling current ceases, the iron becomes like Samson shorn of his locks, its miraculous power has departed. No less mysterious than either of these is the far more familiar phenomenon of the fall of a piece of iron to the ground, under the simple action of gravitation. What is that invisible force which reaches out in all directions from the earth, and clutches all matter in its grasp? The fibres of this power are imperceptible to any of our senses. If we pass our hands under a suspended rock we can feel nothing reaching from it to the earth, yet there is *something* stretching up from the earth, taking hold of the rock, and drawing it down with the strength of a hundred cables! We walk enveloped in mysteries, and "our daily life is a miracle."—*Scientific American.*

NO REFUGE FOR REBELS.—In the hour that sealed the fate of the rebellion, and extinguished its last hope of success, those of the baffled and defeated insurgents who were too implacable for conciliation and too haughty for submission, turned their despairing eyes toward the Empire of Maximilian, as their last refuge on this continent—a refuge where, uniting their fortunes with those of the Emperor, and backed by the power of France, they might still plot mischief and have another opportunity to draw their swords against their country. Animated by such hopes, Gen. David S. Terry, Col. Dan Showalter, Col. Kennedy, Ridgely Greathouse, and multitudes of kindred spirits—many of them accompanied by their families—after a weary pilgrimage, not long since found their way into the province of Sonora. They probably cherished no doubt of meeting with a cordial reception from Maximilian; and knowing that Gwin occupied the high office of Commissioner of the Provinces, these expectations were not unreasonable. But they were doomed to bitter disappointment. Maximilian and his august patron at the Tuilleries were sagacious enough to perceive that no benefit could accrue to them from securing the services of the disbanded rebels great enough to justify the risk of incurring the hostility of the United States—a hostility which any countenance afforded the refugees was well calculated to provoke. Accordingly, Gwin was superseded, and an engagement entered into with our Government to furnish no military employment and no countenance to the Confederate pilgrims. "It is understood," says the Guaymas correspondent of *Examiner*, "that the Emperor's engagement with the United States will not admit of his accepting the military services these refugees, and I can see no other chance for their employment at the present time in this country." Truly the case of these exiled wanderers is pitiable. They have severed every tie that bound them to their own country, and they will never find a home in any other.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

TREES THAT GROW SHIRTS.—"We saw on the slope of Cerra Duida," said M. Humboldt, "shirt trees fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. The bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the hands, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season. They have the form of the ponchos and monos of cotton which are so common in New Grenada, Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate the riches and the benificence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of Marina, in the forests of Orinoko, garments are found ready made upon the trees."

C. DEWITT SMITH, Secretary of Idaho Territory, and late Acting Governor, died suddenly at Rocky Bar, on the 19th inst. The Territory is now without a Governor or Secretary.

M'ARONE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

IT is a very lucky thing for me that I did not live in the time "when good King Herod ruled this land." I should certainly have been slaughtered with the rest of the Innocents. So simple and humble of heart am I, so forgetful of the ways of this world, that I find myself constantly doing things in a straightforward, direct manner; and even going so far, sometimes, as to tell the truth!

The other day, seized with an uncontrollable desire and yearning to see Aimee Chou-chou, I forgot diplomacy, strategy, and all the rest of my hard-earned worldly knowledge, and set forth, in plain and simple earnest, to find her.

It was a beautiful evening. The sun was slowly wheeling down the yellow harvest-sky; the hedge-row cedar gave forth a spicy fragrance; the crickets and chafers made a quaint dry music in the stubble, and the roadside brook rattled along cheerily over its chequered bed of rippling sand and colored pebbles, dancing on ahead of me as if to show me the way.

I cut myself a stout cane from the hedge, to defend myself from any bears or tigers that I might encounter, and gathered up the miles and threw them behind me right vivaciously. This, however, is an amusement which is productive of fatigue. In time, I wearied, and sat down by the road, upon a tuft of odorous clover, which felt cool and soft, but made my trousers green.

A large brown bug came forth from the thick herbage, and looked at me, wriggling his jointed antennæ the while.

"Bug," said I, "tell me, hast thou seen my love? Thou mayst know her when she walks these fields, in that she is like a light, shining upon the earth. If thou hast seen her, O Bug, I pri'thee guide my steps to her!"

Now in a German story, this respectable *scarbeæus* would have instantly flown to a secluded bower, in which I should have beheld that dear child, shining away as fairly as ever. Instead of this, however, my brown bug turned his fat, shiny, bulbous back toward me, rather derisively, I thought and went into a cranny under a mullein-weed, still wiggling his feelers, but saying not a word.

A little displeased with the bug, I arose and pursued my way once more.

The country became fresher, cooler, more silent and beautiful, as I got further from the great city; and as dusk began to fall, with a faint gibbous moon rising red behind the tree-trunks, and scented dews dripping from the broad leaves upon the whispering grass beneath, I came to an ancient grange, gray-walled and mossy-roofed, and all surrounded with queer stacks and sheds and granaries, from among which uprose a tall mast, supporting a miniature temple, about whose top wheeled myriads of steel-blue martens, chirping, twittering, and catching no end of pretty gauze-winged flies. Here I halted once more, and going to the oaken door of the long, low, broad-porched kitchen, rapped sharply with my staff.

A comely matron, with red cheeks and a white forehead, and big arms, well dusted with flour, opened the door. This picture of health and rural contentment, with its pleasant background of clean pine shelves, loaded with rows of glittering tins and spotless crockery, attracted me so that I stood silent for some moments, gazing in admiration.

"Well, sir," said the matron at length, "who did you want to see?"

Recalled to myself again, I expressed a desire to procure a meal, if possible, and added a suggestion that I was the proprietor of stamps innumerable, the which I was willing to exchange for solid pabulum.

A frugal banquet of the inexpensive bacon, the nutritious bread, the muscle-creating potato, and limpid water from the tranquil pump, was speedily placed before me, and I sat, thoughtfully eating, and watching, through the open half-door, the restless branches of the feathery locust trees, sinuously waving and tossing in the breezy twilight, like restless and longing hands. When my meal was finished, I tendered the matron a dollar with a back of purest emerald green.

"No sir," said she, with a smile of bountiful generosity: "we don't keep no tarvern, and I'm sure ye're out-'n'-out welcome.

I took a diamond ring from my finger, placed it upon hers, and drawing myself up to my full height, in a manner resembling that of a German prince I once saw, as nearly as I could recall it, said:

"Madame, accept this bauble as a meet reward for your hospitality. And, madame, in future years, when your great-great-grandchildren cluster about your knee while you sit in the chimney-corner as life declines, tell them that your days were not all passed in vain, for that once, on a summer evening of long ago, you enjoyed the boon of seeing the great Chevalier McArone eat!"

With which impressive words I pressed a chaste kiss of gratitude and respect upon her white forehead, and was gone like a beautiful dream.

The moon was casting long bars of silvery light and gray shadow across the greensward when I took the road again. The night-wind still waved and tossed the restless yearning locust boughs, and whispered of love and regret. A few large, slow fire flies wandered hither and thither among the dark foliage, emitting a fitful glow from time to time.

"Foolish insects," I said, after the German style, "why do ye expend your little rays while the lady moon gives light enough for earth? Why do ye not wait till there is no moon, that your beams may be welcome in your brother's eye?"

The fire flies not appearing to comprehend the excellent commercial principles of prudence and economy, went on as before.

"Tell me, ye inconsiderate creatures," I continued; "can ye not light my steps to the abode of the Loveliest of Earth? Show me, O, show me, where is the most beautiful and admirable of human beings!"

At this, a large he fire-fly sailed down, zigzag, and alighted gracefully upon the tip of my nose, where he perched and shone like a carbuncle. It was undoubtedly well meant as a compliment, but my modesty would not permit me to accept of it. I waved the insect off with a perfumed handkerchief, and he betook himself to making love to a female fire-fly of great lustre, who sat on a fence-post winking her light at him.

I was now at the summit of a hill whence I could see, at no great distance, the cheerful ruddy windows of a village. I hastened on, and in a few moments arrived at a hostelry, the landlord of which had a face like a russet apple, all spotted and streaked with wholesome brown and red from much exposure to the sun. Being a little tired of the æsthetic German style by this time, I addressed this landlord in a very plain and American method.

"Good evening, 'Squire; give me a little of your best rye!"

The amber fluid bubbled musically from a long-necked bottle, and went down smoothly, without rasping. I relapsed into the German, and said:

"*Da capo!*"

"What sir?" asked the landlord.

"Give me another."

"O," said he.

I engaged a chamber in his inn and went forth to stroll around the village. I lingered a moment at the door of the barber's shop, where several Irishmen were getting their teeth shaved. A person sitting inside discharged a quantity of tobacco-juice out into the darkness, and came near drenching me, so I withdrew, and wandered up the broad street, lined with tall elms.

The Justice of the Peace had a fine house, with broad piazzas and a lovely flower-garden and sixteen distinct gables, all different. A soft white-globed lamp hung in the wide open hall, and near a window, the Justice's pretty daughter was practicing her *kleine clavierstucke fur anfanger*.

I opened the gate, walked up the gravelled path, and entered the parlor, where the little maiden was practicing all alone. She stopped short, and whirled briskly around on the piano-stool when she heard me. I advanced toward her with an intellectual smile, and offered her my hand. She blushed prettily, and hesitated, not knowing what to say.

"My dear," said I, "how do you do? Don't you remember your Cousin, who went away ever so long ago?"

This I hazarded on the general consideration that nearly all young girls have a cousin or two who went away somewhere long ago.

"What!" said the little miss, "not Cousin Tom, who went to California!"

"Yes, dear," I responded, "it is indeed Cousin Tom, come back again! Sit down on my knee, while I tell you all my adventures in foreign lands; how I have rescued dragons and slain princesses, and been seized by pirates, and tatooed; how I have roamed afar, and swam the roaring avalanche, and plucked the ripe porcupine from the tree!"

She looked wonderingly at me, and suffered me to take her soft white hand in mine. We sat down in the deep embrasure of the window, among the vines and plants that made a bower of it, and I told her extraordinary stories of hap and mishap by flood and field. In turn, she told me that Ma had gone out to make a call, and Pa had gone off on business. She also suggested refreshments, and I not refusing, set forth some cake and raspberries and sherry in a cosy breakfast-room adjoining. While rendering justice to these gifts, I heard merry and stentorian voices on the piazza, and directly the Justice roared out to my fair entertainer:

"Here, Milly, come in here! Where are you? I've brought home your Cousin Tom, all the way from California!"

And in truth there entered with him, to the parlor, a broad-shouldered bush-bearded young fellow with a haversack and leggings.

Milly stared at me.

"It is a mistake," I whispered, and kissing her . . . for her mother . . . I popped out of the breakfast-room window, scuttled off to the village inn, and was snug in bed in two minutes.

In my slumbers that night, I dreamed I was still travelling in search of Aimée Chou-chou; that I still saw the fire-flies, and interrogated the bugs. And I dreamed that the bugs were crawling over me, and woke up and found it was true.

New York Weekly Review.

TURKISH WOMEN.

THE Turkish women have now willingly adopted European amusements and fashions. Operas and balls please them far better than the solitary life to which they were formerly condemned. In Europe, however, there are also serious employments for the female sex, which render the wife the husband's assistant. The Oriental wife will not listen to anything of this sort, and believes she has fulfilled her duty when she annually presents society with a child, which she does not suckle herself. If a young Greek, Armenian, or Levantine girl is educated in a convent, she learns to read and write a little; if she remains at home, she learns to speak French from her European governess. She gets on fastest in those things in which she receives no instruction, and will look out of the window for half the day, or practice positions before the mirror. The mother dreams away three-fourths of her time on the sofa, and leaves her children, who are always numerous, to the care of the servants. The lesson she incessantly repeats to her daughter is to look out for a husband. As there are far more girls than young men, the latter are treated by the ladies with that attention which, in Europe, falls to the share of the fairer sex. The richest *toilette*, the most provocative desire to please are employed, and even scandal is not shunned, if it compromise a man; the end justifies the means. Love-letters, rendezvous, secret betrothals, in case of need even an elopement, followed by the paternal blessing—all is permitted, but no *mesalliance*. In this land, where there is no nobility—no aristocracy of the mind or of wealth—a Castilian arrogance prevails. Everybody is vain of his personal position, so that a cloth-dealer would never give his daughter to a tailor, or a carpenter marry a shoemaker's daughter.

When the daughter has visited the theatres long enough, and shown herself sufficiently at the promenades, followed, at some distance, by her mother, and her object of marrying has been gained, she asks for a rich equipment, not in clothes and linen, but in silk dresses, jewelry, and, above all, diamonds. No maid-servant will marry a shoeblack unless he lays, at least, a diamond breast-pin on the altar of love. The most necessary things are neglected, but there is a lavish display of superfluities. When married, the young lady rises at a late hour, spends a good part of the day on the sofa, drinks many cups of coffee, receives visits from time to time, forgets the little she has learned, does not write, read, or work, and leaves all the household duties to her numerous servants, all monetary cares to her husband. The latter goes, at day-break, to Galata, spends his day in the office, at Kaviar Khan, or on 'Change, and goes home late at night. In winter, the couple, whether rich or not, visit the theatre, where they have a box, or, at least, the fourth of a box. On Sunday morning, church and a walk offer an excuse for displaying the richest *toilette*. The embassy balls, which unite all the fractions of society, are naturally attended. So soon as the first beams of the May sun burst forth, everybody flies and settles down either on the quay of Therapia, or at Biyuk-dereh, and Yeni-Keni, on the shores of the Bosphorus, on the Gulf of Kani-Koi, or under the shady groves of the islands of Kalki and Prinkipo. The town house is entrusted to a poor family, who, in this way, get free lodgings, and a wooden house is hired for six months, generally at a very high price, in which the lady shuts herself up for the whole day. She dreams till evening on her eternal sofa, and then goes out in a dazzling *toilette*, to refresh herself in a coffee-house on the beach. As regards the husband, he goes every morning, in all weathers, in a kaik or steamer, to Galata. The trip takes two hours, and is either dangerous or uncomfortable. In a kaik you are exposed to be upset by every puff of wind; on the steamer, three to four hundred persons are packed together in the cabins, on deck, and on the paddle-boxes. At night, the husband returns home tired and hungry. Thus people live in summer on the Bosphorus, expensively and uncomfortably. Where the money comes from is an insoluble enigma with many families.

HINDOO FANATICS.—I have seen some who have stood on one leg for years, while others engage the sympathy and exort the charity of many by holding one arm erect overhead until, in time, the flesh withers and the bones set in that position. A few I have met who, firmly clenching one hand, have kept it closed until the nails have grown right through the palm to the other side; and it is well known that many have travelled the whole extent of land, from the Himalays to Cape Comorin, measuring their bodies as they went. Also there is a Chamb Puja, or hook-worship, in which the devotee allows a steel hook to be placed through the muscles of his back, and, in this manner, is suspended from a machine like a wind-mill, to one of the arms to which the victim is attached. On their great feast days, they can be seen thus, whirling round and round, and looking, all the time, as pleased as if they really enjoyed their ride. All this is done with a devotion worthy of a better cause.—*Soldiering in Sunshine and Storm.*

SOME people think that the *beast with ten horns* in Revelations is intended to represent the sin of drunkenness.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

THE 11th of August, 1831, is a day that will never pass from my memory while I have an existence. My residence at that time was in Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes; but the evening preceding I had ridden a few miles into the country, to spend the night at the house of a friend, with whom resided a young lady, a niece, that has since become bound to me by the closest of all earthly ties.

I reached my friend Palmer's house a little after sunset on the evening of the 10th, and found the whole family seated on the piazza, with the addition of a couple of gentlemen, neighbors, who had dropped in for an evening's social call, and one of them, a young and single man, perhaps with a design similar to my own. The servants took charge of my horse and I joined the group. The moment the first cordial family greetings and introductions were over, the weather as usual was brought in, to start a subject of conversation in which everybody could take a part.

"It is very warm," said one.

"Excessively so," said another.

"And not a breath stirring," joined a third.

"And the heavens like a glowing furnace," added a fourth.

"Did you see the sun set to-night, Mr. Grainger?" said Miss Clara Templeton, the young lady I have mentioned, turning to me.

"I did."

"Oh, was it not magnificently beautiful! beyond the pen of poet, or pencil of artist?"

"It was indeed glorious!" I responded, catching some of her enthusiasm.

"I don't like it," said Mr. Grayson, one of the two neighbors alluded to, and who was a plain, blunt man; "these beautiful red sunsets don't bode any good on this island; a storm generally follows; and, if I'm not mistaken, we'll soon have to pay up for all this pretty sky-painting."

"Why, there is no more poetry in your soul than in a column of figures!" cried Miss Templeton, with a gay laugh. "Come, let us have a more cheerful prophecy! Mr. Grainger, are you weatherwise?"

"I fear I am *other*wise," I laughed.

The sunset had certainly been one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and even yet the western sky was all aglow, the soft flush reaching far up toward the zenith and delightfully blending with the blue above. The air was still, almost painfully so, as if Nature were holding her breath in solemn awe; and somehow the mind was led to take on this impression, even to sadness, as I have heard more than one remark since the dire events of that awful night.

A little after nine o'clock, the neighbors visiting at my friend's house took their leave, and presently the family, with the exception of Clara, retired to rest. For some time we remained on the piazza, conversing in low tones, and then withdrew to the parlor, which faced the west, the inner shutters of which were closed. As lovers, then, destined to the nearest and dearest ties of relationship, we had a thousand tender nothings to say, which concerned no one but ourselves, and which would not bear repeating. Time flew by on golden wings, unheeded and unnoted, and an hour or two passed away as so many minutes.

Suddenly we were startled by a favorite cat springing into the room from the one adjoining, mewing as if from fright, and running crouching around the walls, with distended and glaring eyes. At the same time we first became conscious of a strange, sullen roar, and that the wind was already blowing quite fiercely, a matter that we had not before noticed, owing to the pre-occupation of our minds. I looked at Clara, and saw that she was pale with fear.

"Something terrible!" she said, in a nervous whisper.

"Only a storm," I replied, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

She pointed to the cat, and rejoined:

"Unerring instinct often tells the brute creation more than our reason does us. I fear this is only the beginning of a terrible tempest."

As she spoke, and as if in confirmation of her words, a lurid flash was visible through the cracks of the shutters, and was instantly followed by a crash that fairly brought us to our feet.

"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed Clara, sinking back upon her seat, and covering her eyes with her hands.

"Do not be alarmed, dearest!" said I, tenderly; "it is only a storm such as we often have on the island, and will soon be over."

From this moment the wind rapidly increased in fury; and in the course of an hour the roar of the tempest, commingled with the howlings and shriekings of the wind and crashing of the thunder, had become so great that the human voice could only be distinguished when pitched on its highest key. For some time I had felt very anxious and uneasy, but now I was thoroughly alarmed, and Clara was so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak or move. Furious as the wind already was, it was still increasing, and more than once I felt the house tremble and rock. What the end was to be Heaven only knew!

The air, which during the early part of the night had been oppressively close and warm, had now become disagreeably cold; and seeing Clara shiver, I went and got a shawl from the adjoining room and threw it over her shoulders.

"Do not give way to your fears," I shouted in her ear, the only way I could now make my words distinguishable above the awful roar; "the storm is doubtless at its height and will soon abate."

She grasped my hand nervously, but made no reply. Some time after this my friend, Mr. Palmer, came hurrying into the apartment, his pale face and quivering lips clearly expressing his fears.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed; "terrible! Already the house rocks, and I fear it will soon be down with a crash, burying us under its ruins!"

He was immediately followed by his wife, leading two children, boys of seven and ten. She tottered to a seat, sank down, and began to cry and wring her hands, the children screaming in terror and clinging to her for protection. Clara now got up, staggered forward, and threw her arms around her neck. The next minute the eldest born, a lad of seventeen, accompanied by his sister, two years younger, rushed into the apartment, and the girl, with a loud cry, immediately ran to her mother, knelt down by her side, and buried her face in her lap. It was a pitiful sight that group of five—four clinging to one, as if to their only hope, in that dreadful hour, and she herself as helpless as an infant!

During the next quarter of an hour, the servants, to the number of ten, all negroes, made their appearance, some crying, and all looking as if they feared their last minute had come. All drew together for sympathy, and all met there, in that time of tribulation, as equals before God. With a horrible death staring all alike in the face, how little is thought of the distinctions of race or color! Who, with a dread eternity opening before him, dare claim superiority over his fellow worms of the dust?

Still the wind increased in fury, and the house trembled and shook in the most frightful manner. Suddenly the western wall came in upon us with a crash, the ceiling came down in fragments, the light was instantly extinguished, the wind swept over and around us with an awful power, and whirled us about among the ruins as a child might have knocked about its toys.

No description can do justice to such a scene, and imagination itself must fall far short of the horrible reality.

For myself, I had been hurled back into one corner, and I found a human body resting heavily upon me. I heard wild shrieks, thought of Clara, and attempted to rise. At that moment a flash of lightning showed me it was a negro who had fallen upon me; and putting my hand to his head, I made the awful discovery *that a part of it was gone*—having, as I afterwards conjectured, been carried away by a falling beam. The man was dead, and probably never knew what hurt him. As soon as I could, I got out from under him; but the wind blew with such violence that I could not keep my feet, and I was obliged to move about on my hands and knees. I had been considerably bruised, but was not seriously hurt, and I now endeavored to find Clara and render what assistance I could to the living.

The rain was falling in torrents, and against this we had no protection, for the whole house was a mass of ruins. Only by the frequent flashes of lightning could we see anything, for during the intervals the darkness was impenetrable. I succeeded in reaching the group I have mentioned as clinging together, and found Mrs. Palmer, three of her children, and Clara, surrounded by, I may say wedged in among, fragments of timber, but all living, and only injured by bruises no worse than my own. Their escape from instant death, all of them, seemed little less than a miracle. Fearing there might be no safer place for them than where they were, I advised them to remain there for the time; but as Mrs. Palmer was nearly distracted about her husband and son, who had not been seen or heard from since the fall of the building, I continued my explorations among the *debris* as well as I could, being in constant danger from the shifting fragments, and seeing only by the lightning's glare.

Throughout that long, terrible night, the wind increased in fury till near morning, and it is surprising that any life was preserved. I did not succeed in finding those I sought, but I discovered two more dead bodies of the blacks, and two others seriously wounded, to whom I could render no assistance whatever. I also came upon two others, female servants, who were crouching down together, and did not appear to be injured, but who were so stupefied with fear that I could get no intelligent answer from them.

In attempting to return to Mrs. Palmer and Clara, as I was clambering over a pile of rubbish, the wind suddenly caught me up from the ground, whirled me round and round, carried me a distance of over two hundred yards, and then deposited me as gently upon the earth as I could have put down a child. I was so completely bewildered, though, that for a long time I lay there without making any effort to return to the demolished dwelling; and when I did at length attempt to get back by crawling on my hands and knees, for it was impossible for any human being to stand upright, I lost my way, and remained in the fields till morning.

When daylight came at last, it was only to make visible the horrors of that appalling night. Look where you might, the eye rested upon nothing but the most dire destruction—houses in ruins, trees prostrated, fences swept away, and fields as completely ruined as if a fire had passed over them. In every direction cattle lay dead or dying, dead birds were here and there piled up in heaps, trunks of trees, stakes, and splinters, were everywhere projecting from the earth, into which they had been deeply driven by the force of the wind, and over all that late beautiful island, desolation now reigned supreme.

By this time the fury of the tornado had begun to abate; but the wind still blew so fiercely that, in spite of my utmost exertions, it took me a whole hour to get back to the ruins from which I had been so swiftly removed. There the sight that met my eyes beggars description. Mrs. Palmer, Clara, and the children, were still together where I had left them, but the eldest daughter had been killed by a flying stick of timber striking her on the head, and the others were nearly distracted. Mr. Palmer was found under a pile of rubbish, with a broken leg, and his son lay within a foot of him, with a splinter of a tree, supposed to have been riven by lightning, driven completely through his body. Let me draw a veil over the awful, heart-rending scene, which even now I can only recall with a shudder of horror.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction, and desolation, which entirely extended over the devoted island. By eight o'clock in the morning the late furious air had become perfectly still, and the bright, hot sun was shining calmly down upon a broad scene of death and woe.

And then, everywhere, throughout the island, it was friend seeking friend, parents their children, children their parents, husbands and wives one another—for, amid the wild fury of the tempest, thousands of persons had become separated—in too many cases, alas! never to meet again in life. All were pale, horrified, despairing, and neighbor could not give his aid and sympathy; trouble had equally come upon himself. Each family, so to speak, had alone to care for its sick and wounded, dig out and bury its dead; and in some cases whole households lay crushed beneath their own ruins for days, and corpses and carcases everywhere sent forth pestilential effluvia, so that many in health sickened and died, while of those seriously wounded scarcely one escaped fever, lock-jaw, and mortification.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours, Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Out of a population of one hundred thousand on the island, seventeen hundred lost their lives; and the living, besides all their other horrors, were threatened with famine, for nearly everything in the way of food had been destroyed. Of corn from the fields, however, there were found heaps, where it had been collected by the wind, and this kept off starvation till provisions could be sent from the neighboring islands.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, and the whole island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been made a land of mourning and a howling waste.

TWO ORATORICAL SPECIMENS.—Speaking extemporaneously is rather difficult until you get used to it. A young lawyer in New Hampshire, who had never yet had a case in court, was invited to deliver an oration on the occasion of the dedication of a new bridge. It was a fine opportunity of establishing his reputation. He did not prepare himself, for he had an idea that that was unlawyer-like, and that a lawyer must be able to speak any number of hours in a style of thrilling eloquence at a moment's notice. He stood out upon the platform, and amid the profound attention of his hearers commenced as follows: "Fellow-citizens: Five-and forty years ago, this bridge, built by your enterprise, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." He paused for a moment. "Yes, fellow-citizens, only five and-forty years ago, this bridge, where we now stand, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness." Again he paused. [Cries of "Good, go on."] Here was "the rub." "I feel it hardly necessary to repeat, that this bridge, fellow-citizens, only five and-forty years ago, was part and parcel of the howling wilderness; and I will conclude by saying, that I wish to God it was part and parcel of it now!"

Another orator we have heard of, in appealing to the "bone and sinew," said: "My friends, I am proud to see around me to-night the hardy yeomanry of the land, for I love the agricultural interests of the country; and well may I love them, fellow-citizens, for I was born a farmer—the happiest days of my youth were spent in the peaceful avocations of the son of the soil. If I may be allowed to use a figurative expression, my friends, I may say I was raised between two rows of corn." "A pumpkin, by thunder!" exclaimed an inebriated chap just in front of the stage.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

BELLE BOYD IN CAMP AND PRISON.*

AT the risk of being pronounced by the *Examiner* a villifier of the Sunny South, we venture to assert that Rebel Literature is not of a peculiarly high order. Indeed, literature seems to be a weed unsuited to the saered soil of Dixie, and ill-adapted to its perfume-laden air. We had hoped that the long-promised book of Miss Belle Boyd would make some amends for Pollard's stilted history and Semmes' dreary diary, but we are again disappointed. So far as we can see, nothing is left but to fall back upon "Waddell," who may yet be induced to narrate some of his thrilling adventures. Nevertheless, the book before us is altogether an ambitious one. It is not the production of Miss Boyd, single-handed and alone, as the title indicates, but the brilliant achievement of herself, her husband, and that great man, George Augusta Sala.

The contribution of Mr. Hardinge, at once lieutenant and husband, embraces the last seven chapters of the volume, being one-third of the whole. It is mainly made up of his diary, which forcibly reminds one of the "Journal of the Retired Citizen" in the *Spectator*, as a few extracts will show:

"January 3d and 4th—Wrote to my friends outside * * was introduced to Captain M., brother of General M., the distinguished Kentucky cavalry officer, and we became very warm friends afterwards.

"January 5th—I attempted my first cup of tea this morning. Gods! fancy my turning cook! My friends laughed heartily at my handiwork.

"January 6th—Saw an account in the paper of my friend Mrs. Colonel ——— having been sent South. Thank God, she is free.

"January 9th and 10th—Damp weather. Affected with the 'blues.' My feet swollen so that I cannot put my boots on.

"January —th. Two letters. Very gloomy, and dull, and cold."

We are not aware whether these last words refer to the two letters, the weather, or to the Lieutenant himself, but very gloomy, and dull, etc., aptly express our idea of his part of the performance. It is therefore scarcely worth while to waste words on Lieutenant Hardinge. He is an opaque body, at best, shining—if at all—by borrowed light. As Newell is known as the spouse of Ada Isaacs Menken, Hardinge is celebrated as the husband of Belle Boyd.

That portion written by the lady is not above criticism. There is a certain brassy, flashy tone about the whole of it scarcely compatible with good taste. It would be unpleasant enough to fall upon such phrases as "high-toned," "giving in," "skedaddling," etc., even in a vile Yankee production, but to find them embalmed in the pages of a "daughter of the Douglass blood"—which Miss Boyd is good enough to inform us is the fact in regard to herself—is truly distressing. An inordinate indulgence in the most hackneyed quotation, with a constant use of such school-girl exclamation as "Alas! Methought," etc., seem to be the most striking peculiarities of her feeble style. Not but that our authoress can be energetic and nervous enough in expression, when occasion demands it. There is no end to "Stanton's minions," brutal Yankees," "hateful Yankee doodle," "hellish shouts of Northern soldiery," etc. We should indicate chapter nine as that wherein she is most shrill, discoursing somewhat wildly upon the "Bastile," the "Tower of London," "Autocrat of Russia," "Siberian chains," and the "clanking" thereof. That, however, which has more amused us is the exceedingly lofty idea the writer entertains of herself and of her work. We are haunted with the suspicion that she has made the most of Belle Boyd. She is constantly telling us "the celebrated Belle Boyd" did this, or "the famous Belle Boyd" did that. She informs us, at tedious length, how she was named the "Virginia heroine." How wondering crowds used to gaze on her, "coming a long distance to catch sight of the Rebel Spy," and how, wherever she went, she was received and considered as "a distinguished personage." Then, too, there is her mysterious air, "I might if I could," or "If I should," etc., by which we are made to understand that Miss Boyd is possessed of information, which, if she once reveal, there will be an end of the United States. But we are darkly told "*the time is not yet.*" It is unfortunate that, in addition to all this, there is a certain Miss D. living in our midst who has done wonderful things already, and may do more. Miss Boyd does not dare disclose the name of this individual, though doubting not but that "she will recognize her own portrait," which, drawn by the writer, presents "a lovely, fragile-looking girl of nineteen, with long black hair, remarkable for the sweetness of her temper and the gentleness of her disposition." Considering what an intrepid woman this unknown Miss D. is, we take comfort, notwithstanding her hair and disposition, in the thought that she is fragile!

It is quite refreshing to turn from so much threatening on the one hand, so much lamentation on the other, and read of that which never fails to interest: the love of two young, innocent, and pure beings. In the following gushing language Miss Boyd tells her story:

"It was the second evening after our surrender that Captain H., Mr. Hardinge, and myself, were seated together close by the wheel. The moon shone beautifully clear, lighting up everything with a brightness truly magnificent; the ocean, just agitated by a slight breeze that swept over its surface, looked like one vast bed of sparkling diamonds, and the rippling of the little waves, as they struck the vessel's side, seemed but a soft accompaniment to the vocal music with which Captain H. had been regaling us.

> Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
> Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
> Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Presently Captain H. went forward on the bridge and conversed with Mr. Hall, the officer on watch. We two were left to ourselves; and Mr. Hardinge quoted some beautiful passages from Byron and Shakspeare.

Then, in a decidedly "Claude Melnotte" style, he endeavored to paint the "home to which, if love could but fulfil its prayers, this heart would lead thee!" and from poetry he passed on to plead an old told tale."

Of course we can do no justice to this, and much like this, in the book, it being wholly beyond our range.

The Introduction, of some fifty pages, claims for a moment our attention. We are made to know at the outset that it is written "by a friend of the South," and this "friend" is no less a man than the George Augusta Sala aforesaid. It is doubtless astonishing to George Augusta that, *he* being the friend of the South, it should have failed in its contest with the North. With "Augusta" for you, who can be against you? Indeed, "Sala" does not think the South has failed; at least but for a time. All is not lost—Sala says so. Hear the words of the Prophet: "Though lost for a moment in clouds and darkness, prophetic Hope, the last solace of the unfortunate, still waits and watches for its [the Southern flag's] appearance as the harbinger of Southern liberty and independence." Whatever faults the South may have committed, we think she deserved a better fate than to be patronized by Sala; and however much we may dislike Miss Belle Boyd, we are not prepared to wish her so much ill as to have for her "friend" the author of "*The Seven Sons of Mammon.*" Of all the cheap reputations, his is about the cheapest. He is capable of writing at length of broiled quail, and describing well the interior of a third-rate gambling house. Beyond that he has never succeeded in literature. We think it was the *Saturday Review* that lately described him as "as ignorant, and vain as ignorant." To listen to this poor hack discoursing on "the sovereignty of the States and the absolute political and moral right of secession," is exquisitely ludicrous. We suppose Sala calls such vulgar, tawdry stuff as this pathetic. Speaking of Miss Boyd's being without money in England, he writes: "Cut off from all pecuniary resources at home, she has to had part with her jewelry piece by piece, including her wedding presents, *to pay her weekly bills.* We can well understand how trouble like *that* would smite the heart of a *high-toned* woman, the daughter of affluence and luxury, even more cruelly than the tortures of a Federal prison." We can well understand how payment of his "weekly bills" smites the heart of the "high-toned" Sala; but why should he thus stigmatize Miss Belle Boyd?

Mr. Sala takes great umbrage at Miss Boyd's not being permitted, in the night, when in prison, to sing the song called "Maryland," and styled by him "The Marseillaise of the South." We do not know whether Miss Boyd is a "gifted songstress" or not, but, were she a very nightingale, it would not be unreasonable to hush a lay in which lines like these are found:

> "I see the blush upon thy cheek,
> Maryland!
> And thou wert ever bravely meek,
> Maryland!
> But lo! there *surges* forth a *shriek*
> From hill to hill, from creek to creek."

Or:

> "I hear the distant thunder *hum*,
> Maryland!
> The old lines, bugle, fife, and drum,
> Maryland!
> She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb,
> Hurrah! she spurns the Northern *scum*," etc.

We could afford to pass "Northern scum," but "surging shriek" and "humming thunder" ought to be suppressed. And this may be the reason why the song *is not permitted to be sung in the streets of London*, which Mr. Sala himself informs us is the fact, though at a loss to account for this procedure on the part of the English Government. Mr. Sala, however, seems to think with us, that he alone cannot successfully introduce *La Belle Rebelle* to the Public. But the man of capacity is found. "The accomplished author of Guy Livingstone" turns the crank. Sala is but the forerunner of the accomplished "Guy." The former, indeed, baptizes with water, but the latter baptizes with fire. Having himself seen Miss Boyd in prison at Washington, he writes in the following musky style, which quite overpowers us:

"No need to ask what her crime had been; aid and abetment of the South suggested itself before you detected the ensign of the South that the *démoiselle* still wore undauntedly—a pearl *solitaire* fashioned as a single star. * * One evening I chanced to be loitering almost under the window. A low significant cough made me look up; I saw the flash of a gold bracelet and the wave of a white hand; and there fell at my feet a fragrant, pearly rosebud, nestling in fresh green leaves. My thanks were perforce confined to a gesture and a dozen hurried words; but I would the prison beauty could believe that fair Jane Beanfort's rose was not more prized than hers, though the first was a love-token to a king, the last only a graceful gift to an unlucky stranger. I suppose that most men, whose past is not utterly barren of romance, keep some withered flowers till they have lived memory down; and I pretend not to be wiser than my fellows. Other fragrant messengers followed in their season; but if ever I 'win hame to my ain countrie,' I make mine avow to enshrine that first rosebud in my *reliquaire* with all honor and solemnity, there to abide till one of us shall be dust."

We confess to not being deeply affected with this idea of the obsequies of the "Rose-bud," notwithstanding the impressive suggestion that the same will be performed "with all honor and solemnity." Nor do the awful words in which the 'avow' is made convey to our mind any definite meaning. Considering the frailty of rose-buds generally, we should say, one would quickly "turn to dust," even if carefully interred in a *reliquaire*.

To show the *animus* of the writer of this work, it will be sufficient to remark that in the introduction, "the unprincipled demagogue," Andrew Johnson, is charged with the murder of Abraham Lincoln. "It is usual, in cases of murder, to look for the *criminal* among those who expect to be benefitted by the crime. In the death of Lincoln, *his immediate successor in office* alone receives the benefit of his dying." So writes Sala. But the gravity of the charge is lost in the weakness of the accuser.

We would fain part in perfect good nature with our authoress, for hencelorth, if we mistake not, we shall see her no more. The 'Confederacy' is already a thing of the past. A few of its names may live for a time, in view of the real greatness of those who bore them. The rest, though performing some deeds of valor, though suffering some real privations, must quickly fade from the memories of men. Success might have rewarded Miss Boyd with a foot-note in History, but failure exacts the penalty of neglect and obscurity. Nor will we be foolishly wroth with England, for the sake of Sala and those after his kind, if we but remember the Mills, the Brights, the Goldwin Smiths, who are at once the firm friends of the American People and the master minds of their own.

PIONEER'S CELEBRATION.—The Pioneers celebrate the anniversary of the admission of California into the Union by an oration, poem, and banquet to-day. The Rev. Horatio Stebbins is to deliver the oration; James F. Bowman, Esq., the poem. These selections speak well for the character of the literary exercises.

THE following are the names of the successful candidates for the Legislature, in this city: For the Senate—A. L. Tubbs, Union; W. J. Shaw, Democrat. Short term, Edward Nunan, Democrat. For Assembymen—Charles Clayton, David Dwyer, James Bowman, Charles L. Wiggin, Henry Dutton, and S. C. Bugbee, elected by the Unions and Independents; and J. A. McClelland, M. A. Braly, Michael Hawkins, George Hearst, Samuel L. Lupton, and E. J. Chase, Democrats.

THE jury in the case of Thomas Byrne, charged with the murder of C. T. Hill in San Souci Valley, were out less than half an hour, when they returned a verdict of murder in the first degree. Byrne was least affected of any man in the Court. Turning to his brother, who was in tears, he burst out into a mocking laugh, and on being taken back to jail, he said he did not care a d—n, and avowed his intention of meeting death like a hero.

ON the grounds of the new State Capitol, says the Sacramento *Bee*, merry is the music from dozens of hammers in the hands of crafty stone-cutters. Huge blocks of excellent granite are being brought into shape—loads of brick pass up by means of tall ladders, and the stupendous work is making fair and reliable progress.

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* *Belle Boyd in Camp and Prison.* Written by herself; with an Introduction by George Augusta Sala. New York: Blelock & Co., 13 Beekman street. 1865. San Francisco: Roman & Co., 417 and 419 Montgomery street.

NN.

BEING A NOVEL IN THE FRENCH PARAGRAPHIC STYLE.

BY THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

—Mademoiselle, I swear to you that I love you!

—You who read these pages. You who turn your burning eyes upon these words—words that I trace—Ah, Heaven! the thought maddens me.

—I will be calm. I will imitate the reserve of the festive Englishman, who wears a spotted handkerchief which he calls a *Belchior*, who eats *biftek*, and caresses a bull-dog. I will subdue myself like him.

—Ha! Poto-beer! All right—Goddam!

—Or, I will conduct myself as the free-born American—the gay Brother Jonathan! I will whittle me a stick. I will whistle to myself "Yankee Doodle," and forget my passion in excessive expectoration.

—Hoho!—wake snakes and walk chalks.

The world is divided into two great divisions: Paris and the provinces. There is but one Paris. There are several provinces, among which may be numbered England, America, Russia, and Italy.

NN was a Parisian.

But NN. did not live in Paris. Drop a Parisian in the provinces, and you drop a part of Paris with him. Drop him in Senegambia, and in three days he will give you an *omelette souffle* or a *paté de foi gras*, served by the neatest of Senegambian *filles*, whom he will call Mademoiselle. In three weeks he will give you an opera.

NN. was not dropped in Senegambia, but in San Franciso—quite as awkward.

They find gold in San Francisco, but they don't understand gilding.

NN. existed three years in this place. He became bald on the top of his head, as all Parisians do. Look down from your box at the Opera Comique, Mademoiselle, and count the bald crowns of the fast young men in the pit. Ah—you tremble! They show where the arrows of Love have struck and glanced off.

NN. was also near-sighted, as all Parisians finally become. This is a gallant provision of Nature to spare them the mortification of observing that their lady friends grow old. After a certain age every woman is handsome to a Parisian.

One day, NN. was walking down Washington street. Suddenly he stopped.

He was standing before the door of a mantua-maker. Beside the counter, at the further extremity of the shop, stood a young and elegantly formed woman. Her face was turned from NN. He entered. With a plausible excuse, and seeming indifference, he gracefully opened conversation with the mantua-maker as only a Parisian can. But he had to deal with a Parisian. His attempts to view the features of the fair stranger by the counter were deftly combatted by the shop woman. He was obliged to retire.

NN. went home and lost his appetite. He was haunted by the elegant basque and graceful shoulders of the fair unknown, during the whole night.

The next day he sauntered by the mantua-maker's. Ah, Heavens! A thrill ran through his frame, and his fingers tingled with a delicious electricity. The fair *inconnu* was there! He raised his hat gracefully. He was not certain, but he thought that a slight motion of her faultless bonnet betrayed recognition. He would have wildly darted into the shop, but just then the figure of the mantua-maker appeared in the doorway.

—Did Monsieur wish anything?

Misfortune! Desperation. NN. purchased a bottle of Prussic acid, a sack of charcoal, and a quire of pink note paper, and returned home. He wrote a letter of farewell to the closely fitting basque, and opened the bottle of Prussic acid.

Some one knocked at his door. It was a Chinaman, with his weekly linen.

These Chinese are docile, but not intelligent. They are ingenious, but not creative. They are cunning in expedients, but deficient in tact. In love they are simply barbarous. They purchase their wives openly, and not constructively by attorney. By offering small sums for their sweethearts, they degrade the value of the sex.

Nevertheless, NN felt he was saved. He explained all to the faithful Mongolian, and exhibited the letter he had written. He implored him to deliver it.

The Mongolian assented. The race are not cleanly or sweet savored, but NN. fell upon his neck. He embraced him with one hand, and closed his nostrils with the other. Through him, he felt he clasped the close-fitting basque.

The next day was one of agony and suspense. Evening came, but no Mercy. NN. lit the charcoal. But, to compose his nerves, he closed his door and first walked mildly up and down Montgomery street. When he returned, he found the faithful Mongolian on the steps.

—All lity!

These Chinese are not accurate in their pronunciation. They avoid the *r*, like the English nobleman.

NN. gasped for breath. He leaned heavily against the Chinaman.

—Then, you have seen her, Ching Loug?

—Yes. All lity. She cum. Top side of house.

The docile barbarian pointed up the stairs, and chuckled.

—She here—impossible! Ah, Heaven! do I dream?

—Yes. All lity—top side of house. Good by, John.

This is the familiar parting epithet of the Mougolian. It is equivalent to our *au revoir*.

NN. gazed with a stupefied air on the departing servant. He placed his hand on his throbbing heart. She here—alone beneath this roof. Oh, Heavens—what happiness!

But how? Torn from her home. Ruthlessly dragged, perhaps, from her evening devotions, by the hands of a relentless barbarian. Could she forgive him?

He dashed frantically up the stairs. He opened the door. She was standing beside his couch with averted face.

A strange giddiness overtook him. He sank upon his knees at the threshold.

—Pardon, pardon. My angel, can you forgive me?

A terrible nausea now seemed added to the fearful giddiness. His utterance grew thick and sluggish.

—Speak, speak, enchantress. Forgiveness is all I ask. My Love, my Life!

She did not answer. He staggered to his feet. As he rose, his eyes fell on the pan of burning charcoal. A terrible suspicion flashed across his mind. This giddiness—this nausea. The ignorance of the barbarian. This silence. O merciful heavens! she was dying!

He crawled toward her. He touched her. She fell forward with a lifeless sound upon the floor. He uttered a piercing shriek, and threw himself beside her.

* * * * * * *

A file of gendarmes, accompanied by the *Chef* Burke, found him the next morning lying lifeless upon the floor. They laughed brutally—these cruel minions of the law—and disengaged his arm from the waist of the wooden dummy which they had come to reclaim for the mantua-maker.

Emptying a few bucketfuls of water over his form, they finally succeeded in robbing him, not only of his mistress, but of that Death he had coveted without her.

Ah! we live in a strange world, Messieurs.

THEATRICAL TALK.

THE stock company returned from their travels, and opened at Maguire's Opera House on Monday, in the comedy of *Money*. Mrs. Sophie Edwin won golden opinions from the citizens of Sacramento and Marysville, and the press of those cities cordially endorsed her as an admirable actress. On Wednesday evening, *Lady Audley's Secret* was played. Mr. Pauncefort found a part especially adapted to him in "Robert Audley," and played it extremely well. *East Lynne* followed, how good Mrs. Sophie Edwin is in the character of "Lady Isabel" afterwards "Madame Vine," is a matter of history. This afternoon the popular play *Waiting for a Verdict* will be performed. The performance this evening is for the benefit of Mr. J. E. Taylor, when a host of volunteers will appear; the farces of *Tom and Jerry* and *His Last Legs* will be performed.

The public is greedy for a sensation and one is promised them. Mlle. Felicita de Vestvali, surnamed "the magnificent," makes her first appearance at Maguire's Opera House on Monday evening in a grand melo-dramatic, scenic play entitled *Romanio, the Beautiful Demon*. I most willingly endorse Vestvali as "magnificent," and give the following reasons for the faith that is in me. She is magnificently handsome, has a magnificent figure and stage presence, and a magnificent deep contralto voice, a voice which combines the strength and depth of the masculine vocal organ with the rich sweetness characteristic of the feminine. Vestvali possesses the flow of animal spirits so necessary to the actress who essays to act the man. Vestvali "the magnificent" will achieve a magnificent success; I found this opinion upon observation of her style during the rehearsal of *Romanio, the Beautiful Demon*. This play will be produced with fine scenic effects, and several fine choruses have been introduced. In anticipation of the rush which will take place on Monday night, the entrance to the Opera House has been enlarged; to obtain standing room on that night an early attendance will be imperatively necessary.

The Scottish drama of *Jennie Deans* was produced at Wheatleigh's Eureka on Monday. It was well put upon the stage, and strongly cast. Mr. Shiels' impersonation of the "Laird of Dumbedikes" was a most finished delineation of Scotch character. Mr. Wheatleigh's "Counsellor Fairbrother," every one has seen, and every one admires. Miss Belle Divine, who made her first appearance at the Eureka on this occasion, acted and read the part of "Jennie Deans" capitally: she is a valuable accession to the company. Miss Louise Clarkson, who shows most gratifying evidence of improvement, acted "Effie Deans" in a manner which did her infinite credit, reading very correctly, and making all the "points" with a skill which would have done credit to an actress of far more experience on the stage than this young actress has had. Mr. Leach's performance of "David Deans" was very forcible, and elicited several rounds of applause. Mr. H. D. Thompson, who has recently joined the company, played the character of "Ratcliffe" with great ability, doing it full justice. Mrs. Judah was thrillingly tragic as "Meg Murdochson." Mrs. Yeamans deserves credit for her acting in the character of "Madge Wildfire," especially in the scene where she is killed. Mr. Roundy, a young actor, who has played several parts entrusted to him lately very creditably, and who gives hopeful signs of improvement, played "Archibald, the echo valet of the Duke of Argyle," very well. With so many of the parts effectively filled, the piece was, of course, a perfect success, though, in consequence of its having been repeatedly produced in this city, it failed to draw as good houses as its merit deserved. On Thursday, the play of *Henry IV.* was produced, Mr. Shiel's taking his first benefit on this occasion, and appearing in the character of "Falstaff." Mr. Shiels made a wonderfully good Falstaff, taking everything into consideration; he disguised his Scotch accent with great skill, and, had he exhibited a greater flow of animal spirits, would have been everything that could be desired. Mr. Wheatleigh's "King Henry" was a fine piece of acting, and his reading afforded quite a treat to every lover of Shakspeare. Mr. J. H. Warwick made his first appearance here on this occasion, and played "Hotspur" passably well, subduing his tendency to rant with commendable skill. Miss Belle Divine read and acted the part of "Lady Percy" very creditably, and the piece was carefully played throughout. This afternoon John Brougham's romantic drama of *Bel Demonio*, or *the Beautiful Demon*, will be produced with all the accompaniments of new scenery, music, etc. necessary to ensuring its success. At this house Mr. J. H. Warwick plays the "Beautiful Demon." The same piece will be played this evening. During the coming week Mr. Wheatleigh, after working for the amusement of the public, and to provide employment for actors out of place, takes his first benefit, when it is to be hoped he will receive a solid proof of the public's appreciation of his talent and energy. During the week after next, *Arrah-na-Pogue* will probably be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, which Mr. Wheatleigh has leased for the purpose of getting more stage room than is afforded in the Eureka. Mr. James Dowling is hard at work on the scenery and machinery, and no expense will be spared in producing this piece in a style of unequalled magnificence. A dramatic revival will shortly occur in San Francisco; it is time it should, for we have been sadly dull of late.

At the Circus, Don Esteban Buislay's ascension of the Spiral Mountain, a height of some seventy feet, on a wooden ball, is a most wonderful sensation. The spectators gaze in breathless anxiety: the swerve of the revolving globe, even a hair's breadth, may cause the adventurous man to lose his balance, and he would be crushed to atoms. Wearily he winds round the column, a profound silence reigns; at last he stands at the summit of the column, his dangerous journey ended; now drawing a long breath of relief, the spectators break forth into loud and prolonged applause. This feat is, indeed, a wonderful one, and varied, as the entertainment at this circus is, this eclipses everything. As Wilson's Grand Circus, the best which has ever visited these shores, will shortly proceed to the Sandwich Islands, and thence to Australia, those who have not seen it should avail themselves of the few evenings during which it will remain here. This afternoon and evening, the Spiral Mountain Ascension will be performed for the last time. To-morrow, a feat, which promises to be equally daring and wonderful—the Niagara Leap—will be performed.

The Academy of Music opened on Wednesday with Hussey's Minstrels. The house was crowded.

TOUCHSTONE.

The Grass Valley *National* tells of a colt which is smart enough for an old horse. He will eat almost anything that is given him, and chews tobacco like an old victim of the seductive vice. The other day his owner undertook to tempt his appetite with a horned toad, but the pony declined.

The Los Angeles *News* says the so-called Government Ditch, constructed by the labor of the United States soldiers to supply Drum Barracks with water, is entirely dry, and the troops are now parching for want of their accustomed supply. In many places the flumes have been torn up, and portions of the lumber carried away.

Thomas Scott was murdered at Linden, San Joaquin county, on the night of September 4th, by some unknown party. He had recently been at work on the ranch of J. H. Terry, on the Copperopolis road. $1,000 reward has been offered by the citizens of Linden for the apprehension of the murderer.

The Bajazette and Potosi mining companies have compromised their vexatious lawsuits.

(For the Californian.)

THE NEWGATE WEDDING.

ANOTHER STRAY LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

"I HAVE got myself into a little trouble with Mr. Wontner, the Governor of Newpate," (the principal London prison,) said my old friend, S. R., when I called on him at his chambers one evening—but I am consoling myself it is all smoke, like that which comes out of the pipe I have just lighted to quiet me a little.

"How so," I replied, "surely you have not been breaking prison?" No," he said, "I have not broken prison myself, but I have broken down the prison walls for a pretty young girl who was in charge under sentence in Newgate." "Then you have obtained her discharge, I said; and pray what may it all be about, and how did you manage to effect her release?" "Wait, my friend; don't go too fast: take a chair and sit down, and I will tell you, if you have time—it is not a very long story, and I know you are a pretty good listener."

Expressing my wish to hear him, I sat down, and he began:

"About three or four sessions ago, a young girl—Emily Palmer—was convicted of stealing a shawl belonging to a woman with whom she had a slight acquaintance. According to the evidence on the trial, as appeared by the depositions, a copy of which I have, the case seemed to be clear enough. Her friends came to me about the middle of last month; they brought me the copy of the depositions; I read them and said I thought there was little hope for her. They were very earnest in assuring me she was entirely innocent, and it was a vile conspiracy to ruin a poor girl, and they were very anxious I should take up the case, for she was under sentence of transportation to New South Wales; and, Government being very desirous of supplying the colonies with marriageable young women, her friends were afraid she would be shipped off, and that soon—besides she was under engagement of marriage with a young man who had a respectable shop of business in Whitechapel, and who still continued constant in his affection for her, believing her to be the victim of a conspiracy got up by a spiteful woman or two—and he was still still willing and ready to marry her if she were set at liberty. I discussed the matter with her friends, and told them the difficulty of undoing what had been done; but they persisted in their assertions, and I looked over the depositions, carefully examining all the points, and asked them to give me some information of what answer they could make. On this they entered into various particulars, and promised they should all be collected together and written down for me. One of the parties present—a very respectable, middle-aged lady—told me she was the girl's aunt, and as she had a little money she was resolved to spend some of it in trying to get her niece set free from the prison. She had had the care of the girl ever since the death of her mother, about eight or nine years back, and a better girl did not live, and she wished me to go and see her in the prison; she was determined to get her out if possible. All expressing themselves in this way—for there were four women who had taken up the case—I began to feel an interest for the girl; for my experience in Crown cases enabled me to form an opinion of her situation and its probabilities if the sentence were carried out as they expected it would be. As time was precious, (for an order from the Home Office might come down to the prison at any hour, and she would be sent off the very next morning,) I related to them—putting my instructions in writing—what would be required, and they were to add as much more as they thought would be useful. They worked heartily, and, assisted by the good old aunt, they were able to procure, in much shorter time than I expected, very ample evidence of the girl's innocence of the charge. I put all the facts together in proper shape for the Home Office, and they were certainly a formidable array against the accusation—such as, if produced in defence on the trial, would have most certainly procured an acquittal. I asked why this had not been done; the answer was, people were afraid to come forward—they did not like, and so on; besides, the prosecutrix was such a very spiteful woman they were afraid to come in contact with her; had that been done, I think the prosecutrix and one or two of her witnesses might have found themselves committed to Newgate for perjury before the Court. However, I got it all put into proper form, and such as required I had duly sworn; as a wind-up I had the young man—Thomas Williams, a grocer in Whitechapel—make a declaration in writing that he knew the girl; that he had been acquainted with her for about three years; that her conduct was most modest and free from anything approaching dishonesty or impropriety; that, being a single young man engaged in business, he had made her an offer of marriage which had been accepted, and had not this charge been made against her, which he did not believe to be true, he should have been married to her; and that still maintaining a perfect confidence in her honesty and worthiness of character, he was now ready and willing to marry her if she were discharged from the prison. In addition to these, the old aunt had obtained a certificate from the girl's employers, a well known firm in the city, wholesale umbrella manufacturers, by whom she had been employed as a forewoman for two years past, and who gave a certificate of her trustworthiness and their disbelief of the charge. A number of workpeople, both male and female, in the employ of the same firm, also voluntarily signed a testimonial of her good conduct and honesty. This document was certified by the firm as a correct document, spontaneously given by the persons in their employ. I caused the young man to get a certificate from the clergyman of his parish of his own good character, and the aunt kindly got a similar certificate on behalf of the girl from the clergyman of her parish, under whom she had been for some three or four years acting as a Sunday school teacher."

I expressed my surprise at this formidable array of testimony, hoping it proved successful."

"Yes," said my friend, they made a large number of papers, but recollect it was her last and only chance, and I had to try and convince by truth, for there is so much falsehood sent to the Home Office to procure remission of sentence, I was obliged to be rather crowding in the affair; but I did more: I knew the senior Sheriff, and I went to see him and ask him to take the papers to the Home Secretary himself—"

"But,' said I, "you had not seen the girl herself yet."

"Yes," he replied, "I had, and found her to be a very pretty, modest, retiring sort of a girl, about two and twenty, and the Matron told me she was very docile and obliging, and she hoped I should succeed for her. I took advantage of this, and got the Governor to let the Matron say as much in writing, and he signed it as correct. This request he kindly complied with, at the same time telling me it was not only very unusual, but he had never before been asked to do so; and he would not then grant such a request were I not so well known to him—besides, he wished the girl well. Armed with all these papers, I waited upon Alderman ——, the senior Sheriff, and finding him at home and a little at leisure, I had a conversation with him on the case: he took the papers and said he would read them over, and if they bore out the facts as I had stated to him, he would cheerfully go to the Home Office and present them himself; but he would go the prison that afternoon and see the girl and speak to the Governor—and I was to call on him the next afternoon, which I did without fail. He told me had been to Newgate; he had seen the girl, and the Governor, and the Matron, and he was greatly prepossessed in favor of the prisoner, from observing her quiet modest deportment; he had that morning been so fortunate as to see the Home Secretary, and had delivered the papers with a good word for her from himself."

"'But, my friend, what was the result?—the finish?"

"How impatient you are," said he; "I shall forget the case if you do not let me prose on in my own way."

"Well," I said, "then go on."

So he resumed his narrative: "About a week ago I had a note from the Governor, requesting to see me. I went to him, and found, to my great pleasure, the application for release had been successful, on these conditions: that the Governor, with the Chaplain of the prison, (the Rev. Dr. Cotton,) should take the girl to the church, where they were to meet the young man; that they were to see the marriage ceremony performed, and then leave the girl in charge of her husband. He had accordingly sent for the young man, and had arranged that he should get a marriage license without delay, and come in the morning at the proper hour to the church at Aldgate, and he (the Governor) and the Chaplain, with the girl, would be there to meet him. All this was done, and a great many persons were there, being the friends of both parties. The ceremony was performed by the Chaplain of the prison, at the request of the clergyman of the church, who was present but considered it the Chaplain's right and duty to complete the affair legally. When it was over, and the Governor and Chaplain were preparing to leave, the girl, turning to the former, very innocently and modestly said to him: 'Am I now to go back with you?' 'No, my dear,' said he, 'I leave you now in the custody of your husband, and hope never to see you again in any other as long as you live.' She blushed, and courtsied to him. The chaplain, a good old man, gave the young couple some kind words of advice, and the Governor and Chaplain each kissed the bride as their fee for attending. The place had by that time got rather crowded, and there was great shaking of hands with the officials as they departed for the prison, and cheers for the girl and her husband when the wedding party came outside of the church, and many invocations of blessings upon them; a good many of the women who had come from the manufactory were in tears of joy on the occasion."

"Well," I said, "but what has all this to do with your getting into a scrape with the Governor?—and I hope you got well paid for your services."

"What! by poor people? No; the pleasure of having been of use to an innocent girl, falsely accused of crime, was ample reward for me. I took nothing from them. As to my scrape, it has everything to do with it. I told you the Governor sent for me, and after he had related all the particulars I have been telling you, he added with solemn gravity, (but it was a mock gravity,) 'I hope, young man, you will not have any more such interesting young lady clients put into your hands to get them married and discharged, or I shall be obliged to forbid your coming here.' 'How so?' I asked. 'Why,' said he, 'the day after this affair became known in the women's ward, I had all the unmarried young ones swarming about me, protesting their innocence, and that they had sweethearts who were quite ready and wanted to marry them if they were discharged. For the last two or three days I have been obliged to appear rather severe to them and stop it. So now as you have succeeded so well, young gentleman, with one case, be content, for you might fail in meeting with such a good result in another case, and it will save both you and me much trouble.' We had a glass of wine and a good laugh over the affair, and, wishing all good things to the young couple, we shook hands and I left him, the Governor saying he had to communicate the result to the Home Secretary, and thus end the affair."

"Did you hear what became of the bride and bridegroom?" I asked.

"No," he said "I only heard of them one day, a little while after, from the Governor, that they seemed very happy and comfortable, and the young man was doing a good business and with many new customers—perhaps induced from the novelty of the affair (for it got wind after a little time) to go and see the bride. There was talk of retaliating by a prosecution for perjury, but I advised against it, and the cry for vengeance, as it was called, died out."

I soon after left my friend to enjoy his pipe. He requested I would soon pay him another visit, "for," said he, "I could entertain you by the hour at a time with whimsical and serious cases in which I have been concerned." F. H.

THE HOUSE-FLY AND THE DOG.—I believe we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave; and irreverent to a degree which I think no human republican could by any philosophy raise himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teazes; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand. To him the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim! That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to this fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence—one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do—no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earth-worm has his digging and digesting; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning net-work; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber—a black incarnation of caprice—wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab-horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz—what freedom is like his? For captivity, again, perhaps your poor watch-dog is as sorrowful a type as you will easily find. Mine certainly is. The day is lovely, but I must write this, and cannot go out with him. He is chained in the yard, because I do not like dogs in rooms, and the gardener does not like dogs in gardens. He has no books—nothing but his own weary thoughts for company, and a group of those free flies, whom he snaps at with sullen ill success. Such dim hope that he may have that I may yet take him out with me, will be, hour by hour, disappointed, or worse, darkened at once into a leaden despair by an authoritative "No"—too well understood. His fidelity only seals his fate; (if he would not watch for me, he would be sent away, and go hunting with some happier master; but he watches, and is wise, and faithful, and miserable.) and his high animal intellect only gives him the wistful power of wonder, and sorrow, and desire, and affection, which embitter his captivity. Yet of the two, would we rather be watch-dog or fly?—"*John Ruskin*," *in the Art Journal.*

LAWYERS are very technical and critical. Once, quite a young lawyer, upon being informed of an attachment between a young lady and gentleman, inquired whether the gentleman was the "lover or lovee?" So an attorney in Dublin wrote a challenge to a gentleman to meet him in the "Four Acres, be the same more or less."

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It is comfortable to the frame, and fits with a nicety never attained by any other invention.

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will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
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We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
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IRISH WHISKY,
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Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.
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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.
Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.
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HOMESTEAD LOTS, Inside Larkin street, from $275 to $500, on long time, with interest at ten per cent. per annum, with perfect title. M. A. BRALY,
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INTERIOR ITEMS.

A MAN named J. H. Denning met with an accident on Monday, August 28th, near Carmen City, by which he lost his life. While in the act of applying the brake to the wheels of his wagon, he lost his balance and fell to the ground, his head striking a rock. Denning resided at the Fifteen Mile House, on the Mariposa road, and leaves a wife and four children to mourn his loss. It seems strange that our wagoners do not adopted a self-acting brake. There is one which appears perfectly reliable—the invention of Lewis, of Iowa. Henry George, of San Francisco, agent for the sale of the patent right, recently exhibited to many of our citizens, a working model of the invention, which was by all pronounced a great and valuable improvement.

THE Wilmington *Journal* of August 27th says: G. Surdam arrived yesterday from the oil springs of the San Fernando District, with three hundred gallons of Petroleum oil. It is consigned to Banning & Co., for shipment on the next steamer. This oil, by analysis, contains fifty-seven per cent. illuminating and thirty-three per cent. lubricating properties. Surdam returns to the oil springs to-day with cans sufficient to secure eight hundred gallons in time for the following steamer.

LAST night, about 11 o'clock, John Sullivan, a miner working in the Alpha claim, was killed by a cave. He was engaged in working one of the lower levels, and was alone. Only a small quantity of earth fell upon him, yet it apparently killed him instantly, as he was found dead only a few moments after the accident happened. Mr. Sullivan was a native of Ireland, was married, but had no children.—*Gold Hill News, Sept. 4th.*

THE *Union Advocate* states that on Saturday last Eastman & Co., sold their quartz ledge, near Russell's diggings, in Amador, to a Sacramento company, for $10,000 cash. Sorocco Brothers & Co., on Monday last, sold their lead and mill, known as the Italian lead and mill, near Pine Grove, to J. T. Farley, of Jackson, at a price, reported from $65,000 to $100,000.

THE Nevada *Gazette* says that the Star Spangled Banner Company on last Saturday, while drifting on their ledge, struck a cave about thirty feet long by twenty wide and eighteen feet high. The roof was hung with clusters of stalactites, and the floor studded with stalagmites. It is a beautiful chamber.

ON Sunday, September 3d, Mrs. Richardson, who resides about eight miles from Stockton, near the church southeast of French Camp, while returning from the Tuolumne river to her home, fell backward out of the wagon in which she was riding, the seat falling upon her, breaking her collar bone.

THE Placerville *Mirror* says it has authority for saying that the statement that the Pioneer Stage Company intend to transfer the mail and express business to the Dutch Flat route in September (or at any other time) is unfounded.

NICHOLAS TALLIEUR was found dead in his garden, about two miles from the Mountain View House September 2d. He had apparently been dead about three weeks. His horse was tied up near him, starved to death. He was a native of the Department of Moselle, France, and aged about 43 years. *Grass Valley National.*

ON Monday afternoon last Janette Askins, of Woodland, Yolo county, a girl thirteen years old, was thrown from a swing while playing with other children, and fatally injured. She continued to live in an unconscious condition until one o'clock the next morning, at which time she expired.

JAMES BROWN, *alias* James Davis, a native of Liverpool, England, aged about thirty-five, came to his death September 1st, at the Gould & Curry mine, by accidentally falling from a ladder while descending a shaft: he fell about eighty feet, and in five minutes thereafter was found dead.

THE editor of the Los Angeles *News* learns by letter from Chihuahua, of the murder of the Rev. J. C. Stuart, formerly of that circuit. He was travelling to Texas, and fell in with a man named Michael Gunn, by whom he was murdered.

COL. GEO. B. CURRY has been assigned to the command of the Department of Columbia, in the place of Gen. Wright, lost on the *Brother Jonathan.*

AT Ruby Valley, Nevada, the Overland Mail Company have commenced cutting their grain, there being several hundred acres of oats where the stalks are over five feet high, and well filled.

A MILITARY encampment, composed of the mounted companies located in Yolo, Solano and Napa counties, will be held in Solano county about October 1st.

THERE are twenty men to each woman in Idaho. Utah ought to pass over some of her surplus women to her northern neighbor.

THE Union men of Klamath county have started a paper called *Facts and Figures.*

JOHN NOBLE was shot by Thomas Comer, *alias* "Pike," in Carson City September 1st. His wounds are considered mortal.

CAZOTTE'S PREDICTION.

"IT appears but as yesterday, and yet, nevertheless, it was at the beginning of the year 1788. We were dining with one of our brethren at the Academy—a man of considerable wealth and genius. The company was numerous and diversified—courtiers, lawyers, academicians, etc., and, according to the custom, there had been a magnificent dinner. At dessert, the wines of Malvoisin and Constantia added to the gaiety of the guests that sort of liberty which is sometimes forgetful of *bon ton;* we had arrived in the world just at that time when anything was permitted that would raise a laugh.

* * * * * * *

"One only of the guests had not taken part in the joyousness of the conversation, and had even gently and cheerfully checked our splendid enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and original person, but unhappily infatuated with the reveries of the *illuminati.* He spoke, and with the most serious tone. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'be satisfied; you will all see this great and sublime revolution, which you so much desire. You know that I am a little inclined to prophecy; I repeat, you will see it.' He was answered by the common rejoinder: '*One need not be a conjuror to see that.*' 'Be it so; but perhaps one must be a little more than conjuror for what remains for me to tell you. Do you know what will be the consequence of this revolution—what will be the consequence to all of you, and what will be the immediate result—the well-established effect—the thoroughly-recognized consequence to all of you who are here present?' 'Ah!' said Condorcet, with his insolent and half-suppressed smile, 'let us hear; a philosopher is not sorry to encounter a prophet.' 'You, Monsieur de Condorcet—you will yield up your last breath on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison, which you will have taken in order to escape from execution—from poison which *the happiness* of that time will oblige you to carry about your person.'

"At first, astonishment was most marked; but it was soon recollected that the good Cazotte is liable to dreaming, though apparently wide awake, and a hearty laugh is the consequence. 'Monsieur Cazotte, the relation which you give us is not so agreeable as your *Diable Amoureux* (a novel of Cazotte's.)

"'But what diable has put into your head this prison, and this poison, and these executioners? What can all these have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?' 'This is exactly what I say to you; it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, of liberty; it is under the reign of reason that it will happen to you thus to end your career; and it will, indeed, be *the reign of reason,* for then she will have her temples, and indeed, at that time, there will be no other temples in France than the temples of reason.' 'By my truth,' said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, '*you* will not be one of the priests of these temples.' 'I do not hope it: but you, Monsieur de Chamfort, who will be one, and most worthy to be so, you will open your veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die till some months afterward.' They looked at each other, and laughed again. 'You, Monsieur Vicq d'Azir, you will not open your own veins, but you will cause yourself to be bled six times in one day, during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make more sure of your end, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, you will die upon the scaffold; you, Monsieur Bailly, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesecrbes, on the scaffold.' 'Ah! God be thanked,' exclaimed Roucher, 'it seems that Monsiur has no eye but for the *Academy;* of it he has just made a terrible execution, and I, thank Heaven * * * * *' 'You! you also will die upon the scaffold.' 'Oh, what an admirable guesser,' was uttered on all sides; 'he has sworn to exterminate us all.' 'No, it is not I who have sworn it.' 'But shall we, then, be conquered by the Turks or the Tartars? Yet again * * * 'Not at all; I have already told you, you will then be governed only by philosophy—only by reason. They who will thus treat you will be all philosopers—will always have upon their lips the self-same phrases which you have been putting forth for the last hour—will repeat all your maxims—and will quote, as you have done, the verses of Diderot, and from La Pucelle.' They then whispered among themselves: 'You see that he is gone mad;' for he preserved all this time the most serious and solemn manner. 'Do you not see that he is joking, and you know that, in the character of his jokes, there is always much of the marvellous.' 'Yes,' replied Chamfort, 'but his marvellousness is not cheerful; it savors too much of the gibbet; and when will all this happen?' 'Six years will not pass over before all that I have said to you will be accomplished.'

"'Here are some astonishing miracles (and, this time, it was I myself who spoke), but you have not included me in your list.' 'But you will be there as an equally extraordinary miracle; you will then be a Christian'

"Vehement exclamations on all sides. 'Ah,' replied Chamfort, 'I am comforted; if *we* shall perish only when La Harpe shall be a Christian, we are immortal.'

"'As for that,' then observed Madame la Duchesse de Grammont, 'we women, we are happy to be counted for nothing in these revolutions: when I say for nothing, it is not that we do not always mix ourselves up with them a little; but it is a received maxim that they take no notice of us, and of our sex' 'Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time; and you had far better meddle with nothing, for you will be treated entirely as men, without any difference whatever.' 'But what, then, are you really telling us of, Monsieur Cazotte? You are preaching to us the end of the world.' 'I know nothing on this subject; but what I do know is, that you, Madame la Duchesse, will be conducted to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in the cart of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind your back.' 'Ah, I hope that, in that case, I shall at least have a carriage hung in black.' 'No, madame; higher ladies than yourself will go, *like you,* in the common car, with their hands tied behind them.' 'Higher ladies! what! the princesses of the blood?' 'Still more exalted personages.' Here a sensible emotion pervaded the whole company, and the countenance of the host was dark and lowering: they began to feel that the joke was becoming too serious.

"Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, took no notice of the reply, and contented herself with saying in a careless tone: '*You see that he will not leave me even a confessor.*' 'No, madame, you will not have one—neither you, nor any one besides. The last victim to whom this favor will be afforded will be * * * *' He stopped for a moment. 'Well! who then will be the happy mortal to whom this prerogative will be given?' 'Tis the only one which he will have then retained—and that will be the king of France.'

"The master of the house rose hastily, and every one with him. He walked up to M. Cazotte, and addressed him with a tone of deep emotion: 'My dear Monsieur Cazotte, this mournful joke has lasted long enough. You carry it too far—even so far as to derogate from the society in which you are, and from your own character.' Cazotte answered not a word, and was preparing to leave, when Madame de Grammont, who always sought to dissipate serious thoughts, and to restore the gaiety of the party, approached him, saying: 'Monsieur the prophet, who has foretold us of our good fortune, you have told us nothing of your own.' He remained silent for some time, with downcast eyes. 'Madame, have you ever read the seige of Jerusalem, in Josephus?' 'Yes! who has not read that? But answer as if I had never read it.' 'Well, then, madame, during the seige, a man, for seven days in succession, went round the ramparts of the city, in sight of the besiegers and besieged, crying unceasingly, with an ominous and thundering voice: '*Woe to Jerusalem!*'—and the seventh time he cried: '*Woe to Jerusalem—woe to myself!*' And at that moment an enormous stone projected from one of the machines of the besieging army, and struck him and destroyed him.'"—*Memoirs of La Harpe.*

MANAGEMENT OF CARPETS.—All kinds of carpets will wear much longer if fine straw be spread evenly on the floor, about half an inch thick, before they are fastened down. When they lie on the bare floor, the gritty dust works through them to the floor, and as they are pressed down on and among it, they will be worn out much more than when kept up by straw. To aid in drawing carpets close up to the base-board, preparatory to nailing them, drive eight or ten small nails into a piece of wood, allowing them to extend about three-eighths of an inch beyond the surface, similar to a weaver's stretcher, and file them to a sharp point. With such an instrument as this, having a long handle, one person can thrust the side of a carpet up close to the base-board, and hold it with ease, till it is nailed. There is some science also as to the manner of sweeping carpets correctly. Instead of inclining the handle of the broom forward, and rolling the dirt along and pressing it *into* the carpet, by bearing down on the broom, the handle should be held nearly erect, and the dirt brushed along, by toudhing the carpet very lightly. In this way, both broom and carpet will be worn less, and the sweeping be done better.

THE Oroville *Record* says: The late Indian hunt, under charge of Captain Goode, was probably the most successful one ever made in this State. It is evident from numerous articles found upon the trail, and also in the cave, that the Indians killed were the ones that committed the outrages at Concow Valley, and we are reliably informed that out of the whole number, sixteen, only four Indians made their escape.

NEW FALL DRY GOODS.—Messrs. Traffe & Co. have just opened two hundred cases, their first importations of new style Fall Dry Goods, and very beautiful styles they are! Rich heavy silks, that will almost stand alone; beautifully tinted delaines, cashmeres, and merinos; warm and rich-colored prints; and dressy cloaks and shawls, of the latest modes. All of which are announced in our advertising columns, and may be seen at their store, No. 9, Montgomery street.

VISIT HASKELL'S MAMMOTH TEA STORE, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until 7 o'clock, and on Saturdays until 10 P. M.

THE CONNECTICUT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Agents for California.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

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The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

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Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery Price, $100, at the Factory.

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Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

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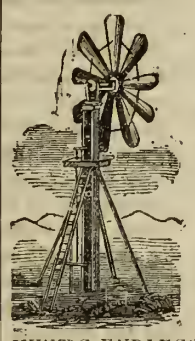

THIS WIND MILL IS RAPidly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

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Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN
HORSE-POWER
FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

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Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

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WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

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There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physcians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

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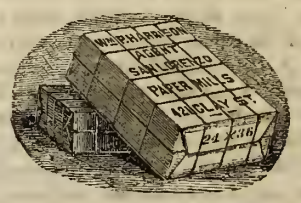

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

SEPTEMBER 13, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

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W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commandor.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON WEDNESDAY, - - SEPTEMBER 13TH.

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The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer MOSES TAYLOR will succeed the AMERICA October 13th.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
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OUR PUBLIC SERVANTS AND THEIR WAGES.

UNDER this head, the New York *Weekly Review* gives an able article on the insufficiency of the present salaries paid our principal public officers: "The city of Washington presents some curious anomalies. There is a gentleman there, for example, who has the disbursing of seven hundred million dollars a year, about two millions a day, and has control of several thousands of government officers. He is, besides, one of the advisers of the President, and sits in cabinet counsels next to the Secretary of State. As Treasurer of the United States, he is the custodian and manager of a debt of three thousand millions of dollars, the interest of which he must be prepared to pay on designated days, at 10 A. M., or the national credit is lost. In short, he fills an office which demands the ablest financial mind now extant, on this or any other planet.

"A stranger, on learning the nature and extent of this gentleman's duties, might be excused for asking what stupendous sum per annum, the United States thought it worth while to pay for his services. We give the president of a bank ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year; the president of an insurance company, as much; the president of a railway company, more; while many men, by mere dealing in public securities, enjoy incomes greater than those of some sovereign princes and exhibit to the frequenters of the Park equipages of royal splendor. A foreigner would naturally conclude that the mainspring of all this financial machinery, the man whose single error could bring it into confusion or smash it to pieces, must receive an income that would enable him, also, to provide for his horses carved rosewood mangers, and marble drinking troughs.

"He would certainly be astonished to learn that the salary of the Secretary of the Treasury was only eight thousand per year. It *is* rather astonishing. We hesitate whether to call it sublime or ridiculous. It has both a sublime aspect and a ridiculous one. When we see a man disbursing public money at the rate of two hundred thousand dollars an hour, and remaining so poor that he cannot ask a friend or two to dinner without an anxious calculation of the expense, it looks sublime. But when we contemplate a great and wealthy nation willing to pay such wages to such a servant, it seems purely ridiculous.

"Now, what *is* eight thousand dollars a year in the city of Washington? A single fact will tell. The rent of such a house in that city as is suitable to a member of the cabinet—that is, a good-sized, three story house of brick, in a convenient part of the town—is three thousand dollars a year. Every one knows that where rent is high, everything else is high. A man that pays three thousand dollars a year rent, cannot keep house decently and comfortably on an income less than five times that sum: nor on that, unless he is blessed with a sensible and economical wife. He could not well educate a family on it, let her be ever so good a manager. Why, last winter, milk in the city of Washington was twenty-one cents a quart; from that item every housekeeper can form an idea of the weekly bills which a Washington grocer and butcher present to an agonized pater-familias.

"These remarks apply to all the members of the Cabinet; to all the judges of the Supreme Court; to all the higher servants of the public, and in some degree to the President himself. A Cabinet-Minister with a scratch of his pen at the bottom of a contract, makes a man rich, and then goes home to consult with his wife, over their cold mutton—whether he had better have his old coat repaired, or buy a new one; and whether it will pay best to have her silk dress turned or get a new mousline de laine. A General surrounded by a brilliant staff, contractors in magnificent carriages, dash up to the door of his office; while he, poor man, unless he has a private fortune, must trudge in his patched boots on foot. That, however, is no hardship, for the walk does him good. The real hardship of his case is that while he is working day and night for his country, his country does not pay his necessary household expenses. The consequence is, that no man can afford to fill those high places unless he has considerable property of his own, or unless he means to make them yield him personal advantages of some kind."

The *Review* urges that the appointmentment of subordinates should be permanent, and concludes with the following: "Pass this subject round, brother editors. For our part, our motto is: Decent salaries to the heads of government, and permanent appointments to the subordinates; meaning by decent salaries, salaries upon which a decent establishment can be kept. That is to say: President, thirty-five thousand, (about what it cost Washington and Jackson;) member of the cabinet, twenty thousand; Chief-Justice, fifteen thousand; Associate-Justice, twelve thousand. Those sums, it is true, are less than any other leading nation pays for similar services; but considering all things, they might do."

WHAT young ladies won the battle of Salamis? The Miss Tocles (Themistocles.)

A CANTER will give you ruddy cheeks; a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

THE MOURNER A-LA-MODE.

BY J. G. SAXE.

I SAW her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's,)
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express,
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her shawl;
And her jewels—that flashed in the light—
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
Was the sombre apparel she wore;
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I couldn't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense,
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: It is scarce without measure
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours—I am sorely afraid,
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade;
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half-tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah, well! it were idle to quarrel
With Fashion, or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor—warranted new:
When *measles* come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the *sorrow* is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

THE DEAN'S DOG.—A few days ago the Dean of Carlisle went into a High School during lesson hours, and his dog, a pretty little terrier, followed him. The dog caused a slight disturbance by getting under the desks, and as the dean left he jocularly observed that he should expect a Latin epigram on his dog as a punishment. The boys accordingly sent him the following:

DE CANE DECANI.

Carmen Canium.

Cerberus inferni tueatur regna tyranni:
Est tibi* cœlestis, vir reverende, canis.
Scis bene tu pueris ludos dare gaudia fessis,
Neve canem frustra, caro Decane, canam.

Need we add that the dean, with his usual good humor, took the hint, and asked for a half-holiday for the authors? *Carlisle Journal.*

* A *Sky* terrier.

SAID a very high functionary to his scapegrace son: "Look at me! here am I, at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why, when I die, my son is the greatest rascal in England!" To this young Hopeful made answer: "Yes dad, when you die, but not till then!"

IN one of the Dutch churches in a rural village on the Hudson, a good old man was acting in the capacity of master of ceremonies at the funeral of a highly respected citizen. As is customary on such occasions, he invited the assembled mourners to view the corpse of their departed friend, and in the following language: "All can now have the pleasure of looking at the last remains of the oldest man now living in the town of S——. Pass up the broad aisle and down the right-hand alley."

A PERSON'S character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police*, seldom turns out respectable.

NIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

MANY men walk by day; few walk by night. It is a very different season. Take a July night, for instance. About ten o'clock,—when man is asleep, and day fairly forgotten,—the beauty of moonlight is seen over lonely pastures where cattle are silently feeding. On all sides novelties present themselves. Instead of the sun there are the moon and stars, instead of the wood-thrush there is the whip-poor-will—instead of butterflies in the meadows, fire-flies, winged sparks of fire! who would have believed it? What kind of cool deliberate life dwells in those dewy abodes associated with a spark of fire? So man has fire in his eyes, or blood, or brain. Instead of singing birds, the half-throttled note of a cuckoo flying over, the croaking of frogs, and the intenser dream of crickets. But above all, the wonderful trump of the bull-frog, ringing from Maine to Georgia. The potato-vines stand upright, the corn grows apace, the bushes loom, the grain-fields are boundless. On our open river terraces once cultivated by the Indian, they appear to occupy the ground like an army—their heads nodding in the breeze. Small trees and shrubs are seen in the midst, overwhelmed as by an inundation. The shadows of rocks and trees, and shrubs and hills, are more conspicuous than the objects themselves. The slightest irregularities in the ground are revealed by the shadows, and what the feet find comparatively smooth appears rough and diversified in consequence. For the same reason the whole landscape is more variegated and picturesque than by day. The smallest recesses in the rocks are dim and cavernous; the ferns in the wood appear of tropical size. The sweet fern and indigo in overgrown wood-paths wet you with dew up to your middle. The leaves of the shrub-oak are shining as if a liquid were flowing over them. The pools seen through the trees are as full of light as the sky. "The light of the day takes refuge in their bosoms," as the Purana says of the ocean. All white objects are more remarkable than by day. A distant cliff looks like a phosphorescent space on a hillside. The woods are heavy and dark. Nature slumbers. You see the moonlight reflected from particular stumps in the recesses of the forest, as if she selected what to shine on. These small fractions of her light remind one of the plant called moonseed—as if the moon were sowing it in such places.

In the night the eyes are partly closed or retire into the head. Other senses take the lead. The walker is guided as well by the sense of smell. Every plant and field and forest emits its odor now, swamp-pink in the meadow and tansy in the road; and there is the peculiar dry scent of corn which has begun to show its tassels. The senses both of hearing and smelling are more alert. We hear the tinkling of rills which we never detected before. From time to time, high up on the sides of hills, you pass through a stratum of warm air, a blast which has come up from the sultry plains of noon. It tells of the day, of sunny noon-tide hours and banks, of the laborer wiping his brow and the bee humming amid flowers. It is an air in which work has been done—which men have breathed. It circulates about from wood-side to hill-side like a dog that has lost its master, now that the sun is gone. The rocks retain all night the warmth of the sun which they have absorbed. And so does the sand. If you dig a few inches into it you find a warm bed. You lie on your back on a rock in a pasture on the top of some bare hill at midnight, and speculate on the height of the starry canopy. The stars are the jewels of the night, and perchance surpass anything which day has to show. A companion with whom I was sailing one very windy but bright moonlight night, when the stars were few and faint, thought a man could get along with *them*—though he was considerably reduced in his circumstances—that they were a kind of bread and cheese that never failed. *Thoreau's Excursions.*

DURING one of the first performances of the *Troratore* in Prague, a funny event occurred to "Leonora." "Manrico" had been condemned by his unnatural brother, the "Count," who had given the customary order to his satellites, "Conduct him to death." The order, however, was misunderstood by the faithful but unreasoning supers, who, allowing the Troubadour to go on unaccompanied to execution, turned and began dragging at the prostrate "Leonora." That embarrassed *prima donna*, dreadfully confounded, at length burst out in pure Viennese, with "*Aber lasst's mi doch ligen, und ziegt's mi nit!*" "Anglice," "Do leave me alone, and don't haul at *me!*) to which request an irrepressible super loudly replied: "No, miss, we've got to arrest you." The audience burst into laughter, and the curtain fell.

AN old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half-horse, half-alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he: "He has a hard head, for he stood under an oak in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took the claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

WHEN is a pointer not a pointer? When he won't point at a bird; in that case is not a pointer a *disappointer?*

JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"Take away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Champagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS!

For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty o operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

THEY ARE UNRIVALLED AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE,

In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

Great Purity of the Blood and System Generally

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

Principal office:

BRANDRETH BUILDING, Now York.

W. F. BRANDRETH,

Office at CRANE & BRIGHAM'S

no26 San Francisco.

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E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of

FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,

which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
e10mg- Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

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You are sure to be well dressed;
And my father says he wonders
How cheap they sell the best
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So go and bring the boys here,
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The cheapest place to go
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NO CONTINUED STORIES—EVERY ARTICLE COMPLETED IN THIS NUMBER.

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- The Theatrical Events of the Week, and Announcements.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
- Baited with Tempting Tit-bits. [By "Trem."

[For the Californian.]

SUNSET.

The mountains stand,
Clearly defined—against the blood-red sky:
The waves, retreating from the rocky strand
Into the mist and gloom, go hand in hand,
To sob and die.

The night comes on,
Trailing toward the west her dusky robe:
One bright star sits in beauty, all alone,
Upon the brow of night, as on a throne,
Queen of the globe.

In such a light,
So filled with glory, let me ever lie:
With mountains, sunset, and the gloom of night,
The waves retreating, till they seem to smite
The blood-red sky.

INGLE.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE Spiritualists of New York have got up discussion meetings, at which they challenge the orthodox clergy to disprove the doctrines held by spiritualists. At a recent meeting, Colonel R. D. Godwin the President, stated that "the society was not a spiritual one. The society was known as the 'Religio-Political Association,' and had for its object the proving of all things." It has a nice little job in hand. Mrs. Ella E. Hobart, late Chaplain of the Wisconsin "Live Eagle Regiment," took the floor in defence of spiritualism, but did not do much in the way of "proving all things," or, indeed, anything. She compared the evidence of the miracles of Christ with those of spiritualism, and abused people for doubting them, saying:

"No, ye are blind as never bat was blind,
With a burning, blood-shot, blindness of the heart,
A swimming, swollen, senselessness of soul."

Good gracious! What a dreadful thing it must be not to believe in spiritualism, if one has, in consequence of such disbelief, such alliterative ailments as "a burning, blood-shot, blindness of the heart," and "a swimming, swollen, senselessness of soul!" We have every desire to be converted to a belief in spiritualism, but find it utterly impossible. We are forced to decline having any communications with spirits who will not frame their communications in decent English, and who persist in writing abominable doggerel. If the music of the spheres is anything like the "poetry" of the spheres, we don't want to hear it. It is really dreadful to think that a spirit can have "progressed" through three spheres and have arrived at the fourth without having mastered the first rudiments of English grammar. At the last seance we attended, after receiving several shockingly ungrammatical communications, we cried in the anguish of our soul, "If there be a grammatical spirit present let him communicate." We received no response.

IN an art exhibition in Edinburgh is a bust of "Joy." That must be a jolly bust, indeed.

How true it is that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country! Also, how true is it that the daily press of the State of California, instead of doing what lies in their power to elevate the literature of the State, and to lend encouragement to home talent, seem to have entered into a conspiracy to crush it down. The editors of California papers appear either to be afraid to trust their own judgment in making literary selections, or else they look upon literary papers as rivals, and therefore fear to give them any encouragement. The literary papers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia republish articles and poems from THE CALIFORNIAN in every issue. When the Eastern papers containing these extracts arrive here, *then* the newspapers of this State appear for the first time to become aware of their merit; if they are published without credit, so much the better; under these circumstances they are *sure* of going the rounds of the California press after having travelled through the columns of a dozen Eastern papers. This was the fate of Bret Harte's "Aged Stranger." After returning from its trip to New York, it was immediately published, *without credit*, by the Sacramento *Bee*, and has since been reprinted by almost every paper in the State. Charles Warren Stoddard's beautiful poems, which have appeared originally in THE CALIFORNIAN, have been copied into most of the Eastern literary papers, and, after being thus endorsed, the editors of California papers have ventured to reproduce them. In some instances the editor has cut off the first name, "Charles," and credited the poem to "Stoddard," simply, believing it to have been written by the New York poet instead of by our young California poet. Can anything good come out of Nazareth? is still the cry. *Puck*, which has been endorsed by the New York *Leader* as "the best paper of the kind ever published in this country," meets with the same treatment as THE CALIFORNIAN. *Puck's* jokes are copied into New York papers without credit, and on their return here are immediately reproduced in the columns of California papers, the editors of which did not know how good they were until New York editors told them. *Mrs. Grundy*, the New York comic paper, over which the literary papers of that city lament, as being dull, is puffed into notice by nearly every paper in California, by papers which carefully refrain from mentioning the name of the San Francisco comic paper which the New York editors delight to honor. Columns of THE CALIFORNIAN are reproduced in Eastern papers; Bret Harte's poems and condensed novels are being republished in every paper in the Atlantic States, and will, in course of time—as soon as the "credit" has dropped off accidentally—be published anonymously in Californian papers. The New York *Leader* publishes "Mouse-Trap" paragraphs by the half-dozen, localizing them to suit New York, and "leading" them as editorial; the other Eastern papers follow suit. It is gratifying to find that THE CALIFORNIAN is thus appreciated by the press of the whole of the United States—except California—and is at this day perhaps the most extensively copied from of any paper published in America. It would, perhaps, under these circumstances, be judicious for THE CALIFORNIAN to move eastward, but we believe the proprietors are far too public-spirited to make such a move, and that they will continue their efforts to elevate the literary taste of California, to give encouragement to the genius and talent which we have in our midst, and do their part towards preventing young *litterateurs* from being driven to contribute to Eastern papers in the hope of obtaining abroad that recognition and encouragement which is denied them at home.

ONE of "the *Flag's* poets," his poor feet aching in consequence of our having trodden on his corns, attempts to defend his lines which we took exception to recently, by republishing them in connection with two extracts from what he calls "*Homer's Iliad*," (meaning, we suppose, "*Pope's Iliad*,") and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. His defence he thus introduces:

"POETIC LICENSES.—Mr. Editor: As our 'Bohemians' are fond of scanning, I have placed some extracts here in 'Our Corner,' for their more extended practice and discipline."

Could we afford the space, we should be glad to give this young "poet" a little information. We can inform him that he will find many instances of false metre in Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, the greater part of which was never written by Pope, but sub-contracted to Grub-street poets; but two wrongs do not make a right, nor, indeed, do three; the fact of Byron, Pope, (not Homer,) and "one of the *Flag's* poets," writing rhymes in which the metre is defective, does not justify the others in following their example.

THAT particularly intelligent sheet, the Gold Hill *News*, publishes a paragraph headed "Sample Secesh," in which it states that a pamphlet copy of the trial of John Y. Beall, in the Mercantile Library, San Francisco, is penciled in the margin so as to make "sentenced" read "murdered." The *News* winds up thus:

"This secesh-edited report has been in the rack of the Library Association for some time. Of what sort of politics is the Librarian?"

Ah, that's the question! And "of what sort of" religion is he? There are such words as "bosh," "humbug," etc., penciled in religious books. And "of what sort of" literary taste is he to allow people to pencil "nonsense" in the margin of copies of Byron's poems? There are only nineteen thousand books in the Mercantile Library, and, as he has nothing to do, he might at least turn over the pages of each one of them some afternoon, and rub out pencil marks.

THE editor of the *Sunday Mercury*, who understands no Latin, and only enough French to make him dangerous, his accentuation of words in that language being sufficiently appalling to drive any moderately intelligent poodle into howling convulsions, prefaces a communication from a correspondent who signs himself "Viator," with the statement that neither the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* nor the "Mouse-Trap Man" of the *Californian* has a correct knowledge of Latin, and "are both in the habit of lugging in Latin quotations, very much after the style of Dr. Pangloss in the play." The editor is emboldened to make this assertion concerning a matter of which he can himself have no knowledge whatever, by "Viator's" asking why we took the trouble "to search for such a formidable array of authorities, to prove that '*nascetur*,' and not *nascitur*, is correct, in the well known quotation from Horace." He then asks if we are not aware that, if the word "*nascitur*" were used, the line would not scan. Most certainly, we were aware of this; we were also aware that the Delphine edition of Horace would be sufficient authority, without calling in the support of Webster's Unabridged; *but* would it be sufficient to tell the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle* that the line he quoted would not scan? We opine not. For this reason, we made a great pretense of piling up authorities, which, we imagined, was more funny than simply saying, "It won't scan." We thought we had given proof enough, and that as conclusive as "Viator's;" but, if he is not satisfied, we will gladly add his little contribution; we can assure him that, however much the editor of the *Mercury* may have been impressed by his wondrous display of classical lore, we were perfectly aware of the nature of *dactyles* and *pondees*. As to the wriggling contortions of the editor of the *Dramatic Chronicle*, in endeavoring to get out of the terrible scrape into which he got himself by meddling with the "Mouse Trap," they are painful to witness. He devoted a whole column in Wednesday's paper to misrepresentation. He was perfectly aware that we *quoted* the line directly from Horace, saying "like those of whom *Horace said, etc.*," and that we therefore *could not* change the tense. The editor of the *Chronicle* had better own at once that his Latin is a little dusty from want of use, and that he had not the slightest idea that Horace was the author of the line which we *quoted*, until informed of it by us. Had he known it, he would have known also, as "Viator" says, that the line with *nascitur* would not scan. *Will* the editor of the *Chronicle* now be content to throw up the sponge?

THE telegraphic news since the squelching of the Rebellion is highly important. A U. S. officer fell in love with a "yellow gal," and a respectable young man who was in love with the same party murdered him. They are going to have postoffices down south again. A bold Feniau in Ireland has been arrested by the police. Somebody in Paris thinks it is very likely that the rebels in that city would be pleased to see a war between France and the United States about Mexico, and wishes the Government and the people to look well to the matter. Mr. Breckinridge is in Canada. Mr. Grimer is reappointed Receiver of the Land Office at Santa Fe, near Mexico. The telegraph neglects to state whether or not he will take Mrs. Grimer and the little Grimers with him. Surely, under these circumstances, the proprietors of the *Alta* and *Bulletin*, if they ever were in favor of peace, are now heartily in favor of the next war.

"COSMOS," who says he has "written for the *Bulletin* over nine years as 'Cosmos,'" is highly indignant at some other man writing to the *Bulletin* as "Cosmos." He says he thinks he has "a right to ask others to let 'Cosmos,' as a *nom de plume*, alone." He then immediately signs his name as "Cosmos No. I." He has settled the difficulty by adopting a new *nom de plume*. Now, just as we have Shiner No. 1 and Shiner No. 2, so have we a Cosmos No. 1 and a Cosmos No. 2. We hope Shiner No. 1—no, Cosmos No 1, we mean—will write a better letter next time he writes to the *Bulletin*. His last communication is dreadfully "slangy," and there are too many inverted commas in it. After Shiner—that is Cosmos No. 1—has written nine years more for the *Bulletin*, his style will, no doubt, become more polished.

THE Paris correspondent of a London newspaper is very much horrified at a dramatization of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which is being played at one of the theatres. He says:

"The idea of so brutalizing one's ideas of Paradise as to have it represented by the scene-painter, with the tree of knowledge in the second grooves, and Adam and Eve disputing about the forbidden fruit in language not even of the choicest description, is astonishing enough, but when, in the fourth act, the sons of Cain are represented dancing a ballet, with modern sensuous accessories, it becomes to an English mind simply shocking, or even disgusting."

Poor fellow! we sympathize with him. He could stand the tree of knowledge in the second grooves; could tolerate the representation of Adam and Eve engaged in a little family quarrel; *but* the idea of the sons of Cain dancing a ballet is simply shocking, or even disgusting! It is, indeed, very shocking. We wonder that the dramatist had not more respect for their father than to represent them engaged in such unseemly amusement.

TREM

THE LITTLE OAK WARDROBE.

THE quiet old town of Abbeylands was on the eve of going to sleep: several of the oil-lamps had retired from public life after winking in a mysterious manner to their companions to follow their example; the shops in the High Street had already put up their shutters; the rain was falling in torrents; the chimney tops were veering in all directions, as if performing a demoniac polka with the inconstant wind; a miserable wet night, about ten o'clock, and not a soul stirring. The three policemen had gone home; the thieves, if there were any, were afraid of catching cold; the surgeon had just returned from a country visit and was putting up his horse in the little stable behind his house; waiters at the Pigeon's Arms were flying about in all directions with suppers, and slippers, and cigars, and brandies and waters; and far away from the coffee-room—not in a private apartment, seven shillings and six pence a day—but in a low, dingy, little bed-room, which served him for a parlor and all, a young man was standing with arms folded across his breast and looking into a trunk which he had recently opened. "A stock in trade," he said, "from which something may be made after all!

"Yes, from that small box may be evoked powers as tremendous as the genii's in the Arabian Nights—wealth—happiness—revenge—and that's the best of all!"

Nothing was visible to account for these glowing anticipations. The contents seemed of the ordinary kind—clothes—not many, nor very splendid in material; only among them were mixed up pieces of apparel belonging properly to the softer sex: crumpled-up bonnets, worn-out old shawls, faded cotton gowns. Poor fellow! he was perhaps bringing down presents to an aunt. They couldn't be very expensive ones, but the kindness of the remembrance would make up for the want of value. "Hark! ten o'clock!" he said, as the Abbey clock struck the hour. "I must be off, or the old rascal will have shut up shop." He buttoned his coat, threw a sporting looking horse-cloth over his shoulders, and emerged into the dusky street. "I saw it," he said, "at the corner of the stair-case. If the villain hasn't moved it, all will go well. If he has, how can I describe it without exciting suspicion?"

One shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window; under it, and sheltered by a sort of verandah that projected over half the pavement, was standing a deal table with two chairs on the top of it: on them were various articles of crockery-ware, useful and ornamental; a small swing glass marked in chalk two shillings and six pence; and, between the chairs, a little pile of books, the lowest being The Whole Duty of Man, and the highest The Wandering Jew. Inside of the dark recess, where innumerable goods were piled up on both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty farthing candle, which was stuck into an ink bottle; but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought. "After all," he thought, "what good has it done me? It isn't so great a sum when all's told. Two hundred and thirty pounds wouldn't ruin the Bank of England. It ruined George Evans, though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgement, wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides, the Statute of Limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate, and gone on the stage. This is a wicked world, and theatres are the schools of Satan. Amen!"

This ejaculation was uttered aloud, and was considered by the utterer of it, Mr. Benson, pawnbroker and second-hand furniture merchant—the bond and seal of all religious observations. It was heard by the young man in the horse-cloth wrapper.

"I'm glad you're not shut up, sir," he said, going through the narrow gangway to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer, in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No; I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day, I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case, with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the staircase."

"Of oak indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew in clay. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawers. I paid a pretty sum for it at Farmer Merriwood's sale, when the old gentleman died, ten days since; it had been in his family, they said, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at one pound ten."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition that if she doesn't like it, you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair—but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it—the wardrobe, with all it contains; for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair bottoms being stuffed with five pound notes."

"I run the risk of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, number two, Abbeyfield Lane," replied the youth, "not a very elegant part of the town, but the poor must live somewhere."

"It's a very dark, ill-charactered place," said the pawnbroker. "Couldn't you wait till to-morrow morning? A man was robbed and murdered there twenty years ago."

"Oh, things are improved since then," said the young man with a laugh; "besides an old chest of drawers is not so very tempting a property, in spite of the goodness of the oak, and the time it was in Farmer Merriwood's possession."

Mr. Benson looked at his visitor with doubt at first, but he saw nothing but the fine open countenance of a young man of twenty-two, and gradually became satisfied that there was nothing to be afraid of. For one instant a thought even came into his head to invite the purchaser to take a glass of gin and water—but it died away, like other good resolutions.

"If you arrive at my aunt's before me," said the young man, "say I sent her the wardrobe; but I hope to be there in time to receive you." So saying, he wrapt his horse-cloth closer round him, and departed.

Mr. Benson looked round well pleased. He had ended the day well by disposing of a useless piece of lumber at a considerable price. "He must be very fond of his aunt, that young man," he said, "and if she's no better judge of furniture than he is, I wish she would come and deal at my shop." He cast a look round, to see that there was no danger from candle or lamp, hoisted the wardrobe on his shoulder, locked the door, and walked rapidly towards Abbeyfield Lane. On arriving at number two, he knocked gently at the door, but received no answer for some time. "Why, this is the house that has been empty so long! I didn't know any one had taken it. Where did they get their furniture?" Another knock produced a motion within; a step sounded in the passage, and an old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit. "I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming in than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied Mr. Benson, "and in the meantime has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—all except the porterage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but, I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy. He's always so thoughtful of his poor old aunt."

"Pray, ma'am, have you been long in this cottage?" inquired Mr. Benson; "and may I ask you where the furniture came from?"

"My nephew took the house for me three days ago. Some of the furniture came by the canal—and the rest we hope will arrive to-morrow."

"If you require any additional articles, you will find the best qualities and lowest prices at my shop," said Mr. Benson, putting the poor woman's sixpence into his pocket, and resuming his homeward way. "I don't like this," he said, as he splashed up the High Street. "There's something curious about that old woman. Why did she give me a whole sixpence?—looking so wretchedly poor, too? And why did she seem so delighted to lay hands on the wardrobe? I'm sorry I let it go at thirty shillings. The young fool would have given me double the money—but I'm always so soft-hearted. I shall never be rich—but what of that? Wealth is not happiness. Amen!"

He extinguished the flaring lamp at the front of his premises; removed the table and all that it contained within the door, turned the key on the inside, and drawing out from a secret drawer a bottle of gin, and, lifting a kettle from the fire which had hitherto glowed unseen behind a set of window curtains hung over the model of a suspension bridge, he proceeded to concoct a pretty strong tumbler, which he applied to his lips with the self-satisfied air of a man who felt that he had deserved some relaxation and enjoyment, after the labors of a well-spent day. A pipe, also, soon added its perfume to the happiness of the position, and Mr. Benson sat like a great Indian idol, inhaling the incense of his gin and tobacco, blandly smiling as the smoke curled in gray wreaths round the bowl of his long clay, and occasionally sipping the comfortable potation before him. The clocks, which had either been sent to him in pledge, or were arranged on different brackets for sale, kept up a miscellaneous concert of hours from one o'clock to twelve—for they were not by any means particular in their notions either of time or tune; but, as a majority of them seemed to be of opinion it was getting near midnight, the contemplative proprietor lighted one more pipe, poured forth one other libation, and carefully locked away the now half-empty bottle in the sanctum devoted to its custody.

He watched once more the curls of his smoke; but fancy was at work, and aided the wreaths as they rose, twisting them into excellent chests of drawers, or handsome mahogany sideboards, on which he expected enormous profits; into little cottages they expanded themselves, which he felt sure he could buy for very little money; then, as the candle began to burn less clearly, he saw one of the large puffs, which he traced with more than usual attention, convert itself into a bed in a dingy little apartment, and through the half-drawn curtains he saw the emaciated countenance of a dying man. The fire uttered a little sound at this moment, as the coals collapsed to the bottom of the grate, and he thought the noise it made formed itself into words from the old man's lips: "I lent him the money, George—two hundred and thirty pounds. I have lost the note of hand; but if he doesn't pay it he is a villain, and will repent it when the hour comes on him as it does on me now."

"Nonsense! folly! madness!" cried Mr. Benson, pushing back his chair, and hurrying the tumbler to his lips. "Would the man have me give money to every person that chose to say that he had lent it, with nothing to shew for it but a white-faced dying old ———. Ha!—a carriage at my door!—a knocking!—who can it be? Some one in distress—come to arrange about pawning the family plate; a countess, perhaps, to pledge the family jewels—coming, coming!" He opened the door and peeped out through the falling rain. A carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, was at the curb-stone. The driver let down the steps and a lady tript lightly across the sloppy pavement, and entered the shop. "The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double lock—for I have something of importance to say you." Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light, and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall, masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson, the pawnbroker?" she said.

"I am; and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel guns."

"You attended the sale at Farmer Merriwood's last Wednesday?"

"I did."

"Did you buy it?"

"What?"

"I forgot. I haven't told you. I won't tell you. What did you pay for all the articles you bought at Cecil Green, at Farmer Merriwood's.

"I got tolerable bargains, ma'am; I don't deny that—the family all dispersed—no near relations. I paid for all I had there a matter of fifteen, or, perhaps, twenty pounds."

"Will you make me out a list of them?—transfer them at once to me?—and I will give you two hundred across the table."

Mr. Benson looked at the woman as she spoke.

"No, madam," he said, "two hundred's too little. If it's worth two hundred to you, it's worth a deal more to me."

"We won't fight about that. What did you buy?—beds, sofas, drawers—let me see the list."

He took from the wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account.

The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started. "Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it, and I will give you what you demand. Come!"

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost."

"Fool!" cried the woman. "You have ruined me and yourself. That wardrobe would have enriched us both. Why did the villains not advertise the sale? I would come to it if I had been dying. Can you recover it? Who bought it? Will money tempt them to sell it again? Tell me the name of the purchaser, and I will get possession of it yet."

"I don't remember the name of the person. I think it was a clergyman's wife from Ipswich—or, no. I think it was a Liverpool gentleman who was going out to America: but if he's not sailed it might be possible—I don't say it would—to recover the furniture still."

"Give me his address. I will go to Liverpool myself—to America—anywhere."

"It may, perhaps, be got back without so much trouble," said Mr. Benson, after a pause. "But why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak—no secret recesses—no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy, that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgements?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspicious, innocent man—grossly imposed on—ruined. Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome, that the woman was melted. "Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together, we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever the drawer contains?"

"What *does* it contain?" inquired Benson in a whisper. "Does it contain anything?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman, "but I will tell you all. Did you know Farmer Merriwood?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him—harsh, cold, selfish—so I was told, in his latter years. He was very different long ago—very different."

"I didn't know him then," replied Mr. Benson.

"I did," continued the woman; "but no wonder he changed; for misery was in his heart, and disgrace fell on his family. These things change a man's temper."

"He was well to do in the world," said the pawnbroker; "churchwarden and highway commissioner. I never heard of any disgrace."

"Some people didn't think so. He had a daughter: twenty years ago people called her beautiful. She was his only child. She was beautiful, at all events, to him. Her name was Caroline. How she loved him! how she attended to all his wishes, and read to him, and played on the piano to him, and was everything to him, and so playful, and so kind! We all loved her."

"Did you know her?"

"Did I know her? I knew her from the time of her birth. I was a distant relation. Cousin Janet they called me, though I was their paid servant: but the word cousin was better than all their wages. So we went on for years and years, I taking care of the house; Philip Merriwood attending to the farm, and Caroline, the delight of us both. Don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as this room you live in, if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying. I can't. Amen!"

"Not when I tell you that the Marquis of ———, but never mind his name, it is best, perhaps, omitted; but he had a son—his eldest son, Lord Rostock—dashing, gay, but kind; oh, kind and generous like a knight of old; he saw her, saw Caroline; was struck with her beauty—who wasn't?—got to speech of her, spoke her fair, won her heart: the old story—the old story! Love rules all. Hearts break; but fools fill up the places of those who perish. Ah! once—'twas in September, twelve years ago—she came to me and said, 'Cousin Janet, do you think my father a forgiving man?' 'Of course, my darling,' I said. 'He is a Christian.' 'But will he forgive a person for getting above him in the world, for leaving the rank he moves in? Ha, ha?' she added with a beautiful, wild laugh. 'What would he think if he had to stand with his hat off as he saw me going up the church path, and asked how my ladyship was? Wouldn't it be charming to be a lady?' I told her no, or turned the talk, or gave her wise advice. I forget what I did; it was so pretty to see her walking up and down the floor of her bedroom, flirting one of her slippers as if it were a fan, and swaying about from side to side as if she had a court train to her robe. And all the time she was only in her night-gown, and showed her pretty naked feet."

"And what happened? Cold, eh? consumption?"

"No—elopement—ruin—death! She was missing one morning that same month, and Philip Merriwood never held up his head. He seemed to know what happened without being told. He never asked for her, and when a letter was put in his hands a few days after, signed by Caroline, and telling him that she was about to be married—to be a lady, rich and grand—but kind still, and loving to him, he tore the paper into twenty pieces, and said 'fool, fool!'"

"And so she was," said Mr. Benson. "He didn't marry her?"

"No, and she never wrote again. So the house was dark and dismal; Philip Merriwood went into the bedroom that had been hers, and seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied the drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings, and the blue silk jacket, and the pink satin slip, and all the things, and throw them into the fire. It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to his people for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he had kept his secret papers; his leases and bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer, but in the top one there was a false bottom; there—in the thickness of the wood—he kept the things he cherished most: the letters that had past between him and Sophia Feltou, his wife, before they were married; the last letter she wrote to him when she was dying; the first copy-book of Caroline when she was learning to write; the little notes she sent him when she was at school. So, when he had turned all Caroline's clothes out of the drawers, he opened the secret ledge; and now he read, and cried, and read again! We couldn't get him down to dinner, and when he came he ate nothing. A month passed, and a long time passed, and when half a year was come and gone, there came a letter one day with a great crest upon the seal—a marquis's crest, they call it—and when it was opened Farmer Merriwood saw it was from the young Lord Rostock, whose father had just died and left him all the estates. Caroline, he said, was provided for, and happy; but as he felt that he owed some reparation to the father, he enclosed him a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Bless me; what a generous nobleman," exclaimed the pawnbroker. "She must have been a cunning gipsey—what a fortunate man Farmer Merriwood was!"

"How he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, his lips moving evidently with curses on them, but no sound being heard. 'Cousin Janet,' he said at last, 'come with me upstairs; you shall witness what I do.' We went up, and to my surprise he went into what had been Caroline's bedroom. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, 'which that ruffian thinks will reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back, to employ it perhaps in tempting some one else. If the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall lie beside all other things that remind me of her behavior. No one shall touch it till I die.' And so saying he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note lengthways on its back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it, and there it lies, with the printed face upwards, a bank-note for a thousand pounds."

"And I sold it for thirty shillings!" shrieked Mr. Benson, "to a miserable old woman—a ruined man! I've lost a thousand pounds. The young man was too much for me. I hated him from the first; but vengeance will pursue him for his iniquity. Amen!"

"And why was the sale so hurried?" continued Cousin Janet. "I left Cecil Green six years since, but I have kept the spring-opener carefully—carefully. I heard he was ill; he wrote to me that he did not expect to live long, and that all was as he had left it in the drawer. I couldn't get up from Yorkshire for some days. In the meantime he died, and was buried, and the furniture sold, and the money lost. Go, give what sum you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money."

"Equally?" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is that silver pin? Give it me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh yes, it is though," said the woman. *I'll* keep the key. What you have to do is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address ———"

"No, no; I'll keep that to myself," replied the pawnbrokor with a cunning look. "We'll open it in presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine to-morrow morning," said Cousin Janet. "We understand the arrangement; it's getting on for one o'clock—good night." So saying she slipt along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson. "Amen! Good night."

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake flooding on roof and garret window. As the dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprang up and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number two, Abbeyfield Lane, and standing before the door felt in his pockets that the roleaux of golden sovereigns were safe, for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right—three of a hundred pounds each. He knocked. "Is Mrs. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked through the key-hole. There was no answer, but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder: and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well."

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew, "a little tired with sitting up so late, but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson; "would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best article in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause; Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper, urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power; and finally, was again seen proceeding through the falling rain with the richly endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back. Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked closer—and he read the following words: "Quits. George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, Aunt Truman and Cousin Janet all at once, as *he* (for George Evens, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk in the little bedroom of the Pigeon's Arms. "There goes in my aunt's little black mantle. There goes in Cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbeyfield Lane, and the carriage, and the wardrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear, for he will exactly have paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father, with interest for nine years."

Somewhat Vague.—"A few years ago, in Ohio, there lived on a small stream called 'Duck Creek' a local preacher of the Methodist Church, by the name of Jacob Smith. His educational advantages had been somewhat slender; so that often in his preaching he 'murdered the King's English' by wholesale. On one occasion he was preaching in his own neighborhood, in 'Smith's Meeting-house.' During the sermon some of the young Smiths indulged in bad behavior. He paused, drew himself up to his full height, and pointing his long, hard finger at them, exclaimed, "'What! will you cut up here in Smith's old meetin'-house, when there lies your grandmother (pointing through the window to the grave-yard,) what is the offspring of us all?'"

Mr. Charles Reade says: "No man nor woman is safe who has once formed the habit of looking to drink for solace, or cheerfulness, or comfort. While the world goes well, they will likely be temperate; but the habit is built, the railroad to destruction is cut ready for use, the rails are laid down the station houses erected, and the train is on the line waiting only for the locomotive; it comes to us; it grapples us, and away we go in a moment, down the line we have been constructing, like a flash of lightning, to destruction."

Whooping Cough is very prevalent among children in this city. It has been ascertained that the inhalation of the gases which abound in the "purifying room" of gas works is an excellent remedy for whooping cough. A number of children afflicted with this disease have been benefited and cured by the treatment referred to.—*Sacramento Bee.*

It used to be an interesting problem, we remember, in school, for the boys to cipher out the British national debt, in pounds weight and how far it would extend in dollars. They are turning the multiplication tables on us now in Canada, and our debt forms a theme for mathematical dissertation and experiment.

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record, in modern times, is that of an Illinois Judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

An "International Polyglot Travelling Institution," young gentlemen of all nations admitted, which "will be continually travelling under the superintendence of a superior person," is announced in Europe. As it is to be continually travelling, we think it might with more propriety be called a "Polliwog" Institute.

An Irish car driver, in his list of journey expenses, charged "refreshment for the horse, 2d." On inquiry it turned out that the rogue meant whipcord.

Why should a doctor never carry a new time-piece Because it is impossible to count a patient's pulse with any watch but a *second-hand* one.

Advice from an old soaker: Never put water in your liquor; it inevitably *damps your spirits.*

THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday, Mlle. Felicita de Vestvali made her first appearance at Maguire's Opera House, assuming the character of "Angelo," in the drama of *Romanio, the Beautiful Demon*. The house was densely crowded, every foot of standing room being occupied. When the magnificent figure of Vestvali appeared, bounding down the rocky pathway at the back part of the stage, a storm of applause burst from the audience, and a shower of floral tributes to beauty fell at her feet. *Romanio, the Beautiful Demon*, does not differ essentially from *Bet Demonio*. We do not think Mlle. Vestvali made a very judicious choice when she selected the character of "Angelo" in which to make her first appearance; we are sure she must have others in her repertory in which she will appear to far greater advantage. Near the close of the third act an opportunity is afforded for the display of the wonderful power which Mlle. Vestvali possesses; here her magnificent voice, beyond dispute the finest ever heard on the stage of the Opera House, rang through the theatre, positively electrifying the audience; in this scene, voice, attitude, gestures, and elocution, all showed the actress; but it was the only single opportunity afforded during the whole play. The play was beautifully put on the stage, with new scenery and costumes. The music was perfectly delightful; it is always good, but Mr. Tony Reiff, who assumed the directorship of the orchestra, gave on this occasion several new overtures in admirable style. Mrs. Sophie Edwin never played better than she did in the character of "Lizanetta;" that Mrs. Sophie Edwin's best is *very* good, all are aware. The "Cardinal Montalto" of Mr. Walter Leman was a very careful and good piece of acting. Mr. Charles Thorne, who since his return from China has played every part he has undertaken with a neatness and finish which did not characterize his performance a year or two ago, played the character of "Ranovio" capitally. General favorite as Mr. Frank Mayo was, I have never once heard his loss regretted since Mr. Thorne rejoined the Opera House Company; leading parts receive full justice at his hands. *Romanio* was well played, throughout. Mlle. Vestvali sang two songs—"Brave Marco," and "You are the Star." As the part of "Angelo" did not afford sufficient scope for the display of Mlle. Vestvali's talent as an actress, so most certainly were these songs illy-calculated to display the beauties of her glorious contralto voice. The public of San Francisco have neither seen nor heard Vestvali, the magnificent, as yet. When I have witnessed her impersonation of "Henri Lagadere," in the *Duke's Motto*, and heard her sing songs that have music in them, I will attempt to criticise her acting and singing, but until then will refrain from doing more than simply stating I have found no reason to change the opinion which I expressed in my last, that Vestvali has a magnificent figure and stage presence, a splendid voice, and considerable spirit and animation. THE CALIFORNIAN going to press on Friday evening, I must defer my notice of Mlle. Vestvali's performance of the character of "Gamea" until next week. As in this character she sings five songs, a fair opinion of her abilities as a vocalist can no doubt be gained. This piece—in which I fancy Mlle. Vestvali will slightly astonish those who have formed their conception of the character of "Gamea" from witnessing the "World-Renowned's" impersonation of it—will be played this evening, and there will, beyond a peradventure, be a crowded house to witness the stately Vestvali's first assumption of a female part.

At Wheatleigh's Eureka, during the early part of the week, *Bel Demonio; or, the Beautiful Demon*, held the stage. Mr. Wheatleigh's impersonation of "Cardinal Montalto" is a splendid piece of acting. Why does not Mr. Wheatleigh give us another Cardinal—"Richelieu?" We have seen none better than his would be. Mr. Shiels made a good deal out of the part of "Rannuccio," playing it broadly and effectively. Miss Clarkson played the part of "Marguerita" with such animation that she actually drew a round of applause from the audience, who forgot for the instant that she had only been about six months on the stage, and therefore ought not to be applauded, however well she might act. Mr. J. H. Warwick's rendering of the part of "Angelo" drew considerable applause. On Wednesday, Mr. Wheatleigh was the recipient of a benefit, tendered him by the company. He had a capital house, and gave those who attended a capital evening's entertainment and a neat little speech. The performance commenced with Thomas Morton's old English comedy of *A Cure for the Heartache*. This is amusing enough, but it would be absurd to compare this "standard play" with such a comedy as Tom Taylor's *Ticket-of-Leave Man*, or others by the same pen. The *Bulletin* regrets that such comedies as *A Cure for the Heartache* should be driven off the stage by sensational novelties. It is all nonsense to regret that dramas which picture a past age and obsolete manners and customs do not possess much interest for the present generation. Tom Taylor can beat Thomas Morton out of sight in play-writing. Mr. Wheatleigh, in this comedy, was very amusing as "Young Rapid," a character which suited him capitally, while Mr. Shiels caused many a laugh by his "Old Rapid," in which character he was equally as much at home. Miss Rose Forrest, an actress recently from Australia, made her first appearance in California as "Miss Vortex," in this comedy. Miss Forrest possesses considerable comedy talent, and acts with great animation; she is evidently no tyro in the dramatic profession, but understands the business of the stage to perfection. She is a most acceptable addition to the Eureka company. Mr. H. D. Thompson, in every part which he undertakes, displays a versatility and talent of a high order. His "Frank Oatland," in the comedy, was a perfect study of a "countryman;" his dialect was extremely good. Miss Belle Divine, as the heart-broken "Jessie Oatland," appeared quite to enjoy being miserable, and did it so naturally that she left nothing to be desired. On the conclusion of the comedy, Mr. Wheatleigh, in response to a unanimous call, made a little speech, in which he told the audience he had leased the Metropolitan Theatre, where, in the course of a week or two, he would produce *Arrah-na-Pogue* in a style hitherto unattempted; that he was getting on swimmingly and was not half tired of being a manager, and expected, as he had been able to get through the Fair, opera and circus season, he would be able to keep going with ease as long as he liked, at which the audience did rejoice exceedingly. Mrs. Georgiana Leach sang "Auld Robin Gray," and received a unanimous encore, which she responded to by singing "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls" with much sweetness and feeling. Mr. Allen's novel performance on his "musical gridiron" was really charming, far more musical than that on a tin whistle, which he gave on being encored. The performance concluded with the *Jubilee House*. Last night the *Colleen Bawn* was admirably performed. Mr. Wheatleigh's double impersonation of "Myles-na-Coppaleen" and "Danny Mann," is a splendid piece of acting, as all are aware. The herome is capitally played by Miss Clarkson. Mr. Warwick, though a little too noisy, as usual, played "Hardress Cregan" passably well. Miss Belle Divine is unsuited to such characters as that of "Ann Chute," but did well—considering. Miss Forrest, whose talent lies especially in old woman roles, was very good as "Shelah," and Mr. H. D. Thompson, whose versatility is really wonderful, played "Corrigan" splendidly. This play will be repeated for the last time to-night. The performance will conclude with *Jubilee House*, in which Mrs. Yeamans brings down the house in tumultuous applause by her wonderfully funny impersonation of "Waddilove." This amusing little comedy, with *A Cure for the Heartache*, will form the afternoon's performance for ladies and children. The preparations for the production of *Arrah-na-Pogue* are progressing steadily, and it will probably in the course of a couple of weeks be produced. Mrs. Sedley Brown, a popular actress late of the Boston Museum, arrived by last steamer to support Mr. Wheatleigh in this play. Mr. George Pauncefort has also been engaged by Mr. Wheatleigh to appear in this play, which will be produced with entirely new scenic effects and an immensely strong cast.

The performances at the Circus are rapidly drawing to a close. During the coming week, Ella Zoyara, the most daring rider in the ring, and Mr. Wilson, the manager, will be the recipients of benefits. After this the company will go to Sacramento, to perform during Fair time, and, returning here, proceed at once to Australia, *via* the Sandwich Islands.

TOUCHSTONE.

FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

A GERMAN paper, speaking of the great robber Tristany, in Southern Italy, asks whether it would not be good to provide him with an "Isolde." If this was done, the paper says, he could be caught easily at a love scene, which in *Tristan and Isolde* never takes less than an hour and a-half.

THE celebrated amateur, Prince Galitzin, is conducting concerts in Moscow, the programme of which reminds us of that happy time of our youth, which never will return.

LUCY ESCOTT, Miss Durand, and Mr. Squires, are still in Australia, and perform *Faust* and the *Huguenots*, after a fashion; the orchestra there being adapted and probably thoroughly "revised" by the conductor of the very weak band, a German *homo novus*, by the name of Siede.

THE theatre in Breslau was burnt down by an accidental fire. The loss will be about $150,000.

PRIVY COUNCILLOR BITTER of Mannheim, Germany, has written a book, *Sebastian Bach and his Time*.

The Flying Dutchman was performed in Munich, Hans von Buelow conducting. The king had come from his summer residence to attend the performance. At the close of the second act the composer was called, but not being in the house, he could not appear. Kindermann sang "the Dutchman," and Miss Stehle the part of "Senta."

IN Bockenheim, near Frankfort-on-the-Main, the proprietor of a "café chantant" has engaged a female ballet troupe, which performs twice a day to large audiences composed for the greater part of elderly gentlemen.

ULLMANN has engaged Vientemps, David, Piatti, Jaell and Carlotta Patti for Berlin.

AN opinion of great value about the *Africaine* has been rendered by the conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin, Chapelmaster Dorn, who has seen it in Paris. He acknowledges the beauties of the work, but says that the performance, compared to that of *Tristan* and *Isolde*, in Munich, was like a merry children's symphony à la Haydn. He also says that Hans von Buelow's conducting the latter opera by heart without the score was a most colossal effort of memory, even surpassing that of Mendelssohn.

IT is said that Liszt has not yet received any ordination, but only the tonsure. Some people think that his conversion was made in order to get his hair cut, for a change.

MR. VINCENT WALLACE is again dangerously ill, and giving much anxiety to his friends.

FAURE, the baritone, has just received the honor of being decorated with the Order of Charles III. of Spain.

Offenbach's new burlesque opera *Coscoletto* has met with a decided success at Ems. The public were astonished because there was not one indecency in the plot.

THALBERG is expected to appear at the great international exhibition in Paris, in the year 1867, not as a pianist, but as a wine-grower.

FLOTOW has written a new opera for the Carl-Theatre of Vienna.

JOHN STRAUSS has gone to Petersburg with his orchestra.

VERDI has been to Paris. His errand was a most agreeable one—namely, to touch twenty thousand francs, which had accrued to him for his share in the receipts at the performances of his operas.

A terrible blow has been struck to the hopes of Richard Wagner by the death of the famous tenor Schnorr von Carolsfeld, who sang Tristan in Munich, and was engaged to sing the same part in Carlsruhe. The very great nervous excitement, which Mr. Schnoor had suffered, suddenly brought on a typhoid fever, which terminated the existence of the young and hopeful artist.

LISZT seems to be weary of the atmosphere at Rome, and has gone to Paris—it is said, to play the piano at a concert on behalf of a Roman charity. Nothing more sensational, and likely to take, could have been thought of.

MDLLE. LICHTMAY has had a brilliant success as Valentine, in Paris.

BALFE, the composer, is in Paris.

THE *Africaine* has been performed in Paris, in honor of Abd-el-Kader. By-the-bye, the Arab chief is as much bothered by opera managers as Gen. Grant is by hand shakers.

[*New York Review*.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

THE STATE FAIR will open its exhibition on Monday next at Sacramento. The great race between *Norfolk* and *Lodi* will also come off there on Monday. This will be the most exciting contest the turf of this State has ever beheld. The California Steam Navigation Company will despatch the *Chrysopolis* from Vallejo street wharf to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, for the accomodation of those who intend visiting the Fair or seeing the race. The tickets for the round trip are placed at six dollars, with the privilege of returning at any time on any of the Company's boats.

SYNAGOGUE CONSECRATED.—The new Synagogue of the Congregation Ohabia Shalome, located on Mason street between Post and Geary, was consecrated yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Dr. Eckman officiated.

THE FIRST RAIN.—It rained steadily and quite heavily for several hours on Thursday evening last at San Juan, Santa Cruz and Monterey, doing considerable damage to the grain in fields. This is an early rain.

MISCREDITED.—In correcting an accident to the first form, the article from Artemus Ward, on the 10th page, was credited to the *Literary Post*—a somewhat free and pied translation of the New York *Saturday Press*, from whence the extract was taken.

A HAWAAIIAN ORATOR.—The 31st day of July was suitably celebrated in Honolulu, being the twenty-second anniversary of the restoration of the Hawaaiian Flag in 1843, which had been wrongfully lowered by a British commander, whose act was afterward disowned by the English Government. The late anniversary was marked by an able address in English from a native orator, the Hon D. Kalakana, which is given at length in the *Hawaaiian Gazette*.

COMMISSIONER BARRETT, of the Pension Bureau, has decided that blacksmiths, saddlers, and other artisans serving with the cavalry, are not entitled to pensions. Teamsters are also excluded from the benefits of the pension laws, unless enlisted as privates and afterwards detailed to serve in that capacity.

BŒOTIANISM IN PARIS.

"SPIRIDION" in the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, says: "I wish you could hear these people moan over the cross of the Legion of Honor bestowed on Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. I was taken by the button yesterday: 'Can you conceive,' said my fatiguer, 'how it is possible the government should have thought of giving the decoration to a woman—and to a woman who has done nothing but paint stupid animals? The Legion of Honor was instituted for soldiers who pour out their blood for their country. Who will care for the cross now that it has been given to a woman?' Hot as the weather, my temper was hotter, so I replied: 'Mlle. Rosa Bonheur is not the first woman decorated; the cross has been given to Sisters of Charity and to *cantiniéres* (and Heaven only knows what claim the *cantiniéres*, generally the wife of the whole regiment to which they are attached, have to belong to any legion of honor,) therefore Mlle. Rosa Bonheur may be considered an eligible candidate; the mere fact of her wearing a petticoat ought not to bar her out. As to painting stupid animals, that ought to be no objection; for one sees every day painters decorated who do nothing but paint stupid blackguards whom they style Moses or Isaac or St. James or St. John (for you know as well as I do of what stuff the models are made:) and she by painting stupid animals carries France's name and increases France's reputation wherever men take interest in art. Horace Vernet did more for France's reputation than one in a thousand of the statesmen, generals, and diplomatists who have appeared in France the last forty years. The painter speaks an universal language, which is intelligible to the meanest hind that, following plough-tail, never raised his eyes above the furrow he traced, and to the most airy soul ever borne on the wings of art to the loftiest regions of the sublime and the beautiful. This language Mlle. Rosa Bonheur speaks, and whenever she utters it 'tis accompanied by a hymn to France and French genius.' Of course I did not convince my fatiguer; there are brains thicker than the rhinoceros's hide, and as it, while resisting a musket ball, absorbs water and air through pores, so those brains which reason's powerful shafts cannot penetrate, constantly absorb all the nonsense, prejudice, and stupidity which may be floating in the atmosphere which surrounds them.

"Since I am recording their drivel let me repeat to you a remark I overheard at the last Exhibition of the Fine Arts. Mons. Moreau, a sculptor of merit, and who gave promise of something more, died soon after the opening of the exhibition. Pious hands placed a wreath of yellow amaranths (which are called here *immortelles* from the persisteney of their color) on the pedestal of the statue he contributed to the show. It was an admirable statue of Aristophanes; the head given us by the Greek art was retained, but the lines of sarcasm and raillery were exaggerated—our senses are not so delicate as the Athenians. A cit and his son stood gazing on the marble; his boy asked: 'Father why is that wreath hung at the feet of this stone gentleman?' The father replied: 'My dear child why do you ask this question? Don't you see why the wreath was placed there? This gentleman has died since the exhibition opened, and some relation has placed the wreath there to attest his eternal grief at losing a tenderly loved kinsman.'

"It is astonishing into what high places these Bœotians have crawled: the clerks of the Legion of Honor recently refused to allow Faure the singer to wear in his button-hole the bit of ribbon—the Order of Isabella—which the Queen of Spain gave him t'other day for singing in her presence. An opera singer with a ribbon in his button-hole. Fie! Out upon it! He appealed to Marshal Valliant, who, as Minister of the Emperor's Household, is the patron of everybody connected with the imperial theatres. The Marshal replied: 'Pshaw! Wear it. I'll make them give you permission!' I said it is astonishing into what high places these Bœotians do crawl! It is not astonishing at all: as a mixture of a lie doth ever give pleasure, so a certain quantity of stupidity increases the rapidity and certainty of success. The reason of this is explained by Nadir in his last work. He says he was walking in the street when he saw a workman let fall a sponge from the ladder on which he was working. He called to his comrade at the ladder's foot to throw it up to him. The comrade picked it up, steeped it in the water which flowed by the curbstone and then it being *sufficiently heavy* to ensure its pursuing a straight trajectory, threw it up to him. So it is with men when they are sufficiently heavy (weight often attained by extrinsic and sometimes by ignoble circumstances,) they bolt straight to success. Do not think Nadir applies this street sight to explain social phenomena. He turns it to the demonstration of his theory that vessels to navigate the air must be heavier than the air. These Bœotians spare nothing! Here is the inscription one of them placed upon his wife or mother; please do not add any punctuation, for there is none on the tombstone: 'Here sleepeth justly regretted Mrs. Catherine Claire Hoirot wife of Mous. Sebastian Plumerel. This lady was born for trade at the age of 19 years before her marriage she managed the cloth business unaided a short time afterwards she united all the other branches which did not cease except with her life her business engrossed her day and night. Her desires to acquire by her conduct everybody's esteem and confidence her life was courageous in her voyage pertinacious in her enterprise bold in her purchase but sensible to the aggravating circumstances which abridged her day and ended her career the 6 June 1822 aged 60 years without having made a slip in her life.' This epitaph might, but for the date, have been written by the wife of the Marshal de la Meillerage, who was a Mlle. de Cossé and pretended to be descended through the Cossar of Naples, from Coeceius Nerva, the Roman Emperor, and through him from Julius Cæsar. One evening while Corneille's tragedy, the *Death of Pompey*, was played, she was observed to sob bitterly. Her friends sent to inquire the cause of her tears: 'I am weeping to think of my poor uncle's hard fate.'"

JERUSALEM PONIES.

THE clever authoress of *Adam Bede* has, by the mouth of the plain spoken Mrs. Poyser, laid it down that it is no use "dressing up fine to sit backwards on a donkey." In this somewhat *ex parte* statement two ideas are expressed: first, that to sit backwards on a quadruped is not consonant with loftiness of position; and, second, that a donkey is an inferior animal, not to be mounted in full dress. The donkey has somehow achieved a bad name, or at least a name for lowliness and stupidity. When we want to find a bridge for fools to stumble over, we refer to the *Pons Asinorum;* when we desire to express our thorough contempt for a man we call him a donkey; and any measure or proceeding of a completely senseless character we brand as "asinine." And yet the donkey is not so sorry an animal after all. When he browses upon thistles—a food he is supposed to be fond of—he does not expect to find figs growing on the Scottish emblem; and when, in his humility, he feeds upon haybands, who shall say that he is deceived into the belief that they are more delicate provender? We may depend upon it that the donkey is not so bad as he seems, nor so stupid as he is represented, and beneath those long ears and that stolid brow there is more sound sense (of the animal kind) than donkey decryers give him credit for. But the world has always ill-treated the donkey. To whisper that Midas had asses' ears was a cutting piece of satire; to represent Bottom the Weaver as a donkey beloved of Titania was one of Shakspeare's most telling conceits. Sterne weeping over the dead donkey, is generally thought to have been an ass himself; while of "gentle Coleridge's" attempts in that way Byron writes—

> "Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
> The bard who soars to eulogise an ass;
> So well the subject suits his noble mind,
> He brays, the laureate of the long-eared kind."

Thus has the donkey suffered from the shafts of wit and the ill-nature of critics; and because he is lowly and makes a dissonant noise when it pleases him to be vocal; because his tail is a switch and his ears are large, and his eyes melancholy, and he is chiefly used in England by costermongers, the donkey has fallen to the very lowest place in the category of beasts of burden. If we give a dog a bad name, we are told we may as well hang him, but for centuries we have put affronts upon the donkey without adopting the *sus. per coll.* process, and doing away with the poor beast that we deride. So small, indeed, do we reckon this useful creature, that he is not even taxed. He has never entered Mr. Gladstone's head, and while the revenue is recruited by a tax upon dogs, and a heavy impost upon horses, so contemptuously is the donkey treated that he has no place in the schedules. Thus we drive the donkey into poor latitudes. The man who has a donkey that won't go, feels that he has an untaxed donkey—at least an animal that may be kept for the bare cost of his subsistence, and one that has no representation without taxation. The same indifference or ill-favor that attends the donkey when living waits upon, or neglects him when dead. The defunct donkey escapes the public eye, and to have seen such a thing is thought to have been a very uncommon experience indeed. Some other animals we eat when their allotted time of life has expired; but the donkey, at least as far as we know, never comes to table, even in an age when horseflesh is thought to be good food, and jerked beef or "charqui" struggles into notice at threepence a pound. Delicate persons and young children are, it is true, fed with asses' milk; but the supply is dealt out *sub rosá*, and the strictest privacy is always observed at milking time. In short, the donkey is a tabooed and neglected animal.

But this is an age of progress, even for donkeys, and the long-derided beasts are going with the times. A gentleman who has done much toward giving the metropolis drinking fountains, and a benevolent lady who is always giving something for some purpose or other, conceived that they might ameliorate the condition of the donkey by showing that with good treatment he is a lively and well-shaped animal enough, and able to arouse admiration instead of exciting contempt. Impressed with this idea, Miss Burdett Coutts and Mr. Samuel Gurney, taking other philanthropists to their councils, established what at first seemed a very curious kind of exhibition—a Mule and Donkey Show. The dog has his day, the horse has become an annual exhibitioner, and our flocks and herds send representatives to Islington. Why not the donkey? The thing was tried, and was so far a success as to justify repetition. During the last few days donkeys have been the great attraction of Islington, and not without reason, for this curious show places the donkey in a new light, and acts as a warning to evil-minded costermongers. The lesson of the exhibition is plain enough: "The worst use you can put a donkey to is to beat him." The prize animals shown at the Agricultural Hall we must suppose to have passed lives of perfect peace. Show them a stick—the utmost liberty allowed with that weapon in the arena—and they neither wince nor depress their ears, nor adopt the *ultima ratio* of all donkeys: a hostile demonstration with the heels. Plainly, they don't understand the use of a stick; for their masters have learnt that persuasion is better than force, and that untanned hides are more valuable than scored backs. A goodly number of prizes of small amount tempted a fair show this year, but we shall chiefly confine our selections to the class of animal which the donkey-show is especially instituted to protect and improve. This class comprises the costermongers' donkeys: the hard-working animals that we see doing duty in the street. Here, unless the judges have made a mistake, we come upon Mr. Napper's Blackey, a donkey that can trot fifteen miles an hour, and that has had his successes in trials of speed. He carried off the first honors in his class, and if he really is used by his owner for obtaining a livelihood in the ordinary business way, he certainly deserved the award. Next we come upon a creature whose description is so curious, that we copy it *verbatim et literatim* from the owner's placard: "Mr. Beckin's Donkey Tony Better-knowr as yar-mouth. Joe. He has challenge. any. Donkey His Heigh. 39 inches on a Turn-pike Road, For 5 or 10 pounds." A most defiant donkey this; and he and his noted friend Blackey can be taken as representative animals, designed to prove what good stuff may, under favorable conditions, exist beneath asses' shin.

But two items in the list of awards really puzzle us, because we cannot understand how it was possible for the judges to discover which were "the two most intelligent donkeys" in the exhibition. How are we to estimate the intelligence of a donkey? Does it lurk in his eye, or in his ear, or in the nice conduct of his tail, or in his *tout ensemble?* It is almost inadmissable to suggest that it might manifest itself in his bray, for as yet we have been unable to translate that language into more than augury of wet weather. What did the two donkeys that received prizes for "intelligence" do to deserve their celebrity? How was the competitive examination managed, so that these competitive Wallahs scored the due number of marks! Ah, a light breaks in upon us. They were shown the election speeches of certain Liberal candidates, who have found favor with the constituencies; and they indignantly turned tail and would have none of them. Then they were asked whether they believed in the list of "Liberal gains" compiled by the Radical press; and they manifested like signs of impatience. But the final test was their inability to comprehend the "muzzle" taken off Mr. Gladstone by the University of Oxford. Trotting at a signal, halting at a word, lying down at a wink—these were only minor elements of their intelligence. The highest development of that quality was a thorough disbelief in the "Buncombe" with which Liberalism is trying to bolster up very small successes.—*London Paper, 24th July.*

THE young American singer, Miss Laura Harris, is causing considerable discussion in the London musical world. Some of the English papers are dissatisfied with the strength and equality of her organ. But critics, like doctors, differ sometimes. Miss Harris appeared lately, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in Mozart's *Magic Flute* and is thus eulogized by the London *Herald:* "Miss Laura Harris has one of the most surprising high soprano voices ever heard—higher, perhaps, even than M'lle de Murska's—and her execution, as everybody knows, is facile and brilliant in the extreme. Of course, the music of the "Queen of Night" requires something more, for its interpretation, than the most brilliant vocalization and an unusual command of the upper register of the voice, but these are the first necessities for singing the music, and Miss Laura Harris possesses them in an eminent degree. From one who is still

> "On the verge of maidhood life"

the grandeur of style, power, and dramatic energy, which the music imperatively demands, is not to be expected—time and long experience only can supply them; but even these are forcibly indicated in the youthful *prima donna's* singing, and every one seems to feel that they will come with years. Miss Laura Harris' musical organization is of the highest order. Her instinct for time is true as a die, and her intonation is as just as that of a well-tuned instrument. And, indeed, to sing the two grand airs of the "Queen of Night," in time and tune, is a feat that very few singers have been able to accomplish since Madame Hofen first undertook the part, at Vienna, in 1791. Miss Laura Harris, however, has accomplished that almost impossible feat, and accomplished it with comparative ease. Her singing last night, on both occasions created a *furore;* and, indeed, we have seldom seen an audience more excited. Both airs were *encored* in a hurricane of applause, the young artist, at the end, exhibiting no the least symptom of fatigue.

TWO FASHIONABLE DIVINERS.

EVERYBODY knows that the late Countess of Blessington was, in one sense of the word, an enchantress: her wit, her beauty, and her gentle courtesy, bewitched all who came within the Magic Circle of her Charms. It is by no means equally well known, however, that she was a sorceress. The present writer, who "moved" both in the fashionable and literary world during her bright career, confesses that he never so much as heard of her Ladyship as a diviner, although her flatterers would make her out divine: and yet there lies before us a little volume, purchased yesterday, which informs all whom it may concern (and they are counted, we are told, by tens of thousands,) that the fair Countess was a True Interpreter of Dreams and Visions, and Omens of the wedding day; a distinguisher of the false from the true dreams; and an Enabler of persons of both sexes, who are born "seers," to interpret thereby all the Hidden Secrets and Mysteries of the Living and the Dead, with knowledge for mothers on the ruling power and influence of the Twelve Celestial Planets at the nativity of their Children, and the Fate they are born to.

These pregnant words, we hasten to admit, are not our own, but are borrowed from the title-page of the work in question, whereon they figure in a great variety of type, and in enormous capitals. The edition is an illustrated one. A very splendid picture, which "draws out" like Bradshaw's map, exhibits her Ladyship performing incantations in her private Egyptian Temple, in the presence of a select circle of the nobility, and exhibiting her "ever-renowned and never-to-be forgotten Magic Crystal." Nothing can exceed the richness of color which distinguishes both the clothes and the complexions of these distinguished persons, while the well-bred vacuity of their features is admirably maintained, notwithstanding the startling phenomena of which they are witnesses.

I dwell upon the picture, because that and the title-page contain all that the book has to say of "the late learned Countess, the refulgence of whose talents has left a never-to-be-extinguished halo on the literature of our country." After giving her name and her countenance to the publication, she disappears, like a good fairy at a baptism, and we hear nothing more of her. This alone, I think, renders the work exceedingly remarkable. Moreover, independent of the great interest attaching to its general contents, there is the Preface, which is a most extraordinary production, and of itself worth all the money—sixpence—charged for the entire volume. Dexterous as is the escape of the Countess from her own pages, the writer whose mission it is to introduce us to the matters of which they treat, is still more happy in evasion. No lawyer, paid by the "skin," was ever more skilful in lengthening out his parchments; no statesman, speaking against time, ever occupied so much of it with Nothing, as this ingenious writer. Nay, most singular of all, what there *is* in the Preface is directed against the quackery of superstition—as exemplified in rival works of the same tendency.

"The human mind, fertile in self-deception, accommodates itself with wonderful facility to overcome scruples in deceiving others, or applies a perverse ingenuity to evading all the restrictions of prudence, morality, justice, religion, and sound reason . . . . to be thought more extraordinary or clever than the rest of mankind; and so the whim of dreams, omens, and visions by others, has risen to such a height that it has become to the bulk of mankind a puzzle to distinguish between false and true dreams, and the sham or real interpreters of their meaning. Hence the multitude of *Dreamers* and *Dreamers' Guides* offered at a tempting cheap price on every hand." At this point of the preface, as the Alpine climbers say of the small altitudes, "cultivation ceases"—the undoubted cultivation of the writer in the matter of the finest English—and he not only falls off in that particular, but he becomes involved and unintelligible; having made his blow at his enemies, his Preface seems to have no other object than to produce vertigo in its readers.

"The best anatomists and the wisest physiologists, who understand the structure of the organs of the human brain, and their action in connection with the daily health of the bodily organs, influenced by dietetic and atmospheric changes, and the innumerable favorable and unfavorable events that happen in trade, and within the domestic circle, as well as the ordinary physician called in casually to cure our bodily ills—all know that the fluids and solids are depressed or excited accordingly. Here, then, by the most common-sense view of our mental and physical structure, we discern the origin and nature of the illusions of the mind. Billious and phlegmatic persons are much subject to false dreaming, *such as monsters surrounded by flame;* corpses shewing all manner of contortions, alternately bright and dark, with crowded masses of the most contradictory and impossible things, sometimes mixed up with the well-known faces of esteemed friends and relations *concerned in disreputable transactions;* falling into rivers and deep holes from some height, and other delusions and monstrocities." The last word is spelt with a *c*, in order, I suppose, to give it a weired significance. "The judgment and the memory are the arbiters of our dreaming moments! When the judgment is dormant during sleep, the memory becomes but a confused chronicler of events and general affairs. But when the judgment is awake, and the memory sits enthroned by her side in full consciousness, then the perception of men and things, and all worldly events, becomes clear to the mental view. Thus, in the case of Maria Martin, whose mother dreamed of *the scene of her murder* three times, it may be regarded as a true dream." Conceive how the mind of the credulous maid-servant who has purchased this mysterious volume must cling to the name of Maria Martin amid that sea of words! Even a student of metaphysics accustomed to track Suggestion to her inmost cell, might be glad of that resting-place, and hail the Red Barn as a grateful halting-place for refreshing his intellectual energies. But at this point the Preface-writer staggers on before a gale of virtuous indignation, and under a press of depreciatory adjectives against the spirit-rappers, and can be pursued no further even by the most attentive. The compositors, too, as if bitten by the like fanaticism, coin strange expressions of rebuke, and maliguantly turn rappist *mediums* into rappist *medimus*.

Four-fifths of the contents of the volume are occupied by the interpretation of dreams, arranged alphabetically, and expressed in doggrel rhyme. Thus, under A, we have:

> "Alliances with people denotes quarrelling, quite;
> To learn the Alphabet lucky—not if you write;
> But to print it will bring you in business, success;
> Alms to the poor gives joy; to the rich, distress."

Again:

> "Arms denote losses; armor security forebodes;
> Arrows shew bad-luck, that you'll die poor on the roads."

Lady Blessington did not write excellent verse, but she never wrote this sort of thing:

> "Bacon if you dream of, no good luck you will get;
> To catch a badger, you'll prosperity see yet."

But who makes it a practice to dream of catching a badger? Surely even "billious and phlegmatic persons" are not harrassed with such very remarkable visions as these?

> "*To dream of a bearded woman* signifies death,
> Or that you are beaten, some accident, and bad health."

A couplet which would scarcely satisfy the shade of Mr. Alexander Pope, as to grammar, metre, or rhyme.

> "*Dreaming of a bookbinder* foretells prosperous times."

But who ever dreams of abstract bookbinders? On the other hand, the next omen of personal reverence and high social position is likely enough to occur to any one:

> "*Dreaming of sitting on a chair* denotes great respect."

Among other remarkable pickings from this Book of Fate, we have the following:

> "To dream of a corpse is a fortune to you quite:
> *Conversing with a count*, humiliation downright;"

which, as counts go, is rather a sagacious deduction.

> "To see dragons is scorn and ruin to your best scheme,"

though, fortunately, one does not often see dragons.

> "Dirt shews good times, and that plenty on you shall fall;"

but there is painful uncertainty about this sybilline statement as to the benefit to be expected. Plenty of *what?*

"Foals, flowers, or flying in the air are good signs;" but "dreaming of catching fleas denotes much trouble." This is almost enough of the *Interpreter*, although it is the only portion of this delightful work which is not absolutely senseless and inconsequent. It is, without doubt, the part which has the greatest attraction for purchasers, since all of us can dream; whereas the remainder of the volume, devoted to The Wonderful Art of Shewing Visions in the Crystal, only concerns that minority of the human race who happen to possess a crystal. Even if you have this advantage, it is of no use to you, unless you chance to have been born at the midnight hour. In that fortunate case, however, you will indeed be 'a seer of visions,' and be able to communicate with all departed spirits. "Of course, this faculty is reasonably disputed by all who do not possess it; notwithstanding, there are thousands of persons of both sexes, now living, in different families, in various parts of the united kingdoms (to say nothing of the rest of the world,) who are ready to come forward to asseverate on their solemn oaths the startling fact, that they have received warnings from divers people at the moment [*sic*] of dying."

Than this, one might imagine that the weakness of verbiage could no further go; but this is not the case, as the following proves. "Indeed, this broad metaphysical fact may be asserted (without being justly declared superstitions,) that most persons, when near their end, possess then the superhuman spiritual foreknowledge of the day or night of their departure from this world. Let this striking proof of immortal discernment—a something unseen within every human being above mere mortality, *sink deep into the minds of atheists.*"

The ingenuity with which this writer procrastinates with his subject—the Crystal—is truly admirable; however, we get it at last. "Those who are Seers should get made, from a large piece of the same kind of transparent mineral that crystal spectacle lenses are made of, a solid clear globe (about the diameter of an ordinary dinner-plate,) of an egg-form at the ends. Thus prepared, let them get any other intelligent morally-disposed person [*sic*]—no matter if not a Seer—to charge the crystal, while they look close into it, with a vision of some absent person, after the manner of the Countess of Blessington, as related in her works." Now, this is too bad. Is the maid servant who purchases this interesting volume not only to be put to the considerable expense of procuring a magic crystal of the diameter of a dinner-plate, but also of buying the whole of the works of the late Countess of Blessington? Otherwise, how is she to know how to charge the Crystal?" At public dinners, I have heard the toast-master exclaim: "Gentlemen, charge your glasses," in a tone sufficiently striking for an incantation; but what charging meant, beyond filling them, I have never had a notion. There is not the slightest information here vouchsafed upon this most important point. We only learn of a certain Mr. Baker—"not a Seer himself, but a worker of the supernatural power of spirits"—that his method of charging the crystal was the following, which certainly seems simple enough: "He shut his eyes, placed the ends of the fingers of his right hand on the top of the crystal, and in a loud and solemn tone, commanded the wished-for person to appear, after uttering this simple incantation," which reminds one of Mr. Southey's poem upon the "Falls of Lodore:"

> "Ye spirits at rest, ye spirits now blest,
> Ye spirits walking, ye spirits talking,
> Ye spirits sleeping, ye spirits weeping,
> Ye spirits working, ye spirits quaking,
> From the east, west, south, and north,
> I command thee, John Jones, to come forth."

For many minutes, little seems to come of this, except that the Seer "appeared like a person mesmerized, red in the face, and his eyes ran copiously with tears;" but at last John Jones is recognized in the Crystal; and well worth all the trouble must the sight have been, for by our author's account, there is not such another victim to the miscarriage of British justice to be found on the earth's surface. Mr. John Jones is perceived as a convict at Botany Bay, to which unfortunate position he was brought by the following circumstances: "He had been innocently transported for seven years, from St. Albans his native town, for taking, in fun, a packet of cards out of a man's pocket, to play a second time with others in the room; and which term was increased by an additional three years, because he had given a false name to conceal the disgrace from his family."

There is some stupid Information for Mothers on the powers of the Ruling Planets over the fate of their Offspring; and then we have come to the end of our sixpenny-worth! Sixpence, for which we can get three plays of William Shakspeare, or the noble Goldsmith's poems (not to mention an entire monthly part of *Chambers's Journal!*) has been spent, and is being spent, by tens of thousands, upon this senseless rubbish!

But even the popularity of *The Countess of Blessington's True Interpreter* pales, we are informed, before that of *Madame de Stael's Manual of Necromancy*, "by which she foretold the Destiny of People of all Classes in the Temple of Fate attached to the mysterious abode she resided in at Paris, during the reign of King Louis XVI. and the Emperor Napoleon the First." Madame de Stael, it seems, was not only a philosopher, but "a deep-thinking and far-seeing necromancer," about whose magic powers "rumor agitated the public mind," even before "the improving hand of Time had removed her mysterious antiquated domicile to make way for extensive alterations in the neighborhood. Then the great secret was discovered, and after a minute search among a mass of documents concealed in a cabinet, her great book of Divination and Necromancy came to light." The editor of this wonderful sixpenny-worth has been so good as to translate into modern English, "as well as the idiom of the old French style of writing would permit," the account of her singular proceedings over the Black Fountain, shining like crystal, yet as dark as midnight, that stood in the centre of a lofty apartment having a dome in the ceiling, divided into twelve allegorical compartments which she called her Temple of Fate. Also, says he, "from an engraved copy and specification of an oil painting that was found hanging in her private closet, we are enabled to give a very accurate representation of Madame de Stael's figure and style of costume." The illustration appended is indeed a very striking one, no color less remarkable than green and yellow being employed. Madame de Stael in a red dressing gown fringed with gold is threatening with a long stick an unfortunate nobleman, already suffering, (to judge from the large basin over which he leans,) from what the "old French" language must have called *mal de mer;* a lady of rank lies prostrate upon the floor, overcome by the same indisposition; while a black page-boy (in buttons) projects his eyes and lips in undisguised horror at the double catastrophe.

For the benefit of female readers, there is a long "specification" of Madame de Stael's apparel as a sorceress, as also of that of her visitors, comprising a second nobleman and a second lady of rank in addition to the two distingnished sufferers. The ladies are "two German persons of title, whose

names, *given in confidence*, we shall only distinguish by their initials as Lady M. and Countess L.;" the noblemen are no less individuals than the Right Honorable George Canning and Mr. Huskisson, who, under assumed names, it seems, came to have the future predicted. "O fu.ile infatuation," thought Madame de Stael, eyeing them with her most searching looks, until they "felt creeping over them an indefinable sensation of trepidation," and touching them with the thin end of her long wand until it "had the effect of almost paralyzing them."

"Presumptious [*sic*] men, I know ye!" cried she in a commanding tone.

> But if with Destiny you still would soar,
> Here take one look, and you'll look no more.

Accordingly, "that highly-gifted, talented star of the British senate," Mr. Canning, applies himself to the Black Fountain, and is by no means gratified by the result. *Mortals Know thy Fate* (for Magic has no syntax) is inscribed over that fatal basin, and Mr. C. perceives himself "upon his death-bed, deserted by his boon-companions—which melancholy fate, alas! was too soon realized." As for poor Mr. Huskisson, the vision he beheld "revealed to him the dreadful fate of being crushed to death by a steam-engine and carriages attached."

The two ladies were equally unfortunate. "It was enough! With loud shrieks they fell senseless to the ground, one over the other, where, pale and lifeless like corpses, they lay for three hours, before the Priestess of the awful Temple of Fate could revive them to consciousness by the administration of elixirs brought from her secret Arcaneum of Chemistry." This does not present an encouraging example of the consultation of oracles; and, as if conscious of that circumstance, the editor abruptly takes leave of Madame de Stael, of whom nothing is heard further, and betakes himself to "Fortune-telling by means of cards, dice, and dominoes." After this—which is rather a bathos after the "Temple of Fate"—we are introduced to the Calendar of Futurity, or the Influence of Saints' Days upon Human Affairs. This power, perhaps in consequence of England being a Protestant country, does not seem to be very great. St. Matthias' day, for instance, is declared to be "Not fortunate for speculators, but good to begin a steady trade upon," which surely may be said of most days. Moreover, "it is not favorable to make requests on, *especially to endeavor to borrow money*"—which we can very easily believe.

Then we have "Experiments on Destiny," once more with cards, which are infallible, "if a servant wishes to know about a situation to which she may be going"—a recipe which makes apparent what class of person most affects *Dreamers' Guides*. "If three tens come together, you will marry well; but if the ten of spades is next to the seven of diamonds, beware of temptation and seduction."

Finally, we have "Charms" in great variety. How to make a man love you, whether he is previously inclined to do so or not! How to tell whether you will have a family! How to inform yourself (by a combination of peas, beans, and oats) "whether your future husband is a drunkard, or in the habit of stopping out late at night!" How to make a dying relative think of you in his will! How to dream of your lover; and how "to make his nose itch until he has had an interview with you, and forgiven any fault that has offended him!" The means adopted to insure these great results are simple enough in themselves (so as to be within the reach of the maid-servant part of the community,) though extremely complicated in their application. They are also so similar in character that one example may well serve for all.

THE MYSTIC SPELL.

For testing whether a supposed friend is a real one or not, or whether your lover is true or false.—Get three, five, seven, nine, eleven, or thirteen leaden bullets; they must be new, and all of different sizes, and must not have been made by yourself. If you are a male, you must choose even numbers; if a female, odd: we will say, for comparison [*sic*,] that you are a female; well, you get seven bullets, according to the above directions: as the clock strikes ten, you must bury them in the ground, seven inches deep, that is, one inch for every bullet you use; this you must do six consecutive nights, taking them up each day as the clock strikes the same hour; and on the sixth day you must sprinkle them with rose-water or lavender-water (either will do, and any time of the day will do for this.) and tie them in your left sock or stocking, on going to bed, placing them under your pillow: and if the person you are testing is true, he will appear to you in a vision in the course of the night; if, on the other hand, he is playing you false, you will see nothing. You must not try this charm or mystic spell with less than *three*, or more than *thirteen* bullets; if you do, it will destroy the spell, and you might as well let it alone.

☞ With this last remark we cordially agree: "*You might just as well let it alone.*"

Anything more futile, wordy, and nonsensical than these two sixpenny-worths of foreknowledge it is impossible to imagine; but it is really a serious matter that this rubbish finds such universal acceptance among the class to whom it is addressed. How scant must be the education of our parochial school since it permits such gross credulity in its pupils! There is no back-street in London without at least one shop in which such publications as these are flaunting in the windows; and, indeed, their circulation is reckoned by the hundred thousand. There are numbers of works similar to these we have noticed above; but the peculiarity of these two (which we understand to be the most popular of all) is that "Suobbism" has been called in to the aid of Superstition. Even the maid servants bow down, it seems, before the fetich of social position, and prefer, to ordinary dream-books, works which are dignified by the imposing names of Madame de Stael and the Countess of Blessington.—*Chambers's Journal.*

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH SCENERY.—To the traveller, who gazes upon the feudal castles, parks, and far-famed battle-fields of England, emotions, at once tender and sublime, must arise. He beholds not only natural beauty, but a map of history, such as perhaps no other spot can rival. A world of thronging images must crowd on his mind, and from the present scene, which often disappoints, he is wiled away into the remote past, while the line of Britain's kings passes before, and on the grass-grown site of battle or tournament he seems to hear the clang of the mailers' charge, or to behold the bright glances of Yeosond or Philippe. Often the neat cottage of the farmer is actually before him; but the field where a monarch did battle for his kingdom is around, and while nature is often stinted and limited in her gifts, a living world of romance and moral beauty is before him, which peoples every nook with thronging heroes. The scenery of England, rather tame than grand, would awaken sentiments of domestic peace alone, were it not for the moral grandeur which hovers around her horizon, and to which the peasant's child is not wholly a stranger. That the scenery of a land has much to do in forming the characters of its inhabitants, is a truth almost self-evident. Hence the bold daring of the Swiss mountaineers, and the lofty independence of the Scottish Highlander. The scenes to which our minds are accustomed in early youth have ever a mighty hold on the heart, and those scenes, whether peacefully beautiful or terribly sublime, must have a moulding influence upon our lives.

The scenery of our own fair land, although not without its romance of history, is yet, in itself, so majestic, so magnificently beautiful, that it is no wonder that its school alone developed the lofty stoicism of the American Indian. Rocks, whose abrupt precipices form the grand walls of a majestic arena; waterfalls, whose leap is hundreds of feet; mountains, whose tops are crowned with an eternal diadem of clouds: rivers, whose silvery windings circle gem like islands in their sweep—all combine to render American scenery intrinsically and eternally grand. From the far West, lost in its maze of endless prairie, to the cultivated East, with its wealth of cities and hamlets, each nestled among its own peculiar beauties—our land stands distinguished as the garden of the world. The painter may rove amid its vast solitude, and his pencil will but portray shadows of the beauty he everywhere beholds, and the poet may catch inspiration from the dash of its roaring cataracts, or from the music of its southern groves. Blessed with unbounded facilities, it is no wonder that America is hailed as the home of the world, reaching with her arms of beauty and bounty the remotest corner of earth. From the contemplation of such grandeur, the mighty spirits of the Revolution no longer surprise us; they were but the spontaneous growth of such a land; and that their children inherit their dispositions, the obstinacy and bravery displayed in the present contest leave little doubt.—*American Miscellany.*

PERHAPS SO.—Counselor R——, who was afterward appointed to the bench of the Supreme Court in the —— State, is a lawyer of extensive legal attainments, and in accepting the ermine forsook a very large and lucrative practice. He has, however, the reputation of being the longest-winded counsel and most prosy advocate that ever tried a case in these parts. His jury arguments rarely fell short of seven hours in length, and his examinations of witnesses were tedious beyond conception. The following "veritable fact" is told of him as illustrating his style in this behalf:

At court, not long since, Mr. R—— was engaged in the trial of a cause where the opposite side had attempted to prove the alleged signature of Ebenezer Carleton a forgery. An *expert* had sworn that in his opinion it was not the handwriting of Ebenezer Carleton, and was turned over to Counselor R——, who cross-examined him in this wise:

"Mr. Witness, look at this signature again; look particularly at the letter *E*. Now tell the Court and jury what you see in the first hair-line of this letter that makes you think it is not a genuine signature."

The question having been answered as well as it could be, Mr. R—— continued:

"Now look at the turn at the top of the *E*, and tell us how that differs from the turn of an *E* in the genuine signature."

And so he went on, examining the witness as to the up-strokes, the down-strokes, the loop, and the turns of this letter *E*, for nearly an hour, till the patience of the Court was pretty well exhausted.

"Mr. R——," said the Judge, "are you not making this examination rather tedious?"

"Perhaps so. May it please your Honor, the witness may now pass on to the letter *b*."

A DISCOMFITED DODGER.

THERE is Peter Loafer, a shoemaker in an Essex village, who hates work and loves beer, and is always endeavoring to obtain the latter without enduring the former, by the exercise of his ingenuity. He had a dodge for using pasteboard instead of leather in the repair of boots, to the great saving of trouble and expense to himself, but somehow the articles thus mended were not as waterproof as the owners considered desirable; so the cobbler of a neighboring village, who stuck to the adage, "There's nothing like leather," carried off a great deal of Peter's custom. Then he manufactured most artistic snares, which the hares, momentarily captured, dishonestly carried away with them; he trained a lurcher to catch him game, and the undiscerning animal deposited a fine rabbit at his master's feet while he was engaged in establishing his innocence to the squire, who, meeting him in the fields, had taxed him with his rumored proclivities for poaching. But poor Peter's last dodge was as cunning as it was dishonest, which is saying a great deal for its ingenuity. A new branch of a railway was opened in his immediate neighborhood last summer, and Peter, ever glad of unsticking himself from his last, took a holiday on the occasion, and spent the day in sitting on a gate by the side of the line, watching the trains run past, and dreamily speculating, after the manner of Dodgers, honest or dishonest, on a dozen different matters connected with the subject which attracted his attention. Amongst others, he thought upon the immense weight of the engine and subsequent carriages which slipped along so easily; what effect they would have upon a man's toe if they ran over it, upon his leg, upon his body; upon a thin piece of metal. He had a fourpenny-bit in his pocket, and could solve this last problem at once. The coin was placed on the nearest rail, and shortly afterwards another train came sweeping past. Peter jumped off his gate; there was the fourpenny-bit on the same spot, but defaced and *flattened out to the size of a sixpence*. An idea immediately struck Peter; he went straight to the public-house, called for a pot of fourpenny ale, and tendered the battered piece in payment; the landlady gave him twopence change, taking the coin for an old sixpence.

The heart of this Dishonest Dodger bounded in his breast; he thought that he had found a safe way of increasing all his earnings by one-third; and as he lay awake in bed that night, he debated with himself whether he should in future take one pot in three more beer, or one hour in three less work. This he finally left an open question, to be decided according to the fancy of the moment; but one thing he was determined upon, and that was to pass his capital through the railway mint at once. The capital of an idle, tippling cobbler! Well, yes, Peter was shrewd enough to put a certain proportion of what he was paid for every job into a wooden money-box, which he had once obtained at the knock-'em-downs of a fair; this was his leather money, and however thirsty he might be, he never even felt a temptation to infringe upon it, so thoroughly was he pursuaded of the fact, that, if he did not keep this little sum sacred to the purpose of replenishing his stock of leather, he was a lost shoe-mender.

But between spending his capital and investing it in a speculation where the profits promised to be so large and the returns so quick, there was all the difference imaginable. So, on the following morning he opened his money-box, which he found to contain some two pounds, shut up his stall, and walking off to the neighboring town, managed, by telling one plausible story at the bank, another at an inn, and a third at the toll-bar, to change nearly the whole of his coin into fourpenny bits.

"Did you ever?" inquired Mrs. Jones, as he walked through the village that evening.

"What?" screamed Mrs. Adams, from a neighboring wash tub.

"Here's Peter Loafer been to Gorham, and come back sober!"

"No!" cried Mrs. Adams, running out all suddy. "Well, I never!"

They knew not how absorbing is the prosecution of a new scheme, whether for good or evil, to the Dodger mind.

That night Peter, like one intent upon self immolation before the Juggernaut of civilization, sought out a solitary part of the line, and carefully arranged some hundred fourpenny-bits on the nearest rail. Then retiring, he anxiously awaited the train. A distant rumble, a roar, an earthquake, two bright eyes and a fiery beard, a resistless rush—it has passed. Peter ran forward to secure his instantaneously minted sixpences; but where were they? Knocked on one side, perhaps, or carried on a few yards. He had brought his poacher's dark-lantern with him, and spent the whole night in a fruitless search. The too ingenious Peter had expended his little all upon plating the wheel of a railway engine.

☞ A MAN named Alonzo Ward rebukes, in the New York *Sunday Times*, "another man" called "Olonzo Ward," for abusing a good name by bad spelling and other impropriety. Artemus receives a gentle slap incidentally.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1865.

THE PIONEERS.

THE Oration and Poem delivered before the Pioneers at the celebration on the 9th inst., possessed in common one notable feature. Neither, as far as we observe, contained any allusion to the fall of '49 or spring of '50. This grave omission might seem to justify the rule laid down by a cotemporary, that none but Pioneers should speak for Pioneers, but as it might be consequently urged that none but Mechanics should address the Mechanics' Institute, and none but Orphans the Orphan Asylum, we fear that in the abstract it must be abandoned.

In truth, the usual vein of pioneer eulogium has been slightly overworked, and the most sensible pioneers are beginning to feel it. Thoughtfully considered, there is little, if any, romance or poetical association connected with the American occupation of California; the chronicle of hardship and adventure, though often sensational and terrible, is not of a quality that could be elegantly spread upon the records of the State, or dwelt upon with pride by the descendants of pioneers. Duelling, Murder, Vigilance Committees, Fires, and Inundations, are not interesting to look back upon, except as the elemental chaos from which society was eventually formed. No wave of religious enthusiasm, like that which precipitated the original settlers upon the rocky slums of New England, or carried the arms of Spanish conquest over the plains of Mexico, brought the Pioneers to this shores; no industrial energy, like that of the sturdy back woodsman in the Far West, ever opened a way to our solitudes. If the truth must be told, the character of our founders bore some resemblance to that which Northern men have been fond of satirically imputing to the first families of Virginia and Maryland—a character in which adventure and recklessness partook of a larger share than moral strength and refinement. It is not to be, therefore, wondered that the versatile poet of the late celebration went back to Columbus for a hero, or that the eloquent orator contented himself with such abstract propositions of "unity of races," and speculations for the future.

The key-note of all that is pleasant and profitable in pioneer history was struck by the late Edward Randolph in his memorable address before this society some years ago. Orations as eloquent and learned have been since delivered, but we doubt if there have been any as peculiarly fit and appropriate, and bearing directly upon what we conceive to be the real purpose and object of the Pioneer Society. In his discourse, which was an outline history of California, he spoke chiefly of the earlier records of Missions and pious padres, which contains all of romantic and legendary interest which the story of California possesses. The lesson taught by Mr. Randolph, that there were earlier pioneers than those before him—that the record of that half civilization which flourished on this coast before the usurpation of the Americans, contained as many points of historic interest as the crude organizations of enlightened races; that among that class dismissed from recognition under the title of "Greasers," were such men as Junipero Serra and the many missionaries, whose labors form the early records of sacrifice and self-devotion—was not without effect. The reception of these truths, and the opportunities for research and interesting discussion which they offered, have kept the Society of Pioneers from sharing the fate of similar institutions, and of becoming merely a club devoted to mutual admiration and self-perpetuation, whose duties began and ended with the enrollment of new members, and the payment of the last tribute of respect to the memory of the old.

The present association of Pioneers offers a nucleus, around which a California Historical Society might be fairly gathered. Its members comprise many men who have achieved other eminence than that which simply devolves upon them from the mere accident of their early arrival in the State. While it would be well to preserve those records which still live in the memory of the present population, for the future historian, it would be as properly in the line of their duty, and much more interesting to our people, to collect and obtain through research and care some chronicle of those earlier periods, of which so little is generally known. A volume of this character, published under their authority and sanction, would entitle them to a consideration, both here and abroad, which they have not yet attained. In the course of time, posterity will be able to make a fair and impartial use of the records of '49 and '50, assigning to those pioneers who have really "done the State some service" their proper place in history, and quietly shelving those whose importance is claimed only by priority of residence. We are yet too near many of these events, interwoven with the history of our young civilization, to get the clear comprehensive view of the historian. It takes fifty years to settle the reputation of most great men—a hundred to adjust the relations of any event. In fifteen years, we have already changed many of our opinions in regard to contemporaneous men and incidents. It is quite evident, then, that any contemporaneous history of our time would be biassed by the unconscious influence and presence of individuals immediately connected therewith, and it is to this influence that the present system of pioneer chronicle is open.

But, inasmuch as they have shown a proper appreciation of these difficulties, which beset their organization, and have exhibited a disposition of late years to make their society a medium for the collection of interesting and valuable material connected with the early history of Alta California; that many rare works, antiquities and curiosities from the old Missions have already been added to their museum and library; that they have endeavored to reproduce, by characteristic relics and through photographs and paintings, the Spanish antiquities and building on this coast, and that greater improvement and more diligent research is projected for the future, when the state of their treasury shall justify a larger outlay, they deserve the best wishes and co-operations of all Californians who desire the welfare of their adopted State, whether they came before or after the Fall of '49 or Spring of '50.

Revival in the Eastern Literary Press.—The return to peaceful avocations of our Eastern brethren, and the cessation of martial excitements and war telegrams, seems to have brought about that revival in periodical literature which the sanguine so confidently predicted. Some old literary journals are resurrected, and a few later and fresher enterprises are born to apparently promising prospects. The latest mail brings new faces to our exchange table. The smart *Saturday Press*, whilom a "brief abstract and chronicle of "Pfaffs," snappy with absinthian wit, and dying of its own Bohemian excesses and dissipations, has been revived under apparently more moral auspices, and in respectable quarto form. Let us hope that this corruption has put on incorruption. Artemus Ward is a contributor to its first number in a not over-bright theatrical criticism. *The Citizen*, if we may judge from its specimen number, bids fair to be a powerful and earnest journal—at present a little too voluble on the subject of its clever editor, Col. Halpin (Miles O'Reilly,) and intimating a little too plainly that it has sprung from the popularity of a single individual. *The Round Table*, in its specimen sheet, has spoken of its own merits with such ingenuous frankness and confidence as to leave no available complimentary epithet in the vocabulary of its cotemporaries. During its previous brief career, it exhibited many excellent qualities; yet, as it was not entirely successful in its attempts to prove Mr. Longfellow to be no poet, and Howadj Curtis no writer, it may be fair to presume that its vague threats, now intimated of the prospective demolition of Irving and Prescott, will prove harmless. Its critical successes are chiefly confined to a raid upon theatrical critics and Bohemians, which gave it a certain local prestige. As there is still an opportunity for it to be all that it aspires to be, we reserve further criticism, and heartily wish it success. *Mrs. Grundy* improves, and though not yet quite up to the measure of its resources and metropoliton position, bids fair to reach it. From *The Weekly Review*, with its clever McArone, its common-sensible editorials, and able staff of contributors; *The Leader*, with its strong metropolitan flavor, its versatile Ada Clare—whose capital book reviews are most feminine in their vivacity and charming style, and most unfeminine in their logical good sense and judgment—its readable selections, its dramatic critics, its somewhat ancient politics, down to such familiar faces as the *Atlas, Times, and Mercury*, the Boston and Philadelphia literary weeklies, all seem to shine with renewed lustre as they emerge from the turmoil and material conflict of the past few years.

More Sailing Matches.—The schooners *Sarah, Louise*, and *Ellen*, are matched to-morrow to sail for five hundred dollars, over the usual track. The *Caroline Mills* and *Pride of the West* have been also allowed to enter for the championship of the race. These are all good-sized Bay schooners, and the contest will be a spirited one.

Fishing Extraordinary.—At Vallejo-street wharf on Wednesday last six six sharks were caught with shark-hooks; two of them were five feet long. One mammoth fellow, about fifteen feet long, was fastened to, but wrenched off the chain, carrying away the hook as a trophy.

For Sale—A good route on the *Californian*.

[For the Californian.]

FROM A BALCONY.

THE little stone balcony, which, by a popular fallacy, is supposed to be a necessary appurtenance of my window, has long been to me a source of curious interest. The fact that the asperities of our summer weather will not permit me to use it but once or twice in six months, does not alter my concern for this incongruous ornament. It affects me as I suppose the conscious possession of a linen coat or nankeen trousers might affect a sojourner here who has not entirely outgrown his memory of Eastern summer heat and its glorious compensations—a luxurious providence against a possible but by no means probable contingency. I do no longer wonder at the persistency with which San Franciscans adhere to this architectural superfluity in the face of climatical impossibilities. The balconies in which no one sits, the piazzas on which no one lounges, are timid advances made to a climate whose churlishness we are trying to temper by an ostentation of confidence. Ridiculous as this spectacle is at all seasons, it is never more so than in that bleak interval between sunset and dark, when the shrill scream of the factory whistle seems to have concentrated all the hard unsympathetic quality of the climate into one vocal expression. Add to this the appearance of one or two pedestrians, manifestly too late for their dinners, and tasting in the shrewish air a bitter premonition of the welcome that awaits them at home, and you have one of those ordinary views from my balcony, which makes the balcony itself ridiculous.

But as I lean over its balustrade to-night—a night rare in its kindliness and beauty—and watch the fiery ashes of my cigar drop into the abysmal darkness below, I am inclined to take back the whole of that preceding paragraph, although it cost me some labor to elaborate its polite malevolence. I can even recognize some melody in the music which comes irregularly and fitfully from the balcony of the Museum on Market street, although it may be broadly stated that, as a general thing, the music of all museums, menageries, and circuses becomes greatly demoralized—possibly through association with the beasts. So soft and courteous is this atmosphere that I have detected the flutter of one or two light dresses on the adjacent balconies and piazzas, and the front parlor windows of a certain aristocratic mansion in the vicinity which have always maintained a studious reserve in regard to the interior, to-night are suddenly thrown into the attitude of familiar disclosure. A few young people are strolling up the street with a lounging step which is quite a relief to that usual brisk, business-like pace which the chilly nights impose upon even the most sentimental lovers. The genial influences of the air are not restricted to the opening of shutters and front doors—other and more gentle disclosures are made, no doubt, beneath this moonlight. The bonnet and hat which passed beneath my balcony a few moments ago, were suspiciously close together. I argue from this that my friend the editor will probably receive any quantity of verses for his next issue, containing allusions to "Luna," in which the original epithet of "silver" will be applied to this planet, and that a "boon" will be asked for the evident purpose of rhyming with "moon," and for no other. Should neither of the parties be equal to this expression, the pent up feelings of the heart will probably find vent later in the evening over the piano, in "I wandered by the brookside," or "When the moon on the lake is beaming." But it has been permitted me to hear the fulfilment of my prophecy even as it is uttered. From the window of number Twelve hundred and Seven, gushes upon the slumbrous misty air, the maddening ballad "Ever of Thee," while at Twelve hundred and Eleven, the "Star of the Evening" rises with a chorus. I am inclined to think that there is something in the utter vacuity of the refrain in this song, which especially commends itself to the young. The simple statement, "Star of the Evening," is again and again repeated with an imbecile relish; while the adjective "beautiful" recurs with a steady persistency, too exasperating to dwell upon here. At occasional intervals, a bass voice enunciates "Star-r! Star-r!" as a solitary and independent effort. Sitting here in my balcony, I picture the possessor of that voice as a small, stout young man, standing a little apart from the other singers, with his hands behind him, under his coat tail, and a severe expression of countenance. He sometimes leans forward, with a futile attempt to read the music over somebody else's shoulder, but always resumes his old severity of attitude before singing his part. Meanwhile, the celestial subjects of this choral adoration look down upon the scene with a tranquility and patience which can only result from the security with which their immeasurable remoteness invests them. I would remark that the stars are not the only topics subject to this "damnable iteration." A certain popular song, which contains the statement, "I will not forget you, mother," apparently reposes all its popularity on the constant and dreary repetition of this unimportant information, which at least produces the desired result among the audience. If the best operatic choruses are not above this weakness, the unfamiliar language in which they are sung offer less violation to common sense.

—[It may be parenthetically stated here that the songs alluded to above may be found in sheet music on the top of the piano of any young lady who has just come from boarding-school. "The Old Arm Chair," or "Woodman, Spare that Tree," will be also found in easy juxtaposition. The latter songs are usually brought into service at the instance of an uncle or bachelor brother, whose request is generally prefaced by a remark deprecatory of the opera, and the gratuitous observation that "we are retrograding, sir—retrograding;" and that "there is no music like the old songs." He sometimes condescends to accompany "Maria" in a tremulous baritone, and is particularly forcible in those passages where the word "repeat" is written, for reasons stated above. When the song is over, to the success of which he feels he has materially contributed, he will inform you that you may talk of your "arias," and your "romanzas," "but for music, sir—music—" at which point he becomes incoherent and unintelligible. It is this gentleman who suggests "China," or "Brattle Street," as a suitable and cheerful exercise for the social circle. There are certain amatory songs, of an arch and coquettish character, familiar to these localities, which the young lady being called upon to sing, declines with a bashful and tantalizing hesitation. Prominent among these may be mentioned an erotic effusion entitled, "I'm Talking in My Sleep," which, when sung by a young person vivaciously and with appropriate glances, can be made to drive languishing swains to the verge of madness. Ballads of this quality afford splendid opportunities for bold young men, who, by ejaculating "Oh" and "Ah" at the affecting passages, frequently gain a fascinating reputation for wildness and skepticism.]—

But the music which called up these parenthetical reflections has died away, and with it the slight animosities it inspired. The last song has been sung, the piano closed, the lights are withdrawn from the windows, and the white skirts flutter away from stoops and balconies. The silence is broken only by the rattle and rumble of carriages coming from theatre and opera. I fancy that this sound—which, seeming to be more distinct at this hour than at any other time, might be called one of the civic voices of the night—has certain urbane suggestions, not unpleasant to those born and bred in large cities. The moon, round and full, gradually usurps the twinkling lights of the city, that one by one seem to fade away and be absorbed in her superior lustre. The distant Mission hills are outlined against the sky, but through one gap the outlying fog which has stealthily invested us, seems to have effected a breach, and only waits the co-operation of the laggard sea breezes to sweep down and take the beleaguered city by assault. An ineffable calm sinks over the landscape. In the magical moonlight the shot-tower loses its angular outline and practical relations, and becomes a minaret from whose balcony an invisible muezzin calls the Faithful to prayer. "Prayer is better than Sleep." But what is this? a shuffle of feet on the pavement, a low hum of voices, a twang of some diabolical instrument, a preliminary hem and cough. Heavens! it cannot be! Ah, yes—it is—it is—SERENADERS!

Anathema Maranatha! May purgatorial pains seize you, William, Count of Poitou, Girard de Boreuil, Arnaud de Marveil, Bertrand de Born, mischievous progenitors of *jongleurs*, troubadours, provençals, minnesingers, minstrels and singers of *cansos* and love chants! Confusion overtake and confound your modern descendants, the "metre ballad mongers," who carry the shamelessness of the middle ages into the nineteenth century, and awake a sleeping neighborhood to the brazen knowledge of their loves and wanton fancies. Destruction and demoralization pursue these pitiable imitators of a barbarous age, when ladies' names and charms were shouted through the land, and modest maiden never lent presence to tilt or tourney without hearing a chronicle of her virtues go round the lists, shouted by wheezy heralds and taken up by blaring swashbucklers. Perdition overpower such ostentatious wooers! Marry! shall I shoot the amorous feline who nightly iterates his love songs on my roof, and yet withhold my trigger finger from yonder pranksome gallant? Go to! There is an orange left of last week's repast. Decay hath overtaken it—it possesseth neither savor nor cleanliness. Ha! cleverly thrown! A hit—a palpable hit! Peradventure, I have still a boot that hath done me service, and, barring a looseness of the heel and ominous yawning at the side, is in good case! Na'theless, 'twill serve. So! so! What! dispersed! Nay, then, I too will retire. BRET.

THE LAW'S VEXATIONS.—Jacob P. Leese, the pioneer, whose father erected the first house in San Francisco, commenced an action of ejectment on the 6th of August, 1858, against W. S. Clarke, of "Clarke's Point" fame, to recover certain premises on the northeast corner of Broadway and Battery streets. After seven years' litigation, the case passing through the Supreme Court, a writ of ejectment was issued against the defendant, and the Sheriff placed in possession; the fact was then developed that W. S. Clarke had no interest in the property, having disposed of it several days prior to the commencement of the suit. The victory obtained through so long and expensive a contest, proves of course a barren one, and a new trial of legal right to the premises becomes necessary.

ANSWER TO "LIBRA."

TO the Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN: The undersigned, who claims to be one of your oldest subscribers, desires to address some remarks to you relative to a series of articles which have appeared in your paper over the signature of "Libra," by the title of "*Popular Fallacies*." And first, the subscriber will take the liberty to say that, so far as the general tone of your paper is concerned, both as respects the original and the selected articles, he has been well pleased with the taste displayed in providing a family and a fireside journal, pure in sentiment, elegant in style, and replete with entertainment for old and young. But when you admit to your columns articles calculated to sap the foundations of all our established notions and to wipe out the first lessons of our childhood, it is time some of your friends raised a warning voice.

Your contributor has attempted to show—I will not say to prove, for his assertions fall far short of mathematical demonstration or even presumptive evidence—among other things, that a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead, because, forsooth, if weighed under an air pump the lead would kick the beam. Now we can inform "Libra" that it is not customary to weigh lead, or feathers either, in an air pump or under an air pump. We do not mean to be unduly disrespectful, but we question somewhat if "Libra's" brains were put in one scale and an *ounce* of feathers in another, and the air exhausted from both, that the former would kick the beam!

Again, all the geographies we have ever seen, teach that a child standing on the globe, facing the north and extending his arms, his right hand would point to the east and his left hand to the west. "Libra" says this is not true, and he spins out a long and obscure (unintelligible) paragraph to try and prove it. Perhaps "Libra" is wiser than all the scientific men who have written geographies and all the schoolmasters who have been abroad so long. If so, he should write a new geography and persuade our Board of Education to abolish the old ones.

But these things we might have borne in silence, if the sage "Libra" had not proceeded, in a third article, to gainsay the traditionary faith of our fathers, and to controvert the authority of Job and so many poets, sacred and profane, by undertaking to say that the human body, after death, is not food for worms.

It would be sufficient for us that this doctrine has been received in all ages, and must have been well attested at some time. It is not expected that every one is going to poke his nose into graves or tombs to verify other men's experience.

Some faith is to be attached to human testimony. But we have some direct evidence on this point. A discharged soldier of the Army of the Potomac, who recently died in this city, told the writer of this article that, after the battles of the Wilderness, they had occasion to return over the same ground where they had fought, after an interval of a week or ten days, and where heavy rains had washed away the earth from buried soldiers, and that the diet of worms (not the one that Luther was summoned to) was in active operation then and there. *Perhaps*, "Libra" can disprove these and similar well authenticated cases!

If, Mr. Editor, this new light in philosophy goes on in this way, insulting common sense by his paradoxes, the next thing we may expect to be told by him will be that two pints do not make a quart, or that one from two leaves three, or some such nonsense. Will you help to disseminate such doctrines among the youth of our land?

We do not know whether this philosopher of yours is male or female. We have spoken of him as male, but a friend informs us that "Libra" is a feminine noun. If his name is "Libra" he must be something between a Virgin and a Scorpion, perhaps possessing the grace and the charms of the one, with the danger and the sting of the other. Or, perhaps by assuming the scales as his emblem, he would arrogate to himself the impartiality of a Justice with the wisdom of a Minerva. But, whatever his gender or pretensions, we advise him or her to let the scales fall from his or her eyes, and then he or she may see more clearly.

We pass by the covert attack on the doctrine of of the final combustion of all things, contained in the remark about the probable immortality of matter. We trust we have said enough to show up the danger and the absurdity of this writer's doctrines.

With you, Mr. Editor, we leave the responsibility of encouraging or condemning such radical and subversive effusions, and we will simply close by recommending "Libra" to turn his attention to something else besides trying to put out the lights which antiquity has set up along our pathway to guide us to truth and happiness. ARRASTRA.

Two new translations of Homer are forthcoming in London: the *Iliad*, put into English verse in the Spenserian stanza, by Philip Stanhope Worsley, M. A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and the *Odyssey*, in blank verse, by the Rev. George M. Musgrave.

[For the Californian.]

"THE DECEITFUL FLORENTINE."

A BALLAD.

THERE was a fine young mariner who sailed upon the sea,
His ship it was a ship of war—a lieutenant was he;
He was a man of gallant mien, and not unknown to fame,
Of high Italian parentage, O'Reilly was his name.

This noble young Italian man made love to Anna Lee,
He said that he did worship her; and she did worship he;
But Anna Lee thought sailor men were said to fickle be,
And she cried: "O, noble Florentine, I ask a pledge of thee!"

Then spoke this noble Florentine: "My love is ever warm;
Take this 'ere button I have cut from off my uniform,
For why, it is the only one our noble President
And merry noble Commodore permits us to present."

With these deceitful words straightway he sailed across the sea,
And stopped awhile at Limerick (a town in Italy;)
And there forgetting of his vows, and of his former flame,
He married an Italian girl, O'Connelly by name.

When Anna Lee received the news, she gave a frightful start,
And said: "You naughty, naughty man, methinks you've broke my heart."
And then she took a pistol up, but for a ball of lead
Down deep into the deadly tube *his button* rammed instead.

She shot herself; and, maidens all, O listen unto me:
Don't trust too much in Florentines whose name is O'Reilly.
Don't trust to sailors, and if you would save your sinful souls,
Be careful when and how you make such awful button-holes!

NAUTILUS.

LITERARY ITEMS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

IT is rumored that M. Thiers, the historian, who has been for many years making collections for such a work, is writing a *History of the Restoration from* 1814 *to* 1830, the first volume of which may be expected early next year.

GUSTAVE DORE, the great and popular artist, is said to be engaged in illustrating *Shakspeare* for a Paris bookseller, who wants to dispose of a very large edition of the poet, badly translated by M. Letourneur. He is also illustrating the Bible.

MR. JOHN HILL BURTON announces a new *History of Scotland*, from Agricola's Invasion to the Revolution of 1688. As one of the best Scottish antiquarians, Mr. Burton is well qualified for this self-imposed task.

IN consequence of Florence becoming the capital of the kingdom of Italy, Turin loses that distinction. More than half the Turin newspapers will shift their publication to Florence.

A COLLECTION of letters, addressed to J. J. Rousseau, has been discovered in the town library of Neufchatel, and has been published in Paris.

SIR WILLIAM DENNISON, who has been successively Governor of Van Diemau's Land, New South Wales, and Madras, colonel of engineers, has published a *brochure* entitled *Man not so Old as Supposed*.

THERE appears to be a chance that a further portion of H. T. Buckle's *History of Civilization*, which the author did not live to complete, will soon be published.

A FIFTH edition of Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad of Homer* has appeared in London, and has been carefully revised.

AMONG the books lately distributed, by public auction, in London, are those constituting the library of the late Horace Smith, one of the authors of *Rejected Adresses*, who died in 1849. James Smith, his elder brother and co-author of the above, died in 1839. The books so disposed of were chiefly presentation copies, with autograph inscriptions from the authors.

AT the annual election of members of the Royal Society of London only fifteen were admitted, Alfred Tennyson the poet-laureate, being one. He can now write F. R. S. after his name.

MRS. TRAFFORD is the name of the authoress of *City and Suburbs*, *Too Much Alone*, *The Moors and the Fens*, and *George Geith*, all of which, but particularly the last, have attained great popularity in England.

MISS MARTINEAU, who seems to have written upon most subjects, from political economy down to farming, is about commencing a new story, to be entitled *A Family History*, in *Once a Week*.

THE London *Athenæum*, of July 15th, contains a notice of *Wet Days at Edgewood*, much more appreciative than an American author had any reason to expect from that journal.

BISHOP COLENSO has just published a shilling pamphlet on *Foreign Missions and Mosaic Traditions*.

[The following verses, published in The Californian of May 20th, having been garbled and mispriuted in Eastern journals, are here republished in their origiual form and under their origiual title:]

THE AGED STRANGER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I WAS with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer: "Nay, no more—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?—
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,
Said the farmer, "Say no more;

"He fell in battle—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er—
Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
O! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!

"I can not tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois,
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war!

F. B. Harte.

ARTEMUS WARD ON ARRAH-NA-POGUE.

YOU ask me, sir, to sling sum ink for your paper in regards to the new Irish dramy at Niblo's Gardin. I will do it, sir.

I knew your grandfather well, sir. Sum 16 years ago, while I was amoosin' and instructin' the intellectooal people of Cape Cod with my justly pop'lar Show, I saw your grandfather. He was then between 96 years of age, but his mind was very clear. He told me I looked like George Washiugton. He sed I had a massiv iutellect. Your grandfather was a highly intelligent man, and I made up my mind then that if I could ever help his family in any way I'd do so. Your grandfather gave me sum clams and a Testament. He charged me for the clums, but threw in the Testament. He was a very fine man.

I therefore write for you, which insures yonr respectability at once. It gives you a moral toue at the word go.

I fouud myself the other night at Niblo's Gardin, which is now, by the way, Wheatley's Gardin. (I don't know what's becum of Nib.) I couldn't see not much of a gardin, however, and it struck me if Mr. Wheatley depended on it as regards raisin' things he'd run short of gardin sass. (N. B.—These remarks is yoomerous. The older I gro' the more I want to goak.)

I walked down the ile in my usual dignified stile, politely tellin' the people as I parsed along to keep their seats. "Don't git up for me," I sed. One of the prettiest young men I ever saw in my life showed me into a seat, and I proceeded to while away the spare time by readin' Thompson's Bank Note Reporter and the comic papers.

The ordinance was large.

I tho't, from a cursiry view, that the Finnigan Brotherhood was well represented.

There was no end of bootiful wimin and a heap of good clothes. There was a good deal of hair present that belonged on the heds of peple who didn't cum with it—but this is a ticklish subjeck for me. I larfed at my wife's water-fall, which indoosed that superior woman to take it off and heave it at me rather vilently, and as there was about a half-bushil of it, it knockt me over, and giv me pains in my body which I hain't got over yit.

The orkistry struck up a toon, & I asked the Usher to nudge me when Mr. Pogue cum out on the stage to act.

I wanted to see Pogue, but strange to say, he didn't act durin' the entire eveniu'. I reckin he has left Niblo's, and gone over to Barnum's.

Very industrious people are the actors at Barnum's. They play all day and in the evenin' likewise. I meet 'em every mornin', at 5 o'clock, going to their work with their tin dinner-pails. It's a sublime site. Many of 'em sleep on the premises.

Arrah-na-Pogue was writ by Dion O'Bourcicolt & Edward McHonse. They rit it well. O'Bourcy has rit a cartload of plays himself, the most of which is fust-rate.

I understand there is a large number of O'-gen'lmen of this city who can rite better plays than O'Bourcy does, but somehow they don't seem to do it. When they do, I'll take a Box of them.

As I remarked to the Boy who squirtid pepper sass thro' a tin dinner-horn at my trained Bear, (which it caused that feroshus animal to kick up his legs & howl dismal, which fond mothers tell into swoons and children cride to go home because fearin' the Bear would leave his jungle and tear them from limb to limb,) and then excoosed himself (this Boy did) by sayiu' he had done so while laborin' under a attack of Moral Iusanity—as I sed to that thrifty yooth, "I allus incurridge geenyus, whenever I see it."

It's the same with Dan Bryant. I am informed there are better Irish actors than he is, but somehow I'm allus out of town when they act. & so is other folks, which is what's the matter.

Ack the I. Glendalo by moonlite. Irishmen with clubs. This is in 1798, the year of your birth, Mr. Editor. It appears a patriotic person named McCool has bin raisin a insurrection in the mountaiu districks, and is now goin' to leave the land of his nativity for a tower in Franee. Previsly to doin so he picks the pockit of Mr. Michael Feeny, a gov'ment detectiv', which pleases the gallery very much indeed, and they joyfully remark "hi, hi." He meets also at this time a young woman who luvs him dearer than life, and who is, of course, re'ated to the gov'ment; and jus' as the gov'ment goes agiu him she goes for him. This is nat'ral, but not grateful. She sez, "And can it be so? Ar, tell me it is not so thusly as this thusness wouldst seem!" or words to that effeck. He sez it isn't any other way, and they go off. Irish moosic by the Band. Mr. McCool goes and gives the money to his foster-sister Miss Arrah Meelish, who is goin' to shortly marry Shaun, the Lamp Post. Mac. then alters his mind about goin' over to France, and thinks he'll go up stairs and lie down in the straw. This is in Arrah's cabin. Arrah says its all right, me darlint, och hone, and shure, and other pop'lar Irish remarks, and Mac. goes to his straw.

The weddin' of Shaun and Arrah comes off. Great excitement. Immense demonstration on the part of the peasantry. Barn-door jigs, and rebelyus song by McHouse called "The Drinkin' of the Gin." Ha, what is this? Soldiers cum in. Moosic by the Band. "Arrah," sez the Major, "you have those money. She sez, Oh no, I guess not. He scz, Oh yes, I guess you have. It is my own, sez she, and exhibits it. It is mine, sez Mr. Feeny—and identifies it. Great confusion. Coat is prodoosed from up stairs. Whose coat is this, sez the Major. Is it the coat of a yonng man secreted in this here cabin? Now this is rough on Shaun. His wife accoosed of theft, the circumstances bein very much agin her, and also accoosed of havin a hansum young man hid in her house. But does this bold young Hiberuian forsake her? Not much, he don't. But he takes it all on himself—scz he is the guilty wreteh; and is marcht off to prison.

This is a new idee. It is gin'rally the wife who suffers, in the play, for her husband; but here's a noble young feller who shuts both his eyes to the apparent sinfulness of his new young wife, and takes her right square to his boosom. It was bootiful to me, who love my wife, and believe in her, and would put on my meetin' clothes and go to the gallus for her cheerfully, ruther than believe she was capable of taking any body's money but mine. My married friends, listen to me: If you treat your wives as tho' they were perfeck geutlemen—if you show 'em that you have entire confidence in them, believe 'me, they will be troo to you, most always. I was so pleased with this conduck of Shaun that I hollered out, "Good boy! Come and see me!" "Silence!" sum peple sed. "Put him out!" sed a sweet-scented young man, with all his new clothes on, and in company with a splendid waterfall, "put this old feller out!" "My young friend, I sed, in a loud voice, "whose store do you sell tape in? I might want to buy a yard before I go hum."

Shaun is tried by a Military Commission. Col. O'Grady, altho' a member of the Commission, shows he sympathizes with Shaun, and twits Feeny, the Gov'ment witness, with being a knock kneed thief, &c., &c. Mr. Stanton's grandfather was Scc'y of War in Ireland at that time, so this was entirely proper. Shaun is convicted, and goes to jail. Hears Arrah singin' outside. Wants to see her a good deal. A lucky thought strikes him: he opens the window and gets out. Struggles with ivy and things on the outside of the jail, and finally reaches her just as Mr. Feeny is about to dash a large wooden stone onto his head. He throws Mr. F. into the river. Pardon arrives. Fond embraces. Tears of joy and kisses á la Pogue. Everybody much happy. Curtin falls.

This is a very hasty outiine of a splendid play. Go and see it.

See the beautiful Josie Orton, whose brilliant eyes and sweet winnin' ways made me wish I was Shaun, the lamp-post, myself, even without my parent's consent.

See Mr. Glenny, who is one of the quietest and Irishest of Irishmen—a true artist and a fine singist, if there is one out of the operer.

See Mr. Scallan's powerful and admirable personation of the unpleasant little villain Feeny.

See the genial actor, Mr. Buruett. (O'Grady) whose tavern at Cincinnati I have often stopped at.

See Mr. Norton as the Secretary. He reminds me of Secretary Seward so much that I call him Bill every time I meet him.

See the excellent Mr. Peters, who is so good a cockney servant that we all want to go up on the stage and kick him a little. In short, go and see all of 'em, [if you happeu to be in New York—if not, usk 'em to come and see you, postage paid. You'll never regret the expense.]—*New York Literary Post.*

How to Write War Lyrics.—In order to be original as well as effective, make the first words of the first liue "Dear Mother," or "Dearest Mother," or "Darling Mother." You *must* have a Mother of some kind; it is difficult to see how you can do without one. If you refrain from doiug this, at the commeneement, you must commence doing it in the refrain. If you have eoncluded to Come Home to Die (although such a course cannot be unconditionally recommended,) say so at once, and bring it in the chorus. Sometimes call the person yon are addressing "Thee," and sometimes "You;" it looks Singular as well as Plural. Whenever you have occasion to use the word "Memories," be careful to say, "Memories of the Past." This evinces closeness of thought, and is a pleasing distinctiou from the Memories of the Future. Never forget—nor allow any one else to forget—that you might have been "Numbered with the Slaiu." You may make Slain rhyme with Again. In the event of yonr dying, it would be an excellent point to inquire, in general terms, as to the intentions of society at large, with regard to the pecuniary maintenauce of the aged members of your family. For instance, "Who will care for Mother now?" When you have occasion to refer to any of your imaginary companions who are so unfortunate as to be defunct, say "The *silent* Dead." It removes misapprehension. If, upon mature deliberation, you decide upon dying, request your comrades to observe the various phenomena of your physical condition, such as your perspiring forchead, or, to express it poetically, the "Dampness on yonr Brow." As this idea, however, has now grown rather stale, perhaps it would be better to ask them to look at your Tongue, or to feel your Pulse. If you can contrive to mention that some one is sleeplug *beneath* the sod, instead of above it, this would be an admirable idea. You cannot be to explicit upon this point, since it saves time in the recovery of the bodies.—*Mrs. Grundy.*

The Laddies.—In a common-place book we find the following extract from a newspaper, dating about forty years back: John Gordon, who died near Turriff, Bamffshire, some time ago, had attained the remarkable age of 132 years. All the travellers who chanced to call at the neighboring inn of Turriff, were uniformly directed by the landlady, Mrs. Wallace, to the cottage of the patriarch, where they could see, she used to say, the oldest man in Bamffshire, ay, or in the world. Amongst the visitors one day, almost at the close of harvest, was a young Englishmau, who, comiug up to the door of the cottage, accosted a venerable-looking man employed in knitting hose, with, "So, my old friend, you can see to knit at your advanced period of life? One hundred and thirty-two is truly a rare age." "Deil's i the mon! It will be my grandfather ye're seeking. I'm only seventy-two—ye'll find him round the corner of the house." On turning round the corner indicated, the stranger encountered a dilapidated old gentleman, whose whitened locks bore testimony to his having long passed the meridian of life, and whom the stranger at once concluded to be John Gordon himself. "You seem wonderfully fresh, my good sir, for one who has seen so many years; I doubt not but you have experienced many vicissitudes in the course of your very, very long life." "What's yer wull, sir?" inquired the person addressed, whose sense of hearing was somewhat impaired. The observation was repeated in a louder tone. "Oh, ye'll be wantin' my father, I reckon—he's in the yard there." The stranger now entered the garden, when he had at last found the veritable elder busily employed in diggiug potatoes, and humming the balad of the Battle of Harlow. "I have had some difficulty in finding you, friend, as I successively encountered your grandson and son, both of whom I mistook for you; indeed, they seem as old as yourself. Your labor is rather hard for one of your advanced age." "It is," replied John; "but I'm thankfu' that I'm able for't, as *the laddies*, puir things, are no varra stout the now." The united ages of the worthy trio exceeded three hundred years.

It is a curious fact that, in sacred history, the age, death and burial of only one woman, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, is distinctly noted. Woman's age, ever since, appears not to have been a subject for history or discussion.

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[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

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This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
e10ug Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

On Saturday evening, September 9th, a man was stopped on the grade between Gold Hill and American City by a "road agent," who relieved him of about $30. On the same evening Mr. Burke, of this city, was stopped on the Geiger Grade by a foot-pad disguised with a mask. Mr. Burke happened to have but $4 75 about him, which the "road agent" concluded not to take. Later the same night three Gould & Curry workmen were stopped and searched by a foot-pad, who succeeded in obtaining but four bits. Night before last Charles R. Marble was stopped and relieved of about $20. On South E street, the same evening, a man who was too much intoxicated to be able to navigate was stripped of his coat, vest, boots and some four or five dollars in coin.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

The Woodland *News* of September 9th has the following: "On Monday evening last, at the residence of Doctor Case, in this place, while several small girls were enjoying themselves at swinging, Nettie V. Askins, aged thirteen years, daughter of T. J. Askins, fell to the ground with great force, producing concussion of the brain. She was insensible from the time of the accident, but was able, with some assistance, to walk home. She spoke but a few words after her injury, and died at 12 o'clock at night.

The Stockton *Independent* says that the report that Mr. Leitch, of Leitch & Cottle's Ferry, was accidentally shot on election day turns out to be erroneous. The man who brought the report, it appears, had about two hundred dollars of other men's money in his pocket; came to Stockton, got a gentleman to go with him to the residence of Samuel Fisher, told the latter the story of the shooting, and borrowed ten dollars to pay, as he said, his expenses, as he had come in a hurry for a doctor.

News items appear to be rather scarce in the mountains. We clip the following from the Grass Valley *National*: "We are informed, says the Nevada *Gazette*, that a runaway, a smash-up, a tip-over or something else, happened to the San Juan stage yesterday: but we couldn't learn any particulars, and we doubt whether anything of the kind occurred. However, as we are hard up for items, "everything goes."

A difficulty took place in Mariposa, between Cal. McCarty of Bear Valley, and Thos. West. Blows were struck, and the party clinched, West drawing a knife and McCarty a pistol. In the fight McCarty was dangerously stabbed in the side, and West severely injured on the head. McCarty is slowly improving, although his wound is painful. The trouble originated about politics.

A boy, hunting about ten miles from Stockton on the Upper Sacramento road, found the body of Wm. Dorner. The alarm was immediately given, when it was found that the unfortunate man was burned to death. He was lying about 150 feet from his stable, where he was in the habit of cooking his meals, his house some time since having been burned down.

From a private letter, says the Dalles *Mountaineer*, we learn that great excitement prevailed at Idaho City, on the 27th ult. A vigilance committee had been formed for the purpose of hanging Ferd Patterson and others confined in the county jail. Another party had armed for the purpose of maintaining order. Three thousand citizens were under arms, and a collision was momentarily expected.

The President has appointed Henry W. Briggs to be Register of the Land Office at Visalia, California.

The St. Louis grain elevator will soon be completed and in operation. This building is 250 feet long, 85 wide, 128 high on the land side and 172 on the river, and contains 103 bins, with a capacity of 1,200,000 bushels. It is expected that 100,000 bushels of grain per day can be handled easily. In addition to the ordinary uses of an elevator, arrangements are in progress by which 10 000 bushels of grain can be daily sacked for shipment or other purposes.

Ford's Theatre is cleared of all theatrical furniture, scenery, etc., and the floors are being torn up. The entire interior of the building is to be remodelled, under the direction of the Secretary of War, preparatory to the uses of the Bureau of Rebel Archives and Relics.

The reports of the gratuitous services of Mrs. Surratt's counsel are contradicted by a statement to the effect that, previous to her execution, she submitted to a demand from her counsel for $3,500, secured upon her real estate, as the price of their efforts in her behalf.

Joseph Crockett, of Danville, Maine, has a hen which recently laid a very large egg. On breaking it open another small egg was found within, fully formed, and enclosed in a shell. On breaking this small egg still another was found, and so on, till it appeared that in laying this one egg Biddy had laid five eggs of retreating dimensions.

A bronze statue of President Lincoln is to be erected in Jefferson Square, Philadelphia. About $20,000 have been contributed for that purpose.

A GIRL SHOW.

THE "Girl Show" in London, described below, outdoes anything of which Barnum ever conceived. Reading the account, one can almost fancy himself revelling amongst the houris that people a Mohamedan heaven.

We all remember Barnum's baby show, don't we? and also some grave reproof received therefor from our decorous Mamma-land here. Yet Barnum's idea seems to have taken root in this country, and on Saturday last bore its fruit in an exhibition which I dare say is unique in the history of the human race. It was nothing less than a prize exhibition of young girls—a little over the age that Barnum's babies might be, if living at this time. It occurred in the gardens of the Kensington Horticultural Society: a most aristocratic place and institution It was at the close of a grand flower show. The splendid band of her Majesty's First Regiment of Life Guards discoursed the sweet music, to which the hundreds of throbbing and expectant hearts beat time. Looking down from some high terrace, the exquisitely dressed girls seemed so intermingled with japonicas, roses, lilies, and so on, that one was at some loss to know whether the girls were flowers just liberated from stems, or the flowers were folded and spell-bound maidens: and one feared to speak or cough, lest suddenly the fairy troupe should hide back in the thousand buds and calyxes from which they seemed to have emerged at the mystic invocation of the music. Among these palpitating plateaus of human hues there walked, unrecognized as an official personage, a man with iron-gray hair, and cold, discriminating air—one who, to borrow a phrase, had "an appearance of being as thoroughly married as any man in England." He glanced without seeming to glance; he feasted his eyes, invincible dog! He was not at all in a hurry to make his decisions. At last, at a wave of his terrible hand, the music ceased; the crowd of eager mammas and aunts approached his throne, each with her darling. A graceful bow, a distant hint of the existence of Mrs. ———, (a pretty woman I'll warrant.) and the judge lays before him the three first prizes to be awarded. The first prize was an exquisite bracelet encrusted with diamonds and opals, value $925. Oh! how many diamond eyes and opalescent flushes there were! Alas! only one could get it. "Mary C———," calmly calls the judge, born June, 1847; exhibited by Lady C———, of O——— Manor, Hants." Glowing, blushing, snow-pure complexion; chestnut locks, all flushed by a tint of sunrise beaming from the cheek; eyes that might mislead the day: of a height that would just bring her forehead up to the lips of a fellow standing six feet in his shoes. Such was Mary C———, on whose fair arm the judge clasped the bracelet, with a feeling which made one wonder if Mrs. ——— were present. The second present is a very fine white lace shawl, valued at $525, to receive which the judge calls forth, "Lady Harriet D———, born August, 1854; exhibited by the Marchioness of ———." Stately, queenly, as if bodied forth from one of Tennyson's Idylls, came forth this young lady. Worthy she was of the Ohio poet Howell's (?) delicate line:

"The carved stock of the lily hath not her slender grace."

The third prize was a jewelled bouquet-holder, valued at $315, which was awarded to Laura M———, "born May, 1848, exhibited by Mrs. M———, of Windsor," a brunette, with great luxuriance of tresses, exquisite *tournure*, and, as to her eyes,

"Sweeter eyes were never seen,
Eyes so fiery and serene."

It was not in human nature that there should not be a few moist eyes and pouting lips; and there was a general regret that there was not more prizes; but the judge's decrees were universally approved. When all were about to disperse, the judge called a fourth young girl to him, and taking a small morocco case from his pocket, spoke as follows:

"It was my duty, as you are aware, to consider not only the beauty, but the taste, of our fair young friends as shown in their attire. I have discharged that duty to the best of my judgment; but I must now remark that I have been more struck by the cost than the taste of the display. Not that most, nay, all of the competitors are dressed elegantly, but I beg you to look around, and see what a uniform you are all in! Where is any sign of individual, original taste? Certain elementary laws of complexion and color being satisfied, the rest is left to one of a half dozen milliners. Of that, however, I will not treat now—only to hint that if you did exercise your own taste a little more the taste of Mesdames Rogers, Elise, and the rest, would be less of a monopoly, and its prodigious price would come down. I say prodigious, for, thinking my duty would be less imperfectly performed if I did not take the cost as well as the beauty of the dress into consideration, I made inquiry on that point in some cases. The answer astonishes me. To indicate the exact nature of my astonishment I have resolved to add another prize for the lady whose dress is least costly in proportion to its richness and elegance; and I consider myself most fortunate in finding one altogether worthy of the distinction. The lady is as well dressed as all but three or four persons in this assembly, and yet, I am assured, that the whole of her attire—I need hardly say exclusive of her jewelry—cost no more than forty guineas, a sum which barely equals the income of her gallant father for a fortnight."

Upon which the blushing lady received a thimble of gold. And the exhibition of taste and beauty was over.—*English Paper.*

MY GOLD FISHES.

I WILL candidly confess, to begin with, that fishes are not things to be sentimental about. In general they are cold, damp, clammy, shy, uncompanionable, save among mermaids, and, on the whole, not a little repulsive—except when properly cooked and served up hot. If I am at all sentimental about my gold fishes, therefore, you will understand that it is because they were not like ordinary fishes. They were not fishes in general. They were intelligent, affectionate, and educated to that degree that they could do almost anything but speak. Verily, I believe that they would have learned to do that, also; but, alas! they died before they could be taught. Why they died I know not. They had a beautiful place to live in: A clean glass globe, suspended amid twining vines and evergreen mosses, and the whole affair placed at the window, where sunshine and fresh air were plentiful. A prettier sight than the two little fellows, swimming gracefully about their handsome home, and reflecting the light from their golden scales, nobody can imagine. And they seemed to know their beauty and enjoy it. They knew a wonderful deal more, did these little fishes. They would come to the top of the water to be fed and take their food from my fingers. When they wanted fresh water they could call for it by making an odd, clicking noise. They would remain perfectly still while being talked to, and wink with evident satisfaction at the compliments lavished upon them. When, after a prolonged absence, their lawful owners returned to them, these little fishes would wriggle about and indulge in wonderful demonstrations of joy and welcome. O, the learned seal was nothing in comparison to them! Thus, in a brief paragraph, I have condensed their virtues; but when you consider what fishes are, and how seldom they exhibit any intelligence whatever, you will acknowledge that these virtues amount to a great deal.

But my gold fishes died. Waking up of a morning, I found one of the poor little fellows floating upon his side The other lingered until afternoon, and then he swam no more. I can't tell you how sad a thing it was to see him die. Languid and sick, he sailed slowly about his little domain. His bright golden color gradually changed to a feverish white. He swam up to my finger, but refused his food, as if he would have said: "I know you, but I cannot eat." That touched me. We gave him fresh water, and he revived for a moment. There happened to be a Doctor in the house, and we called him in. The Doctor ordered more fresh water, and we brought it. All in vain! Spite our care—spite of the professional skill of our medical adviser—our gold fish was no more. After death the feverish white disappeared, and the bright gold returned. The fishes looked more beautiful than ever. One of the boys in the house made us a little coffin out of a box. We lined it with soft cotton and placed the little fishes in. Then we had a sort of funeral. A grave was dug beneath the old pear tree in the yard. There the gold fishes rest, safe from all disturbance. You would hardly credit me if I were to tell you how I miss those fish, and how lonely the glass globe looks as it hangs empty amid the vines. Of course I can get others. I know that. But others will not do. I should never be able to find two other such fishes as those.—*New York Leader.*

Fair Premiums.—Some of the recipients of the Premiums and Medals awarded by the Mechanics' Institute at the Fair lately held in this city, have made their success known to the public. The agent of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines announces that a silver medal was awarded for work done on those machines. Goodwin & Co., Furniture Dealers, obtained a silver medal for articles of their manufacture on exhibition. J. Peirce was the recipient of the first premium for Furniture and Upholstery work. Kerby, Byrne & Co. obtained the first premium for Cloaks. It will probably be some time before the official list of premiums will be published.

A Lady at the Fair.—We always find a crowd gathered about the show-case of Mrs. Read, whose Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders are in extensive use wherever fashion reigns or health is an object to be desired. Specimens of her work in this branch of art, remarkable for perfection and finish, are exhibited by her, and also supporters for Hernia and Rupture, which, it seems, are extensively in demand. All these are more or less appliances for the preservation of health; but the cynosure of all eyes is the "Bust," an article indispensable to a lady's toilet. These and other objects and curiosities, it is generally conceded, richly entitle Mrs. Read to a premium.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and our proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

THE CONNECTICUT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY orgauized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Agents for California.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

☞ PIANOS for sale, or rented to Schools, Concerts, and Families. Also—Repairing and Tuning.
A. KOHLER, 424 Sansome street.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy23 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of SEPTEMBER, 1865:

SEPT. 24, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Bradbury.

SEPT. 18th, - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

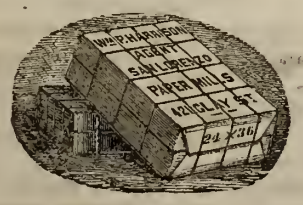
We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12-2m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.



LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S
NEW IMPROVED
Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Supporters attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.
☞ All orders promptly attended to. my27-tf

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,
NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets		-	$4,000,000
Security	do do do	-	2,000,000
Phenix	do do do	-	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.	Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.		
Phenix do do	Security do do		
Aretic do do	Hartford Fire do do		

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:	
Assets nearly - - - - - - - -	$8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - - -	$1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:	
Capital - - - - - - - -	$250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
an29 - GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF COAL OIL LAMPS AND *CHANDLIERS*

AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

Preparatory to Closing Out that Department.

☞ For sale by STANFORD BROS,
au26-1m 123 California street.

AN INVITATION.

AIR—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

Oh if you want to look genteel,
As you must do, I suppose,
Come and go right down with me
To where I get my clothes—
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

His jackets are the nicest
That ever you have seen;
Of every shade, from violet
To blue, and black, and green,
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

They're cut in the latest fashion
And fit so trim and neat,
That only just to look at them
Is a pleasure and a treat;
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

If you buy his clothes and wear them,
You are sure to be well dressed;
And my father says he wonders
How cheap they sell the best
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

So go and bring the boys here,
For I want them all to know,
When they buy their Sunday jackets,
The cheapest place to go
Is, C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

se9-1m

JUST OUT!

NEW VIEWS OF
LAKE TAHOE, DONNER LAKE,
HYDRAULIC, QUARTZ AND PLACER MINING,
MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY SCENERY, GOLD HILL,
VIRGINIA CITY, BIG TREES, AND
YOSEMITE VALLEY,
PUBLISHED BY
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery street.*

CATALOGUES now ready, and can be had, on application, FREE. au19-1m

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27-tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may he registered on application at the office of mailing, and tbe payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double tbese rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for u greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged witb letter postage must be so arranged tbat the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double tbe above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers witbin the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

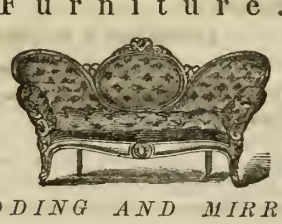
Would adviso their patrons and tho public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will he sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

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Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

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Fritzolini	Fred Franks
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Guelia	Mrs. Sophie Edwin
Theresa	Francis Gass
Bianca	Mrs. E. F. Stewart
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Kyrle Daly	F. Percy
Mr. Corrigan	H. D. Thompson
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The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No 18. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

SOMEBODY has said that a female punster is an even rarer animal than a crowing hen. That this is thus—to use an Artemus-Wardism—is a merciful provision of Providence. Suppose women, as a rule, were in the habit of torturing the English language on the rack of a diseased imagination. Think what would be the natural consequence. The world would, in course of time, become peopled with a monstrous race of punsters. The babies would make puns in their cradles. The anxious mother seeing her baby's face writhing as if with pain, would exclaim, instead of as now, "poor 'ittle thing! Is a *pin* hurting it?" "Bless his 'ittle heart, he's got a *pun!*" Babies always take after their mothers, and the language they learn is their mother tongue. Surely the man who deliberately makes an attempt to develop a genius for punning in women, and thus let loose an evil on the world more deadly than the most dire contained in Pandora's box, deserves the execrations of mankind! There is such a being in our midst. Mr. Thomas M. Blair on Tuesday evening next takes a benefit, and repays it with a curse. He offers a bouquet-holder as a prize to the lady who contributes the best original conundrum. Of course the ladies will *not* make conundrums—they will get their smart little brothers who go to the High School to make them—but this does not palliate Mr. Blair's conduct. He has made a deliberate and well-calculated attempt to induce women to make puns. The offence will bring its own punishment. If Mr. Blair reads all the conundrums which he receives, and attempts to discover a joke in each, the Insane Asylum at Stockton will receive another inmate. We disapprove of punning altogether, or else, to oblige the ladies, we might tell them of a certain male punster who would be willing to furnish any good-looking young lady with a conundrum which she could enter in competition for the bouquet holder and take no compensation, but, but—guess!

THE seals will probably be astonished to-morrow by Mr. Cooke's sending a line across to them, and then paying them a visit. There is really not much danger in this funambulating feat, provided the performer, as is the case with Mr. Cooke, has been taught from his infancy to walk a chalked line, and the rope is taut also. Blondin got over a fall at Niagara; it is doubtful whether, if Mr. Cooke were unlucky enough to meet with a water fall to-morrow, *he* would get over it. The fact of Mr. Cooke's performing this feat on Sunday would make the occurrence of an accident, we will not say acceptable to rigid Sabbatarians, but at least less painful to them, as it would serve admirably for material for a tract entitled, "Sabbath-breakers, Beware! The Evils of Walking The Tight Rope on Sunday." The moral would, of course, be: "Never attempt to walk on a rope stretched from the Cliff House to Seal Rock on Sunday." This would have a good effect, and probably many would be deterred from doing such a thing—on Sunday—by the fear of a judgment falling on them. For ourselves, we sincerely trust that Mr. Cooke will get safely over it; he is too excellent a performer for us to be willing to spare him, as a terrible example.

AN Employment Office advertised, a few days ago, in a morning paper: "Two coal mines wanted this morning." Coal mines must be plentiful in California, when a man requires two to be produced before breakfast.

IMPORTANT MEXICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

Dear Trem:

FROM "orange groves and fields of balm"
These loving lines I send,
But first you really ought to know
The feelings of your friend.

For when its winter where you live,
The weather here's like June;
The "Season's Choir" Thomson sings,
In fact, is out of tune.

All day at ninety-eight degrees
The mercury has stood,
Without a figure I may say,
I'm "in a melting mood."

The fields are parched and so's my lips—
I quaff at every spring;
So dry a "summer," Trem, my dear,
"Two swallows" could not bring.

You know "two swallows do not make
It summer"—but methinks
The summer in this latitude
Is made of many drinks.

The politics, I grieve to say,
I find in great confusion—
For like the earth the people have
A daily revolution.

Their manners to a stranger here,
Is stranger yet to see;
Last night in going to a ball
A ball went into me.

I'm fond of reading, as you know,
But then it was a sin
To be obliged, against my will,
To take a Bullet-in.

They cried, "DIOS Y LIBERTAD!"
And then pitched into me;
I hate to hear a sacred name
Used with such "liberty."

I should have sent to you before,
But every method fails,
For, since they have impressed the men,
Of course, they've stopped the males. H.

A VOLUME of poems has lately been published in London, under the title: "*Waiting at Table;* Poems and Songs by Robert Awde, a Servant." The poet in plush thus dedicates his work:

"To Robert Ryrie, Esq., My Good Master, this volume of Verses, composed in half-hours snatched from sleep, and in spare moments during Waiting at Table, is inscribed by his obedient Servant, R. A."

We fear Lord Dundreary will be much shocked by Robert Awde's audacious attempt. Let him continue, say we, to wear the livery of the muses and bring forth volumes of verse—provided that he does not allow his poetic talent to interfere with his waiting at table. We should like to see these poems which were composed under circumstances not favorable to the development of poetic genius. Does Robert Awde write pastoral poetry? Alas! how poor a training for a bucolic poet is waiting at table, where he who writes of innocent lambkins comes in contact with these animals only in fragmentary portions—in slices, deluged with mint sauce. The feathered warblers of the grove he meets in stews or broiled on toast. Fancy "the poet, his eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," standing transfixed, a poetic fire beaming in his eye, with a plate of boiled mutton and caper sauce growing cold in his hands. We are convinced that either Robert Awde's poems or his waiting at table must be of a very indifferent quality. He must often have fallen under unjust suspicion—been thought intoxicated when he was simply snatching a spare moment to round off a poetic image. Let Robert Awde, if he be a true son of the muses, possess his soul in patience. He may yet live to become Poet Laureate, and chronicle the births of royal babies. In the meantime it is good for him that he has learned to labor and to wait.

IN the "editorial gossip" of the *Sunday Mercury* we observe mentioned among the list of articles which are there stated to have received prizes at the Fair, "the original mouse-trap." The editor of the *Mercury* is mistaken, the "original "Mouse-Trap," although acknowledged to be an excellent CALIFORNIAN invention, did not receive a prize, in consequence of the opposition of "Dr. Monger," who was jealous of it as interfering with his special business.

A NUMBER of citizens resident in the vicinity of Dupont and and Pacific streets have petitioned the City Fathers to proceed to clean out the Chinese. This petition contains a most unkind fling at Chinese amusements. It sets forth that "the locality is made all day unendurable by the most offensive sights, including the Chinese Theatre, Globe Hotel, etc." This is not right. The Declaration of Independence sets forth, among the inalienable rights of which all men are born possessed, that of "the pursuit of happiness." Music and the drama are civilizing and refining influences of great power, and the Chinese residents of San Francisco ought not to have their amusements interfered with. The Caucasian ear is not yet sufficiently educated to appreciate the beauties of Chinese music, and, in consequence of the general ignorance of the language among Americans, the citizens resident in the vicinity of Dupont and Pacific streets cannot enjoy the magnificent dramas of the Chinese Shakspeares. We do not sympathize in the least with those who complain of the Chinese opera and drama, simply because they are unable to appreciate it. Our Celestial visitors have a perfect right to engage in the pursuit of liberty and rats, and enjoy both. Perhaps, however, it would be as well to induce them, if possible, to move just a little outside the city limits.

IN a volume entitled *Songs for My Children*, are seven verses entitled, "About Tobacco," in which it is related how little Tommy Carr offered the end of a cigar—an old sojer—first to a dog, and then to a pig, and both these animals refused to smoke. The moral is set forth in the concluding verse:

"If from tobacco senseless brutes
Away disgusted turn,
That 'tis not fit for *human* mouth
We cannot fail to learn."

Had little Tommy Carr offered an ice cream to the dog or the pig, neither of these animals would have accepted it, therefore, "we cannot fail to learn" that if pigs and dogs cannot appreciate ice creams, they are certainly not fit for little boys. The morals which "moral stories" for children and "religious tracts" attempt to teach are, generally speaking, very weakly supported by the distorted facts set forth for the purpose.

"In Massachusetts a law has just been passed, forbidding licensing of any 'exhibition intended or calculated to bring any person into ridicule or contempt on account of his color.' The intent of this law is to suppress minstrel performances."

We trust that a law will also be passed forbidding the licensing of any exhibition intended or calculated to bring any person into ridicule or contempt on account of his brogue. The darkeys ought not to be more sensitive than the Irish, and poor Pat is made quite as much fun of on the stage as Sambo. Massachusetts must be rather a nice State to live in, where people's feelings are so carefully considered.

HOW wonderfully scarce blue-eyed babies must be! For three weeks past, an advertisement has appeared in the *Call*, announcing that a responsible party wants to adopt a female infant with blue eyes, under two weeks of age. As the advertiser signs herself "Mother," we suppose she wishes to get it to match one of the same sort which she has already. At one time—only some six or seven months ago—babies were so plentiful that you could pick one up any day in the week; they were lying round in all parts of the city.

WE don't believe that Californians are gallant. We were inconceivably shocked on Thursday evening when on Franks, in the character of "Shaun the Post" in the *Wicklow Rebel*, exclaiming pettishly to "Arrah," "I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body," the whole audience roared with delight. We know they didn't mean it. Where would they be now if Adam had never married? Appalling thought!

A NEWSPAPER poet complains that he is—

"Weary of earth, weary of toil,
Weary of trouble, weary of broil."

We sympathize with him. We, too, are weary of broil—so much so, that we actually fry our beefsteaks.

A PARTY of scientific men have been engaged for a long time in trying to find the level of the Dead Sea, and have at length succeeded. This disproves the assertion that water always finds its own level.

SOME one says: "Funeral bells are the door bells of the other world." This is not true: when a man is at death's door he does not stop to ring the bell.

THE San Francisco letter of "John Paul" which appeared in last weeks *Union*, reminds us of nothing so much as the utterances of "Barnaby Rudge's" raven which continually shrieked "I'm a

TREM

MY SHADOWY PASSION.

I AM stating nothing but a simple truth, when I declare that, without any previous acquaintance with its owner, I fell in love with a shadow. Who that has seen Mademoiselle Cerito, in the beautiful vision of "Ondine," dancing in simulated moonlight, has not felt that if some capricious power had made the dancer invisible and left the shadow, he might easily have fallen in love with the graceful, flitting shade upon the ground? But mine was simply a shadow on a bliud. To worship a symbol, without any correct idea of the attributes of that which it symbolizes, is idolatry; und into this idolatry I fell. I knew my danger. If dissappointed, I should not be able to console myself by saying, "Ah, well! it was of Julia or Lonisa that I was thinking after all." I had begun with a shadow; and let the substance turu out what it might, I must be content.

I admit that it was my own fault. While those who fall in love with a substauce, do so unsuspectingly—entrapped by over confidence in themselves, or led into it, like Benedict, by the schemes of others—I deliberately resolved to cultivate my passion in the teeth of much discouragement. "Surely," I thought, (or something else within me thought without deigning, till long afterwards, to apprise me of its conclusions,) "in loviug a shadow, all else must be shadowy, even to the common dangers of love." An argument of which I might have found a hundred analogies to demonstrate the fallacy. But my mind was obstinately made up. I sat at the wiudow of my solitary room, as soon as the oil lamps hung across the narow straggling street were lighted, and watched the window nearly opposite—sitting in the dark, that I might not be observed. There was the shadow to be seen every evening, and just above it, the complete outline of a sleeping bird in a cage, hanging by a cord. Whether this object, whose form I watched so intently, was old or young, ugly or pretty, sour or good-tempered, I did not know. I saw only that it was a woman, and that it did not wear spectacles. My feeling for some time might have been one of mere curiosity; for never, in the day time, when the blind was up, could I see there the slightest trace of woman or bird-cage. Soon after dusk the curtaiu would drop suddenly, the light came, and there was the bird and my shadow, working, or sometimes (as I faucied) reading. At first I thought that I could smoke very well in the dark, and that I would sit and watch from mere lack of a more definite purpose. My first intimation that curiosity was changing into love, was my readiness to coustrue all indications to the advantage of the shadow. Blind to its defects—as when men are enamored of a substance—I persisted, when the outline was altered from some cause, in believing that the very fairest form that it ever assumed was its true one—an unreasonable belief; since, according to the position of the light, the ugliest features may be made to show well in a shadow, while the prettiest may become hideously distorted. But who but a man wilfully blinded would not have felt serious doubts when that face—sometimes of ordinary dimensions—became ridiculously elongated, when that bosom suddenly grew to matronly breadth; when a nose would sometimes flatten like a negro's and again grow out to unusual length—only once in a whole eveniug becoming an ordinary nose—at which time alone I capriciously believed that she was standing with mathematical exactness between the lamp and the blind. To see (when I indulgently supposed that she had taken the lamp in her hand, and stooped to pick up something) her form suddenly shoot up, till I could not see her head, and she stood there, looking like a decapitated giraffe; and sometimes to behold her, from some cause, as suddenly crushed down into a dowdy likeness of a caravan dwarf, was enough to provoke the laugh that is fatal to a wavering passion. But no; I might have been impatient at these distortions, but I was too far advanced for laughing.

I forgot to mention that the narrow, straggling street, of which I have spoken was the Rue d'Aimette, in the city of Rouen, since pulled down for the approaches to the great square of St. Onen, and re-built with houses very different from those old, overhanging, low-doored, and small-windowed tenements of beams and stone-gray plaster, in which we lived. I was a stranger, without a friend in Rouen. Mr. Guindé, the celebrated historian (whose acquaintance I had made in Paris,) had employed me to decypher ancient English and French manuscripts, in the library of Notre Dame, for his use in writing his well-known History of the Parliament of Normandy: a labor that occupied me many months. And thus my days were spent in straining my eyes over yellow parchments, and my evenings in watching the shadow on the blind.

I had felt lonely, very lonely; perhaps this contributed to my interest in the shadow. It was winter time, and my labors in the library ceasing at dusk, my evenings were proportionately long. One afternoon, a fog, of the old familiar color of the parchments I had been pouring over, came creeping up from the river, till I could not distinguish the opposite walls. That night, I betook myself gloomily to read beside a miserable fire. The next night was foggy again. No Platonism could be more abstract and self-sufficing than my passion; but if I were to be denied the very lightest food that ever love was nourished on, I felt that it must be starved into action. Therefore, the next afternoon, meeting the fog creeping up the street again a little after sunset, I went directly over to the porter's lodge of the house opposite; and, having remarked to the porter (whom I knew slightly) that it was very foggy, asked him who lived on the second floor on that side of the house.

The porter glanced at the hooks for hanging the lodgers' keys within the lodge, and answered: "M. La Roche."

"What is his business?"

"I never knew. I am not curious."

Now, it is a general maxim, that when the porter of a large house in France does not know the business of any one of the lodgers, that lodger must be engaged in concerns of a secret and extraordinary nature. This fact, therefore, I noted.

"Has he a wife?" I asked nervously.

"No; only a sister."

"Indeed! I never saw either him or his sister."

"Very likely; he seldom goes out except at night; and the young lady scarcely ever, unless she walks in the garden behind the house."

"And his name, you say, is —?"

"Hush!" said the porter, suddenly turning towards the door. I turned also, and saw there a tall man, with a stoop in the shoulders, long dark hair, and a face with such hideous features and such a repulsive expression, that I could scarcely refrain from uttering some exclamation.

"Any letters for me, M. Gregoire?" asked the stranger.

"None, sir," replied the porter; and, to my great relief, the hideous countenance disappeared.

"That was M. La Roche," said the porter, when he was gone.

"Indeed! is his sister then—" I was about to add "like him," but could not make up my mind to put a question so important: so I merely said, "older or younger than he?"

"Younger. But if you should—"

"What?"

"If you should wish—"

Without in the slightest degree divining the drift of his question, I interrupted him by saying, "Oh, no! not at all; I'm much obliged to you," and hastened out.

Shall I call it a proof of my infatuation; or shall I regard it (as I did then) as an indication of the high and etherial nature of my sentiment, that I shrunk, instinctively, from a personal knowledge of the owner of my shadow? I am inclined to take credit for it. The event of all this (as you are aware, if you are a philosopher) enters not into this question. I have a right, in defending my conduct at the time, to take my stand where I stood at that time. I might (some would say) at once have questioned the porter, and thus, perhaps, have saved myself the folly of wasting my time night after night. But I was not wasting my time. The emotional part of my nature, and the divinest faculty of imagination, must be nourished, if I am to become in all parts well proportioned; and for these, illusions are an excellent food. If the contemplation of a mere shadow will serve to lift me, and keep me for many days above the smoke and air of this dim spot, then, although I may suddenly drop down to earth again, I shall carry with me the benefit of that pure atmosphere that I have breathed; the quality of the spirit will be improved, which I take to be the aim of all education.

After this defence, I trust that no one will think contemptuously of me when I relate that, on the following afternoon, my old enemy, the fog, having missed his way, and wandered (as I heard afterwards) about the marshes behind the Faubourg d'Eauplet, I planted myself again at the window, and watched as before. But this time the bird-cage was there with the bird (still standiug upon one leg, and with his head sunk into his neck, motionless on his perch,) but my shadow was not. Afterwards, horrible substitute! the gigantic brother must have walked across the room towards the window; for I saw the shape of his hideous head appear at the top of the blind, and slowly sink (like the ghost of Banquo) till the whole dreadful spectre vanished. When, after an hour's watching, I saw at last my shadow approaching; saw it set a box (I think) on the table; saw it place a chair or something like it, beside; saw it stand a moment before sitting down, and, with arms upturned, arrange its back hair, and fix it again with a comb—did I have no misgivings? No thoughts of the possibility of a family likeness? I did; but I deliberately refused to entertain them, and inhospitably drove them out as soon they presented themselves.

But one day fate willed that (unlike the dog in the fable) I should drop my shadow for a substance. I was in the cathedral on Sunday afternoon, listeuing to the chaunting of the singers hidden in the choir, when suddenly catching the dull sound of the closing of the baize-covered door behind me, I looked round involuntarily, and saw such a pretty face, that I secretly felt it (in spite of my philosophy) to be worth all the shadows in the world. I will not describe it; first, because those romancists who delight to catalogue each separate item of beauty, with all the minuteness of a slave merchant haggling with the Sultan's eunuch, have never yet been able to present to my imagination the total of a human face: and next, because to describe it in detail would give a false impression of that sudden glance in which, without taking account of the character of her nose, or the color of her eyes, I saw that she was beautiful. Into the poor-box I saw her drop a coin, and, let the truth be told, without any apparent desire to conceal her charity from the world. Then she passed on; and taking one of the straw chairs in the middle of the nave, and balancing it on two legs, as is customary in French churches, leaned over the back of it, and in that devout posture, began (as I charitably hoped) to say her prayers. And now, as I sat behind her, a symmetrical figure, dressed in black, a lace veil flung back, as well as a pair of chocolate-colored boots, became deeply interesting. "The tyranny of material forms," as a German philosopher would say, "was re-established." How could a poor shadow, a mere negation of light: a nothing, owing its existence (if it could be called an existence) solely to the juxtaposition of a something, prevail against these attractions, which, in a bar of wintry sunlight, falling through the high-arched window, were each a reality, with a shadow into the bargain? Assuredly, if I had thought of my shadow in that moment, the probability of some resemblance, however small, existing between a brother and a sister, would have seemed to me to have increased ten-fold.

The attendant was lighting the candles, when she rose to go away, passing me again so closely that she brushed my foot with her dress, and by that wondrous touch rendered me entirely deaf to the singing in the choir. When the baize-covered door slammed to again, and the singing in the choir broke out afresh, the hymn that they were chaunting was such a worthless, old-fashioned, hackuied tune, sung with such preposterous energy and noise, that it was intolerable. Had not my thoughts been occupied with the chocolate boots, I had assuredly not endured it so long. "How jarring," thought I, as I walked on tip-toe towards the baize-covered door, "is this tasteless music; in a church more rich in workmanship than the bridal lace veil of a queen."

O daughters of the early world, whose ears and fingers yielded gold enough to make a monstrous idol! not less than you, the Norman woman worships gauds and trinkets. As I came out from the cathedral porch, behold! I saw a pair of chocolate boots standing quite still in the light from a shop front—the very first of a row of jewellers' windows, all glittering, shameless, in the Sabbath afternoon. It was but for a moment, but the pang that it caused me was the first penalty I paid for my interest in a substance. When the chocolate-colored boots walked away, I walked away, too; and, as it happened, by the same street. I was not following them. I merely took the way to my home; but, through street after street, the owner of the boots kept still before me, till she turned at last into the Rue D'Aimette. Drawing nearer to the house where I had so often seen the shadow on the blind, a hope that hardly dared declare itself made my heart throb like wine poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. Only a few yards from the door, she looked back for a moment and hesitated. Perhaps she thought that some one had followed her. A child watching a spinning teetotum dying out upon the line that separates a prize from a blank, knows something of the anxiety that I felt at that moment. But I was soon relieved. I saw her distinctly enter the very house, and in spite of all doubts which (considering the great number of families always living in a large house in France) I might reasonably have cherished still, I decided at once that this was the identical substance of the shadow I had worshipped.

With what anxiety did I watch the blind that night! fancying how, if by some transmigration I could become that bird, I would pretend to be asleep like him, and sometimes hear her talking secrets to herself, or humming tunes, or laughing suddenly at some recollection, and many other notions of the kind, none of which had ever come into my head till I fell away from the wiser form of shadow worship. But that time I think she sat behind the light, for I saw nothing but the bird-cage, and I went to bed in an ill-humor, having said bitter things against my landlady, because my candle, being loosely set up, fell out of its socket as I walked with it across the room.

Having now, as I believed, seen the original of the shadow, my passion began to ripen fast. No more fogs compelled me to visit the porter again; for which reason I determined to visit him without compulsion, and renew our conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Grégoire."

"Good morning, sir."

"You were saying, 'that if I should wish—'"

"Yes; I remember. To see a really pretty girl, you should go the cathedral any Sunday afternoon"—

"I know," I interrupted. "A young lady of common height, black hair and eyes, small nose, clear skin, black shawl and dress, and a pair of chocolate boots."

"And wears a bonnet," he added; the latter article being extremely rare in Rouen at that time, and generally considered as a mark of great gentility.

"M. Grégoire," said I, "a place where I may see so beautiful a face, any Sunday afternoon, is worth knowing. It is no fault of yours that I accidentally discovered this before you

had an opportunity of completing your information. I am not so mean as to take advantage of this fact. Do me the favor—if you are a loyal man—of accepting a portrait of his majesty King Louis Philippe."

Mr. Grégoire took a bright five-franc piece that I gave him; and, gently remonstrating, deposited it in a greasy leathern bag, which he drew from somewhere under his blonse: while I, having laid this foundation of our friendship, and judging it well to pretend to have at present no other feeling than curiosity towards the owner of the chocolate boots, said, "Ah, well! Beauty does not interest me. A mere shadow has been hitherto the object of my gallantry. I think I can dispense with anything more substantial at present."

This must have been quite unintelligible to Mr. Grégoire, but he was a quiet man and "*nil admirari*" (though he did not know how to say it in Latin) was his motto. This was all that passed between us at this interview.

For six days I saw the shadow on the blind; and on the seventh I met the substance in the cathedral; which seemed to me now like a very great deal of dry bread to a very small quantity of sack. On the eighth day I entered the porter's lodge again, with a nosegay and a letter, and another five-franc piece.

"Monsieur Grégoire," I said, with a little hesitation, "if you do me the favor to give this note and these flowers privately into the hands of the lady they are addressed to."

"Mademoiselle La Roche!" he exclaimed, with apparent surprise, the superscription catching his eye.

"I have know her long," I said, thinking to relieve him of responsibility in having previously given me information about her: "that is to say, her shadow."

"Her shadow?" said the porter, looking puzzled.

"Yes. Her window, you know, is opposite mine."

"It is."

"On the blind of that window, long before I knew Mademoiselle La Roche, I used to see and take an interest in her shadow. So, you see, although you first gave me her name, and told me that that ugly fellow was her brother, our acquaintance is not your fault."

"Englishmen are so eccentric," said the porter.

I felt tempted to unfold to him a little of my theory of shadow worship, but recollecting the fate of the whimsical author of *A Journey Round My Room*, who, having begun to explain philosophically a simple question from his manservant, stopped short on perceiving that his pains were thrown away, and was thence triumphantly supposed to have been posed by the latter, I determined rather to submit to be considered eccentric.

"I may depend on you," I said.

"My word of honor," replied Mr. Grégoire, with the grace and dignity of a crowned king. My candle might have fallen out of its socket many times that night, before I could have found it in my heart to say a bitter thing against my landlady. I had seen my shadow again, and the bird-cage, and—what was more important than all that night—I had also seen the shadow of a nosegay in a vase, placed between the light and the window, according to a request in my letter. Three days after—I know not by what means—I received a note.

"Sir—Your whimsical description of your interest in my shadow has amused me so much, that I have tried to persuade myself that there can be no harm in receiving from a stranger so pure and graceful a present as a few flowers. I placed them near the window last night, as you requested. You say you have seen me lately. I entreat you to avoid meeting me at present. You, who have so long shown yourself capable of silence must promise me to remain strictly faithful to my shadow for—say six months. By-and-by you shall know the reason of all this. Meanwhile, if you obey me, it will be a strong proof of your sincerity. But, above all, do not make the porter of the house in which I live your confidant in this matter. Address me, in future, at my friend Mademoiselle Polart's, Rue Robee, No. 8. My brother has already seen you in the 'loge,' and he is very suspicious.

"Marie Stuart La Roche."

"Six months!" I repeated, as I finished the reading of this letter. "Would that I had to toil seven years, as Jacob toiled for Rachel; that you might see the strength and endurance of my love. I read it a dozen times, and wondered if a Frenchman, who had been familiar with the words from childhood, could see more meaning in them than I did. I analyzed even the subscription—the heartless French form of "assurance of esteem and distinguished consideration," which I have not thought it worth while to transcribe, and found a meaning in every word. But that constant craving, which distinguished my new sentiment from its original form, began to trouble me. A shadow every day, with the occasional feast of a letter, seemed to me a very spare diet for a strong, hearty, growing passion like mine. The love of Jacob for Rachel, I felt, must have been of a very cool, business-like character, and not at all to be compared with mine. "I must have been a fool," thought I, "to think of pleasing a Frenchwoman, by being ready to wait for her any length of time." Before I went to bed that night I had despatched another letter to the address she had indicated. This was her reply:

"Sir—I assure you that your idea of my brother's character is quite a mistake. He is no tyrant. If I condemn myself, at present, to almost total seclusion, it is because I feel it to be necessary for his sake. I may confide to you the fact, that his present occupation is such that we cannot admit strangers here—not even a servant. Judge, then, how necessary to him is the presence of one upon whose prudence he knows he can depend. Adieu. Be discreet and patient.

"Marie Stuart La Roche."

Here was a tantalising mystery, indeed! Her brother's occupation required a beautiful and accomplished girl to shut herself up (except going to church once a week) for six months, never so much as showing her face at the window, save when the blind was down at night. What honest business could explain that? Was that monster—as far removed from her in mind as in body—persuading an inexperienced girl to aid him in some dishonorable pursuits; bringing her, perhaps, to ruin with him? Was he a midnight robber or assassin? I thought of his herculean form, and of some mysterious murders lately committed in the streets of the city, and pictured him stealing up the dark staircase at night—like Cardillac, the jeweller—fresh from some horrible deed. This must be it: unless he was a coiner. Yes; he might be a coiner; he *was* a coiner; I had no doubt of it. Till, lying in bed awake, it struck me that he was, perhaps, a political conspirator. This would account for the desire for privacy. He had papers about. He was making an infernal machine. It would not do for his sister to expose her beauty to the world, and attract strangers to watch about there. Otherwise, what was there particularly dangerous in my being in the porter's lodge? This milder hypothesis seemed to me a sudden inspiration. "She is in hourly danger," I said; "dark plots are forming around her: barrels of gunpowder are under her bed. Her brother, with horrible imprecations, forbids her to pry into their contents. She sees a dreadful machine with rows of iron barrels, and is told to ask no questions. Her brother mysteriously implores her to keep at home, and like a noble, self-sacrificing creature, she renounces all for him."

My suspicions became more and more painful; but I did not dare to hint them to her. In spite of her injunction, I watched in the cathedral unobserved, and saw her again, dressed exactly as before. I thought she was paler, and her face haunted me. The next night, I watched till I saw the door of the porter's lodge open, and I glided in and crept up the stairs. I thought, if I could listen at the door a moment, and perhaps hear her voice, which I had never heard yet, it would be a relief. There was a lamp on the staircase, but it was nearly burnt out, and I groped my way up in the dark. I listened at her door, but could hear nothing. A light came through the keyhole, and a curiosity—which was perhaps my secret motive in coming there—prompted me to look through. But I was disappointed. I could see no one, nor anything more suspicious than a fireplace and a picture on the wall.

I was turning my eye from side to side, to get as wide a range of sight over the room as possible, and was wholly absorbed in my expectation of seeing something remarkable, when I felt myself suddenly grasped by both arms from behind.

"I know you," said a voice, "though we are in the dark. I am tempted to throw you headlong down the well of the staircase."

"Let go," I said, struggling.

"Scoundrel! spy!" he exclaimed.

"Let go!" I repeated, still striving in his terrible gripe, "and I will explain my conduct frankly."

"I know your purpose," he replied, giving me a sudden swing round that hurled me against the opposite wall, and taking my place at the door. "I suspected you the first time I saw you. You have been prying here before."

Scarcely waiting to hear his last words, I felt so exasperated with his violence, that I rushed at him, and struck him several times with my fist. Immediately after, the blows of a stick began to fall upon my back and shoulders, like the strokes of two blacksmiths beating at the same piece of iron on an anvil. Warding off the blows with my arm, I rushed at him again; but a second time he hurled me against the wall, and suddenly opening the door, he entered and closed it in my face, turning the key.

My position was embarrassing. To batter the door would have been as ridiculous as to have been caught listening there. I resolved to retreat, and meditate some scheme for vengeance at leisure. I walked about the streets for some time, and thought of the stanzas in Corneille's tragedy, in which the Cid describes the conflict of love and honor, when called upon to avenge the insults of Don Gomez. From this, it will be supposed that my bruises were not of a serious character: but my humiliation was great. I would have given an Aldine copy of Erasmus, with the signature of Montaigne upon the title page (if I had possessed a copy of Erasmus with that valuable addition,) to have known whether his sister was in her room during our fracas. I passed by the window and saw a light there, but no shadow. I determined to go home and write a long letter, in which I hinted my suspicions of her danger, and entreated her to confide all to me.

Her reply was longer coming this time. Meanwhile, the horrible brother haunted me; I compared him to that furious and unreasonable genii, who would hear no explanation from the unfortunate merchant, who, peacefully eating his meal by the wayside, and flinging his date stones over his shoulder, had unintentionally knocked out his miserable one eye. There was cunning, malignity, and injustice, and even a consciousness of supernatural power, all to be discerned in that hideous countenance, that I had never forgotten since the moment when it suddenly appeared, set in the frame of the porter's doorway. I knew he had not walked up the stairs when he found me at the door: I must have heard him if he had. He was probably at a few thousands of leagues distance, engaged in some nefarious business; when knowing by some means that I was looking through his keyhole, he vanished, and in a moment reappeared behind me on the landing. This might naturally have led me to suspect that his sister was some wrinkled old hag, whom his magic art made beautiful, in whatever eyes he pleased; but it did not. And, herein, I cannot blame myself, consistently with my philosophy of illusion. For I hold that Titania was blessed even in her love for Bottom, the weaver, and was not at all to be pitied until the spell was broken.

This was the third letter that I received from Miss La Roche:

"Sir—I am much grieved that you should have suffered from my brother's violence on my account. How could you be so mad as to enter the house, after I had told you the danger? My brother is very unreasonable, but you must be patient with him, and forgive him, as I do, for my sake. I will explain to you everything, as I might have done at first, if I had forseen this misfortune. My brother, I assure you again, bears no resemblance to the monster which your imagination has pictured him. His personal defects, I am sure, do not prejudice you against him; and his slight failings, in other respects, I think you will forgive when you know him better. Listen, then, to the simple explanation of the mystery which has so troubled you. Five years ago, my brother was a chemist; he served the dyers with ingredients for dyeing. One day he heard that Jacob Garcia, a Spaniard, had discovered a new scarlet of more brilliancy than had hitherto been known, and that he had sold his secret for a million of francs. My brother's mind was captivated, and he began to experimentalise for further improvements. The pursuit became a passion; he gave up his business and came to Rouen, our native city, to continue his experiments in secret. Drawing near (as he assures me) to the attainment of his object, he is become, after five years research, more and more anxious lest his secret should be stolen from him. For this reason he never allows any stranger to enter here. His apparatus and materials are always exposed, and the slightest trace, he imagines, might afford a clue to his mystery. I have told him that he exaggerates the danger, but his anxiety only increases. It has become almost a mania; and his eccentric and irritable nature, I feel, will not be improved till his labors are ended.

"This, sir, is why I entreat you, at present, to be contented with my shadow.

"Marie Stuart La Roche."

Here was a reasonable explanation. Why, of course, I might have guessed all this, but for an unfortunate propensity to imagine marvels. How could I sufficiently apologize to this noble and disinterested girl for my absurd suspicions? Her wise and gentle tone, her devotedness to her brother, her compassion for failings—that highest proof of a thoughtful mind—made me ashamed of my own weakness. I wrote to her again, promising to wait patiently, and excusing my folly on the plea of my anxiety for her welfare; and assuring her that since her explanation, I felt the highest respect and esteem for her brother. I confess, however, that my antipathy for him was not diminished, and if I happened to go out late, I had no desire whatever to meet him in our lonely street.

My labors in the library were now ended, and nothing but my shadowy correspondent retained me in Rouen. One Sunday I resolved again to watch for her in the cathedral, concealing myself as before. She came as usual, and wore chocolate boots again. Standing behind a pillar, I saw her once more go out by the baize-covered door. When I thought that she had time enough to disappear, I went out also. But, as I stood in the porch again, I saw her, to my astonishment, standing with a stranger, talking, in the very centre of the market-place. Could it be possible that this story of her brother's pursuits was but an ingenious fiction intended to deceive me, and prevent me, for some purpose, discovering that she had another lover? I could not believe that. It must be some relative. She had said that they were natives of Rouen; they had, of course, connections in the city.

She took his arm, and they walked away together, while I followed them at a distance, determined to note any further indications of the nature of their acquaintance. Keeping close in the shadow of the houses, in a narrow lane, I saw the stranger place his arm around her waist, which she suffered without resisting, and they walked on thus till they came to the street in which she lived. There they stopped, as if deeming it imprudent to go further together, and stood again

talking for some time at the corner of the lane. At last I saw them embrace each other, so long and earnestly, that I felt the evidence of her treachery to be complete; and finally they separated, and walked away, in opposite directions, in the same street.

I had never imagined such duplicity. Such a beautiful girl to turn out the cunningest hypocrite I had ever met with! All my old suspicions of her horrible brother were at once revived. I shuddered to think what might have been her real motive in trying to keep my passion alive for six months. Perhaps to give her time to draw one victim into her brother's power, before beginning with me. At any rate, I resolved to overtake her, and tax her at once with her faithlessness, in order to remove all grounds for doubts. So I walked after her rapidly till within a few yards of her, when she heard my footsteps and turned round.

"Is that you, Adolphe?" she said, for the overhanging roofs made it quite dark upon the pathway.

"No," I answered, coming forward. "It is I—another of your lovers—your shadow-worshipper. You know me."

"There is some mistake, sir," she said, evidently trembling. "The darkness has deceived you."

"No," I answered, "there is no mistake;" for I took her trembling for a sort of guilt. "I am your simple correspondent, to whom you told that pleasant story about the dye. Do you not blush a deeper scarlet than Jacob Garcia ever discovered?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir, by Jacob Garcia?" she interrupted.

"Jacob Garcia, the Spaniard, I mean: he who set your fiendish brother's head a-fire, till he gave up the chemistry business, and shut himself up with you, and became very irritable, and could not bear you to look out of the window."

"Indeed, sir," she said, "there is some mistake. I have no brother. I don't understand you. Pray let me go."

"I am not mistaken," I persisted. "You think I have only seen you once; but I have watched you many times in the cathedral. I have discovered your duplicity, this very night. Miss La Roche," I continued impressively, intending to warn her of the results of such faithlessness—

"No, sir, indeed," she interrupted, "that is not my name. I have heard that name somewhere—I don't know where. My name is Mademoiselle Antoinette: my other name is Duchemin."

"Ay, ay," said I, "you have a lively fancy. You can invent names—whole histories when you please. Serpent, confess that you know who I am."

"For shame!" she said, beginning to shed tears; "you would not dare to insult me thus, if Adolphe were near. He would kill you on the spot."

"Your tears betray you," I said, with the stern perseverance of Milton's Samson; "I am satisfied. Henceforth—"

But my manner becoming very impressive at this point, she shrank back in alarm; and then, seizing the opportunity, she darted away, and in a moment disappeared through the entrance to her house.

In spite of my philosophical theories, I felt compelled to take the ordinary view of things which, in calmer moments, I should have undoubtedly rejected. I was, in short, vexed at having been her dupe, and tempted to rush up the stairs again, and provoke her Goliah of a brother to instant combat. I felt that I could have returned from the fight, carrying in my hand his hideous head (with the expression of contemptuous defiance with which he began the strife still upon its features,) swinging it to and fro, by its long black hair, with very great satisfaction. It would have been sweet to hang his scalp at my girdle. I could have very great pleasure in drinking beer out of his skull in the Scandinavian paradise. All which ideas passed through my mind while I was crossing the road, and before I had caught sight of my shadow, seated as usual on its shadowy chair. When I saw this, my mind was troubled. She had not had time to mount the stairs and take off her bonnet; I suspected that the brother's magic was again employed to deceive me: but the bare possibility of the porter having made some mistake occurred to me, and I crossed the road again, and entered the lodge.

"Mr. Grégoire," I said, "did you not tell me that the name of my opposite neighbor is La Roche?"

"Without doubt."

"And that she was to be seen in the cathedral any Sunday afternoon; that she was of common height; had black hair and eyes; wore chocolate boots; and never appeared without a bonnet?"

"Pardon," replied the porter; "you confound two people. I spoke then of Mademoiselle Antoinette—a very different person."

"But *I* was speaking of Miss La Roche. You told me that was my neighbor's name."

"I did. But, said I, if you wish to see a *really* pretty young woman, look at Mademoiselle Antoinette, or rather I meant to say so when you stopped me."

I was confounded.

"Monsieur is so hasty—so very eccentric," said the porter, following up his advantage. "But you said you knew Mademoiselle La Roche; and it was not for me to say anything against her.

"Against her!" said I. "What is there to be said against her? Speak; I shall not be offended. You may depend upon my secrecy."

"Mademoiselle La Roche is a very good young woman," replied Mr. Grégoire, shrugging his shoulders; "and they say a very sensible young woman."

"But in face," said I, instinctively interpreting the shrug of his shoulders, "is the very counterpart of her horrible brother. Is it not so?"

"Not *quite* so ugly," said the porter, shrugging his shoulders again.

That shrug was sufficient. I fled precipitately, and the next morning departed for Paris, without having seen or desiring to see the object of my truly shadowy passion.

THE BIG TREES OF CALAVERAS.

MEASUREMENTS were made in August last of the height and circumference of the most noted of the "Big Trees" (Sequoia Gigantea) by Charles J. Jackson, M. D., and Mr. Joseph B. Meader, who report as follows:

"We were provided with a Sir H. Douglas reflecting semi-circle, a reflecting level and a measuring tape, and by means of these instruments have made quite accurate measurements.

The horizontal point, or level, was first ascertained on each tree by means of the reflecting level, and the angle was measured to that point, and the difference of level was corrected for in each case By means of the tape the base lines were determined, and the circumference of each tree, at least six feet above the ground, or where the tree took its proper form, was measured. Sir H. Douglas' reflecting semi-circle is made so as to protract the angles, and it carries also a scale for measurement of the triangles protracted.

In several instances we repeated the measurements, with different basis, especially in those where too high an angle introduced the error of refraction of the glass of the mirrors.

Names of the Trees.	*No. feet high.*	*Circumference 6 ft. above roots.*
T. Starr King	366	50
General Scott	327	45
General Jackson	320	42
Two Sentinels (front of hotel)	315	—
Salem Witch	310	—
Trinity	308	48
Mother of the Forest	305	63
William C. Bryant	305	49
Henry Ward Beecher	291	45
Granite State	286	50
General Washington	284	52
Abraham Lincoln	281	44
Bay State	280	48
Old Kentucky	277	45
Empire State	275	50
Andrew Johnson	273	32
Daniel Webster	270	49
Mother and Son	269	64
Edward Everett	265	46
Pride of the Forest	260	50
Vermont	259	41
John Torry	259	35
Arbor Vitæ Queen	258	31
Beauty of the Forest	258	—
Henry Clay	241	44

We measured the following large pines near the hotel:

P. Englemanni, or Yellow Pine	232	27
Another	220	19
P. Lambertina, or Sugar Pine	165	—

The big stump covered by the Stump House, has a mean diameter of 23 feet 1½ inches, and its least possible age is 2,380 years, allowing only ten annual rings per inch. The extremes are ten and sixty, and computing the mean 35 per inch, the tree will be 4,830 years old."

WEALTH OF THE ITALIAN CHURCHES.—The *Unita Italiana* states, on what it considers good authority, that in the churches of the Italian secular clergy there are more than 500,000 pounds weight of silver, and 20,000 of gold; in the churches of the regular orders, 800,000 pounds of silver, and 18,000 of gold; in the Church of Loretto, 7,000 pounds of silver and 4,000 of gold; in that of St. Dominie, at Soriano, in Calabria, 5,000 pounds of silver, and 1,500 of gold. The value of the precious stones amounts to above twenty millions of francs.

ONE of the most extraordinary assassinations on record is that of Begbie, a bank runner in Edinburgh, who was stabbed to the heart at noonday, about sixty years since, and robbed of a large sum in notes. Of this, Sir W. Scott said, in 1813: "If ever this crime comes to light it will be through the circumstance of an idle young fellow having written part of a playhouse song on one of the notes, which, however, has as yet never appeared in circulation. The murder is still a mystery."

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

THEATRICAL TALK.

MY prophecy has come true, and Vestvali is acknowledged as "the magnificent" by all. That she was not generally endorsed as a great actress on her first appearance, was owing to her appearing in a trashy melo-dramatic character. In the part of "Gamea," she displayed original talent of a high order. Her expressive countenance and the sly, cunning glances of her eyes while pretending to tell the fortunes of the villagers, were a perfect study for the physiognomist, and the ease with which she threw off the character of the vagabond fortune-teller with the tawdry garb, and appeared costumed in regal splendor with the air and mien of a queen was grandly striking. Vestvali's impersonation of "Gamea" is a triumph of genius and a most artistic study. The play was admirably put on the stage, and the choruses were very effectively rendered by members of the late opera troupe, who were engaged for the occasion. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played the character of "Guelia" charmingly, and in the last scene displayed much tragic power. Mr. Charles Thorne played "Rutchioui" excellently well, but we are sorry to observe that he is falling into the habit of imitating Frank Mayo, when playing characters in which that actor formerly appeared. Mr. Charles Thorne is fully capable of forming as good a conception of a character as Mr. Mayo or perchance a better, in many cases, than the late leading man of the Opera House company was able to do. Mr. Thorne has the making of a really fine actor in him; he should be careful to avoid imitating the faults of another—and that other one whose talent was not of a sufficiently original order to serve as a desirable model for a young actor. On Wednesday, Mlle Vestvali was suddenly indisposed, and Boucicault's patch-work drama of the *Streets of New York* was substituted for *Gamea*. On Thursday, a drama entitled the *Wicklow Rebel*, founded on the same incidents as Boucicault's *Arrah-na-Pogue*, was produced to a good house. It is a creditable dramatization of the story, as published by De Witt, of New York, but still not a good drama. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played the heroine, "Arrah Meelish," with considerable spirit and vivacity. Mr. Aldrich, who undertook that of "Beamish M'Coul" at short notice, played it very creditably, and quite gained the sympathy of the audience. Mr. Franks played "Shaun the Post" very effectively, and the play, as a whole, had justice done it; it will be repeated this afternoon and evening. The play of *The Fool and his Master*, in which Mlle Vestvali will make her reappearance, is in rehearsal, and will be produced next week.

At Wheatleigh's Eureka, the *Colleen Baun* was played in splendid style, and drew very fairly until Wednesday evening, when it was withdrawn, and a very long and very good bill was presented, Mrs. Annie Yeamans taking her first benefit in California on that occasion. Every one who has observed the care and attention which this meritorious young actress has invariably bestowed on the faithful rendition of even the smallest character entrusted to her, was pleased to see the house crowded, and know that the benefit was a substantial one. Mrs. Yeamans has of late evinced a talent in eccentric roles, such as that of "Waddilove" in the *Jubilee House*, which has quite taken people by surprise; she is a clever, reliable, and useful actress. Mrs. Alicia Mandeville Thorne made her first appearance at this house in the character of "Lizette," in the musical farce of *The Swiss Cottage*. She received a hearty greeting, and her charming singing drew much applause. Mrs. Yeaman's "Natz Tieck" was a perfect study, and was fully appreciated by the audience. *The Jubilee House* concluded the evening's performance; a new feature was introduced in this: Miss Jennie Yeamans, aged about four years, I should judge, made her first bow to the public, appearing as a young "Waddilove;" she behaved herself like a little corpulent angel, and was much applauded. This entertainment terminated the theatrical season at the Eureka. The preparations being made for the production of Boucicault's great drama of *Arrah-na-Pogue* at the Metropolitan Theatre, on Monday next, are of the most costly and extraordinary description. The play will be produced under the general supervision of Mr. James Dowling, while the beautiful scenery, which is all being painted expressly for this play, is the work of Mr. Torning. An entirely original and beautiful effect is introduced, namely: the light of the fire and moonlight are seen at the same time in different parts of the stage. This is effected by the use of a strong electric light. The tower scene in the last act is one of the grandest and most startling effects ever produced on the stage. "Shaun the Post," in effecting his escape, has to descend a wall ninety feet high, by clinging to the ivy; a terrific sensation is produced by the ivy giving way and "Shaun's" being precipitated headlong. All the members of the company, cast in this piece, are at the present time absolutely perfect in their parts, and but one more rehearsal will take place before the drama is produced.

Mrs. Sedley Brown, who came here from New York under engagement to Mr. Wheatleigh for the express purpose of appearing in the character of the heroine, "Arrah-na-Pogue," brings with her a most enviable reputation, both as an actress and in private life. She possesses talent of the most versatile description, and is said to be one of the most charming soubrette actresses on the American stage. The cast is fully satisfactory, and the play will be produced and performed in a style hitherto unattempted in California.

TOUCHSTONE.

[For the Californian.]

POPULAR FALLACIES.—No. 4.

"LIBRA" must needs continue his dissertations, or he may seem to be utterly pulverized by the weight of "Arrastra's" blows. Your correspondent just named, in his reply to "Libra," in last week's CALIFORNIAN, claims first, as his title to being heard, that he is one of your oldest subscribers. Now, we have a great respect for age, and considerable tenderness for its privileges, and we will not dispute "Arrastra's" claim to senility. You may have many aged subscribers, but we will readily concede to this one the pre-eminence. Not wishing to contest any point in which we can honestly agree with him, and glad to find some common ground of belief, we would even go so far as to acknowledge that he was born before the invention of the art of printing, and educated in the dark ages.

"Arrastra" takes alarm at the tendency of our humble articles as "calculated to sap the foundations of all our established notions, and to wipe out the first lessons of our childhood." Now, one business of mature years, we take to be, to unlearn the false notions of youth and inexperience, and to substitute in their place broader and truer views and profounder convictions. If it were not so, our life would be in vain, and our condition stationary, if not retrograde—certainly not progressive. Our critic, with charming facetiousness, recommends us to write a new geography and persuade the Board of Education to abolish the old ones. This we should be delighted to do, if time and opportunity offered; but "Arrastra" is, perhaps, hardly aware of the improvements in text books since his school days. He was, doubtless, taught that there was a wonderful whirlpool off the coast of Norway, called a maelstrom, by which whales and ships, and hosts of people, school-boys and others, were annually sucked in. This used to be represented on all the maps by a series of curved rings, and, if it has served no other purpose, has furnished a standard simile for the vortex of crime, with its gradual approaches and final irresistible attraction.

But it is noticeable that the geographies omit to mention or to represent it now-a-days, and why? Because recent navigators find that there is nothing of the kind, or nothing more than a strong current between two islands—like that called "Hell Gate," in East River channel—which current is perfectly safe for small boats in ordinary weather, and only becomes dangerous in storms or during strong westerly winds. The love of the marvelous and the pleasure of exaggerating led successive story-tellers to make a maelstrom out of a *mill stream*.

But what a pity to have this lesson of our childhood "wiped out!" How painful to find we can no longer believe in the maelstrom, or Munchausen, or Sinbad, or Santa Claus! Oh for the simple faith of childhood!

"Arrastra" finds our explanation of the direction in which a child's hands point when facing the north, and extending the arms at right angles to the body, to be obscure and unintelligible. We have known a faithful teacher reply to the complaint of a parent in regard to the slow progress of a dull pupil, that it was not the teacher's duty to impart brains as well as instruction.

"Arrastra" thinks he might have borne a good many things in silence, but he could not give up the fond hope of being one day eaten by worms. He might relinquish other outposts of belief, but here is his citadel; here he makes a stand; here he plants himself on what he calls "the traditionary faith of the fathers," and says to all assailants, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed!" We will not try to shake his position or lead him to change his base. Let him have his worms, and exult in the prospect of furnishing some day a cold meal to creeping things.

But lo! "Arrastra" becomes prophetic, and says, "If this new light in philosophy goes on in this way, insulting common sense with his parodoxes, the next thing we may expect him to tell us will be, that two pints do not make one quart, or that one from two leaves three, or some such nonsense." Now, dear "Arrastra," two pints do not always make a quart. There are several exceptions to that rule. We will only mention one, which you can perhaps understand and easily verify: A pint of sulphuric acid added to a pint of water will not make a quart in the mixture. Try it and see; but don't burn your precious fingers in the experiment, for considerable latent heat is set free in the attendant condensation. Again, if "Arrastra" can refer to one of the leaves in his father's family bible, which separates the books of the old covenant from those of the new, and which chronicles the date of his advent into this world of facts and fallacies, he may be able to realize that there are cases where one from two leaves—we will not say precisely three—but call it *two and a quarter*.

"Arrastra" does not like our pseudonym, and draws from it all sorts of funny inferences as to our sex, disposition, pretensions, etc. "What's in a name?" says Shakspeare. A great deal, says "Arrastra."

Now, we like our opponent's signature. It is significant and appropriate. It calls to mind a clumsy old Mexican machine, in which a great deal of force is expended to little purpose. Stick to your "Arastra," most worthy conservative friend, and frown upon stamp mills and steam power, and all new-fangled notions.

It is true, as you say, that "Antiquity has set up a great many lights along our pathway." Some of them were false lights, however; some have gone out long ago—died out, or been extinguished; others are waning, and some that ought to be put out are still in full blaze, burning only to mislead. Shall we refuse petroleum because tallow once served our purpose, or shall we use the best light attainable?

It was long an axiom in philosophy, that "Nature abhors a vacuum," and this furnished a convenient explanation of the suction pump, till Torricelli's experiments, in 1643, demonstrated the weight and pressure of the atmosphere, and dispelled this *ignis fatuus*.

It used to be thought that the water on the Pacific side of the continent was higher than on the Atlantic side, till surveys and levellings across the Isthmus proved the contrary.

Many persons still cling to the belief that the moon governs the weather, presides over seed-time and harvest, and in a variety of ways influences the affairs of men and women, notwithstanding the thorough and repeated refutations of these notions by such physicists as Dionysius Lardner and others. Well, let them hug their delusions if they will. After all, there is something attractive in the ready credulity, the unquestioning trustfulness, which accepts on testimony or tradition so many false doctrines. And yet there is wisdom in the rule not to believe more than half of what you hear—or more than a quarter of what you see, if you are looking at a fashionably dressed female.

There is a favorite and very spirited engraving which represents "Napoleon crossing the Alps," mounted on a fiery steed, who is rearing with impatience and seemingly eager to clear the highest peak at a bound. Now, we suppose when "Arrastra" looks at this picture, he takes it for a faithful representation of the great hero's passage; but the sober truth of history is that the great commander made the ascent—like other sensible people not anxious to break their necks—on the back of a patient, plodding mule, which was led by a guide who walked in advance.

But we must leave "Arrastra" imbedded in his ancient opinions like a fossil elephant in Arctic ice, or like a slow toad hermetically sealed up in a rock while the swift years are changing the face of the earth and new forms of life and of truth are garnishing the changing vesture of the world of nature and of thought.

But here we find ourselves using, as an illustration, another popular fallacy, for scientific naturalists discredit the stories of toads having lived utterly deprived of air and nourishment.*

Light is diffusive, and one might as well attempt to bar up the gates of day as to check the advance of new opinions. One generation overthrows the theories of a preceding. History is constantly obliged to reverse her decisions. A new jury renders a new verdict. The martyr of yesterday becomes the saint of to-day. The so-called fanatic turns out a prophet. Mahomet, long derided as a simple imposter, is shown to have been a reformer, who introduced a better order of things. Cromwell, ridiculed for two hundred years as a hypocrite, is enshrined as a Christian patriot and hero.

Retaining the best products of the past, a wise man discards outgrown forms and fallacious opinions, as the thrifty tree sheds its old bark, when it expands to larger proportions.

LIBRA.

* *Vide* Goodrich's *Illustrated Natural History*, Vol. II., page 411.

A SINGULAR and painful incident happened recently at the Royal Theatre in Berlin. A new ballet by Taglioni, named *Sardanapalus*, was represented, in the last scene of which all the dancers appear and arrange themselves around "Sardanapalus" to die with him in the flames. To produce the necessary smoke, stones were heated and water was to be thrown upon them. The stones were laid between the seats, but the dancers, instead of sitting upon the seats, sat down on the burning stones. A scream of pain followed, which was not in the play. Nearly all of them were badly burned.

ONE of the Hanlon brothers met with a fearful but, fortunately, not serious accident, while in the course of his acrobatic performances in the Cincinnati Opera House last month. In attempting to grasp a rope, at the conclusion of the dangerous *echelle* feat, he fell to the stage with fearful momentum, rolling over, unconscious and bleeding, into the parquet. He soon recovered, and a surgeon pronounced his injuries not of a dangerous character.

THE "Independent" and "Union" Committees are each holding nightly sessions for the purpose of nominating candidates for Police Judge and Township Justices at the coming election. Judge Shepheard has been nominated for his present position of Police Judge by the "Independents."

THE Sixth Annual Fair of the San Joaquin Valley Agricultural Society will open at Stockton on Tuesday, the 26th inst.

[For the Californian.]

THE PANSY.

THERE are few flowers which exhibit so forcibly the extraordinary improvement which may be effected in form, size and color, by diligent cultivation and hybridizing, as the Pansy. It was introduced to the region of fancy flowers by Lady Monck, in 1812, and since that date what an immense number of superb varieties have been produced! It is only necessary to place a flower of the wild *Viola tricolor* side by side with one of our present garden varieties, to comprehend at a glance the mighty improvement it has undergone. Ever since it was taken in hand by the florists, it has maintained its popularity, and bids fair to continue it for many a generation yet to come. The favorite situation of the wild Pansy is that in which it is partially shaded from the heat of the mid-day sun and the wind; it is frequently met with in the fields and meadows, and is one of the gems of our native flora. It is found in the Old and New World, where it is always regarded with affection by the tillers of the soil. That our ancestors admired and loved it, is evident from the number of endearing names it was called by at various periods, in different parts of the country. "Three Faces Under a Hood," "Herb Trinity," (on account of the three colors and the three divisions of the flowers,) "Love in Idleness," and "Kit Run-about," are a few of them. The name, however, by which it is now commonly known, and the most loving of all, is Heart's-Ease, a name by which the poet speaks of it:

> "There is a little flower that's found
> In almost every garden ground;
> 'Tis lowly, but 'tis sweet;
> And if its name express its power,
> A more invaluable flower
> You'll never, never meet."

How it obtained the name of Heart's-Ease is a mystery; but the poets have attributed such a romantic appellation to various causes:

> "I said in every garden ground—
> Perhaps in Eden 'twas not found,
> For then it was not wanted;
> But soon as sin and sorrow came,
> The flower received its gladdening name,
> By mercy's angel planted."

However, Herrick assigns its origin to a very different cause:

> "Frolic virgins once there were,
> Over-loving, living here:
> Being here their ends denied,
> Ran for sweethearts mad and died.
> Love, in pity for their tears,
> And their loss in blooming years,
> For their restless here-spent hours,
> Gave them heart's-ease turned to flowers."

The most elegant name by which it is at present known is Pansy. This word came originally from the French *pensee*, signifying thought; and it is in this sense that it is ever regarded by writers. So that, besides its heart-healing virtues, this little flower has other good qualities attributed to it:

> "Are not Pansies emblems meet for thought?
> The pure, the checquered—gay and deep by turns:
> A line for every mood the bright things wear
> In their soft velvet coats."

Shakspeare alludes to this meaning in his *Hamlet*, where "Ophelia" says, as she distributes her flowers, "There's rosemary—that's for remembrance: and there is pansy—that's for thought." And truly the sight of this lovely flower is a meet subject for reflection, and ought to suggest many a thought of love, admiration, and gratitude to Him who has bestowed it so lavishly that it may be found in every peasant's garden plot, and formed it so exquisitely that it ornaments even the castle's proud parterre. Here, then, is one of those links that binds all classes of men together—a little, finely-moulded organization, which elicits alike the admiration of young and old, rich and poor, speaking to them in its mute eloquence of the hand which bestows its greatest bounties alike on all men—of Him whose "tender mercies are over *all* his works." It was an ancient custom in France to present a bride with a bouquet of Pansies or Thoughts, and Marigolds or Cares, which would seem to hint rather at the difficulties to be encountered in after-life than at the present joy experienced. The flowers worn round the brow of the bride in the present day are said to suggest similar reflections:

> "For they are omens—many anxious years
> Are in the wreath that binds the bridal veil."

Pansies are not difficult to cultivate, as they will grow in common garden soil with little attention, but, if it is desired to grow them for specimen flowers, they must be sheltered from the winds and the heat of the mid-day sun; when coming into bloom, watering with guano-water will be found particularly beneficial.

Choice kinds may be propagated from cuttings, but the plan most adopted is to grow them from seed, saving the best kinds and discarding the others. Any extra care or attention bestowed on this plant well repays the cultivator by an increase in size, form, and quantity of blooms.

IRIS.

THE PROCLAMATION.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words:
"Arise, and flee
Out from the land of bondage and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
And, wondering, sees
His prison opening to their golden keys,

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,
Though back and limb
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon him!"

So went he forth: but in God's time he came
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;
And, dying, gave
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,
And freedom's song
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint
Of ages; but, like Ballymena's saint,
The oppressor spare,
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return again,
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain
Ye toiled at first,
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.

THE KINGDOM OF RESERVE.

BY ADA CLARE.

"LEAR.—Nothing can come of nothing; speak again.
"CORDELIA.—Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave my heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty according to my bond; nor more nor less."—KING LEAR.

IF there is one thing more unsparingly satirized and girded against than another, in these modern days, it is the one of impulsive or emotional speech. Words have been coined, or rather exceptional meanings fitted to existing words, in order to apply more effectively the torture of irony to it. We see it, for instance, afflicted with the definitive title of "gushing," than which no word could be a greater plague to a quality. So much has been said on the subject, that no one would think the absence of expression was the absolute pledge of depth of feeling. To be reserved is to be true as well as profound; to be reticent is to have infinities of unsaid wisdoms in concealment.

And yet what is there really to admire in the quality of reserve, unless it suggests the accumulation of thought, to be duly expressed when the time is ripe; or what is the value of reticence, unless it arises from such experience, both in emotion and its outward signs, that one has learned so thoroughly to master it, as to repress it in those moments where vivacity would be folly, tenderness would be vulgarity, and impulsiveness a want of self-respect.

It never seems to occur to most people that silence sometimes proceeds from having nothing to say, rather than from a power of repressing speech; or that the much-lauded faculty of self-restraint may be the offspring simply of emotional emptiness. A man may be a self container, not because he is so great as to contain unsounded depths, but because he has precious little to contain. However profound a man might be, it would be certainly a very useless depth, to say the least, if nothing were ever to proceed from it. Of course it is the best of virtues in a body of water, (and so by analogy in a human character,) to be deep, but it is wonderfully improved as to purity if it have an occasional if not a continual outlet.

It would be a curious study for some of the scholars to dig out of the past the root from which this intense worship of reserve sprang up, to overshadow the whole Anglo Saxon tongue. For it is only among races born English as to speech, literature, and customs that this altar-fire is kindled to the goddess of Reserve. If any one doubts this general worship, let him try the simplest and most harmless traits of human nature in public places, and then watch the indignant consternation it will excite. When I speak of simple traits, I mean, to laugh when one is merry, or to express happiness, amusement, content, animal spirits, even by the language of the features.—A party, in an English restaurant, for instance, (when I say English of course I refer to all those where the English language reigns supreme) may feel pleased with themselves, with each other, with the viands, and all attending circumstances, but if they dare to express it by seeming lively, happy and merry, see how the frown of suspicion and contempt instantly lowers over them like a thunder-cloud charged with black and angry electricity. However contented, pleased, free from care they may be, they must look dissatisfied, afflicted, and gloomy, unless they desire to come under the adverse criticism of the majority of their fellow-beings. The theatres too—they are supposed to be places of amusement, and that we go there to enjoy ourselves. No such thing. They are places of distress, and we go there to see how dismal we can look. I don't know about the upper gallery. I believe it to be the most sensible portion of the audience, from the way in which it leads us with signs of genuine appreciation and animation, but I know how people are expected to look in the fashionable parts of the house. The men are to look as if their minds were entirely absorbed in something else, (stocks and scrip perhaps,) and they were, moreover shortly expecting an interview with the undertaker. The women are to look scornful, suspicious and implacable. I take it on faith, these looks are very creditable to humanity, very dignified, and all that sort of rubbish, but they are certainly not very pleasant. I am pleased to record, however, an exception to this leaden uniformity, which may be remarked at such matinees as Edwin Booth's, for example. The young girls did permit themselves to be animated over his performances, and to gaze upon them with their lovely faces all alight with enjoyment and enthusiasm, and I am forced to confess that I loved them for it.

In my ignorance, let me ask, why, in a world where we are liable to lose our hair, get cheated in business, broken in heart, bereft of our property, and parted from our beauty, where we are liable to old age, death, and the neuralgia, do we take it upon ourselves to tenderly nurture gloom, and assume low spirits and repulsiveness to be the chief among the virtues? Do not our digestive organs and complexions fade earlier and oftener than those of other nations; and has the cultivation of moroseness nothing to do with it?

Besides, this procrusteau rule makes hypocrites of some of us. For my own poor part, I dote on a hearty "weep" over a tragedy, but it is an indulgence I grant myself but seldom. I generally set up St. Simeon Stylites in his most stolid moments as the model of facial expression, and aim at it with an industry unworthy of so bad a cause. Again, see me in a saloon after a theatre, with some dainty little morsel before me, for which I am glad and thankful to the kind providing fates, but do I show it? No, not I. I accept the understood formula that the table is a bier, from which I, a ghoul, am taking a ghoul's feast, and regulate my countenance accordingly. If this eternal laudation of grim reserve can make such a silly little hypocrite of me, how do I know but the same film of grave humbug is masking over other faces that would like to smile and seem cheerful.

This affectation of reserve does not exhaust itself in public places, but it extends through the whole line of domestic life, like the mildewed ear blasting its wholesome brothers. Expressions of feeling, "gushing," as it is cruelly called, are forbidden between friendly, parental, filial, or conjugal relations. However antagonistic we may be in other things, we are all united in a horror of *scenes*. I believe a scene means, with us, the least laxness of rein given to the heart and its impulses. We choose to have our lives all leveled smoothly down with the great garden-roller of uniformity. And yet we see how nature varies her scenes with hill and vale. She is not afraid of bursting into a Vesuvius or a Niagara.

Judging from our own experience we know a little burst of kindness, tenderness, or praise affects us; how it pierces straight to our hearts, unburdens, and sweeps them on their daily way, like a healthsome breeze which unfurls a chafing, idly-flapping sail.

It is all very well for the husband, father, brother, to have what is called a "sturdy" love for a woman, an affection that will bear up in tempests as well as calms; yet that is but a sad staunchness at best. For, after all, women want to be cherished, comforted, cheered in the daily routine of life, rather than assured of protection in storm. Few people really encounter tempests in life; what they suffer from is the array of little weary ills, which everybody is too grave to alleviate. When true tempests come, we must stand alone; we may not look to human love, however strong, for help; and while tossed about on lonely seas look for succor only to Him who boldeth the waters in the hollow of His hand.

Once in a while it happens whole nations give the lie to our pet theory, that goodness is synonymous with stolidity, and worth with dullness. Witness the Italian nation, which we had long considered effeminate, given over to trifles and frivolities, and quite incapable of any national virility. But when it was tried in the ordeal of war it arose and threw off its yoke, quietly, firmly, and without any of that sickening self-conceit and laudation which other nations, priding themselves upon the possession of the whole panoply of manly virtues, have so often exhibited. In the face of that valor, simplicity, and earnestness which then wrapped all Italy as with a garment, does any one dare to call that nation worthless and effete? No, by the heads of a Cavour, a Garibaldi, I will answer no! And yet, were they not ever a romancing, singing, laughing, demonstrative, "gushing" people.

Just because *all* that glitters is not gold, people will have it, nothing that glitters is gold. The *glitter* of gold is as truly one of its inherent properties, as its denseness, solidity, rarity, and, in fact, quite as useful as any of them. Otherwise, tin and iron would be just as precious.

By this time any reader I may have been so fortunate as to preserve thus far, will have concluded I have but one idea in nature—the bubbling brook. But, indeed, I love still deep waters, if only because, under a pressure, they are capable of roaring the loudest, and rushing the fastest. Also, I revere that reticence which is the still, holy calm of a rich, mellowed nature. The reticence which covers up the well-spring of its feeling, that, free from the dust of common things, it may be strong to flow in crystal streams, to the life that comes weary and athirst to it for comfort.

In all nature I know nothing finer than when a really true, highly-toned soul in a moment of expansion, drops the veil, and for a brief moment makes visible its longings, ardors, aspirations. I love reticence when I find it the soil where the seed of such moments can lie covered up until the time come for them to burst through and bloom.

I know well enough how much could be said on the other side of the question, and I know some of the things that should be said, but I am not going to say them. The other side is too strong already. Every one knows its virtues; even those who run may read them, but for its evils the majority of people are blind. Before closing, I will refer to one of the most noted characters of the reserve school. I refer to Shakspeare's "Cordelia."

"Cordelia" believed silence to be the measure of truth, never seeming to remember that saying too little is often just as false as saying too much. She underrated her affection for her father as much as her sisters overrated theirs, and the one circumstance had as disastrous consequences as the other. That "Lear" was a horribly foolish old man we cannot doubt; but that "Cordelia" loved him better than her husband or her life, the events of the play proved, when she came back for his sake to lose both of them. But she would sooner see herself banished, and him given over to a pair of female vultures than *tell* him so. She was untrue through the excess of her devotion to facts, and in her eagerness to fulfil the letter of the law, she violated its spirit. That the other sisters expressed so much and felt nothing, does not shame me at all; that sort of artificial exuberance of speech no more resembles real expression of feeling than the rank, sickening weeds that run riot over the unkempt earth do the crowding sweetness of the violet and heliotrope beds. If once "Cordelia" had deigned to give words to that true depth of loving tenderness which welled beneath her breast, the spurious passion of her sisters would, in its light, have glared with brazen and bawdy falseness. Her father wished not only to be loved, but he wished to have sweet verbal pledges of it. He wanted her, in other words, to "gush," and had she but "gushed," she would have been beside him, in possession of the greater part of his kingdom, to succor him; to keep the rapacity and cruelty of her sisters in check. He would not have been turned into the storm houseless by night; she herself had not died an ignominious death, and the world would have been deprived of the sublimest tragedy recorded in the literary annals of this planet.—*New York Saturday Press.*

GRISWOLD AS A HASHEESH EATER.—Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," relates in one of his letters his experience as a hasheesh eater. Those who have read Bayard Taylor or Fitzhugh Ludlow on the subject, will read it with infinite satisfaction. It is as follows: "All at once the scene changed. From the fiercest torments and most horrible agonies, I was suddenly changed into seas of bliss. I found myself floating in an ocean of brown gravy which was dotted with islands composed of boned turkey and alamode beef. French rolls floated along in the gravy, warm from the oven, and dashed helter skelter down my throat, the only natural species of bread and sop that I ever heard of. Partridges on toast, with quail in the same delightful spread-eagle condition, danced along on the rippling gravy-like nautiluses on a spree, sails made of the thinnest and most delightfully seasoned omelettes hot and boiling. Potatoes bobbed along in pyramids, while turkey wings moved on savory pinions to my capacious mouth. I climbed gleefully the island of boned turkey, and then trod with a light heart colonnades of bologna sausage, and along lanes of porter house steak. Fountains adorned the parterres from which squirted cubinet pudding (both kinds of sauce.) and Alsop's pale ale. Conservatories, the roofs of which were composed of Welsh rabbits, were filled with the rarest puddings, while the lawns absolutely crawled with lobsters who were busy chopping each other into salad. Fried oysters hung in clusters from every bough, rivulets of turtle soup ran in every direction, irrigating the foundation of boned turkey underneath. I rioted in fields of grass, every blade of which bore a dozen shrimps, and in bowers where every twig was laden with ham sandwiches, mustard flowing naturally from every shrub. I rolled over and over in beds of oysters, all fat and luscious, each of which held up its head and begged the privilege of being swallowed. I threw handsprings in meadows of mushrooms, with stuffed hare running about, ready browned, with lemons in their mouths, entreating the pleasure of my teeth in their toothsome carcases. The trees bore eggs on toast, and the heavens rained pop corn and peanuts.

HAWTHORNE AT CONCORD.

[In the preface to the *Mosses from an Old Manse*, it will be remembered that Hawthorne slightly sketched the story of his social life at Concord. It will be read to-day not only for the characteristic beauty of its style, but as a pleasant personal reminiscence of the great author :]

"WHEN summer was dead and buried, the old Manse became as lonely as a hermitage. Not that ever—in my time, at least—it had been thronged with company. But, at no rare intervals, we welcomed some friend out of the dusty glare and tumult of the world, and rejoiced to share with him the transparent obscurity that was floating over us. In one respect, our precincts were like the Enchanted Ground, through which the pilgrim travelled on his way to the Celestial City. The guests, each and all, felt a slumberous influence upon them; they fell asleep in chairs, or took a more deliberate siesta on the sofa; or were seen stretched among the shadows of the orchard, looking up dreamily through the boughs. They could not have paid a more acceptable compliment to my abode, nor to my own qualities as a host. I held it as a proof that they left their cares behind them, as they passed between the stone gate-posts, at the entrance of our avenue; and that the so powerful opiate was the abundance of peace and quiet within and all around us. Others could give them pleasure and amusement, or instruction—these could be picked up anywhere—but it was for me to give them rest. Rest, in a life of trouble. What better could be done for those weary and world-worn spirits? for him, whose career of perpetual action was impeded and harassed by the rarest of his powers, and the richest of his acquirements? for another, who had thrown his ardent heart, from earliest youth, into the strife of politics, and now, perchance, began to suspect that one lifetime is too brief for the accomplishment of any lofty aim? for her, on whose feminine nature has been imposed the heavy gift of intellectual power, such as a strong man might have staggered under, and with it the necessity to act upon the world? in a word, not to multiply instances, what better could be done for anybody, who came within our magic circle, than to throw the spell of a magic spirit over him? And when it had wrought its full effect, then we dismissed him, with but misty reminiscences, as if he had been dreaming of us.

"Were I to adopt a pet idea, as so many people do, and fondle it in my embraces to the exclusion of all others, it would be, that the great want which mankind labors under, at this present period, is—Sleep! The world should recline its vast head on the first convenient pillow, and take an age-long nap. It has gone distracted, through a morbid activity, and, while preternaturally wide-awake, is nevertheless tormented by visions, that seem real to it now, but would assume their true aspect and character, were all things once set right by an interval of sound repose. This is the only method of getting rid of old delusions, and avoiding new ones—of regenerating our race, so that it might in due time awake, as an infant out of dewy slumber—of restoring to us the simple perception of what is right, and the single-hearted desire to achieve it; both of which have long been lost, in consequence of this weary activity of brain, and torpor or passion of the heart, that now afflict the universe. Stimulants, the only modo of treatment hitherto attempted, cannot quell the disease; they do but heighten the delirium.

"Let not the above paragraph ever be quoted against the author; for, though tinctured with its modicum of truth, it is the result and expression of what he knew, while he was writing it, to be but a distorted survey of the state and prospects of mankind. There were circumstances around me, which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for, severe and sober as was the old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold, before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere, in a circuit of a thousand miles.

"These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original Thinker, who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted on our minds, of a certain constitution, with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages, to speak with him face to face. Young visionaries—to whom just so much of insight had been imparted, as to make life all a labyrinth around them—came to seek the clue that should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Grey-headed theorists—whose systems, at first air, had finally imprisoned them in an iron frame-work—travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thraldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought that they fancied new, came to Emerson, as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary, to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers, through the midnight of the moral world, beheld his intellectual fire, as a beacon burning on a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looked forth into the surrounding obscurity, more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos—but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls, and the whole host of night birds, which flapped their dusky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh, wherever a beacon fire of truth is kindled.

"For myself, there had been epochs of my life, when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe. But now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And, in truth, the heart of many an ordinary man had perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity, without inhaling, more or less, the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which, in the brains of some people, wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine. Never was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores, of a very intense water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker, as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man, of common sense, blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing; and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable, in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it ever yet arrived at, rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers."

PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

BURIED alive! To fall into the trancelike lethargy which follows disease, and only open your eyes in a coffin to die of the choking sensations of bitter reflection and foul air This has been, alas! the lot of many. The pallor and facial alterations of the honored corpse are received as proofs of his death! But all these are not conclusive evidence that the body is bloodless and that the soul has left it. A visit to the hospitals or to the private homes of the sick will discover many, who, in sleep, present more indications of death than those just about to be removed to the tomb. We have seen such cases, and we can attest the facts. When the supposed dead looks unchanged, except that the eyes have been closed and the face bears the hue of death, it is criminal in the physician to certify to his demise, until he makes an examination of the body.

The following facts, showing the numerous instances in which persons have been buried alive, have been collected during many years by a French gentleman, from medical history:

At Toulouse, a lady having been buried in the church of the Capuchin friars, with a diamond ring on her finger, a servant entered the vault to steal the ring; and as the finger was swelled, and the ring would not come off, he began cutting the finger. On hearing a loud shriek from the deceased, the thief fell senseless. At the time of morning prayers, the monks having heard groans, found the lady alive and the servant dead. Thus death had its prey; there was but a change of victims. This is the true version of the story, which has had many changes in going the rounds of the press.

A street-porter in Paris having died at the Hotel Dieu, was carried with the other dead into the same grave. Recovering his senses toward eleven at night, he tore open his winding sheet, made his way to his house, knocked at the door, which was not opened to him without some difficulty, and took new possession of his lodgings.

At the close of the last century a woman in Paris was thought to be dead, and the body was placed on some straw, with a taper at the feet. Some young men who sat up with the corpse, in a frolic overturned the taper. This set the straw on fire. The deceased, whose body the flames now reached, uttered a piercing shriek. Timely assistance was rendered, and she so well recovered that after her resurrection she became the mother of several children.

On the 21st of November, 1763, the Abbe Prevot, well known for his literary productions, was taken with an apoplectic fit as he was travelling through the forests of Chantilly. Being supposed dead, he was carried to the house of the mayor of the village, and the magistrate directed a *post mortem* examination to be commenced. A startling cry, uttered by the unfortunate man, proved that he was alive. He died under the scalpel.

Dr. Deveux, a surgeon of St. Come Hospital, Paris, had a maid, a servant, who had been three times brought to burial. She did not recover her senses the last time till they were lowering her coffin into the grave. That woman having died anew, the body was kept six days, lest they should have to bring her back a fourth time.

M. Rosseau, of Rouen, had married a lady of fourteen, whom he left in perfect health, after starting on a short journey. After a few days he heard that unless he returned immediately, he would find his wife buried. On reaching home, he saw the funeral ready. In an agony of grief he had the coffin removed to his room and opened. He then ordered the lancet to be applied to the body. Twenty-five incisions were made without effect; the husband, almost frantic, ordered one more, and deeper; which being inflicted, the lady exclaimed: "You are killing me with that knife!" Medical assistance was immediately given. The lady recovered.

The wife of M. Duhamel, a celebrated lawyer, having been supposed dead twenty-four hours, the body was placed on the table for the purpose of preparing it for burial. Her husband strongly opposed it, not believing her dead. To ascertain it, knowing she was very fond of the cymbal, and the tunes which cymbal-players sing, he called one. On hearing the instrument and the voice, the deceased recovered motion and speech. She survived her apparent death forty years.

Andre Vesale, physician to Charles V. and Philip II., after attending a Spanish grandee, thought him dead. Having obtained leave to examine the body, he had scarcely opened the chest when he perceived the heart palpitating. The relatives of the deceased prosecuted him as guilty of murder—the inquisitor as guilty of profaneness. Through the intercession of the king he was sent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and thus escaped death.

In the sitting of the Royal Academy of Medicine, in 1827, a paper was read by M. Chauncey Chantournelle, on the danger of hasty inhumations. This led to a discussion, in which M. Desgenettes stated that he had heard from M. Thorout, who had superintended the removal of bodies in the cemetery and the charuel house des Innocents, that many skeletons had been found in positions showing that the individuals had moved in their coffins. M. Thorout was so much struck with the revelation that he caused a clause to be inserted in his will respecting his own interment.

A GORGEOUS GAMBLING PLACE.—A celebrated gambling house in Washington—kept by a colored individual—is thus described: "You enter by a door of variegated stained glass, which, by gaslight, reflects all the colors of the rainbow. Ascending a flight of stairs, you reach a door, pull a bell, and instantly a small aperture opens and you are greeted with a pair of red eyes and a double row of ivory. A glance suffices. You have filled Sambo's eye, and you are deemed passable. The door is at once opened, and you are ushered into the ante-room—the vestibule of hell! This room is not large, but elegantly appointed—the chief attraction being the sideboard, which is of solid marble, and white as snow. Here are arranged in long and glisteuing columns, decanters of cut glass, sparkling like brilliants, filled with the choicest nectar, and blushing to the very necks with the glowing vintage of the olden time. If you pass this Rubicon without tasting its sparkling but dangerous waters, it is not from any dearth of hospitality on the part of your persuasive host. The "sporting hall" is now visible. The floor is covered with carpet from the Orient, of immense cost and marvellous beauty; the walls are adorned with superb paintings, of the old masters and the new, while pendant from the windows hang curtains of embroidered lace, covered with golden tapestry of Oriental magnificence; while mirrors of mammoth size reflect your form and features from a score of gleaming embrasures. Along the hall at convenient distances are ranged circular tables of polished rosewood, around which are seated numbers of thoughtful, anxious, dark-visaged men who heed you not. One would naturally suppose this to be a theatre for jests, drollery and song, or bacchanalian revelry, or pugilistic encounter. Far from from it. On the contrary, all is hushed, silent, sepulchral:

> "No real voice or sound
> Within these cheerless walls are found."

You are oppressed with the fearful stillness and awful silence which pervade the place. A laugh, a joke, or even a curse, would be a sensible relief. But you hear nothing of this. An occasional long breath, or half subdued sigh, is all that tells the ear that these mad devotees are possessed of life and lungs.

THE agitation of the question of negro suffrage naturally awakens a desire to know how the blacks are distributed in the South. The war has of course made the census tables of 1860 less valuable for use than they were. But according to them the colored population was in excess over the white in 20 counties of the 52 in Alabama, in 5 of the 55 in Arkansas, in 6 of the 21 in Florida, in 43 of the 132 in Georgia, in 33 of the 48 in Louisiana, in 31 of the 60 in Mississippi, in 20 of the 87 in North Carolina, in 20 of the 30 in South Carolina, in 2 of the 75 in Tennessee, in 19 of the 151 in Texas, in 44 of the 143 in Virginia. In many others the black population was only a little less than the white.

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City of all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

OUR SOCIETY.

IN referring to a prominent scandal of the past week, the *Bulletin* deplores the easy virtue of San Francisco society in admitting to its privileges men whose distinction is public rather than private; who are remarkable more for their talent and present reputation, than for their morals or antecedents, and whose professional education and associates often unfit them for the company of the young. It rebukes very justly the extreme licence given to young girls, and declares in favor of those rigid rules which govern their conduct in European circles. It might be said that the first of these propositions is really a corollary of the second. It is certain that in a society where people are careless about the conduct of their own relations they are naturally indifferent to the character of strangers, and that where so much liberty is granted to the one sex, libertinism is very apt to flourish with the other. Let us be prepared to frankly admit that in a city where there are many honorable and accomplished people of either sex, there is nevertheless *no society* in the true acceptation of the term, and that, save the informal intercourse of neighbors and relations, that which passes for it is but a tissue of shams and snobbery—whose meretricious qualities are never more clearly shown than when the sanctity of a home is stricken through its flimsy barriers.

What is our society? Of the men who are invited to our soirees, who eat our ices or drink our wine, who familiarly clasp the waists of our wives and daughters in the dance, or who are met at the half-public assemblies of schools and picnics, how many would we choose for sons or brothers-in-law? Of their antecedents and private character, how much do we know; or, still more important, how much do we care? In what other community would such a piquancy be added to the newest scandal as that opportunity we so often enjoy of standing *vis-a-vis*, in a cotillion, to its unhappy subject? Where else are girls of fourteen and fifteen permitted to make promiscuous acquaintances, or are allowed, unchaperoned, the privilege and excitement of the ball? And yet these anomalies exist in what we term our society, and we are startled that the most extravagant trust ever imposed upon human probity and integrity is ever broken.

The conditions of our civilization have been against the formation of well-guarded and properly organized society. Freed from the restraints of kindred and the social trammels of long-settled communities, a cosmopolitan people have met together here with the freedom of passengers on shipboard, and, like them, have formed acquaintances and intimacies which they did not calculate to outlast the conditions which brought them together. The test of admission to this inchoate society was naturally the present position, celebrity or wealth of an applicant, without reference particularly to his antecedents or promise. It would be foolish to deny that this easy familiarity of pioneer intercourse does not still exercise its certain fascination over our people. The new man, the *parvenu*, the snob, will not willingly seek to alter a state of affairs which gives him a position he could nowhere else obtain. The vaunted preference for California over other communities, the dissatisfaction and return of Californians after an Eastern visit, may often be traced to this source. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that the travelling artist or strolling player, finding himself suddenly invested with an importance and social distinction to which he is unfamiliar, should have little regard for a community so regardless of its own self-respect. That this presumption is not exaggerated, the spectacle exhibited at certain social reunions during the stay of the late opera troupe, and the culminating scandal of the past week, afford sufficient evidence.

But it will be argued that Gottschalk had been admitted to the best Eastern society, that he was a relation of one of the most respectable families, that there are some among us who still recall the foolish adoration of feminine New York for the talented pianist, and that we are consequently no more culpable than our Eastern neighbors. But it must be remembered that the guarded conventionalities of an older civilization exercised that restraint upon both Lothario and his foolish admirers which is here unknown, and it is a poor compliment to our society that it offers such superior opportunities to the trespasser. While the conduct of this man—a *roué* by reputation—is not excused by the temptations to which he was subjected, it must not be forgotten that we are far too often apt to heap upon the individual criminal all the obloquy of these crimes, for which we are as often to a greater or less degree responsible. It is not enough that we denounce the "Don Giovanni" and "Leperello" of this last cheap romance, if we still countenance that state of society which makes them heroes.

[For the Californian.]

OUR POLYGLOT CITY.

"AQUI SE HABLA EL ESPAÑOL."
"HIER WIRD DEUTSCH GESPROCHEN."
"ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS."

IF THE CALIFORNIAN possessed the proper variety of fonts of type, I might furnish my article with a schedule of signboard expressions from about town in every speech of civilization, denoting the fact that wanderers who loved the sound of their own mother tongue could find those within ready to communicate with them. There are dignified banks, whose massive doors are garnished with long and intricate advices to Asiatics; there are Hebrew boarding-houses where the wandering Israelite is tempted to enter by reason of the Chaldaism over the door, informing him that he has found a place where forbidden and unclean viands may not tantalize him; and I shrewdly suspect that if a simple Milesian, in utter ignorance of the language of the false Saxon, were to be dragged from his native bog, placed in a sack on the top of Mount Hilary, and conveyed hither in that virgin Celtic state, he would, before having made much of a tour through the city, meet with a reception as purely Erse in welcome as could be given in any out-of-the-way shebeen of his own dear island. There is no country however small in extent and undisturbed by the fever of emigration; there is no island of the most remote sea; there is no oddity of ethnology but what has contributed its mite to the motley crowd of San Francisco. If the last fifteen years of every adult's life could be blotted from his memory, together with every lingual advance he has made in that time, we would find ourselves in almost as bad a condition as the dwellers in the land of Shinar, where they were stricken in the building of their architectural monstrosity.

I hardly fancy that to the California youth the study of those chapters in the Geographies about races can be as difficult as it is to an Eastern child. He can see from the school-house door a procession of the races which would give him a more vivid idea than any series of ethnological wood cuts. Indeed, I have seen myself Caucasian children of a plebeian turn forming a fifth of a living tableau where every one of Blumenbach's types were represented. I meet a man every day whom I had presumed to be an eccentric sort of Greaser, but on enquiry, I learned from him that he came, not many years back, from the Canary Islands, where he was born and educated. Norwegian, Swede, Russian, Dane, Bohemian, (I refer to the Austrian subject and not to the postage-stamp-a-line gentleman, whoever he is.) Wallachian, and Greek jostle each other on the street and mingle their languages over the social glass. I have noted words coming from the lips of wandering Neapolitan fisherman that called up the image of the sage Ulysses travelling to find the Western Isles. Indeed, it may be that these piscatorial gentlemen of the fish-market can claim closer relations with Pericles, Lycurgus, and Theseus than any of the mongrel race inhabiting Greece and Athens to-day. Naples being known at one time as a Grecian city, and the point where, least of all, utter annihilation or eviction of the ancient inhabitants could be anticipated, we might naturally look for a less disturbed transmission of blood than in overrun and dismantled Hellas, by the same sort of reasoning that a French Canadian's claim to an unmixed nationality is more reliable than that of a native of that city of strangers, the capital of France.

It has often struck me that to a fastidious native-born American burglar, San Quentin offers few inducements as a place of temporary retirement. Fancy a dainty appropriater of other's money, which has been spent in operatic luxury or in æsthetic Cliff House pleasures with genteel associations, flung into close communion with Chang Wa from the slums of China, some Mexican murderer from the south, or a loose Kanuka who has back-slidden from missionary morality. It must make the punishment ten-fold more severe to receive it in company with the refuse of all nations and tribes. Give me, kind Providence, an Eastern penitentiary, if ever thy suppliant should stumble fearfully into criminality. The argot of crime becomes still more terrible when it wanders from the confines of one's mother tongue; and ethnology, as seen from and in prison, hath no charms to an unphilosophical student.

If the curious observer will take a seat in the gallery at the opera some night, he cannot but be amused at the foreign and manifold sounds with which his neighbors express their enthusiasm. Here is a spectacled German, who rattles forth gutturals with a mercurial rapidity hardly to be expected in the countryman of the earnest solemn Schiller; here is an Italian kissing his finger-ends at every fine passage and throwing out his hand as if he meant to fling his words of endearment upon the heads of the performers; and here is a Frenchman claquing away with an energy heightened by his nervous volley of plaudits. Music somehow or other gets home to every one's heart, and seems to have been left out of the Babylonian curse by the special interposition of some celestial musician.

But there is another place in San Francisco where the variety of tongues is needed. Go to the cemetery. Here is a "Ci git;" there a "Hier ruht," and so on, until it seems as though Death spoke every tongue, and kindly interpreted his solemn histories for the alien mourner to weep over.

An orator of our city some time since advanced the bold opinion that all this mongrel condition of our Pacific metropolis was wrong. I will not argue the political bearings of the question. I would not have liked, perhaps, any more than did Juvenal, to see the "sweaty Canopus" airing his servile fingers, heavy with rings, in the face of poor but honest born Romans; but I have no desire to "slop over" on any subject connected with the political bearings of the foreign population question. This country was intended by God and our fathers as an asylum for the oppressed; and the politician who advances any theory restraining the carrying out of that broad inspiration, must be prepared with better reasons than have been furnished as yet, before he can overthrow the good old dogma of antique American democracy, "Freedom for all without infringement of the rights of any."

In a literary, perhaps one might say, an æsthetic point of view, to a modern Chremes, who interests himself in all humanity, the varied population of our city presents something pleasing and exciting. I may not possibly fancy that Chinaman to be a high type of civilization who meanders along under my window, mornings, disturbing my guilty rest with his heart broken, sore-throated cry of Fis-she-e! he is not in the "foremost files of time" indeed, nor would he appear to advantage at a select party; but there must be privates in the rear rank of civilization, and the natty corporal in front who sneers at them is unfit for his place, and should be immediately degraded. What can be more expressive of that high quality of patience taught by "the first true gentleman that ever breathed" than the sight of a poor Chinaman travelling along Montgomery street, heavily burdened, turning out for every indifferent American that jostles him? It may be cowardice; it may be cringing; but it is so like a certain Christian virtue recommended in the Gospels that we should so accept and respect it. I may not be willing to hobnob with our African brethren indiscriminately; but I have been indebted for kindnesses too often to the race to wish to banish them from my august Caucasian presence. Consider, oh man of white race predilections, to what extremities you would drive everybody who has a mongrel circle of friends. I become impressed with the idea that miscegenation is down upon us; must I then regard poor old Jim as an eyesore because your daughter gazes with unseeming tenderness upon a handsome mulatto hairdresser? Must I fling off mine ancient friend Kiung, who knows more Greek than that booby son of yours does English, because, forsooth, you discovered Mongolian designs the other night upon your chicken-coop? But I wander too far into politics to be comfortable. Let us return to our aliens.

The language of our coast is modified by our mixed population. A San Franciscan would be surprised to learn that his speech is to a certain extent a western *lingua franca*. He uses expressions unknown to the ancient Cethegi of New England and the Mississippi Valley. Now, it is a Kanaka word that he flings in; now, it is an apt Mexican term; and now, in spite of his disgust for the race, he snatches up a Chinese monosyllabic and grunts it out with so faint a success in imitation, that an unsuspecting mandarin would suppose it Melican. "Evil communications, etc." We are on the high road to something novel in idea, started out by this strange meeting of races here on this *quasi* neutral ground. What literary turn it may take, it would be hard to imagine. We may some day be favored with translations of Chinese lyrics, efforts at Kanaka poetry, Klamath doggerel, South Sea epics, and what not in the way of Pacific Ocean originality. The sixteen years of California civilization have been occupied in bringing hither as it were merely a few tools of Eastern necessity, and in assuring ourselves of a hold upon one sort of culture before we attempt an æsthetic fabric of our own.

We soon may lay the foundations for our new life. What it will be when time has crowned its capital with completeness we cannot venture to prophecy, but if the variety of race and language for which we are remarkable now, does not have its influence, it will be because the public mind of our city is too weak even to receive novel impressions however strong they may be.

DIONYSIUS VAGO.

THE Sacramento *Daily Union* entered upon its thirtieth volume, Sept. 19th. It was established March 19, 1851. As a news journal it has no superior in California, and few equals anywhere. We sometimes hear an expression of surprise that the publishers of the *Union* do not bring their establishment to San Francisco; but, with the aid of the telegraph, they are in a better position at Sacramento to lay the news of the day before interior readers at the earliest moment than if located here, and perhaps this is the reason why Sacramento may continue to boast one of the best newspapers in the world. Well, the Capital City deserves all she retains, and we are glad that neither fire nor flood can subdue the spirit of her people, nor metropolitan attractions deprive her of the powerful auxiliary she possesses in the ability and energy for which the Sacramento *Union* has become famous throughout the country.

MUCK-A-MUCK;

A MODERN INDIAN NOVEL.

AFTER COOPER.

[BY THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.]

CHAPTER I.

IT was toward the close of a bright October day. The last rays of the setting sun were reflected from one of those sylvan lakes peculiar to the Sierras of California. On the right the curling smoke of an Indian village rose between the columns of the lofty pines, while to the left the log cottage of Judge Tompkins, embowered in buckeyes, completed the enchanting picture.

Although the exterior of the cottage was humble and unpretentious, and in keeping with the wildness of the landscape, its interior gave evidence of the cultivation and refinement of its inmates. An aquarium, containing goldfishes, stood on a marble centre table at one end of the apartment, while a magnificent grand piano occupied the other. The floor was covered with a yielding tapestry carpet, and the walls were adorned with paintings from the pencils of Van Dyke, Reubens, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, and the productions of the more modern Turner, Kensett, Church and Bierstadt. Although Judge Tompkins had chosen the frontiers of civilization as his home, it was impossible for him to entirely forego the habits and tastes of his former life. He was seated in a luxurious arm-chair, writing at a mahogany *ecritoire*, while his daughter, a lovely young girl of seventeen summers, plied her crochet needle on an ottoman beside him. A bright fire of pine logs flickered and flamed on the ample hearth.

Genevra Octavia Tompkins was Judge Tompkin's only child. Her mother had long since died on the Plains. Reared in affluence, no pains had been spared with the daughter's education. She was a graduate of one of the principal seminaries, and spoke French with a perfect Beinicia accent. Peerlessly beautiful, she was dressed in a white *moiré antique* robe trimmed with crimson *tulle*. That simple rosebud, with which most heroines exclusively decorate their hair, was all she wore in her raven locks.

The Judge was the first to break the silence:

"Genevra, the logs which compose yonder fire seem to have been incautiously chosen. The sibilation produced by the sap, which exudes copiously therefrom, is not conducive to composition."

"True, father, but I thought it would be preferable to the constant crepitation which is apt to attend the combustion of more seasoned ligneous fragments."

The Judge looked admiringly at the intellectual features of the graceful girl, and half forgot the slight annoyances of the green wood in the musical accents of his daughter. He was smoothing her hair tenderly, when the shadow of a tall figure, which suddenly darkened the doorway, caused him to look up.

CHAPTER II.

IT needed but a glance at the new comer to detect at once the form and features of the haughty aborigine—the untaught and untrammelled son of the forest. Over one shoulder a blanket, negligently but gracefully thrown, disclosed a bare and powerful breast, decorated with a quantity of three cent postage stamps which he had despoiled from an Overland Mail stage a few weeks previous. A cast-off beaver of Judge Tompkins', adorned by a simple feather, covered his erect head, from beneath which his straight locks descended. His right hand hung lightly by his side, while his left was engaged in holding on a pair of pantaloons, which the lawless grace and freedom of his lower limbs evidently could not brook.

"Why," said the Indian, in a low sweet tone, "why does the Pale Face still follow the track of the Red Man? Why does he pursue him, even as *O-kee-chow*, the wild cat, chases *Ka-ka*, the skunk? Why are the feet of *Sorrel-top*, the white chief, among the acorns of *Muck-a-Muck*, the mountain forest? Why," he repeated, quietly but firmly, abstracting a silver spoon from the table, "why do you seek to drive him from the wigwams of his fathers? His brothers are already gone to the happy hunting grounds. Will the Pale Face seek him there?" And, averting his face from the Judge, he hastily concealed a silver cake-basket beneath his blanket, to conceal his emotion.

"*Muck-a-Muck* has spoken," said Genevra softly, "Let him now listen. Are the acorns of the mountain sweeter than the esculent and nutritious bean of the Pale Face miner? Does my brother prize the edible qualities of the snail above that of the crisp and oleaginous bacon. Delicious are the grasshoppers that sport on the hillside—are they better than the dried apples of the Pale Faces? Pleasant is the gurgle of the torrent, *Kish-Kish*, but is it better than the cluck-cluck of old Bourbon from the old stone bottle?"

"Ugh!" said the Indian, "Ugh! Good. The White Rabbit is wise. Her words fall as the snow on Tootoonolo, and the rocky heart of Muck-a-Muck is hidden. What says my brother the Gray Gopher of Dutch Flat?"

"She has spoken, Muck-a-Muck," said the Judge, gazing fondly on his daughter. It is well. Our treaty is concluded. No, thank you—you need *not* dance the Dance of Snow Shoes, the Moccasin Dance, the Dance of the Green Corn, or the Treaty Dance. I would be alone. A strange sadness overpowers me."

"I go," said the Indian. "Tell your great chief in Washington, the Sachem Andy, that the Red Man is retiring before the footsteps of the adventurous Pioneer. Inform him, if you please, that westward the star of empire takes its way, that the chiefs of the Pi-Ute nation are for Reconstruction, to a man, and that Klamath will poll a heavy Republican vote in the Fall."

And folding his blanket more tightly around him, Muck-a-Muck withdrew.

CHAPTER III.

GENEVRA TOMPKINS stood at the door of the log cabin, looking after the retreating Overland Mail stage which conveyed her father to Virginia City. "He may never return again," sighed the young girl as she glanced at the frightfully rolling vehicle and wildly careering horses—"at least, with unbroken bones. Should he meet with an accident? I mind me now of a fearful legend, familiar to my childhood. Can it be that the drivers on this line are privately instructed to despatch all passengers maimed by accident, to prevent tedious litigation? No, no. But why this weight upon my heart?"

She seated herself at the piano and lightly passed her hand over the keys. Then, in a clear mezzo-soprano voice, she sang the first verse of one of the most popular Irish ballads:

"O *Arrah, ma dheelish*, the distant *dudheen*
Lies soft in the moonlight, *ma bouchal vourneen*:
The springing *gossoons* on the heather are still,
And the *caubeens* and *colleens* are heard on the hill."

But as the ravishing notes of her sweet voice died upon the air, her hands sank listlessly to her side. Music could not chase away the mysterious shadow from her heart. Again she rose. Putting on a white crape bonnet, and carefully drawing a pair of lemon-colored gloves over her taper fingers, she seized her parasol and plunged into the depths of the pine forest.

CHAPTER IV.

GENEVRA had not proceeded many miles before a weariness seized upon her fragile limbs, and she would fain seat herself upon the trunk of a prostrate pine, which she previously dusted with her handkerchief. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and the scene was one of gorgeous and sylvan beauty. "How beautiful is Nature," murmured the innocent girl, as, reclining gracefully against the root of the tree, she gathered up her skirts and tied the handkerchief around her throat. But a low growl interrupted her meditation. Starting to her feet, her eyes met a sight which froze her blood with terror.

The only outlet to the forest was the narrow path, barely wide enough for a single person, hemmed in by trees and rocks, which she had just traversed. Down this path, in Indian file, came a monstrous grizzly, closely followed by a California lion, a wild cat, and a buffalo, the rear being brought up by a wild Spanish bull. The mouths of the three first animals were distended with frightful significance; the horns of the last were lowered as ominously. As Genevra was preparing to faint, she heard a low voice behind her.

"Eternally dog-gone my skin ef this ain't the puttiest chance yet."

At the same moment, a long, shining barrel dropped lightly from behind her and rested over her shoulder.

Genevra shuddered.

"Don ye—don't move!"

Genevra became motionless.

The crack of a rifle rang through the woods. Three frightful yells were heard and two sullen roars. Five animals bounded into the air and five lifeless bodies lay upon the plain. The well-aimed bullet had done its work. Entering the open throat of the grizzly, it had traversed his body, only to enter the throat of the California lion, and in like manner the catamount, until it passed through into the respective foreheads of the bull and buffalo, and finally fell flattened from the rocky hillside.

Genevra turned quickly. "My preserver!" she shrieked, and fell into the arms of Natty Bumpo—the celebrated Pike Ranger of Donner Lake.

CHAPTER V.

THE moon rose cheerfully above Donner Lake. On its placid bosom a dug-out canoe glided rapidly, containing Natty Bumpo and Genevra Tompkins.

Both were silent. The same thought possessed each, and perhaps there was sweet companionship even in the unbroken quiet. Genevra bit the handle of her parasol and blushed. Natty Bumpo took a fresh chew of tobacco. At length Genevra said, as if in half-spoken reverie:

"The soft shining of the moon and the peaceful ripple of the waves, seem to say to us various things of an instructive and moral tendency."

"You may bet yer pile on that Miss," said her companion gravely. "It's all the preachin' and psalm-singin' I've heern since I was a boy."

"Noble being!" said Miss Tompkins to herself, glancing at the stately Pike as he bent over his paddle to conceal his emotion. "Reared in this wild seclusion, yet he has become penetrated with visible consciousness of a Great First Cause." Then, collecting herself, she said aloud: "Methinks 'twere pleasant to glide ever thus down the stream of life, hand in hand with the one being whom the soul claims as its affinity. But what am I saying"—and the delicate-minded girl hid her face in her hands.

A long silence ensued, which was at length broken by her companion.

"Ef you mean your on the marry," he said, thoughtfully, "I ain't in no wise partickler!"

"My Husband," faltered the blushing girl; and fell into his arms.

In ten minutes more the loving couple had landed at Judge Tompkins.

CHAPTER VI.

A YEAR has passed away. Natty Bumpo was returning from Gold Hill, where he had been to purchase provisions. On his way to Donner Lake, rumors of an Indian up-rising met his ears. "Deru their pesky skins, ef they dare to touch my Jenny," he muttered between his clenched teeth.

It was dark when he reached the borders of the lake. Around a glittering fire he dimly discerned dusky figures dancing. They were in war paint. Conspicuous among them was the renowned Muck-a-Muck. But why did the fingers of Natty Bumpo tighten convulsively around his rifle?

The Chief held in his hand long tufts of raven hair. The heart of the pioneer sickened as he recognized the clustering curls of Genevra. In a moment his rifle was at his shoulder and with a sharp "ping," Muck-a-Muck leaped into the air a corpse. To dash out the brains of the remaining savages, tear the tresses from the stiffening hand of Muck-a-Muck, and dash rapidly forward to the cottage of Judge Tompkins, was the work of a moment.

He burst open the door. Why did he stand transfixed with open mouth and distending eye-balls? Was the sight too horrible to be borne? On the contrary, before him, in her peerless beauty, stood Genevra Tompkins, leaning on her father's arm.

"Ye're not scalped, then!" gasped her lover.

"No. I have no hesitation in saying that I am not; but why this abruptness?" responded Genevra.

Bumpo could not speak, but frantically produced the silken tresses. Genevra turned her face aside.

"Why that's her waterfall," said the Judge.

Bumpo sank fainting to the floor.

The famous Pike chieftain never recovered from the deceit, and refused to marry Genevra, who died, twenty years afterward, of a broken heart. Judge Tompkins lost his fortune in Wild Cat. The stage passes twice a week the deserted cottage at Donner Lake. Thus was the death of Muck-a-Muck avenged.

THE TELEGRAPH NEWS.—The Liberal Party in Mexico have met some successes recently. General Escambado defeated a strongly guarded specie train, after a sharp battle. The Rebel General Parsons and six of his men were found dead on the field by the Liberals. Escambado is receiving large accessions of "foreigners" to his forces, but lacks ammunition..... Large bodies of troops are being mustered out of service..... Augusta, Maine, has been nearly destroyed by fire..... The iron-clad *Monadnock*, the steamer *Vanderbilt*, and the screw steamer *Tuscarora* are all to be attached to the Pacific Squadron, and were to leave for this coast on the first of October. These vessels rank as first of their class, and must prove very valuable accessions to our Pacific fleet.

LECTURES ON INDIA.—The Rev. Dr. Scudder, of this city, will deliver the first of his course of lectures on the customs and peculiarities of the native races of India, at Platt's Hall on Tuesday evening next. Dr. Scudder is an able and pleasing speaker, and one of the few who interest and attract an audience by the manner as well as by the matter of his lectures. We trust that this series of lectures, so highly spoken of by the press at the East, may receive their due attention from our citizens.

THE State Teachers' Institute has held its annual session at the Lincoln School House during the present week. Over two hundred delegates were in attendance. The session was one of general interest. J. Ross Browne and others of note delivered lectures before the Institute for the benefit of the *State Educational Journal*.

SOCIAL PARTY.—The State Guard will have a social party at their armory on Market street, on the 28th instant. An inspection, which precedes social festivities, gives them an opportunity of combining duty and pleasure.

SUNDRIES.

A story is told of two Vermont captains between whom was a generous rivalry relating to their own gallantry and that of their companies. Both were dangerously wounded at the Wilderness. Capt. B. was insensible for two days, but on the third opened his eyes and inquired if Capt. W. was alive, and on being told he was doing well, said, energetically: "Well, if W. can live, *I* won't die!" and he didn't.

A beautiful interchange of compliments—sincere as the speakers themselves—took place between Jerrold and Leigh Hunt, at a dinner given some years ago in honor of the latter. Jerrold said of the veteran essayist and poet, that, even in his hottest warfare, his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, "he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook;" and Leigh Hunt, with equal grace and truth, observed of "his friend Jerrold," that "if he had the sting of the bee, he had also his honey."

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At one of the Judge's dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the church. When the cloth was removed, "I always think," said the reverend guest, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner!" "Oh, no, sir! by no means," replied the Chief Baron; it's the *uncertain* quantity that does all the mischief!"

In the introduction to his late work on Military Surgery, Dr. Hamilton speaks of war in general in the following terms: "War is the normal condition of mankind; peace is the abnormal condition. This statement is not flattering to a people claiming Christianity and boasting of civilization; it is nevertheless true, and the fact must be accepted."

When Madge was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "Yes, papa," said Madge, innocently, "but all these had leaves."

Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding through a street, he was accosted by a would-be wit: "I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Came the answer sharp and quick: "The same as happened to me. An ass spoke to him!"

When Mr, Jefferson was asked respecting his religion, his memorable answer was: "It is known to God and myself. Its evidence before the world is to be known in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

A Lady's Waterfall on Exhibition in Hyde Park.—An English paper tells the following curious incident as having occurred in Hyde Park, Loudon: "A curious incident in Hyde Park explains the reason why human hair has arisen within the last two or three years upward of one hundred per cent. in the market. On Tuesday last, the 14th instant, a young gentleman was seen riding slowly through the crowd of equestrians, holding on high at the end of his cane a *chignon*, as those heavy humps of hair are technically called, with which the young ladies of the present day delight in decorating the napes of their necks. As the *chignon* bearer rode along, looking inquiringly around him, it was most suggestive to observe the almost involuntary manner in which at least two-thirds of the alarmed young women raised their hands to the backs of their heads, in order to ascertain that their *chignons* were all right and tight. Whether the gentleman was merely playing the trick for his own private amusement, or whether he had really picked up a lump of false hair which some unlucky girl had accidentally shed, will probably never be known; but the sensation which the incident caused satisfactorily accounts for the increased value of human hair as an article of commerce.

Respectability According to Knocks.—A Paris paper has the following remarks on one of the English customs: "Every London house is inhabited by one single family, and, as the outer doors are always shut, the knocks at the door, counted from within, indicate the station in life of the person at the door; to give more or less knocks is an act of insolence or degradation. The milkman, sweep, beggar, and servants knock with one single knock, as if to say, 'Allow me to come in.' Two knocks denote the postman, tax-gatherer, etc., and seem to say, 'It is my business to enter this house.' When three knocks are given, they indicate the master of the house, or a friend, and are given with an air of command, as if to say, 'Open.' Four knocks, steadily given, denote a person of consequence, some aristocrat, arrived in a carriage. These four knocks may be supposed to express, 'I intend to enter.' He who gives four knocks, and, after a short pause, repeats them with a certain proud impetuosity, is decidedly either a milord or milady, or Indian nabob, a Russian prince, German baron, or Italian marquis. These seem to say, 'Open quickly; I wish to honor you with a visit.'"

AMERICAN HUMOR.

It seems to be generally conceded that the comic *Mrs. Grundy* is a failure. It shares the fate of predecessors in the same specialty, the number of whom we cannot now remember. The cause of this repeated non-success is not easy of explanation. Some of the humorous journals that have been born, languished briefly, and died, in this country, deserved better fortune. *Vanity Fair* and *The Lantern* were once good, and the still earlier *Yankee Doodle* was at one time not without merit: but they all went down.

This frequent failure does not result from insusceptibility to the humorous. The Americans are real fun-lovers, and while they are in the main too busy to make a business of pleasure, they sometimes, as in the case of our late President, turn comical capacity to good practical account, besides making it a recreative agent. American fondness for the jocose is proven by the success of some individual humorists who do not deserve to succeed nearly so well as the journals we have named.

Among these may be named Artemus Ward, who has gained fame and made money all over the country. That Artemus never says a good and laughter-provoking thing we shall not assert. But the bulk of what he has done is heavy mirth. The fun is fearfully forced. Lacking spontaneity, his lectures are usually slow. His humor is chiefly of that inferior quality which has to do with the dislocation of language rather than any brilliancy of thought or pungency of expression. Of his published works orthographical jargon is the principal characteristic. For example, we have seen people moved to uproarious mirth by "Yours trooly, A. Ward." Were it not for the peculiar spelling of "trooly," the sentence would never be suspected of a humorous purpose. Another phrase just occurs to us which the New York Bohemians are fond of quoting, and which illustrates Ward's style. Artemus is in the habit of asking: "Why is this thus?" Of course the audience always lapses into a guffaw, but if any critic can resolve the interrogatory into the elements of fun, or show how in any respect it rises above the inane gabble of the sawdust ring, we shall be glad to hear from him.

"A Disbanded Volunteer" does better with the orthographical jargon than does Ward. Now and then he evolves from the misspelling a joke, labored, indeed, but still a joke. As a satirist, the "Disbanded" surpasses his cotemporary.

An imitator of both, "Josh Billings," has written better things than either. He would do well to drop the bad spelling forthwith.

It is impossible to derive from this distorted writing and printing of words fun enough to compensate for the pain inflicted on the eye and the offence offered to the ear. The provincialisms of Lowell, very different, it is true, from the puerile and unmeaning inaccuracies of Ward, were only made tolerable by weight of thought and naturalness of style. We doubt that Lowell could make them tolerable again. No one else need try.

Orpheus C. Kerr's serious is better than his comic vein. His fund of humor is not very rich, and while the Mackerel Brigade letters were by no means destitute of fun, the incidents grew monotonous, and William Brown, Bob Shorty, and the Conservative Kentucky Chap rather prosy.

Among the very best humorists of the country is Corry O'Lanus. His Sanitary Fair letters to a New York journal were far superior to what the Bohemians we have named write. Some of his more recent productions are very clever. One published several weeks ago on going in the country is worthy of mention, and a previous one, suggested by the controversy touching the authorship of "The Exile of Erin," and involving a discussion of the vexed question: "Who killed Cock Robin?" We are not sure that Corry O'Lanus does not suffer from the forcing process, which is not very favorable to the development of humorous talent. During the heated term Corry told us the hens had been laying boiled eggs and hatching roasted chickens. It is impossible not to be reminded by this of Holmes's verses on the comet, two lines of which are:

> "I saw a roasting pullet set
> Upon a baking egg."

We do not believe Corry borrowed his jest from the Autocrat, but the unavoidable haste incident to the weekly teeth-drawing system alone prevented his remarking the resemblance of fancies.

We have no room to refer to all the more or less familiar humorists of America, or indeed any more than the one whose name we just mentioned. Oliver Wendell Holmes stands first in the front rank in spontaneity, in pathos—so closely allied to true humor—in delicacy, grace, facility; and in all that comes of high culture. It is precisely in culture that most of our humorists are conspicuously deficient. *Brooklyn Standard.*

A married man, who was out a whist party, when he proposed going home, was urged to stay a little longer. "Well, perhaps I may as well," he replied; my wife, probably, is as mad as she can be."

THE GREAT UNACCREDITED.

["McArone," in the New York *Weekly Review*, makes the following sensible remarks.]

I SUPPOSE you to be a wide and general reader of the journalistic literature of to-day. You run over the daily papers; you peruse the weeklies; you study the magazines. In them you find much that is brilliant. You cut out many poems and articles, to paste in a scrap-book or carry in your porte-monnaie. These give you an untold amount of pleasure. You read them over and over; you show them to your friends; you discuss them with admiration and benefit.

But what do you know of their origin? What rapport or sympathy have you with the men and women to whose talent and labor you owe all this? Absolutely none!

The publishers of the various periodicals seem, in many instances, to have an insane idea that the less that is known of their contributors, the more glory will redound to "the concern."

I am not quite sure that the elevated Bostonians who issue the *Atlantic Monthly* would not like to have it thought, in a vague and indefinite way, that the most versatile and accomplished magazine writers of the age were Ticknor & Fields. And possibly, too, it would not be offensive to that numerous, wealthy and energetic family, the Harpers, if they should achieve reputation for infinite talent as poets, artists, and novelists, as well as publishers.

Charles Augustus asked me, yesterday, if I had read a "splendid article" entitled So-and-so.

"Who wrote it?" said I.

"Why, it was in the *Atlantic*," said he.

That was enough for him, representing, as he does the reading public. Nobody wrote it. It was published. It might give pleasure and instruction and consolation to fifty thousand souls, and its author might go supperless to bed, but the magazine that printed it must have all the honor and glory! It is like as if a great theatre were to be opened, wherein good-living salaries should be paid, and no actor or actress' name ever mentioned in the bills.

The London *Saturday Review* makes me really downright angry in this way. It contains articles in every number which delight me by their soundness and brilliancy, but which are as inscrutably incognito as the man with the iron mask. Nay, more, all the writers for that periodical are trained to employ the same style and mode of construction; so that even the most erudite critic must fain imagine, after long research, that Mr. *Saturday Review* himself is sole editor, contributor, publisher, and proprietor, and performs all branches of the labor alone and unaided!

The public, however, likes to know who does all this work. When it can can get hold of a name, it makes much use thereof.

In the country, they firmly believe that Mr. Bennett writes all the editorials in the *Herald*, and nothing is more common than to hear folks say, "I see Greely is in favor of so-and-so," simply because the *Tribune* has an article recommending the measure in question. In reality, it is many years since Mr. Bennett wrote a word for publication, and Mr. Greeley never writes save over his initial signature, "H. G." The inimitably witty and pungent things that dear Ned Wilkins used to write, gave the *Herald* a wide reputation for brilliancy, while Ned went to his grave almost unknown, outside of his circle of personal acquaintances.

A Kaffir Anecdote. — At an out-post far up in the country, resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking, Kaffir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and, untying her bonnet, let down her long, fair hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared to be enchanted with her white hands; and then proceeded to divest her of shoes and stockings, and wondered at her little white feet. How much further he would have carried his investigations it is impossible to say, had not the poor lady been rescued by a party of squaws, who, with jealousy in their looks and gestures, rushed upon the Kaffir, thus giving her the opportunity of escaping to her home. The next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a great chattering under their window; and on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of the fair Englishwoman, that he had come with *twelve* squaws, to make a liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused.

On the sands at Scullercoats, near Tynemouth, England, a board has been fixed, on which is inscribed the following notice: "Any person passing beyond this point will be drowned by order of the magistrates."

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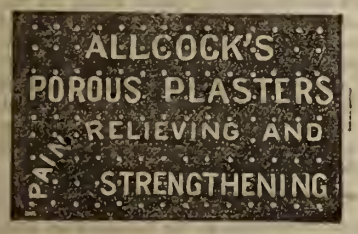

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ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

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Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

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HORSE-POWER
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SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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NEWEST STYLES OF FURNITURE,

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To our patrons we can only say that we shall use every exertion to give perfect satisfaction. my27 3m

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Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

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For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price, $100, at the Factory.

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THE EQUAL OF ANY ON THIS CONTINENT!

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

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and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

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DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM

—OF—

WILD CHERRY,

HAS BEEN USED FOR

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY,

With the most astonishing success in curing

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, and every Affection of

The Throat, Lungs and Chest,

INCLUDING EVEN

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There is scarcely one individual in the community who wholly escapes, during a season, from some one, however slightly developed, of the above symptoms—a neglect of which might lead to the last-named and most to be dreaded disease in the whole catalogue. The power of the "medicinal gum" of the Wild Cherry Tree over this class of complaints is well known; so great is the good it has performed, and so great the popularity it has acquired.

In this preparation, besides the virtues of the Cherry, there are commingled with it other ingredients of like value, thus increasing its value tenfold, and forming a Remedy whose power to soothe, to heal, to relieve, and to cure disease, exists in no other medicine yet discovered.

The unequalled success that has attended the application of this medicine in all cases of

PULMONARY COMPLAINTS

has induced many physicians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M.D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country.

TO CALIFORNIANS AND OREGONIANS.

In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of "*I. BUTTS*," "*SANFORD & PARK*," and "*H. WISTAR, M. D.*"

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We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

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WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

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S. W. H. WARD & SON,

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jc30 3m

THE WHISTLER.

"YOU have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf at daylight's decline—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood;
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine!"

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish it for? That may be yours
Without any magic," the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight, one's good nature secures!"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even Modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your fine arm!"
She smiled and she laid her fine arm 'round his neck.

"Yet once more would I blow, and the music divine
Would bring me the third time, an exquisite bliss—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

INTERIOR ITEMS.

CONSIDERABLE excitement was created at the Park at about two o'clock yesterday afternoon, resulting from an attack made by Barney Mulligan on Police Officer Chappell, of San Francisco. While standing in the crowd in the front of the main stand, just before the commencement of the first race, Chappell was struck on the back of the head by Mulligan by some heavy instrument, which some represent as a cane and others as a loaded billet. As Chappell retreated he was struck several times on the head, which was considerably lacerated by the blows received. He drew his pistol and faced Mulligan at a distance of perhaps twenty feet, but did not fire, as he would have been compelled to fire into a crowd. Bystanders interfered, and Mulligan was arrested by Officer Harvey. It is said that Chappell was also struck by several of Mulligan's friends. It is supposed that this assault had its origin in circumstances connected with the death of Billy Mulligan, who was recently shot at San Francisco by another officer.—*Sacramento Union, Sept. 20th.*

THE editor of the Rocky Mountain *News* has received orders from England for three husbands, for as many English ladies, who were attracted by an article in his paper in relation to the scarcity of women in Colorado. He says he is prepared to negotiate with any gentleman answering the description and who means business.

THE Margarita copper mine in this county, says the San Jose *Mercury*, is turning out about $1,000 worth of copper ore per day. Much of the rock will assay as high as fifty per cent. copper. Two hundred tons of rock are ready for shipment.

THE bottoms of the Yuba and Feather rivers, in this immediate vicinity, says the Marysville *Appeal*, have produced this season an abundant quantity of excellent corn. As this grain brings a good price, this year, the corn raisers will make a good thing of it.

A GENTLEMAN who has just returned from an extended visit to the Desert Mining District, and to the Humboldt, reports to the Gold Hill *News* that several fine mills are being erected on the river, and that mining matters never looked better.

THE two-mile race between Norfolk and Lodi at Sacramento, on Monday last, was won by the former in two straight heats: time, 3.37 and 3.38. The same horses will run again to-day, September 23d.

THE Yreka *Union* says the mines on Humbug and McAdams's creek are paying large dividends, and all those having claims are getting rich. Several large strikes have lately been made.

JUDGE BELL, late a member of the Montana Legislature, committed suicide, at Ten Mile Creek, in that Territory, recently, by shooting himself through the breast with a pistol.

D. E. MCCARTHY, of the *Territorial Enterprise*, has sold out his interest in that paper to J. T. Goodman, his late partner.

SMALL POX prevails to some extent at Yreka, two families being afflicted with it.

THE proper course to pursue, on being informed that somebody has threatened to pull your nose, is to procure a candle and grease it [the nose—not the candle, Mr. *Suisun Herald.*]

SINCERITY, or what claims the name, is always ready to force its obnoxious sentiments upon you, as "Midas" would his ears, uncalled for.

A TIGER HUNT.

MR. SARKIES was, some years ago, one of the keenest sportsmen in Dacca, but he has for some time past given up entirely all kinds of field sports. He came to Dacca a few days ago to witness the races, and being desirous, before returning to Calcutta, to visit the scenes of his former exploits to see if his hand had not lost its cunning, he obtained the loan of several elephants from Khajeh Abdool Gunny, and proceeded with a couple of friends beyond Tezgong. On reaching the jungles he heard deep growls, indicating the vicinage of a tiger; the mahout also whispered the ominous word "*bag.*" A veteran sportsman would not go out tiger-shooting without a full knowledge of the elephant he bestrode, as much of the success, or may be danger, depends on the firmness or timidity of the animal. The animal ridden by Sarkies was offered him, from among several on the spot, which gave him the tacit assurance of its being the best in the lot, and adapted for the purpose.

This elephant was urged on, and others formed in line They had not proceeded far when the tiger, rushing out of his cover, assailed one of the pad elephants. Mr. Sarkies, with a view to draw him away from the elephant, fired a shot in a hap-hazard manner. No sooner was the gun discharged than the tiger charged Mr. Sarkies' elephant, and lacerated her ears, clawing her forehead.

The elephant turned immediately around, as on a pivot, and retreated for her life, and strange to say, the tiger dogged her heels for about a hundred yards, biting and clawing them all the while. The elephant, maddened with fear and pain, ran at a furious pace, so that Mr. Sarkies could with difficulty retain his seat, but as for shooting the tiger it was an impossibility. The tiger being attached to the heels of the hathie, was not perceptible from the back.

Mr. Sarkies fearing, at the dangerous pace the elephant was running, that she might fall into some ditch or another, or in all probability throw off the howda—in either case loss of life may have been the result—he with the greatest difficulty put his right foot on the seat, with one hand clinching the front rails of the howda; he used his double gun for a pistol, and contrived to fire it off towards the place where he suspected the tiger to have been running—the growls of the tiger alone indicating that he was at a dangerous proximity to the heels of the elephant. The tiger, at this report, let go his hold, when the elephant released from her tough customer, ran like mad. No endeavors of the mahout could stay her; fortunately, a number of elephants chanced to be on the path that the runaway was pursuing, and their mahouts, seeing how the state of things was, hemmed her in, and stopped her career.

Mr. Sarkies was so disgusted by the cowardice of the elephant, as also the culpability of the mahout in giving an elephant of that character, that he was for turning home, when another mahout told him to try another elephant, who would not disappoint him.

The howda was shifted, and Mr. Sarkies proceeded to the spot where the tiger had left him. As the field was denuded of tall jungles, the tiger was clearly seen crouched on the very spot. He allowed the elephant to approach within fifty yards, when, with a roar and bound, he charged the elephant who fully answered the praise bestowed on him, for he stood as firm as a rock; not a single step did he recede, and, with his trunk up, he boldly faced his advancing foe. The tiger received a warm welcome, and was turned by a ball (smooth bore) on his shoulder, and, as he was slowly retreating, another ball on his back laid him prostrate, when he was finally polished off by a shot. My own experience in these kinds of field sports has not been much, but I have seldom heard of a tiger charging, biting, and dogging the heels of an elephant for near 400 or 500 yards in an open plain; their nature is to remain under cover, from whence, if disturbed, they make a charge, and retreat again to their shelter, but this animal being one of the most ferocious kind, Mr. Sarkies was in eminent danger when his first elephant ran away. Either a fall of the howda, which was afterwards found to have been very loosely attached to the back, or of the elephant itself, in his headlong career, would have endangered his life.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education, to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about; give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers and become acquainted with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is now dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain an intelligent conversation, concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvement of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems of the centre table be part of the time covered with weekly and daily journals. Let the whole family, men, women, and children, read the newspapers

POETICAL TRIADS.—Mr. Owen Pugh, the Welsh bard, being called upon for his opinion of the requisites of a Poet, wrote, on the spot, the following Parody on the "Bardic Triads:"

1. The three primary requisites of poetical genius: an eye that can see nature; a heart that can feel nature; and a resolution that dares follow nature.

2. The three final intentions of poetry: increase of goodness, increase of understanding, and increase of delight.

3. The three properties of a just imagination: what may be, what ought to be, and what is seemly to be.

4. The three indispensabilities of poetical language: purity, copiousness, and ease.

5. Three things that ought to be well understood in poetry: the great, the little, and their correspondencies.

6. Three things to be avoided in poetry: the mean, the obscure, the extravagant.

7. Three things to be chiefly considered in poetical illustration: what shall be obviously seen, what shall be instantly admired, and what shall be eminently characteristic.

8. The three dignities of poetry: the true and wonderful united, the union of the beautiful and the wise, and the union of Art and Nature.

9. The three advantages of poetry: the praise of goodness, the memory of what is remarkable, and the invigoration of the affections.

10. The three purities of poetry: pure truth, pure language, and pure conception.

11. Three things that should thoroughly be: thoroughly learned, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.

MR. ASHLEY'S POSITION.—In party matters, I have enough to do to fight the common enemy, without making war upon Union men because they may differ with me on some of the new and perplexing questions which the war has forced upon us. While a member of the Union party, I shall defend its settled policy, support its regularly nominated candidates, and acquiesce in the fairly expressed will of the majority of the party on all political questions, if I can do so conscientiously. If I cannot, I shall openly withdraw from the organization. I have always labored for the triumph of ideas rather than for the triumph of men; and I hope that for the residue of my public life, whether it be long or short, that I may continue as I began. In any event, my friends may rest assured that I will never join the bushwhackers or camp followers for the sake of place and power. Whatever other faults I may have, fawning at the foot of power for place and plunder has never been, and I trust never will be, one of them. I know that the brightest jewel in the diadem of the conqueror is mercy; yet mercy without discrimination, history and revelations alike teach us, gives no security to governments. I would pardon many—perhaps too many. I would rather err on the side of mercy than err on the other side. I am so anxious for a nation of men homogeneous in aim and purpose, that I would go far to win back an erring brother to his former love of the Union and Constitution of our fathers; to the love of that old Flag which is to-day the emblem of our national power and national glory; that Flag which is to become the Flag of destiny and of empire, before which all nations shall stand with uncovered heads.

Thanks to the God of nations and of men, in speaking to-night of the Flag, as it floats on the land and on the sea, we can truthfully say:

'No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave,
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe one child of thine.'

Recognizing the new and responsible duties which the war has imposed upon us as American citizens, let us go forward to the discharge of those duties in a forgiving spirit and with thankful hearts; let us go again to the old altars, and take with us our children, and our erring and repentant brothers also, and swear by Him who liveth forever and ever, that come what may, divisions, dissensions, rebellions, interventions and foreign wars, that living or dying, no other flag shall ever wave above our homes or graves.

NUMBER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND.—At the National Fair, Dublin, Ireland, the two hundred thousandth Sewing Machine manufactured by the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company was on exhibition. We believe the Wheeler & Wilson machine has been before the public but about ten years; this would give an average rate of manufacture of 20,000 machines per year during the whole of that period. A most popular machine, truly.

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16.*

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.—Thaffe & Co., proprietors of the popular dry goods house, No. 9 Montgomery street, are now opening their new fall styles of Silks, Cashmeres, Foulard De Laines, Empress Cloths, Linseys, Prints, etc., of endless and bewildering varieties. They have just placed $50,000 worth of new dress goods on their shelves.

PERFECTION IN WOMAN is all in all. Ladies, as they see the unsullied purity of the complexion, the alabaster and transparent face, all spots tan, moth, pimples, freckles banished, are led in great anxiety to enquire—What does it? The answer is, Davidson' Circassian Bloom.

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

THE CONNECTICUT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capitul of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
Geueral Agents for California.

HOME MANUFACTURES.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

A LADY AT THE FAIR.—We always find a crowd gathered about the show-case of Mrs. Read, whose Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders are in extensive use wherever fashion reigns or health is an object to be desired. Specimens of her work in this branch of art, remarkable for perfection and finish, are exhibited by her, and also supporters for Hernia and Rupture, which, it seems, are extensively in demand. All these are more or less appliances for the preservation of health; but the cynosure of all eyes is the "Bust," an article indispensable to a lady's toilet. These and other objects and curiosities, it is generally conceded, richly entitle Mrs. Read to a premium.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following Steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1865:

OCTOBER 31, - - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
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THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

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Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the URINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

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SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

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A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use
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Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES
NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important considerationparticularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
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JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus' sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

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THE SAFE PATH TO HEALTH!

PURIFY THE BLOOD!

The value of Brandreth's Pills, in a climate like ours is hardly to be estimated. Their prompt use every day saves valuable lives. Always keep them in the house.

In cholics and in sudden pains of all kinds they soon give relief, and the patient is restored with renewed health.

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For one hundred and thirteen years, have held their reputation for efficacy, mildness and absolute certainty o operation; in fact, they are admitted to be the BEST PURGATIVE by all who have used them.

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In Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Habitual Costiveness, Rheumatic Pains in the Head, in Affections of the Kidneys, in the Diseases of Children, and for Worms, and as a General Purifier of the Blood. For Colds, Bilious Affections, Fevers and Disorders arising from Obstructed Perspiration, so common in this climate, they have *not their equals among all the Medicines of the Day.*

AS A PURGATIVE AND BILIOUS PILL,

They have not their equal in the world. Employed according to directions, accompanying every box of new style, they produce

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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my Private Government Stamp is on the box. See upon it "B. BRANDRETH," in white letters.

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Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

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We are in receipt, per every steamer, of

FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,

which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
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This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

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It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

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Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

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Fine Clothing,

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,* AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

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Have received a Large Stock of

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ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

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Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion.

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

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It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

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The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

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As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

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All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

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California Cheese, Italian Cheese, Syrup,
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Oysters, Lobsters, Pic Fruits, Pine Apples,
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Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
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Chile Negro, Maccaroni, all kinds; Farina,
Figs, Jams and Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
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Do not mistake the number the first time you call—☞531 Washington, a few doors below Montgomery☜—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

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Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

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Many of the above notices were given by our contemporaries during the publication of our first volume. With pride and pleasure we remark evidences of continued good will and approval in the columns of home and Eastern journals. No literary paper in California is copied by first-class Atlantic publications to one-tenth the extent that honors the CALIFORNIAN. By a firm adherence to the course we have hitherto pursued—fearlessness in condemning what we believe to be wrong (especially in regard to literary pretension where no merit exists,) by always preferring a good "selection" to an indifferent "contribution," by encouraging talent where it unmistakably has a germ, and utterly refusing to foist upon our readers the namby-pamby productions of brainless "space-annihilators," we feel confident we shall consult the wishes of the better class of readers, and that a rapid increase in its circulation will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to demonstrate the good taste of the people of California.

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Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

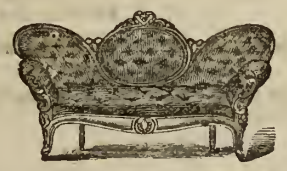
Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO *UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET*

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchia family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street,*
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,
NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - -	$7,000,000
Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets - -	$4,000,000
Security do do do - -	2,000,000
Phenix do do do - -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - -	$10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y. Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.
Phenix do do Security do do
Arctic do do Hartford Fire do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford: Assets nearly - - - - - - -	$8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - -	$1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company: Capital - - - - - -	$250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED
MARINE INSURANCE
TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436, California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

A LARGE ASSORTMENT
OF
COAL OIL LAMPS
AND
CHANDLIERS
AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

Preparatory to Closing Out that Department.

☞ For sale by STAFFORD BROS,
au26-1m 3 California street.

AN INVITATION.

AIR—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

OH if you want to look genteel,
As you must do, I suppose,
Come and go right down with me
To where I get my clothes—
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post

His jackets are the nicest
That ever you have seen;
Of every shade, from violet
To blue, and black, and green,
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

They're cut in the latest fashion
And fit so trim and neat,
That only just to look at them
Is a pleasure and a treat;
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

If you buy his clothes and wear them,
You are sure to be well dressed;
And my father says he wonders
How cheap they sell the best
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

So go and bring the boys here,
For I want them all to know,
When they buy their Sunday jackets,
The cheapest place to go
Is, C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

se9-1m

JUST OUT!

NEW VIEWS OF
LAKE TAHOE, DONNER LAKE,
HYDRAULIC, QUARTZ AND PLACER MINING,
MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY SCENERY, GOLD HILL,
VIRGINIA CITY, BIG TREES, AND
YOSEMITE VALLEY,
PUBLISHED BY
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
317 *and* 319 *Montgomery street.*

CATALOGUES now ready, and can be had, on application, FREE. au19-1m

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

LE DOYEN'S SARSAPARILLA

HAS DONE DEEDS OF MERCY TO SUFFERERS

of Chronic Diseases beyond

the aid or skill of Surgeons or Physicians. It has raised the Invalid bowed down with despair. It has cured dreadful cases of hereditary disease and Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula swellings, eruptions, Eczuna, Erysipelas, Goitre, Nodes, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, weaknesses, flows, irregularities, and all impurities of the blood.

LE DOYEN'S SARSAPARILLA,

IODINE ALTERNATIVE

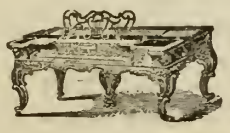
FOR

THE BLOOD.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

se19 1m SAN FRANCISCO.

GREATEST TRIUMPH!



The "Bradbury" Piano

TOOK THE

FIRST PREMIUM

AT THE

MECHANICS' FAIR,

WHERE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MAKERS WERE IN COMPETITION.

This is nothing new for the

BRADBURY,

It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.

A. KOHLER, Music Dealer,
620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco,
se23 1m Sole Agent for the Pacific States.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this: also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, SEPT. 23d,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

ARRAH NA POGUE!

This Evening, September 23d,

Will be performed, an entirely original version of the celebrated Irish story of ARRAH NA POGUE, entitled THE WICKLOW REBEL, embracing all the beautiful language of the story of

ARRAH NA POGUE!

Cast to the entire strength of

MAGUIRE'S LEVIATHAN COMPANY.

In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, with grand scenic effects, extensive properties, etc., the great sensation drama of

The Fool and his Master!

In which M'LLE VESTVALI will appear.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10

No extra charge for reserved seats.
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

SILKS! SILLKS!

TAAFFE & CO.

HAVE THIS DAY ADDED TO THEIR SILK STOCK A LARGE INVOICE OF

Elegant Dresses,

Suitable for Ball and Dinner Parties.

ALSO,

100 DRESSES, RICH MOIRE ANTIQUE,

AT $35 PER DRESS.

ALSO

2,000 YARDS CHECK SILK, AT $1 PER YD.
100 DRESSES FOULARD SILKS, AT $10 PER DRESS.

No. 9 Montgomery street,
se23 UNDER LICK HOUSE.

POPULAR TRADE!

TAAFFE & CO.

WILL ADD TO THEIR STOCK

ON MONDAY,

$50,000 *WORTH OF DRESS GOODS!*

PURCHASED AT THE LATE AUCTION SALES,

And will be sold at

40 per cent. Under their Real Value:

2,000 yards Plain Challies, 25 cents per yard;
1,200 dresses Foulard De Laine, $3 75 per dress;
500 dresses Empress Cloths;
400 dresses Check Poplins;
2,000 yards Scotch Linseys, 30 cents per yard;
200 pieces French Merino, 75 cents per yard;
300 pieces French Merino, $1 per yard;
500 pieces French Merino, $1 25 to $1 50 per yard.
700 GENTS' FRENCH LINEN SHIRTS, at $3 50; worth $6.

ALSO,

FOULARD DE LAINES, CASHMERES,
MOHAIRS, PHINTS, BOMBAZINES,
ALPACAS, POPLINS, LINSEYS,
WINSEYS, ETC.

SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS.

9 Montgomery street,
se23 UNDER LICK HOUSE.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 KEARNEY STREET,

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH has leased the above spacious and elegant Theatre for the proper production of Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

It will be produced on

MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 25TH,

In a style of perfection that can only be obtained by a lavish outlay of money.

The Manager has the pleasure to announce that

MRS. SEDLEY BROWN

Will make her first appearance in California in the character of ARRAH NA POGUE.

This play is Mr. Wheatleigh's sole property by RIGHT OF PURCHASE, and can only be played IN CALIFORNIA by him.

BEWARE OF A WEAK "ORIGINAL" VERSION, Dramatized from a two-bit publication, to DECEIVE THE PUBLIC and to injure the world-wide reputation of Boucicault's ARRAH NA POGUE.

Scenery, Machinery, Costumes, etc., are gotten up from Models, Patterns, etc., sent from New York.

An ENLARGED ORCHESTRA, under the Conductorship of Mr. CHAS. SCHULTZ.

Additions have been made to the EFFICIENT STOCK COMPANY.

☞ Box Book open on SATURDAY, September 23d, when seats may be secured three days in advance.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOK-SELLERS,

Importers and Publishers,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

BOOKS,

In Every Department of Literature,

EMBRACING

Standard, Miscellaneous,
Mining, Scientific,
Medical, Military,
Theological, Religious,
Juvenile, Toy Books,

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,

MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, ETC.

☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,

BY

A. ROMAN & CO.

se2-tf

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

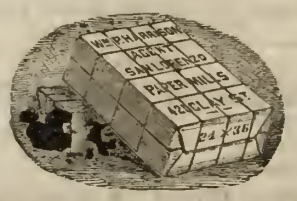
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.



LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Supporters attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,

UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27-tf

LECTURES ON INDIA.

DR. SCUDDER

WILL DELIVER THE FIRST OF HIS

Course of Lectures on India,

AT

PLATT'S HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 26TH,

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

SUBJECT—Races of India, Languages, Curious Customs, Fakirs, Hermits, Hindoo Wit, and Hindoo Women.

TICKETS OF ADMISSION, - - - ONE DOLLAR.

No extra charge for Reserved Seats.

Tickets to be had at the principal Book and Music Stores, and at the door on TUESDAY MORNING.

Dr. Scudder's Lecture on India, delivered last evening in the College-street Church, was very largely attended. Rarely has an audience been so highly pleased and so deeply interested in any public lecture as was that last evening. Dr. Scudder is an able and eloquent lecturer; easy, graceful and polished in delivery, while his style of description and narrative is most charming. The pictures he presented of India life and customs were graphic, and placed before the audience in colors not to be forgotten. Altogether, the Lecture was a successful effort, and we venture the assertion that not one of the thousand who attended last evening would willingly be absent from any one of the course.—*New Haven News.*

The closing lecture of this brilliant course, though delivered on a rainy night, was attended by more than 2,000 people. In both manner and matter it excelled the preceding efforts of the eloquent lecturer; and as a just analysis of the relations of British power to the Indian race, it was worthy of a Christian statesman. The incidents and causes of the recent mutiny, and the career of the heroes it called upon the stage, were sketched with great ability and graphic skill, and with a constantly evident interest in the fate of an empire where the lecturer first saw the light, and to which his own energies, and those of his missionary father and five missionary brothers are devoted. At the close of the lecture on Monday night Rev. Dr. Prime called Mr. Doremus to the Chair, and Rev. Dr. A. D. Smith offered resolutions of thanks for the course, and requesting its early repetition, which were passed unanimously, with marked approbation. We hazard little in saying that as no course of lectures in this city was ever more successful, so none ever more deserved success for their remarkable combination of instruction and entertainment.—*N. Y. Times, November 28th.*

se23-1t

GROVER & BAKER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16-2m

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 19.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

PROSE ARTICLES:
Among the Books.—By "Bret."
The Marigold.—By "Iris."
The Merchants' Books.—By F H.
A True Account of an Apparition.
Emerson on "Manners"
David Brown.
Houses with Privileges Thrown In.
Romance and Reality.
Artemus Ward, on the Atlantic Cable.
New Plays—Anxious French Dramatists.
What They Do at Newport.

LITERARY ITEMS:
A Paragraphic Summary.

MUSICAL MATTERS:
A Condensation of Music Gossip.

POETRY:
A Day of Sunshine.

EDITORIALS:
Successful Illiterature.
Editorial Paragraphs.

THE MOUSE-TRAP:
[By "Trem."

NEW BOOKS:
A Review of Recent Publications.

INTERIOR ITEMS:
Recent Events, in Brief.

THEATRICAL TALK:
The Theatrical Events of the Week.
[By "Touchstone."

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THERE is a limit to human endurance. Even a worm will turn when trodden on, though what good it will do him we cannot tell. The proprietors of the *Californian* have gone a little too far. When we made arrangements with them to publish THE MOUSE-TRAP in the same form in which they published the *Californian*—in consequence of the high price of paper—we did not suppose that we, as editor of THE MOUSE-TRAP, would be exposed to the persecution which we have uncomplainingly borne for many weeks past, holding our peace from a dislike to expose our business arrangements to the public. But, as we observed before, there *is* a limit to human endurance. Shortly after the proprietors of the *Californian* admitted THE MOUSE-TRAP into their sheet, they informed us that when they agreed to do so they were unaware of its nature, and added that "the *Californian* wasn't a powder magazine." We let this pass. Again they complained that if we had a fancy for blowing up daily papers they would not allow us to do so at the risk of blowing up the *Californian*. We put up with this, also—in consequence of the high price of paper. After this they approached us in a different manner. "Look here," they said, "here's the *Call* is quite inclined to be civil, and really takes quite an interest in the *Californian*, and no doubt would copy it by the column if you'd only keep that infernal MOUSE-TRAP of yours from catching every little error which it makes." This was almost the crowning insult, but not quite. We also let that pass; simply because paper was still so high that to publish THE MOUSE-TRAP as an independent sheet was dangerous. Last Friday these fiends—determined to drive us to desperation, to force us to remove our MOUSE-TRAP from the shelter they had for some time with a very bad grace afforded it, and perhaps compel us to wander round the country as an itinerant vermin-destroyer—committed an act which makes our blood boil as we think of it. We had seen THE MOUSE-TRAP safely locked up—the *Californian* was behindhand as usual, and THE MOUSE-TRAP had to wait for it till it was ready to go to press. The concluding article contained some strictures on a letter, written by some one who signs his name "John Paul," which appeared in the Sacramento *Union*. We stated in the commencement of this article that the aforesaid letter reminded us of the utterances of "Barnaby Rudge's" raven which continually shrieked, "I'm a devil!" On Saturday morning we looked at THE MOUSE-TRAP and found that this article had been shorn of its fair proportions—only the first three lines remaining, and in these lines "Barnaby Rudge's" raven is made to shout, instead of "I'm a devil," "I'm a TREM"—the proprietors of the *Californian* thus applying the name of the Enemy of Mankind to the editor of THE MOUSE-TRAP, or intimating that "Trem" and "devil" were synonymous and interchangeable terms. We *could* have let that pass—paper being very high at present—but on searching to ascertain what the miscreants, who had feloniously broken into THE MOUSE-TRAP and mutilated the finest and most lively mouse, had substituted in the place of what they had removed, we were indeed enraged. A string of vile doggrel verses met our eye, entitled, "Important Mexican Correspondence," and purporting to be an intercepted letter addressed to the editor of THE MOUSE-TRAP. We correspond with a man who writes:

"Their manners to a stranger here,
Is stranger yet to see;"

We continue on friendly terms with a degraded being who outrages all laws of grammar by writing:

"The fields are parched and *so's* my lips—"

Ye gods! The man is an imposter! This precious effusion is signed H. By what right does he drop his h's in our mouse-trap? We appeal to the public. Is this not past enduring? The laws of English grammar set at defiance in THE MOUSE-TRAP, by a vile wretch who dares to claim acquaintance with its editor and address him familiarly! We have made up our mind. We shall remove THE MOUSE-TRAP from the *Californian*, and shall publish it independently immediately, directly, that is—directly paper falls.

We have received a copy of *The Home Missionary*, published by the American Home Missionary Society. This society has for its object the supplying of clergymen. On the last page of *The Home Missionary* we read: "Feeble congregations desiring aid in supporting the Gospel, are requested to make full statements of their condition and prospects, and of the reasons for granting their requests." The circulation of *The Home Missionary* appears to be an important part of this society's work. This publication is "sent *gratuitously* (the italic's are the society's,) to every individual who contributes ten dollars or upwards during the year, unless he prefers to take it as a subscriber." The subscription is fifty cents a year. The society wishes missionary boxes to be sent to it, and gives "suggestions as to their contents" as follows: "In regard to what is to be put into the box, while clothing of woolen or linen fabrics, shoes, boots, writing-paper, and books will be specially valuable, scarcely anything in the shape of plain, substantial wearing apparel or bedding, or which is of common use in any form in a family, will come amiss. Knives and forks, spoons, a pair of scissors, a spool of cotton, a skein of yarn or silk, a paper of needles or pins, a cake of wax, a dozen of buttons, a thimble, a tumbler, a tin cup, a skimmer or a pepper box, need not be left out." On the whole, the society is not particular what you send it. If you have not any good books to send, put "Hoyle on Whist," "Jo Miller's Jest Book," and other light works in the box. "Reports of the Patent Office" will not be refused; paper is worth six cents a pound now. We do not suppose a box would be refused if two pair of scissors were put into it instead of one, or two spools of cotton, but it may be taken as a rule, that the missionary who has the articles enumerated, is fully equipped for the good fight. The missionary who has a skimmer does not get a pepper box. Put in "a skimmer or a pepper box." Lest any should be fearful of sending clothing which will not fit the missionary for whom it is intended, the society informs the public that they need not have any concern about that little matter, as the "missionaries are in the way of making exchanges with each other." Would a mouse-trap be of any use to a missionary? Will the society inform us? As *The Home Missionary* observes, San Francisco is in a most satisfactory condition. We don't want missionaries ourselves, because we're good; we ought, therefore, to do our best to send pepper boxes and skimmers to missionaries in other parts. The report from San Francisco is: "But few stores are now opened on the Sabbath and but little business is done; and whatever of amusement is enjoyed on that day by those who do not respect its sanctity, is enjoyed beyond the limits of the city proper." Yes, indeed, we keep the city proper proper in every sense, and those lost and hardened wretches who actually enjoy themselves on Sunday, do it outside the city; they go and look at a lot of profane seals at the Cliff House and hear profane music at the Willows. We have, however, one dark strip within the city proper in the shape of a collection of profligate monkeys and unholy bears at a place called North Beach; a great many ungodly little children go and gaze at these animals on Sunday, and we fear will continue to enjoy themselves thus, unless the Home Missionary Society will send a missionary (let him bring his own box) to preach to the feeble congregation. With the exception of the monkeys we are as near perfection as a city can be expected to be on Sunday, and have preaching in the streets every Sabbath in front of a newspaper office. If *The Home Missionary* would like a mouse-trap it can drop us a line enclosing stamp for reply.

We notice an advertisement stating that "a young man, an American and Protestant by birth, desires a situation as Porter in some wholesale establishment." This "Protestant by birth" should marry and raise a family of ready made Protestants to check the advance of "Popery." To paraphrase Shakspeare: "Some achieve religion and some have religion thrust upon them," but here is a man who was born with a religion—a Protestant by birth. Happy the wholesale establishment which secures the services of this Protestant porter! Oh, admirable young man! As he came into the world his first infantile cry was a protest against the errors of the Church of Rome! Not to many is it granted to be Protestants by birth, and such as enjoy this privilege are eminently qualified to act as porters in wholesale establishments. We trust this young man is ere this engaged.

THE New York *Home Journal* says:

"Harry Flash, recently of Mobile, has become a resident of this city, and is engaged in business. A new edition of his poems will be published in the autumn."

We had a better opinion of the *Home Journal* than to suppose that it would lend encouragement to the publication of flash literature.

We never fully appreciated what a "strong leader" was till quite lately. Several persons speaking of a recent scandal, remarked to us: "The *Spirit of the Times* has a pretty strong leader on the subject." We searched for the *Spirit of the Times* for the purpose of ascertaining what style of article suited the popular taste. Alas! never until we read that wondrously strong article, were we aware of our own weakness. How tame and spiritless do the paragraphs which we fondly imagined were terribly severe, appear when compared to the leading article in last week's *Spirit of the Times*. We intend to reform our style on this model. It is, indeed, withering! Speaking of Gottschalk, the editor says:

"Afraid of his coward carcass he left the city by stealth on the *Colorado*, on Monday last, to escape the just vengeance which was about being visited upon him."

It will be some time before we shall acquire sufficient courage to write such a sentence as that. It seems obscure to us. His carcass is described as "coward"—an abbreviation of "cowardly"—why then should he be afraid of it? Does a coward inspire fear? Surely a "coward carcass" is nothing to be afraid of. We intend to read the *Spirit of the Times* regularly in future, and hope to arrive at a just appreciation of its leading articles after a course of six months reading.

Does not the following which we clip from a religious paper encourage people to die drunkards?

"Five Governors of the State of New York, including three of the greatest and best she had, died drunkards."

Is not the fact that three of the greatest and best Governors the State of New York ever had died in a state of intoxication rather an encouraging one for drunkards? How such a paragraph was admitted into the columns of a religious paper we cannot imagine. It would have been far more expedient to state some other particular concerning the three best Governors the State of New York ever had, instead of furnishing drunkards with such a powerful weapon against the Cause of Temperance. Will not the unhappy inebriate when told by one of the Sons of Temperance of the destructive consequences which follow an indulgence in the vice of drunkeness, hiccup out: "Got better chance 'n you of been Guv'nor New York ole feller." We fear this. Religious papers ought to be more careful in making selections. How much better it would have been to have picked out five Governors of the State of New York who were never known to drink intoxicating fluids, utter profane language, or even chew tobacco—that is, provided five of this description could be found.

What a glorious welcome did California give to the war-worn heroes who some days ago returned, bringing with them their banners which bore the record of a hundred fights. How the bells pealed forth a merry welcome to the veterans who had fought so bravely and so well, how the old flag which they had shed their blood to protect from dishonor waved from a thousand housetops! Oh, 'twas a glorious sight to witness the triumphal march of those bold troops through our streets while bands of music played the inspiriting air of "Johnny Comes Marching Home." How the crowd pressed eagerly on them, grasping the bold fellows by the hand, while fair ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows and showered bouquets on the brave defenders of the Union. The editor of THE CALIFORNIAN says the above is all hosh, and that there isn't a word of truth in it; that the soldiers marched through Montgomery street in silence, not a soul turned out to bid them welcome, and the war-worn veterans went and got horribly intoxicated in disgust at the ingratitude of Republics. A pretty thing this would be to print. Not a bit of it. If the people of San Francisco didn't give the soldiers a welcome, the "Mouse-Trap" will give them one in print. We saw that welcome—in our mind's eye.

THE San Jose *Mercury* devotes nearly half a column of its space to abusing Gottschalk, he having "stuck the office for a three sheet poster." After relating a certain scandalous story, the *Mercury* winds up thus:

"We pronounced him a musical humbug when we first heard him try to "play a tune." We thought then that the *piano* was not his *forte*, however artistically he might seem to finger the keys. Our general opinion of the man is now confirmed and riveted with several expressive adjectives.

This is a delightful specimen of the *Mercury's* logic. Gottschalk has proved himself an unprincipled scamp in San Francisco as well as in most cities which he has visited, and has left without paying the San Jose *Mercury* for a three sheet poster, *therefore* that paper prides itself on the display of ignorance which it made in pronouncing him "a musical humbug!" Had he paid his bills and otherwise behaved himself respectably, his claim to be considered the finest pianist in the United States would never have been disputed. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

TREM

DAVID BROWN.

I.—1862.

"NOW, Brown," said I, as I turned down the bedquilt, preparatory to getting into bed, "you've been at it again!"

"At what?" quoth Brown.

"Why, shaking the feathers all over to your side of the bed. I won't stand it, now, that's all." And I gave the bed an indignant dig with my fists.

Brown fell back on his chair and laughed immoderately.

"Oh, you may laugh," I growled, "but, by George! it's no fun. You're always up to some such hoggish trick, and I say it's no fun. I'll give Mrs. Scoavle notice to-morrow—see if I don't. I pay as much board as you do, and I won't be come it over this way any more."

"Oh, now, what's the use in getting grouty, Pomeroy?" said Brown, as he kicked his boots across the room.

"Grouty? Who wouldn't get grouty? I don't come games on *you*. A fellow has enough to bear at this miserable boarding house without you to make it worse."

"Now, Pom, let the boarding house alone. Boarding houses are alike. Mrs. Scoavle gives as good as any one else will for the money."

"Oh, you can stand anything. I never saw such a fellow as you are. You'd get along in a coal-bin."

"I'd get along as good as I could, Pom, wherever I was. I don't believe in being so all-fired thin-skinned. Why don't you take things as you find 'em? I do."

"Well, you may take my side of the bed, then. See how you'll take that, after you've shook all the feathers over back."

"You don't mean it, Pommy! What a beast you are getting to be!"

"Don't like the place you fixed for me, do you? You'll sleep there, though, or you'll haul me out of bed."

With that I smuggled myself under the quilts as if determined to die there in defence of my rights. Brown laughed a good-natured laugh as he buttoned his night-shirt.

"I guess we won't fight to-night," said he. "It's too late."

Then he turned off the gas and got into bed.

Brown and I boarded at a cheap boarding house, where the accommodations were graduated very closely down to the price—we were fellow clerks in a railroad office, and our salaries were precious small.

I was a regular growler. Everything went wrong with me. Did you ever notice that people who are the hardest to please, people who find fault with everything, generally get the very worst of everything? That's my experience, in boarding-houses and out of them. I used to think Mrs. Scoavle was a regular skinflintess, and everything in and about her house at wrong ends. I should have left her a dozen times but for that selfish Brown—as I called him and as I believed him. I was five years older than Brown, but, somehow or other, he used to do pretty much as he pleased with me. There was something curiously fascinating about the fellow, notwithstanding he was such a hog—always looking out for Number One—a very prince of selfishness—*must* be, or how could he get along so nicely? He was high in favor with Mrs. Scoavle and the servant-girls, while I was quite the reverse. If you ever boarded out you know what that amounts to. The chambermaid used to do everything she could to please Brown and vex me. That matter of the feathers was her work, of course, but how could I know it? Brown never enlightened me. That was the worst of it. When I called him a hog he would laugh in my face as though he enjoyed it. The table girls used to look out for him in just the same way. If there was a knife with a handle that wobbled, you may be sure he never got it. I generally did.

The next morning Brown was out of bed bright and early, for it was a holiday with us, and that was a rare thing. He made his toilet cheerily, humming a little song, and was pulling on his best boots, when I got up and proceeded to make my ablutions.

"Now, then, Brown, where's the soap?" said I, in much vexation.

"I don't know," he replied. "I haven't seen any soap. I got along without."

I looked at him incredulously.

"Oh, don't stand there staring at me as if I was a funeral, Pom! I haven't swallowed the soap."

"Then where is it?"

"I say I don't know. It may be in your boots for all I can tell."

I looked in my boots, half expecting to find it there, and then washed myself rebelliously.

"Hang me if I don't give Mrs. Scoavle a going over for this," said, as I took up my patent-leather gaiters to rub them off. I found the soap in one of them. "Now, then," I cried, triumphantly, "here it is! I'd like to know how the soap got into my Sunday gaiters. I presume you'll say you didn't put it there."

"I suppose one of us must have dropped it there," said he.

"Yes, I dare say one of us did," was my angry response.

At dinner that day we had green peas—the first of the season. I am very fond of green peas. So is Brown. We ate them with a relish, and the dish was all too small; but there were no second dishes of such things at Mrs. Scoavle's, and that I knew very well; so I pushed the empty saucer away with a sigh. Brown pushed his away with a wink, directed at me.

A minute later I noticed Brown's dish had been replenished. New regulations, thought I, and beckoned one of the servant girls.

"Any more peas?" said I.

"Peas is all out, Mr. Pom'roy," said Maggie.

Of course! And there sat that hoggish Brown eating his second dish.

"Brown," said I, as we strolled out after dinner, "I've eaten my last meal in that house."

"Have you?" said Brown, quietly.

"Yes—I *have*. You needn't think I shall back down this time. I'm decided, and there's an end of it."

"Now, Pom—"

"You needn't commence it," I interrupted. "I won't hear a word."

"You won't leave a fellow all alone there, will you, Pom?" said Brown, in mock grief.

"I guess you'll survive," said I. "I'm going to enlist this very day."

Brown and I had been talking about it for some weeks, but I hadn't much thought of really doing it.

"Pom, old boy, if you go I shall go too, that's flat."

"You don't mean you'll enlist with me, do you?"

"Just so."

"You're joking."

"Not unless you are, Pom."

"Why, Brown, you'll be killed! You like your ease too well. What'll Mrs. Scoavle do?"

"Well, it *is* rather hard on a fellow," said Brown. "I can give Mrs. Scoavle a lock of my hair, you know. I shall stick by you, old man."

We did it. There was a new call for 300,000 men, and a regiment was rapidly filling up. I put my name down among the privates, and right after came the name, in a bold round hand, "David Brown"—that selfish Brown.

I went to bed in an unwonted good humor that night; and Brown said, as he flung his pants over the mirror and his necktie under the table—

"Where do you suppose we'll be a year from this, Pom?"

"Away from Mrs. Scoavle's boarding house," said I.

II.—1863.

"Brown, you're at your old tricks."

"What's the matter now?"

"Why, look at my blanket! It's wet. How's a fellow to sleep on such a blanket as that?"

"Why didn't you dry it?" says Brown. "Mine's as dry as a squirrel's nest."

"Oh, of course it is! How could I dry it when I had to stand guard all the evening? You might have looked after it! you would if you weren't so selfish. That's your style."

"Oh, what's the use growling over a wet blanket! I've slept on one often, and so've you. Take it easy, Pom, and go to sleep."

"You might give me yours after I've been out in the cold the past two hours, and you sitting here by the fire. I believe the blanket would have dried, itself, if you hadn't shoved it into the furthest corner of the house. It's like you."

All the answer that I got was a snore. Was there ever such a hog?

We were at Chattanooga now. Our quarters were comfortable, for the cold fall rains were kept off nicely by our little red cedar shanty—built the day after we camped. I might say that Brown built it himself, for he certainly did more work than any four other men in camp—no matter in what way. He never shirked. But when he got his nest made, be sure he was just as ready to enjoy it as he had been to build it. His health was splendid. He could sleep all night in a puddle of water, and come out of it next morning as hearty and good-natured as if he had slept in a bed of down. At breakfast, the morning after the blanket episode, Brown had milk for his coffee.

"Where'd you get that?" I asked.

"Tom Bates caught a cow last night," said Brown; "I thought you had some."

"Well, I didn't. Give me a little of yours, can't you?"

As I spoke the fellow was in the act of swallowing it.

"Spoke too late, Pom," said he, with a broad grin.

"Oh, of course! You're as big a hog as ever. I believe you'd see a fellow starve before you'd give him anything you wanted for your own precious stomach."

"You won't starve for want of milk in your coffee, Pom. I like it first-rate without milk."

"Well, I don't. I never can get used to it. It goes against my stomach."

"I'll drink it for you, Pom, if you're afraid it'll make you sick."

"Oh, thank you."

I was disgusted with him.

You know how we fought at Chattanooga. That day we went through fire. *I* can't describe it of course. We soldiers don't know much how a battle looks; it's a busy time with us.

Night came down on a bloody field, where I lay with my right leg shattered all to pieces by a shell from Lookout. Wounded, dead, and dying lay strewn around me. The darkness settled thicker and thicker. The stars looked down coldly on us. Ah, how I thought about old times! How I used to despise Mrs. Scoavle's bed and board! If I were only there now! I've seen the last of that, thought I. I wondered where Brown was. You lose sight of your friends wonderfully in the smoke and din of battle. No doubt he got off safe, and was sitting by the camp-fire now. He always looked out for Number One.

A hand touched mine in the darkness. It was wet with blood.

"Who's this?" uttered a husky, feeble voice.

"Tom Pomeroy," said I; "who are you?"

"No, Pom, you don't say you're here," said the voice; "are you hurt much?"

"My leg's split to flinders," said I. "Is this Brown?"

"Ay—Brown," said the feeble voice—feeble and muffled—uttered through rebellious groans. "I'm done for, I think."

"Where are you hurt?"

"All over, Pom. There isn't a whole limb on me. I think there's a bullet through my left lung. I can hardly speak for the blood in my mouth."

We lay in the silence of exhaustion for some minutes, but I knew by the way the poor fellow pressed my hand that he was busy with thought.

"Brown," said I, "it's fourteen months to-day since we enlisted. Do you remember?"

"Ah!" he murmured.

"I brought you here, old friend," said I.

"Pom, don't say that!"

It seemed to hurt him.

Another long silence followed. We both spoke only with great effort.

"Oh, for a drink of water!" I cried. I was perishing with thirst.

"Can you get my canteen?" said Brown. "There's some milk in it. Drink it."

I got the canteen, and held it to him.

"Drink, you," said I. "It will revive you."

"Don't waste it, Pom. Drink it up. It may keep you alive till they come for you. It wouldn't help me now."

I could not coax him to drink a drop. With eager, trembling lips I touched the mouth of the canteen. Ah, how refreshing it was!

"They're coming," said I, as I spied a lantern drawing near.

The owner of the lantern approached. There was another with him. They stopped near by, and leaned over a rebel soldier who lay there, badly wounded, but, as it appeared, conscious. The one with the lantern thrust his hands into the rebel's pocket, and drew forth the contents. The poor fellow remonstrated. The other suddenly dropped a bayonet through his heart.

"That's the way to fix 'em, Jim," said the one with the lantern, "when they don't like it. It's humane to put 'em out o' their pain, ain't it?—ha, ha!"

Then they came to us, and threw the light of their lantern on our face. We knew our safety lay in perfect submission only. They robbed Brown, and he never stirred or showed a sign of consciousness. I thought myself that all was over with him. Then they came to me.

"This fellow's shamming possum," said one of them, as he spurned my head with his foot.

"Leave him be!" fiercely uttered Brown, in a voice that would have been a shout but for the death-current through which it struggled.

"Fix that feller, Jim," said the one with the lantern, looking around.

A pistol cracked, and "Jim" leaped up, uttered—"God!" and fell dead.

"Damn you!" said the other, turning upon Brown, "you've done it now!" and he flashed a knife over my old friend's head. Brown struck up with his pistol, and the knife flew from the man's hand. At the same instant I caught his foot and tripped him. He fell headlong upon Brown, and was received in the embrace of my dying comrade, who in his death-agony struggled with the cursing brute. To my last hour I shall remember that fearful scene—the thief and the blood-covered soldier rolling over and over, in the struggle of death, in the dim starlight of that ghastly field; the one cursing furiously, the other silent, with all his energies centered in the grip with which his teeth were fastened upon the throat of the robber.

The laughing, light-hearted fellow, who loved his ease so well, and made sport of my petty vexations, when a great hour of horror came changed to a bandog in the service of his friend! Whether he could have lived, had he kept silence

at the moment when he saw my life endangered, I know not. and it does not matter. He gave his life to save me—that I know.

I swooned while the struggle yet progressed. Days after I awoke in the hospital. They told me how they found poor Brown and the dead robber lying—the hero's teeth still in the fellow's throat.

LITERARY ITEMS.

Miss Yonge, the author of *The Heir of Redcliffe*, that most potent awakener of youthful sympathies, is writing a novel for a magazine, called "The Dove in the Eagle's Nest." We hope for the sake of Miss Yonge's readers, that it is a better story than her *Clever Woman of the Family*, lately reprinted here. We have four times strenuously endeavored to read the latter novel, but have been utterly defeated by its dreary mediocrity.

Miss Muloch, the novelist, has become Mrs. Craik, she having married the son of Professor G. L. Craik, the eminent author of the "History of English Literature." The newspapers first announced her marriage to a gentleman with a wooden leg, and then gave her Professor Craik himself for a husband. The professor is sixty-six years old, having been born in 1799. We notice that he has just published a "Manual of English Literature."

R. H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr,") says the *Citizen*, intends to write a Life of Edgar Allan Poe, for which he has collected the requisite materials. We do not doubt that Mr. Newell will write an interesting biography of the eccentric poet; but we cannot help thinking that the work ought rather to be done by some writer who was personally and intimately acquainted with Poe.

Robert Buchanan, whose powerful and deeply pathetic "London Idyl," which appeared in the fourth number of the *Fortnightly Review*, has attracted so much attention in literary circles here, contributes to the sixth number of that magazine, an article on "The Old Ballads of Denmark."

George III. and Lord North are personages that must always possess an historic interest to Americans. We note, therefore, that Murray, of London, will presently publish *The Correspondence of His Majesty, George III. with Lord North, during the American War*—1768-1782. Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by W. Bodham Donne.

Sydney Smith wisely said: "Power will intoxicate the best hearts, as wine the strongest heads. No man is good enough to be trusted with despotic power; for when possessed of it, others can no longer answer for him, as he cannot answer for himself."

R. H. Stoddard, the poet, has in press a poem on the old story of the "Children in the Wood." The ballad on this subject, with which most readers are familiar, is an extremely imperfect composition.

Dante has been much written about, apropos to the six-hundredth anniversary of his birth. A Bibliography of all the works respecting him that have been published in 1865, appears in Trabner's *Literary Record*, No. 5.

Prof. W. E. Aytoun is dead. He wrote the *Ballads of Bon Gaultier*, the poem of *Bothwell*, and many other works. He was a man of learning, a powerful orator, and one of the wittiest men of the age.

Artemus Ward's new book will shortly be published by Mr. G. W. Carleton, of New York. It will be entitled *Artemus Ward, his Travels.*

An illustrated edition of Jean Ingelow's *Songs of Seven*, and a new edition of Alger's *Oriental Poetry* are announced.

Mrs. Sigouney, the poet, recently deceased, is to be commemorated by a monument in the city of Hartford, Connecticut.

Mrs. A. C. Mowatt Ritchie, Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, and Bayard Taylor will, it is said, publish novels the coming autumn. Sala's *Streets of the World* is also forthcoming.

Miss M. E. Braddon is presently to commence the publication of a new novel, in the *St. James's Magazine*, to be called "The Lady's Mile."

Victor Hugo's son has written a fantastic romance, entitled *Le Cochon de Saint Antoine*. It is published, and is dedicated to Voltaire.

John Saunders, who wrote *Abel Drake's Wife*, a book that is well known here, has lately put forth another novel, called *One Against the World.*

Geo. Alfred Townsend is about to publish a volume of his miscellaneous articles on American topics, printed in English periodicals during his residence abroad.

S. H. Hodgson, an English metaphysician, has put forth what we fancy must be a cheerful book for summer reading—entitled *Time and Space.*

Cruikshank's caricatures, eighty in number, are advertised for sale, in London, for $42 50. Forty of these memorials of the great comic artist are signed from 1813 to 1815.

HOMES WITH PRIVILEGES "THROWN IN."

Willis in his "Idlewild Mems," says: "An artist, on a visit to the Highlands, came down to the Landing Pier of Cornwall, the other evening, to enjoy (for which I had come also,) a luxury 'not charged in the day's expenses.' In ten minutes we were to see a picture, worth travelling as far as Florence to attain the sight of—the gayest of steamers making its apparition suddenly from between two mountains, and launched upon the mirror of a lake—the swiftly pencilled asterisk of a most heavenly sunset.

"But what a variation was here, to the monotony of a summer's day! The rosy glory of the West was flooding that inland lake, (the spread of the Hudson above West Point,) and the Storm-King, aproned with his seventeen hundred feet of precipitous woodlands, stood pointing his majestic instep into the water—a circling cluster of cloud-touching mountains right opposite, and all doubled in the breathless mirror at their base—as splendid a nest of landscapes as ever bewildered the dream of poet* or painter. For the music of it all, a mile off, played, just audibly, (to me,) the cascades of the glen of Idlewild; and the guns of West Point, hidden behind the Switzerland which locks that fortress in, were 'practicing' (they so call it) their *adieux* for the sun which was out of sight, *to them*, though, for *us*, in all its blaze five minutes more.

"And how strangely unaware was our twelve-hundred-horse-power friend, (Captain Anderson, the model of Commanders, on board his thus-potent *Mary Powell*,) of the manner in which he and his 'phenomenon' were to perform in a melo-drama with Nature! From the closed overfoldings of the precipices of two mountains, he was punctually to dart forth, at the speed of twenty miles an hour—(that beautiful craft which runs two hundred miles a day for the three months of summer, bearing one thousand passengers for her average 'up and down trip')—and, gliding up to the dock of our Highland village, he was to 'touch and away' with the ease of a swallow on the wing—every spectator re-astonished and re-delighted with what was but a punctuality of our week-day at home, *certain* to pass my library window at the same hour every morning—*certain* to astonish me (if I please) by the swift issue forth, from between the mountains, of the returning boat—*certain* to run for one hundred and fifty successive days, and sometimes, (as on the evening before the 'Fourth of July' was her actual number,) with twenty-one hundred passengers on her luxurious decks—what a *circumstance* is this for a belonging to a home in the country! It is (I declare) like a miracle, to see this splendid *Mary Powell*, (especially with her best speed on, the twenty-five miles in the hour,) as she merely 'goes by,' on the river. The majestic power with which she does her work, and the beauty with which she lays her breast to the swiftly-divided water; the quiet enjoyment of the hundreds of travellers looking over her balustrades, and the perfection of system with which she is 'handled'—it is all a daily marvel to me and mine!

"But how such 'advantages' endear one to a place! Our neighborhood of Cornwall, with this and many more such beautiful opportunities, is the prettiest 'Interlachen' of hills, within reach of New York, (sixty miles and three hours the removal only,) and yet my friend the artist fell to philosophizing, (as Anderson and his 'swift felucca' followed the sunset up the river,) on the strange *propensity of the prosperous* to 'sell their places.' He spoke of the three thousand 'summer boarders" (the number of our season's recent census,) and then pointed to dozens of lovely country-places 'for sale,' and we talked over the 'oddity' of reasons for breaking up—most of which we could as neighbors conjecture, but others which were a mystery to all."

*There is a wonderfully sweet "inevitable," in an *Evening Post* which comes to hand while I write—their correspondent saying that "the author of 'Manfred' is the only successful painter of Swiss scenery."

Meat Pies Without Vent.—A correspondent of the *Lancet*, in commenting on the case of Mr. Sprague, who was charged with having poisoned his wife and her father and mother, at Ashburton, says: "All learned toxicologists and chemists appear to have forgotten the important fact that if a meat pie is made without a hole in the crust, to let out certain emanations from the meat, colic, vomiting, and other symptoms of slight poisoning will occur. I have known two instances of large parties being affected in this manner from eating meat pies that had no vent in them."

There is no object in creation more lovely, more fraught with intense interest (if, indeed, we are not wholly wrapt in the petty world of self as to have none for such lofty sympathies) than a young girl standing on the threshold of a new existence; beautiful, innocent, and true; offspring as yet of joy and hope alone, but before whom stretches the dim vista of graver years, and the yearning thoughts, unspoken griefs, and buried feelings, which even in the happiest career must still be woman's lot.

Tennyson has of late been conducted by the newspapers to the brink of the grave. He is, in fact, in good health.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

One of the most beautiful actresses of the Boulevards received daily for about a month a little penny bouquet of violets. She found the bouquet in the box or with the doorkeeper every evening as the play was about to begin, and this simple offering of an unknown love affected her in spite of herself.

While acting she looked carefully around—at the boxes, the parquet, and even behind the scenes—but to no purpose; she saw nothing by which to recognize the man of bouquets. And thereupon she gave her imagination free reign, and the imagination of an actress is very similar to that of other folks.

Was he a foreign prince who wished to captivate her heart before placing at her feet his crown and treasure? Or was he an artist too bashful to declare his passion?

She interrogated the boxkeeper, the tirewomen—in short, everybody employed in the theatre, but nobody knew anything about it. Still the bouquets came.

"Do they tell us that constancy is a chimera?" murmured she.

The other evening, as she entered the theatre, she received a fresh bouquet of violets, and this time the flowers were accompanied by a letter. "At last!" said she, and opening it by the light of a reflector, she read as follows:

"Mademoiselle: I have loved you for a long time, for is not beholding and loving you the same thing? Every day I come to admire you, to applaud you, to delight myself with the brightness of your eyes and the charm of your voice—"

"He must be in the house," thought the actress, and she peeped through a hole in the curtain. The audience had just commenced to assemble. She resumed her reading:

"Of your voice. You are indeed beautiful and charming, and happy are they who may approach you. What would I not give to be near you always? Would the treasures of all the world be worth one of your smiles? No."

"Ah, that is nice!" she sighed; and turning the page, she continued:

"No! And yet I dare to love you—to tell you that I love you still more. I venture to beg you not to reject my homage."

"He begins to explain himself," said she to herself, "and I shall know"—and she continued—"my homage. If this expression of my love does not offend you, place this bouquet of violets in your bosom. Oh! then I shall be the happiest of men!"

"Well," said she, "no signature, no name given; but let us see—here is a postscipt:"

"P. S.—If you are curious to know who writes to you, look up to the fourth tier; my legs will hang over!"

The note dropped from the hand of the actress, and her arms nearly dropped from her shoulders.

Can Balloons be Steered at Will?—The new aerial vessel or sailing balloon, an ungainly monster, but perfectly successful invention, has made its first voyage in this country with unquestionable success. There is something graceful in the appearance of an ordinary balloon, but M. Delamarne's tractable giant is the ugliest thing conceivable. That is, however, perfectly immaterial, since the trial of Wednesday, from Cremorne Gardens, resulted in a complete triumph for the clever French aeronaut. Monday was the day advertised for this interesting experiment to take place; but the weather was, as the Scotch would say, much too "soft" to venture and run the risk of failure. The steering principle seems to be accomplished by several little windmills, the precise arrangement of which is of course only known to M. Delamarne. The balloon was inflated with gas, and after a delay caused by the necessary removal of the ballast the docile mammoth sailed away, and from the commencement of the memorable voyage was clearly under subjection. M. Delamarne demonstrated in the most satisfactory manner his ability to steer the balloon in any direction whatever, and there can be no doubt that a new era in aerial navigation will commence with this particular exhibition. The balloon at once crossed the Thames, Battersea Park, Clapham, South Lambeth, and the districts beyond in a southeasterly direction. The enterprising Mr. E. T. Smith is to be warmly congratulated upon having helped to inaugurate this new and startling institution, M. Delamarne's assistants were all Frenchmen, and one Englishman only accompanied the party.

The balloon proceeded as far as Vicar's Hill, Lewisham, and finally descended in Mr. Lee's brick-fields adjoining, called Loam Pit Hill. A crowd soon collected, and it was then found a matter of great difficulty to expel the gas. The most active of the rough bystanders were allowed to stamp upon the balloon, which they did with such a vengeance that several holes were made in the canvas. The gas was liberated by these channels instead of through the valve, which with the usual perversity refused to act. M. Delamarne was found in a state of insensibility, having inhaled some of the gas, but he speedily recovered and manifested the liveliest anxiety concerning his balloon, which was at length packed up ready for removal to London. So finished the aerial voyage which, though somewhat irregular in its termination, has demonstrated that a balloon can be guided, to some extent, in its course through the air.—*London Era, August 5th.*

[For the Californian.]

THE MERCHANTS' BOOKS.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

IN my way home the other afternoon, I passed the door of the house where my old friend S. R. has his chambers. He was just coming out at the moment, and seeing me, he said:

"To-day has been a pleasant day for me."

I said I was glad to hear it—had a good fortune come to him?

"No," he said—"No such luck for me; but I have the pleasure to know that a case I had before me two years ago has ended in a singular way only within the last fortnight, and fortunately to the individuals concerned."

He spoke in the very cheerful and exultant manner usual with him when he had achieved a success tending to make some parties happy. Knowing his partiality for giving information on such subjects, and also to help him let off the steam of first impression and impulse, I told him I had a little leisure, and should like to know what it was all about; "for two years," I said, "is a long time for you to have had any of your class of work on hand."

"True, it is," he replied; "but the circumstances of the case were such that I could not hasten them. I was rather under the control of others as regarded my movements; and as you would like to know the story, if you will step up stairs I will annoy you half an hour or so. But it is not a sensation case of a young lady getting into Newgate and out again; I have no pretty ladies in it—they are plain-looking, common sort of women of a peculiar class of our society, more unfortunate in some respects than those poor girls we call Unfortunates, and who have now been given a new name, 'the Social Evil.' However, come along and I will tell you what makes me feel so pleased with myself this afternoon."

Seating ourselves in his room adjoining the office, he began:

"As you are engaged in commercial affairs, you may perhaps know the rich firm of Wheeler, Smith & Co., of London Wall—large merchants in foreign spices, drugs, etc. It was customary with them for one of the firm, who kept the keys of the warehouse and of the iron safety closet, to attend to the placing of the bars on the outside and be sure that the place was entirely cleared and locked up, and it was his duty to be there early in the morning to unlock—for all the parties employed to come in and attend to their work.

One summer morning, now about two years ago, the partner —— went down to the warehouse as usual, where he was met by one or two of the porters who had to undo and take down the fastenings. This was done; the iron bars taken down, and the doors opened, the lock moving with its usual facility. On going into the warehouse he observed some nutmegs strewn about on the floor, and he remarked to the porter his carelessness at not having overnight put them into the bag which was standing close by. The man said he had done so, and he was quite sure nothing had been left lying on the floor. The partner then went into the counting-house and observed the flap of a clerk's desk standing a little open—here again he remarked on the careless habits of folks in the warehouse; and he took from his pocket the key of the safety closet, which opened in its usual way without the least appearance of anything amiss—but when the door was thrown back, to his great surprise there was not a book to be seen. He could hardly believe his eyes, but, slamming the door back he locked it again, and unlocked and relocked three or four times over, but the key moved with perfect order—nothing being amiss. He then opened it again and spoke to the porter, who was at his elbow, as to his knowledge of the affair. The man answered that he recollected his master locking all up safe at night and assisting in putting in the large ledgers; but being at home with his family he knew nothing more about it. The partner then examined the small drawers which were in the closet; the key opened all but one easily enough, as if quite undisturbed. One, however, was unlocked; this had contained a little gold coin and some bank notes, which were not now there, but the lock was all perfect when the key was applied. He then went and tried the locks of the warehouse doors and found them all perfect. Quite astonished for a few minutes at this very mysterious affair, he inquired of the porters as to the various goods in the warehouse. They replied that nothing had been disturbed; except the few nutmegs they first found on the floor everything was just as it had been left the night before. He was quite puzzled; no marks of violence anywhere—a little money and all the books of the concern taken away—what could it mean? how could it have been done? were the thoughts which passed through his mind. After a few minutes, having recovered from his first surprise, he put on his hat and went off to communicate with the Chief Marshal. Going to his house, he found Mr. Cope, the Marshal, at breakfast. He was received kindly. Mr. Cope listened to his tale, and observed: 'There is only one man that I know of who could do this; but whether he is in town or not I do not know; however, I will enquire and let you know what I learn.' Mr. Cope left his house to go to his office at the Mansion House, to leave word for the Under Marshal as to his absence. On his way here, a little old woman ran after him, calling: 'Mr. Cope! Mr. Cope! I know what you want!' He stoped a moment and she came up to him. 'You want Charley, Mr. Cope. I know all about it—he did it!' 'And where can I find him?' said Mr. Cope. 'Oh, you must be quick! You must go to such a place [describing it] in Felter Lane, and you will see a small cart at the door; the books are all in the cart, and Charley is in the house—only be quick or they will be off to the country.' So this was the man who Mr. Cope suspected—the most expert burglar in London, a fine locksmith, and one who made all his own keys and tools. The Chief Marshal, who knew the old woman, and that what she said could be relied upon, went to the Mansion House and left word for the Junior Marshal. Taking an officer who was there, they got into a cab and drove off to Felter Lane. Stopping and getting out of the cab before they came to the house named, they walked up to the dwelling. Sure enough, there was a small higgler's cart standing at the door with a piece of sacking thrown over it. Lifting up the sacking, he found the cart was loaded with merchants' hooks. He left the constable in charge of the cart, and passed quickly into the house, the door of which was open. A flight of stairs was facing the door, and he heard a noise as of a window being opened. He directly rushed up the stairs, suspecting there was an attempt to escape, and he called out: 'Charley, Charley, it won't do!' He got up to the window, where he caught Charley by the leg as he was trying to get out to some leads below. Charley then came back saying to Mr. Cope, 'I can't help it, it's of no use,' or some such expression. Mr. Cope told him not to make a noise, but come away quietly; he obeyed, and Charley Turnley and the cart were taken away by the officers.

"The searches made by the police, the finding of the hooks, with the attempted escape of Charley, all being produced before the Aldermen at the Guildhall Police Court, ended in the commitment of Charley to the prison of Newgate, for trial. The trial was to be at the following Sessions. I was engaged to prosecute him; I had attended the last examination before the Aldermen, so Charley knew that I had the conducting of the case. About five or six days before the day of the Court sitting in session, I received a message from Charley, to say he wished to see me at Newgate. I went there, and the governor, Mr. Wontner, on my stating I came there by the prisoner's request, had him brought out of the prison into a private room. He began the conversation by saying, 'You and I, sir, know each other by name, although we never met before; but I wished to see you and ask you a favor, which I am sure, from my knowledge of your character, you will do for me.' I replied, he must be well aware I had, as regarded him, an unpleasant duty to perform, but anything I could do for him that was not inconsistent with that duty, I would try and do, if it were at all reasonable. He smiled and said, 'I know what your duty is, and shall give you no trouble. We have never met before, and I have never been up before the Court at any time. You will be sure to find your bill of indictment against me, and I shall be put on my trial; but I shall save you trouble, for I shall plead guilty. I shall be sentenced to transportation, and be sent away; they will expect to have a run over me, like a fox chase, but I will disappoint them by pleading guilty, and you need not bring any witnesses for the trial.' I remonstrated with him, and said he had better take his chance with the jury. 'O, no,' he said, 'I am too well known to escape; but, as it is my first and last appearance, I do not want to be made too much of a show of, and I shall be sentenced to transportation and be marked to be sent away, and I now wish you to help me. I shall be sent away from the country, and I shall get my wife to call on you a few months after, to know if you can assist her to get out of the country to join me, and bring our two children with her, for she is a good young woman and has been a faithful and kind wife to me.' I replied, 'The Government will never send your wife and children after you.' 'I know that,' he said, 'but they will not prevent her coming out on her own account. There is plenty of money, so you need not be afraid. Old Mrs. Watts will call on you about it.' 'What,' I said, 'old Mrs. Watts!" and I was almost going to say, 'the old woman who betrayed you,' but I checked myself. 'Yes,' he said, 'she is rich enough, and will arrange all with you; and if you will but help me to have my wife and children come out to me, I shall ever be grateful for your kindness. This is the favor I want you to do for me.' Thus finding the nature of his request, I promised I would see Mrs. Watts, and I left him, fully relying upon his word to perform his part of the arrangement about the trial."

"And what sort of a person was this Charley you speak of?" I inquired.

"Well," said S. R., 'he is a mild speaking man, about your size. In ballroom dress he would be much better looking than half the men present. He was not a big, burly, bull-headed ruffian, as I suppose you thought his profession would require or cause him to be; but a civil man, of quiet demeanor."

"So, you took the mild thief's word as of an honest man?"

"Stop, my friend. There is a species of honor among thieves the world does not generally give them credit for, and I have met with it in several very curious instances; and I had full belief in his promise—I may say almost more so than in the promise of many a fellow called honest and very respectable."

"Yes," I said, "that may be; but the promise is made and kept solely from motives of self-interest."

"Granted it is so," he replied; "still, if the promise is honestly kept, it is acting rightly, and is to be commended. However, I will go on. The time of trial came; the indictment was preferred before the Grand Jury and found as he said; and his trial was fixed for the following evening, for, at that time, the Court at the Old Bailey had evening sittings, which were held before the Recorder, who took the bench after the Judges had left. The evening came—I had not brought any witnesses; the prosecuting partner of the firm alone attended the Court. Charles Turnley was the first prisoner on the list called upon for trial. The Recorder, Newman Knollys, and Alderman Sir Peter Laurie were on the bench. Mr. Shelton, the clerk of the Court, read the indictment to the prisoner, and asked him, 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' when he answered in a firm voice, 'Guilty.' On hearing this, the Recorder told Mr. Shelton to urge him to withdraw his plea and let the case go to the jury, but Charley stood firm, and no other plea was given. The fox chase, as Charley had expressed it, was not had, and the Recorder and the Alderman counselled for a few minutes, seeming rather chagrined at not having their sport, when the Recorder bade Mr. Shelton call up the prisoner for judgment, which being done, and Charley making no dissent, the Recorder, in his usual sharp voice and petulant manner, gave him a lecture on his offence as disclosed in the depositions, and intimating that in a commercial city like London, the property of merchant and individual must be protected, and those who were found committing offence must be visited with severe punishment as an example to others—that he, Charles Turnley, had the character of being the most accomplished burglar known to the police, and, although he had never been tried before, yet he must not be allowed to repeat his misdeeds, at any rate for some time to come; and ended all his exhortations by sentencing him to the utmost period of banishment the law had provided. Charley made a bow to the Court, and quitted the dock where he had been standing. There was a slight commotion in the gallery of the Court, and some words 'O, dear me!' or such like, was the only interruption, which subsided almost instantly. About four or five months after this night, and other matters had occupied my attention, my clerk one morning told me an old woman, rather meanly dressed, wanted to see me. I bade him show her into my room, and she came in. She was a little, short, old woman, dressed what I may call meanly-respectable, with sharp, quick, restless, black eyes. I motioned to her to take a seat, and she came near to me and began by saying: 'I am old Mrs. Watts. You know me and my name. Charley Turnley has told you all about my visit, and I have come to talk to you about it.' She then told me she wanted me to assist in getting her daughter and her two children out to join her husband, for Charley's wife was one of her daughters. I told her I did not know where he was to be sent to or when he would go. 'Ah,' she said, 'I can tell you that, I have made the inquiry: he has gone to Van Dieman's Land—the ship sailed last month.' I repeated to her what I had told Charley—that the Government would not assist such a plan. She said she knew that; but she also said, 'I have plenty of money, and I shall pay their passage in a ship and send them out; and, as to my daughter, she was brought up at the City of London Lying-in Hospital in the City Road, and can get a good living as a midwife, and she is a good, well-behaved, honest girl.' I ended by engaging to look after a ship and learn a few particulars, and she was to bring me her daughter next week and let me see her. The next week came, and Mrs. Watts and her daughter. I spoke to the daughter, and found her a very quiet, respectably-behaved young woman, about thirty years of age, and good looking, and such a woman as would be respected in the new colony. I promised to see after a ship for her without delay, as she was anxious to leave soon. I thought it would be greatly to the benefit of Turnley in his new condition of life if she joined him, for she seemed to be a woman likely to withdraw him from evil courses. Being acquainted with two or three ship-brokers, who had emigration to the colonies occasionally in their hands, I went to one of them and told him the case and the wish of Turnley's wife to join him. He advised me to let it rest a time, for it would be more to the advantage of Charley that he should have been there quite a twelve-month before his wife should make her appearance, and he added, if the parties would agree to wait, he would enter it in his memorandum book and send me word when he considered it would be a good time for her to go, and he would, on receiving proper instructions (*i. e.* being fully paid,) see that she had comfortable accommodations on board of a good ship at a reasonable price. I saw Mrs. Watts and her daughter in about a week after, and, being reasonable people, they at once saw the policy of complying with the

ship-broker's recommendation; and so it remained, and the year quietly wore out, and I had a note from the ship-broker, and in two months after the wife and her two children were on board a good ship bound for Hobart Town. Old Mrs. Watts had spared no expense in fitting them out with every comfort they could enjoy on board the vessel; and the broker kindly spoke a good word to the captain and chief mate, and they left England comfortable and happy. And now comes my pleasure: Old Mrs. Watts called on me this very morning with a letter which she had received from her daughter, who has been in Hobart Town now some months, and has found some good employ in her profession, and all the family are in good health. She speaks of being grateful for the way I have treated them all, and she thinks her husband much reformed and deriving much benefit from regular and constant employ, but, for the present, she has no expectation of any alteration in his sentence, and concluding her letter with prayer and thanksgiving for all the blessings she considers have been bestowed upon them under such adverse circumstances."

"Well, and you are pleased," I said.

"Yes," replied S. R., "I am pleased to think I have been able, out of such adverse circumstances, to have been, by Divine blessing, of some use to such people, and I hope that the good Lord's blessing will be continued to them, that Charley, seeing the error of his ways, may turn aside and become a new man, and end his life as a worthy and respected member of society, for he is a clever man and of engaging manner."

"But, my friend, I said to him, "you have not told me what were Charley's motives for committing this robbery."

"Ah, you dunce," said he, "I thought you could see his object. I will enlighten you: The merchants are known to be very rich, and have very extensive connections in England and all parts of the world, and you, as a commercial man, know that a merchant's books are of very great importance to him; and then, by possessing himself of all the books, Turnley expected to be able to open a negotiation with them for the return of the books on being paid a good round sum of money. Now, you see what it was and how it was defeated; and I suspect old Mrs. Watts betrayed Charley, for the purpose of obliging him to break off his bad acquaintances, and follow his legitimate business as a locksmith and be a creditable husband to her daughter."

"But," said I, "is there so much honor among these fellows, that they can be trusted?"

"Yes," said he; "I will give you a little instance that occurred with me last year: A West End solicitor called on me one morning, and said he wanted my help for a client who had lost a £500 bank note.

"'Why,' I said, 'you are in the profession, and surely can help yourself.'

"'No,' he said; 'we have to deal with people we do not think we can trust. They offer us the note back again, on paying £250.'

"'Why,' I said, 'how came it to be lost?'

"He replied: 'A friend and client of mine, a man of good property, a bachelor of middle age living in the Albany, was three years ago at a dinner party at a friend's house. He there met a very pleasant party, and several friends of his acquaintance, and some ladies; the wine circulated very freely, and my client, after a short time, found he had exceeded his usual allowance, and was getting very merry. So, after he had taken a cup of strong tea, he started to go home. One of his acquaintances, who was in better condition than himself, kindly proposed to accompany him home, and keep him steady and from being interfered with by the police, who might be about. So, the two started, and he got to his chamber and retired to bed. He did not awake until late the next morning—the natural result of his over-night's dose. He aroused, dressed, and had a cup of strong tea, and felt able to face the light once more. Wishing to look into his pocket-book for a letter, he put his hand into the breast pocket of his frock coat, but found no book. Being quite sure he had it with him when he went to his friend's house, he was immediately quite sobered by the knowledge it was gone, and with it a £500 bank note. He looked into two or three of his drawers to be quite certain, but no book presented itself to his sight. He felt sure it was lost, but how and where he knew not. He did not like to suppose it was taken by his friend, and, after a good cogitation, he resigned himself to the loss. Being rich, it did not ruin him, however vexed he might feel at its loss. About ten days before he came to me, his friend received a letter, telling him he might have his note by calling at a certain house and paying £250. This he showed to me; we talked the matter over; thought it was a very hard case, but what could he do? He dare not accuse his friend, who was rather of high standing in society; besides, where was his proof? He himself overcome by wine, who would give credit to his tale against the character of his friend? He must lose his note or pay the money; but, as we do not know so well how these people are to be managed, we want you to take it in hand.'

"I told him there was no fear with them, although they were all a set of rogues. Besides, I said, 'it is illegal and punishable.' However, after much parleying, he would insist upon my doing it for him. So, knowing his respectability and seeing he was nervous and excited over the affair, I told him he might refer the parties to me and appoint his own time and bring me the money in gold. 'But,' he said, 'shall I get an Inspector of bank notes from the bank to be with you.' I said: 'there is no need. You will have the identical note, not a forgery. Besides, whoever comes would not speak before a third person.' 'Well,' he said, 'I will leave it with you.' The next day he brought me a little bag of 250 sovereigns, and said he had made an appointment for the party to be with me at 8 o'clock the same evening, as his client was anxious to get rid of the recollection. So, in the evening, a knock at my door announced a visitor, and a person came in, of gentlemanly appearance, who I knew by name and sight as reputed a very respectable merchant in the city, having a large warehouse at the Thames side, and three or four large wagons and teams of splendid horses all engaged in carrying on a very thriving money-making business. He sat down very coolly and opened the business by saying he had brought the note—had I got the money.? I produced the bag. The gold he counted out. Finding it correct, he returned it to the bag and into his pocket. He then produced a sealed envelope, saying: 'The note is there, it has been kept safe in an iron chest ever since it was lost.' I opened the envelope and found the note just as it had been described to me fresh from the bank. He wished me good evening, and departed. So you see my friend, there is honor with these fellows, although of a very queer sort. I saw the solicitor the next morning and gave him the note, and he was much pleased and satisfied with its conclusion."

"Well," I said, "honorable as these fellows may be among themselves, yet they do not appear to be afraid to trust you."

"No," he said, "they are not afraid, and the reason is this: if I pass my word for a thing to be done, I do it to the extent of my ability: they know that, and they know this also, that if they unwittingly fall into my hands, I enforce the law against them without ceremony or any favor. Therefore, they know I deal justly by them and they do so by me when necessity impels."

It was now grown late beyond my dinner hour at home, so we adjourned to a chop-house in the vicinity of his chambers and had a beef-steak and a glass of wine, drinking health and prosperity to Charley and his family, in the hope of his entering upon a more creditable course of life for the future.

F. H.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

A GRAND trotting match between *May Queen*, owned by J. B. Gallar, and *George M. Patchen*, owned by W. Hendrickson, two-mile heats and repeat, for $2,000 a side, half forfeit, will come off at the Ocean House Course, on the 26th of December, if the day and track are favorable, or the first good day and track thereafter. The reputation and past performance of these horses, says the Sacramento *Union*, they will undoubtedly show the best trotting time ever made on the Pacific coast.

THREE Chinamen were killed on the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, above Colfax, on Saturday last. A large tree had been felled, which got away from the workmen and rolled down the hillside. The log rolled over two Chinamen, killing them, and struck a third with such force as to knock him over an embankment. The latter died from his injuries in a few hours.—*Nevada Transcript.*

SOME sort of mysterious disease is killing off the sheep in Calaveras county. What is very singular, is the fact that the older and least valuable sheep of the flock prosper finely, while all at once, without showing any premonitary symptoms of disease whatever, those young and in excellent condition drop down and die.

WATERMAN, one of the parties who robbed Wells, Fargo & Co's Express of $10,500 near Carson City on the 21st of last May, has been sentenced to thirteen years in the Penitentiary. Not a cent of the money has ever been recovered.

THE Cosmopolitan Copper Mining Company, says the Quincy *Union*, have sold out their claim at Genessee Valley, in this (Plumas) county, for the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, gold coin. The purchasers are N. P. Sheldon and Chas. W. Tozer, of Virginia City, Nevada.

THE Nevada *Transcript* says: On Sunday night, September 24th, it rained very hard at Eureka for about three hours. A mile and a half above that place it snowed until the ground was covered. The storm extended to the summit of the Sierras.

JAMES OWENS, a cattle buyer and drover, residing at Yuba City, was robbed of $1,284 in coin, by two scoundrels near Suisun City, a few days since. The occurrence took place about noon.

THE colored people of California are to have a Convention at Sacramento, to meet on Wednesday, October 25th, to consider and deliberate on subjects connected with their interests.

BELLINI.

HE was tall and slim; his face was neither pale nor florid; his hair was of a light, almost golden hue, and hung in ringlets. His forehead was very high, his nose straight, his eyes light blue, his mouth well proportioned, his chin round. His features seemed as vague and as void of character as milk. In fact his face was a milk face, and was frequently marked by a lacadaisical expression of pain, which made up for the want of character. But it was pain without depth, void of poesy or passion. It glistened in his eyes and quivered on his lips. The young *maestro* seemed bent on making a show of his sadness. Fantastic melancholy betrayed itself in the arrangement of his hair, languor in the cut of his clothes, and ideality in his light cane. Thus he always reminded me of the old pastorals in which shepherds, in light-colored jackets and short pants, tripped about, carrying staffs bedecked with ribbons. Then his gait was so mournful, so feminine, and ethereal. His whole appearance suggested a sigh *en escarpins*. There always seemed something comically unenjoyable about him, caused, perhaps, by the style in which he spoke French. He spoke it terribly; he butchered it unmercifully. The way in which he often tortured the poor French words, as though an executioner were breaking them on the wheel, and the way in which he uttered his monstrous *coq a l'ane*, were enough to make one look around with fright to see whether the world was coming to an end with a mighty crash.

Deathly silence reigned on such occasions; a mortal terror was depicted on every countenance, whether rouged or powdered; the women seemed undecided whether they had better rush out of the room or faint where they were; the men looked down toward their pantaloons to make sure that they really had such garments on; and, worst of all, the circumstances would fill every one with an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh outright. Bellini's presence always filled one with fear, which, through some strange fascination, seemed at once to attract and repel. Sometimes his involuntary puns were mirth-provoking, and reminded one, by their droll absurdity, of the castle of his countryman, Prince Pallagoni, which Goethe, in his *Italienische Reise*, called a museum of bizarre distortions and ill-matched monsters. As Bellini always imagined that he had been making some serious and harmless observation, his face, on such occasions, was in strange contrast to his remarks, and then the unpleasant expression of which I spoke became more marked. His face and figure had an air of physical freshness, blooming health and rosiness, that was calculated to make an unfavorable impression upon one with my morbid tastes. It was not until later, when I had found him of a kind and noble disposition, that I grew to like him. I fully believe that his soul remained pure to the last, and that the childlike kindness of temperament which men of genius usually possess, but never parade, was truly his.—*Ex.*

THE CATTLE PLAGUE.—It will be of some importance to our drovers and farmers to know that the cattle disease, now raging in England, is said to have originated from infected foreign cattle. The disease is described as a catarrhal affection, producing in the blood an impurity which has a tendency to work itself outward in every direction, and it is asserted that any exhalation, even through the pores of the skin of an infected animal, is highly infectious. The London *Times* says: "Sound cattle coming there have caught the disease and spread it to such an extent that nearly 2,000 have suffered within a month. There is no known remedy or antidote; but unless something be done, it is possible the disease may spread over the whole country, and England may suffer an actual dearth of animal food, and the usual consequences of a lower diet on a people accustomed to a better. A deficiency of animal food will tell upon the price of bread, and all other kinds of food, and the poor will always be the greatest sufferers. But there is no need to wait to be sure of these consequences. It is enough that losses have been suffered; that no doubt quantities of diseased cattle have passed into the meat market, and that matters appear to be getting worse. What is, then, to be done? Official inspection is urged, complete insulation, and destruction where necessary, the loss of the owner being defrayed out of a general subscription. That was found to answer when the small-pox had made its appearance in Wiltshire two years ago. When the owners of infected flocks knew they could have compensation they made no secret of the matter, but invited inspection; and so that plague was stayed. Professor Gamgee assumes the existence of the disease on the Continent and its transmission here by the steamers. He assumes also that Continental governments are doing all they can to stop the disease from spreading at home. The remedial or preventative measures he discusses are those to be taken on the appearance of the disease in this country, whether in foreign or British cattle.

"The Professor's own proposal is a very serious one. The plague, he says is highly infectious, and even sound English cattle take the disease by brief contact with the foreigners in the market. The holds and decks of ships, therefore, must be charged with infection, as well as the railway trucks of the preliminary journey. Nay, it has even been said that the very roads, the hedges, the posts and rails, the gates, receive and communicate the morbid matter from the passing cattle. Is it altogether impossible to interpose some sort of scrutiny at the port of embarkation, so as to allow the disease a day or two to show itself? At all events, a veterinary inspector might be stationed at the quay, to see that no evidently diseased animal came on board."

The *Morning Advertiser* adds the following: "Now, there is no doubt that this disease has lately gathered head to an alarming extent, and that though it is said that the infection does not extend to human beings, it may lead to disease by an undue reduction of the food of the country. During the short period of a month, no less than 2,000 head of cattle are said to have suffered from the disease, which is, as a rule, incurable. When we consider that up to the present time no decided measures have been taken to resist the disease, we have the best grounds for alarm about the future.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

ON a wintry afternoon, in the month of February—carnival time—in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the Collège de France which I had been following, were suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasures for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for some months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon, being the third day of my voluntary confinement, I had returned from the *restaurant*, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other season. Mine was a retired street, and my room being *au sixieme*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I annalysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, of voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings: and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scenes from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed; but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I arose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy, as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbor, the daguerreotyper, who lived with his wife—a Norman woman—and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, nobody had been on his roof to *pose* for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would make portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or, in family groups of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brison, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His room was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savory smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of eleven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day, six flight of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else to pay them a visit. The sun was feeble that day; and after "posing" eight times, and waiting while his wife gave an extra polish to the plate; and, finally, for the ninth time, putting on that look of profound sagacity, mingled with good humor, which all people try to get into their portraits, I was obliged to give it up. The time was not wholly lost; I had seen something of Monsieur Brison's home in the time that I had waited, and this was my chief object in going to him. Indeed, a portrait would have been of no manner of use to me, and I half suspected myself of a secret design in choosing such a dull day. So I rose to go away; and, after remarking upon the trouble to which I had put him, held out two francs in my hand. Poverty was written on his walls, and in his patched blue blouse; but he resolutely refused my offer, with a speech that would have brought down an avalanche of applause on the Gymnase, if he had pronounced it there in a tone a trifle more tragic than that in which he then spoke, and had paused to take the sense of the house on the propriety of his sentiment. That man's cheerfulness puzzled me. I strove to account for it upon philosophical principles, and thought all daguerreotypers in Paris must be cheerful, because they live on the roofs, and are most subject to "skyey influences." So I fell meditating deeply upon this subject.

When I looked out again, it was getting darker, and there was a slight fog, which made some lights, a long way off, across the housetops, glimmer in a halo. Looking round my room, it had to me a drearier air than usual, with its scanty furniture, and floor of polished tiles. My fire was nearly out—if an Englishman could give the name of fire to a few chips of charcoal, shut up closely in a porcelain cylinder, standing out in the room, and communicating with the chimney by a rusty tin-pipe. I opened its little door; and, kneeling down, was just in time to blow out the last remains of vitality. The weather was cold, but I did not care to light it again. It was becoming too dark to read, and I determined not to light my lamp. I sat down again, and wrapped my dressing-gown about me with a shiver. The great pipe, which my friend Louis Rynal gave me, when he came back from Africa, hung upon the wall. I sat looking at its enormous bowl—carved into the face of an Arab, with a fierce grin and small black eyes—until I could scarcely see it; though, now and then, I knew not why, it suddenly became more distinct. When I was tired, my eye wandered, and fixed itself upon the carving of the Crucifixion on the mantlepiece. This was of white wood, and consequently remained distinct, for a longer time, in the deepening twilight of the room. I was not sorry when I could see it no longer. I would have preferred that that carving had not been in the room alone with me that afternoon.

It was growing darker still; and, as the few objects near me faded away, and my attention was no longer occupied, I heard again the murmuring in the air, which had troubled me at first; but this time it was still more perplexing. Now and then, as I listened, it seemed about to become deeper; and then, with the utmost effort, I could not hear it all. It was this monotony (while it lasted) that teased me. If any one of the multitudinous noises, of which I supposed it to be composed, would have predominated for a moment, I should have been content. If some clanging peal of the bells would have broken out near me, or come from a distance upon a sudden shifting of the wind, I would have lighted my lamp and gone on with the perusal of my book. But it was still the same confusion of noises—so perfectly blended, that although sometimes it became louder, no distinct sound could be caught: as if, at a certain moment, all its components increased, in exact proportion, in order to preserve a perfect monotony.

It is strange that this trifling fancy was gradually sapping the foundations of my resolution—holding me with so singular a fascination, that I was compelled to abandon my studies for that day. I began to suspect that the sudden change, from a life of pleasure to one of solitary study, had wrought some injury to my mind. I experienced a degree of timidity and irresolution that I had never known before. I had other strange fancies. Once, while walking to and fro, in my room, I had seen my features, darkly, in the glass, and instinctively shrunk from looking there again. Afterwards, on reflecting, I could not divest myself of the notion that they were not my features that I had seen there, but a face wholly different. I sat down again, and thought of going out and wandering in the streets. I knew that, during the cold weather, great wood fires were lighted at midnight, in certain open places in the city, that the homeless might not perish of the cold; and I thought of spending the night by one of these, and not returning to my room until daylight.

From this mood I was suddenly startled by a noise, as of something falling on the floor of the adjoining room. I was startled, because I had always known that room to be uninhabited; and as it communicated by a door with my room, I knew that I should have heard of any change in that respect. It was one of those rooms, often met with in the great houses of Paris (where each floor is divided into many apartments, or, as we should say in England, sets of chambers,) into which it had been found impossible to admit sufficient daylight for a sitting-room. In such a case, the usual course would have been to let it with my room as a sleeping chamber; but I had declined it, and it had remained unoccupied during the several years of my residence there.

I listened attentively for a repetition of the noise; and now all my wild fancies were forgotten in this new feeling of curiosity. I had never been in that room, for the door had always been kept locked, and the key was in the possession of the porter below; but I recollected, now, having frequently heard noise in the night, which I had attributed to the wind out of doors, but which, I seemed now to remember, had come from the garret. I had once heard from the Concierge (though I had taken it for an idle story) that Danton—memorable among the tyrants of the Revolution—had lived in a room in that house. And now I thought I remembered that it was in a house in that quarter where he had spent the night (it was the night of the terrible butcheries at the prisons of La Force and the Conciergerie) in conversation with Camille Desmoulins, until, seeing the first glimmering of the dawn across the house-tops, he told Camille that a terrible blow had been struck at Royalism, even while they had been sitting there. It seemed to me remarkable that I had not thought of this before. I remembered now distinctly the words "across the house tops," in the account that I had read; and a superstitious conviction forced itself upon me, that it was in that very room that Danton (affecting, as was common with the revolutionary leaders, an appearance of poverty) had dwelt.

My fancy had wandered away among the scenes of that terrible Revolution, when I was roused again by a second noise. But this time it was the sound of a light footstep walking in the room. I listened, and waited, with my eye fixed upon the door, and now for the first time I remarked a faint light shining through the keyhole. The footstep ceased for a moment; and then I saw by the long light in the crevice that the door, which I had always supposed to be locked, was ajar. I had not heard any movement of the handle of the lock, but I felt convinced that it had only just been opened; for it was impossible, otherwise, that I should not have observed it. The door trembled for a moment, as if an undecided hand were upon the lock, and then, opening wide, I saw, to my surprise, the figure of a man standing in the doorway.

He held in one hand a thin candle, with a shade, which threw that part of the room in which I sat into darkness; but I could see him distinctly, as he stood there a moment, apparently hesitating whether to go on or turn back. His face was deadly pale, and his eyes, in the light that struck upward, through the aperture in the shade, were fixed and sunken. His dress was that which was worn by the old revolutionary leaders; but he bore no resemblance to the portraits of Danton. I recognized him at a glance. The prominent forehead, the short pointed nose, the scornful curl of the upper lip, the powdered hair, the frilled shirt, the broad sash, and even the nosegay in his hand—all, except the general faded look of his attire, identified him at once with the ideal indelibly fixed in my mind, by portrait and tradition, of the great fanatical Jacobin, Maximilian Robespierre. The door closed sharply behind him, as if by the current of air, for his light was extinguished at the same moment. I heard his footstep across my room; the door closed behind him as he went out upon the landing. I listened, but could hear no footstep descending the stairs. I walked to the door, and looked down into the darkness of the great staircase, and listened, but the house was quite still.

Was I to believe my senses? Here I sat, exactly as I had sat ten minutes before. My stove was cold: my room was dark: I was alone: my book was open before me. I saw the light still in the daguerreotyper's window, on the roof, and at other places, far off. I walked over and tried the door of the room, but it was fast locked again. Everything was in its usual state. In a few minutes from the time when I first fancied that I heard the noise, the door had been unfastened, this strange apparition had passed through my room, the door was re-fastened, and no trace of what had happened remained. I was not dreaming? No. But how often, in sleep, had I questioned myself the reality of my dream, and invariably ended by convincing myself that I was awake—sometimes even remembering that I had so deceived myself before; but always, at last, conquering my own objection, and coming to the conclusion that this time, at least, I stood amid the real life of the daylight world. But I rubbed my eyelids, rose again, and walked to and fro, and convinced myself that I was really awake.

What could I think, but that my reason was becoming weakened? The life I had led for some time had been wild and reckless. I had become so accustomed to excitement, that it was almost necessary to my existence; so that when I applied myself to a steadier life, I experienced something of the depression of the drunkard in the first days of his reformation. The mood in which this vision had found me was favorable to such hallucinations. My mind had been unsettled. My fancies would not let me apply myself to my task. Whimsical, and filled with vague apprehensions, I knew that my mental state exactly coincided with the descriptions of those who have been visited by similar apparitions.

Smoking would, I thought, soothe me. I lighted some wood in my stove with a fusee, and taking down my pipe from the wall, filled it, and sat there smoking hour after hour. The great transparent bowl glowed in the darkness at every puff, so deeply, that I could watch the wreaths of smoke by the light it gave. I strove to fix my mind upon cheerful images—thinking of an English home, where the fatted calf was ever ready to be killed when I should return; but chiefly of thee, Eugenie (of whom I knew myself unworthy,) lily-handed, lovelier than the loveliest of all flowers!

I dropped asleep, and awoke several times, always dreaming and waking up with the feeling, that my strange vision was a portion of my dream; but the burning embers in my stove recalled to me what had passed, and each time, putting on more fuel, I dropped asleep again.

I do not know how long I had been sleeping the last time. When I awakened, my fire was out, and I was in the darkness. I knew, however, that it was past midnight, the hour at which my ghostly visitor would probably have returned, if he had had an intention of returning. My slumbers had tranquillized

me. Looking out of the window, it did strike me that a certain dark object, close upon the next roof, had somewhat the look of a monk, staring out of his cowl at me through my window; but I speedily recognized it for a portion of the daguerreotyper's apparatus for fixing his customers in the required position. The fog had cleared away. There were no lights on any of the roofs, or at any windows far and wide. In the distance rose the dusky towers of St. Sulpice; and the stars were shining.

I had determined to go to bed, and think no more of my apparition until the morning. when turning to light my lamp, my eye caught again a faint light through the key-hole of the adjoining room. This was stranger still; for I knew that no one, in the habit of shutting doors so noisily, could have passed through my room while I had been sleeping. I lighted my lamp and listened. I heard again a light footstep, and presently a voice as of some one talking to himself, though loud enough, sometimes, for me to distinguish his words:

"A good wind getting up, such a wind as blows sharp dust into the face on a frosty night. Whew! I wouldn t turn a dog out. This is cheerless; but better than that hot, cursed place, full of shrieking, whining men and women. How the dusky Satan took that girl, and turned her till her brain was giddy, and she swooned! She had a pretty simple look; but she would not have been there if she were as innocent as her face They knew me. The priest taunted me with my free use of the guillotine. No matter. That peasant girl did not shrink from the monster, nor look upon my hands to see if they were blood-stained, when we joined the others in their devilry. Oh, it was a pretty sight for them to see a man with so many thousands of murders on his mind, looking so merry, and handling a nosegay so delicately—a nosegay that they knew so well in all my portraits! Well, well! enough of this for to-night. My feet can scarcely forget their habit. The fascination of that whirling multitude haunts me. I seem to have her still—my peasant girl. Steadily! Hold me firmly. Now then! Away!"

My mysterious neighbor seemed to be turning rapidly about the room. I heard the quick movement of his feet; and then a noise, as if a heavy body had come violently in contact with the wainscot. I walked on tiptoe to the door, and looked through the keyhole, but my sight only ranged over a small portion of the room, and I could see no one. There was a silence for some moments. Then I heard him talking—again:

"This kind of sport does not suit the middle of the night. I shall wake the whole floor. Let me see; how am I to amuse myself? No rest for me to-night. At daylight I must be gone."

I heard again a noise, as if he had flung himself heavily into a chair; and then there was a long silence again. I sat listening for any sound, and wondering at the strange words that I had heard; but, when the church clocks had twice chimed the quarters, the room was still quiet. Looking at the key-hole, the light was gone; but, on observing again, I thought I saw a faint glimmer, as if the candle were still burning, with the shade down. After awhile, however, I resolved to retire to bed; taking first the precaution to place a chair against the door, in such a manner that it would fall and awaken me, if he attempted again to enter my room; besides which, I placed my sword-stick within reach. I tried to persuade myself that this was some trick of my fellow students to alarm me, or that my neighbor was a harmless madman, personating the great republican: although I felt uneasy in remembering that he was in possession of the key of the door opening into my room. Resolved, however, at any rate, to shake off my alarm, I strove to rally myself upon the subject. "If M. Robespierre," said I aloud, "takes a fancy to walk through my room again, he will be kind enough to shut the doors with less noise, if I am sleeping."

Instantly, I heard the footstep again; the handle of the lock turned; the chair, with some articles that I had designedly placed upon it, fell with a loud clatter; the door opened wide; and the same figure that I had seen before stood in the doorway.

"Keep off!" I exclaimed, seizing my sword-stick, and planting myself, like Roderick Dhu, with my back to the wall.

"I beg your pardon," said my disturber, with a low bow.

"Who are you? What do you do here?" I demanded, waxing bolder.

"M. Hector Favart—at your service; student of the Ecole de Médécine; having the honor to do duty in the Third Legion of the Garde Nationale—an honor that will take me out of doors at daylight this frosty morning."

"What!" said I, letting my sword-stick fall from my hand—"the cousin of my Eugenie?"

"Eugénie de la Tour?"

"Eugenie de la Tour."

"The same!"

"But how do you find yourself in that room?" I asked, still somewhat incredulous.

"I took this little place to-day," said he, "as a quiet room to read in, and to sleep in at night. By the way. I have to apologize for coming through your apartment in your absence, for the porter had not yet given me the key of the other door upon the landing."

"I saw you," said I; "but how did you contrive to lock your door agin, without my hearing it?"

"Do you not know that when this door is once shut, it cannot be opened again, from your side, without a key?"

"I understand," said I, advancing, with the light, to shake hands with him. But his unaccountable resemblance, in dress and features, to Robespierre himself (which I had almost forgotten,) his pale face, and sunken eyes, struck me again so forcibly, as the light shown upon him, that I started back. "I hope you will not think me unpolite," said I, "if I observe, before coming closer, that I am struck very forcibly with the remarkable resemblance that you bear to a certain historical personage."

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, in a tone that sounded strangely hollow. "To whom, now? Tell me. To Louis Seize, or the Cardinal Richelieu; Jean Jacques Rousseau, or the Emperor Napoleon: the lean Frederick of Prussia, or the portly Mirabeau?"

"To none of those," said I.

"To a man of the Revolution—eh? A Girondin, or a Cordelier; a Feuillant, or a Jacobin?"

"To a Jacobin!" said I, "without any offence."

"No doubt," he replied; "but to which of them?" Not to Marat, the blackguard, I hope? nor to little Camille Desmoulins? nor the jolly Danton? Something more of the Robespierre look about me—isn't there?" Holding the nosegay in one hand, he placed himself exactly in the attitude of Robespierre in the portraits.

"I certainly," said I, "did have such an impression when I first I saw you; and now, that you stand in that position, I cannot help being struck with the similarity between you."

He laughed again, in the husky tone of a man afflicted with a severe cold. "The day I was born, my nurse—who never before, in her life, admitted a child to have the slightest resemblance with anybody but his own father—could not help exclaiming, '*Ah, le petit Robespierre!*' for she had seen the great man when a girl. Everybody said I resembled him exactly; everybody was right. Faith! to night, at the fancy ball at the Chaumiere, I make my appearance in this style, with nosegay complete, and everybody recognises me in a moment."

"Ha! ha!" I exclaimed, laughing in my turn. "The mystery is unravelled! Pray, step in; I will light my fire in a moment. I think I have materials for a bowl of punch."

"With all my heart," said he. "I dare not go to bed, lest I should oversleep myself, and forget my engagement."

"To your fair cousin, Eugénie!" said I, when the bowl stood smoking on the table, while we struck our glasses together, in ratification of the toast.

"To one not less fair!" said he, filling again, "whose name I need not tell."

Mendelssohn's Children.—"Agindos," writing to the *Transcript* from Heidelberg, says: "Dr. Carl Mendelssohn Bartholdy is a private docent here, and is delivering lectures in Greek history. Some of my readers will remember his name as one of the editors of his father's (the composer) letters. No one of Mendelssohn's children inherits their father's musical abilities, but they are all of them, Carl, perhaps, excepted, remarkable for personal beauty. The Heidelberg doctor is the oldest of the four, the second son is now studying in Berlin, the oldest daughter is married and lives at London, the youngest daughter lives with her grandmother at Frankfort. Mendelssohn's wife died two years ago. The son who is a teacher in the Heidelberg University is a young man of great learning, of a highly excitable temperament, and of exceedingly agreeable manners. One can hardly tell what his future may be, for the life of a private docent is one of the most discouraging character. I attended one of Mendelssohn's lectures a few days ago, and found myself one of an audience of two. The substance was the modern Greek revolution. The lecture was written out in full, and was delivered with great spirit. The young doctor is so nervous that it becomes painful to watch his intensity, his clutching at his manuscript and hair and cravat, but his matter is excellent. Through his published works, at least, the world will probably hear of him from time to time.

Joseph Angus' *Handbook of English Literature*, lately published in London, is very highly commended. It condenses within a brief compass, says the New York *Review*, all that the general reader wishes to know for guidance in his studies of the literature of our language.

The difference between the two sexes may be often stated thus: A man gives a half-dollar for an article he wants, but which could be bought for a quarter; a woman buys a half-dollar article for a quarter, though she does not want it at all.

Joseph Mazzini's *Life and Writings* is announced among the recent books published in London.

MANNERS.

As the first thing man requires of man, is reality, so, that appears in all the forms of society. We pointedly, and by name, introduce the parties to each other. Know you before all heaven and earth, that this is Andrew, and this is Gregory; they look each other in the eye; they grasp each other by the hand, to identify and signalize each other. It is a great satisfaction. A gentleman never dodges: his eyes look straight forward, and he assures the other party, first of all, that he has been met. For what is it that we seek, in so many visits and hospitalities? Is it your draperies, pictures, and decorations? Or, do we not insatiably ask, Was a man in the house? I may easily go into a great household where there is much substance, excellent provision for comfort, luxury, and taste, and yet not encounter there any Amphitryon, who shall subordinate these appendages. I may go into a cottage, and find a farmer who feels that he is the man I have come to see, and fronts me accordingly. It was therefore a very natural point of old feudal etiquette, that a gentleman who received a visit, though it were of his sovereign, should not leave his roof, but should wait his arrival at the door of his house. No house, though it were the Tuileries, or the Escurial, is good for anything without a master. And yet we are not often gratified by this hospitality. Every body we know surrounds himself with a fine house, fine books, conservatory, gardens, equipage, and all manner of toys, as screens to interpose between himself and his guest. Does it not seem as if man was of a very sly, elusive nature, and dreaded nothing so much as a full rencontre front to front with his fellow? It were unmerciful, I know, quite to abolish the use of these screens, which are of eminent convenience, whether the guest is too great or too little We call together many friends who keep each other in play, or, by luxuries and ornaments we amuse the young people, and guard our retirement. Or if, perchance, a searching realist comes to our gate, before whose eye we have no care to stand, then again we run to our curtain, and hide ourselves as Adam at the voice of the Lord God in the garden. Cardinal Caprara, the Pope's legate at Paris, defended himself from the glances of Napoleon by an immense pair of green spectacles. Napoleon remarked them, and speedily managed to rally them off: and yet Napoleon, in his turn, was not great enough, with eight hundred thousand troops at his back, to face a pair of freeborn eyes, but fenced himself with etiquette, and within triple barriers of reserve: and, as, all the world knows from Madame de Stael, was wont, when he found himself observed, to discharge his face of all expression. But emperors and rich men are by no means the most skilful masters of good manners. No rent-roll nor army-list, can dignify skulking and dissimulation: and the first point of courtesy must always be truth, as really all the forms of good breeding point that way.

I have just been reading, in Mr. Hazlitt's translation, Montaigne's account of his journey into Italy, and am struck with nothing more agreeably than the self-respecting fashions of the time. His arrival in each place, the arrival of a gentleman of France, is an event of some consequence. Wherever he goes, he pays a visit to whatever prince or gentleman of note resides upon his road, as a duty to himself and to civilization. When he leaves any house in which he has lodged for a few weeks, he causes his arms to be painted and hung up as a perpetual sign to the house, as was the custom of gentlemen.

The complement of this graceful self-respect, and that of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist upon, is deference. I like that every chair should be a throne, and hold a king. I prefer a tendency to stateliness, to an excess of fellowship. Let the incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. I would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquility and self-poise. We should meet each morning, as from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man inviolate. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all round Olympus. No degree of affection need invade this religion. This is a myrrh and rosemary to keep the other sweet. Lovers should guard this strangeness. If they forgive too much, all slides into confusion and meanness. It is easy to push this deference to a Chinese etiquette; but coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities. A gentleman makes no noise: a lady is serene. Proportionate is our disgust at those invaders who fill a studious house with blast and running, to secure some paltry convenience. No less I dislike a low sympathy of each with his neighbor's needs. Must we have a good understanding with one another's palates? as foolish people who have lived long together, know when each wants salt or sugar. I pray my companion, if he wishes for bread, to ask for bread, and if he wishes for sassafras or arsenic, to ask me for them, and not to hold out his plate, as if I knew already. Every natural function can be dignified by deliberation and privacy. Let us leave hurry to slaves. The compliments and ceremonies of our breeding should recall, however remotely, the grandeur of our destiny.—*Emerson's Ess. 1st.*

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

White & Bauer, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* The Californian *in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

Successful Illiterature.—Artemus Ward, the American Showman, expects soon to give an exhibition in London. The real show on which Artemus' reputation is based — his "genuine wax figgers"—are plastic and grotesque distortions of the English language, which he does not exhibit in his lectures. We do not know whether, therefore, the English public will be disappointed, as others have been, to find that the showman talks usually in the correct vernacular, or that they will give him credit for that extravagance which they are fond of quoting as American humor, and thus grant him a position which the most critical of his countrymen shrink from according. There is something in the general good nature of the notices which Artemus has received from the American press—notices that never rise to the dignity of criticism—which suggests a doubt of the legitimacy of his performances. The popularity of Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, Olonzo Ward, and the host of imitators, whose fame is based chiefly upon the style of their orthography, does not tend to enhance the reputation of the showman. Let us hope that, for the sake of American literature, he will put his best foot foremost when on English ground, and prove that he has some better claim to the admiration of the English public than a studied violation of the Queen's English.

The Late Rope-Walking.—It is said that when Mr. James Cooke had completed his late perilous feat of rope-walking at the Cliff House, "he was surrounded by a vast throng who eagerly importuned him to delay his departure, and give another exhibition of his wonderful skill and daring." It would be wrong, perhaps, to imply to these enthusiasts any *disappointment* at the favorable termination of the affair, and perhaps the statement delivered with some satisfaction by a cotemporary—that Mr. Cooke had never stepped upon a rope until within the last two weeks, and that he could not swim at all—may not have exercised any influence upon them in making the request. But, remembering the story of the eccentric spectator who followed Van Amburg about with a prophetic speculation, that the lion would some day bite off the head of the lion-tamer, there is still room for doubt as to the integrity and humanity of these sight-seers. Had an accident happened to Mr. Cooke, even those who most deplored such an event would have had a certain satisfaction in being able to say hereafter that they had witnessed it. The moral aspect of these exhibitions is often shown in the character and conduct of the crowd who assemble on such occasions, and no one who was a witness of last Sunday's and Wednesday's gathering could feel quite convinced of its elevating quality.

The Front Street, Mission, and Ocean Railroad Company are laying down their track through Sutter street with commendable expedition. This section of the road is to be completed through Sansome to Polk, and through Polk to Broadway, traversing the whole valley that lies back of the high range of hills which divide it from the business portions of the city. This enterprise must greatly enhance the value of property in that section of the city, and be a source of incalculable convenience to its residents. The grading of Polk street has been completed, and it is only necessary to lay down the track to have the line in running order, which is contracted to be done by the first of January. Mr. S. R. Brooks is the Chief Engineer, and Messrs. Casebolt & Co. are the contractors, names that are a sufficient guarantee that the work will be energetically pushed on to its completion. The officers of the company are H. H. Haight, President; H. P. Coon, Vice President; John Barton, Treasurer; David Wilder, Secretary; S. S. Tilton, G. W. Dam, H. P. Herrick and J. T. Godfrey, Directors.

Madame Anna Bishop was the recipient of a serenade by the Philharmonic Society on Tuesday night. They numbered some thirty instruments, on this occasion, and as the society is composed of our best musical performers, neither the compliment nor the serenade was an ordinary one. Madame Bishop's first concert will take place some time during the coming week.

Recognition.—The New York *Review*, in its literary notices, pays the following tribute to the merit of our young contributor:

Charles Warren Stoddard is the name of a young poet in San Francisco who displays uncommon talents, and will, we think, achieve a worthy reputation.

[For the Californian.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

On visiting a certain public library in this city, I sometimes linger beyond the usual period required for the transaction of my business. This is partly the result of a hesitation to choose from so many volumes of apparently equal interest, and partly from an indistinct idea that the mere propinquity of so much learning and instruction is mysteriously beneficial to the mind. Whether I have been able to make any better choice by reason of this extra time taken for selection, or whether the perusal of title-pages has stimulated me to renewed intellectual vigor, I shall not now discuss. These intervals of recreation have been favorable to certain other observations, some of which I am tempted to transcribe.

Pencilling and marginal notation—a prevailing epidemic in all circulating libraries—is not unknown here. Although it rages more violently among a feeble class of romances, and breaks out in an unwholesome eruptions all over the leaves of most sentimental works, it is generally confined to short, squab, thick novels, in which the hero is usually a clergyman or doctor, much older than the heroine who undergoes what is termed a "lesson of the heart," or a "trial of the affection," and who suffers the most sensitive and unheard of agonies. These works are usually in demand among young ladies with pale blue eyes and blonde curls—are bespoken some weeks ahead—and generally go the rounds of a family of several sisters, before they return to the library. When they are gathered in, they always bear feeble evidences of the mild delight experienced in their perusal, by light pencil marks under sentences like the following: "Mary did not answer, but pressed her hand convulsively to her heart," or "the Rev. Mr. Lecturn turned away with a look of grave tenderness," or "the spirit strove with the flesh," and faint brackets enclosing whole paragraphs of attenuated sentiment and moral bathos. Although this bland criticism prevails in this style of literature and among these people, it would seem as if very few readers, even of the better class, could refrain from improving this opportunity to go to posterity side by side with their favorite authors. Perhaps there is something seductive in the attitude of the commentator, or the functions of the critic are more universal than we imagine. Lately, in looking over a copy of Montaigne, I found that some ingenious rebel sympathizer had complacently underscored, with comments, certain passages, which, to him, seemed to justify his course. But the sympathizer was followed, on the same page and in the opposite margin, by a fierce loyal pencil, unsparing in epithet, and bitterly sarcastic on the first commentator. Nevertheless, I could not help smiling to think how the old egotistical Michael would have been astonished to have found himself, after three centuries of rest, occupying his old position in a civil war, as wordy at least as any that ever disturbed his conservatism in the flesh. For my own part, whenever I come upon anything of this kind that does not please me, I do not seek to answer or refute, but providing myself with a piece of India-rubber I calmly rub out the offensive commentary, and thus consign the critic to oblivion. If all ridiculous and unnecessary criticism could be as easily treated, how quickly might the world be freed from feeble and enfeebling controversies.

The habits and manners of certain visitors have fallen more or less under my observation. While I look with distrust on that man, who, having a home, prefers deliberately to sit down to the perusal of novel or romance in a public library, I am by no means of the opinion that he should be tortured, by unnecessary violence and interruption, to forego his right. But I do not think that the opinion which some visitors entertain—that the appropriate mien for the occasion is a deportment, in which the solemnity of the church-goer and the pitying concern of the hospital-visitor are blended—can be said to be properly based. It will be noticed that excessively careful people, in their anxiety to preserve silence, invariably drop a large quarto on the floor, and precipitate a whole shelf in ruins in their frantic efforts to save it. These people usually involve themselves in difficulties with the ladder, ascending that instrument at perilous angles, which bring them presently to grief and lamentation. There is the man who repeats the titles of books audibly, as he walks beside the shelves; the three young ladies who giggle quite as audibly, and who evidently have intentions ulterior to the mere choice of reading matter; the two or three young men, observant of the preceding party, yet apparently engaged in studious employment; the man who is hunting authorities, and who is sternly scornful of everybody else and their business; the confidential young lady who requests the librarian to recommend some nice book: the pale theologian, personally aggrieved that Bishop Simpkins' admirable pamphlet on Transubstantiation is not found in the catalogue, and the stern moralist who objects that several infidel works *are* to be found therein; the envious man, who longs for the book another has just taken out, and the generous man, who drops in to find himself charged for an interminable array of volumes, taken out by his friends, and himself estopped of his privileges; these are among the individual peculiarities of the library. Add to this the feeling, shared, I think, by all human kind, that the absence of any book we particularly want is a kind of personal affront to ourselves—that librarian and directors are in some way privy to the fact and responsible for it—and you have the general psychological aspect of this, and, indeed, all circulating libraries. In regard to the Reading Room, I regret to say that its moral tone is not quite up to that of the adjacent apartments. A thin vein of selfishness is apt to pervade it. The man who reads two sides of the *Bulletin* at once, and holds the supplement in his hand, may be fairly supposed to be capable of any enormity. But what shall be said of him, who, lying in wait on the arrival of the steamer, secures *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*, by sitting on them while he peruses the *Illustrated News*. On the other hand, I fancy it would require a man of some nerve to give himself completely up to the calm enjoyment of a magazine or newspaper, with the shadow of some hungry member impending over his page.

When the business of the day is over and the endless procession of changing faces is past; when the janitor turns the key, and the green baize door swings on its hinges for the last time, I can fancy that the sealed lips of the silent intelligences ranged around the wall, are suddenly opened, and that they babble pleasantly together in the style and fashion of their authors; that perhaps the quaint critics and essayists of the past century, from the dignity of a shelf to themselves, pronounce upon the new comers of the present day; that with ponderous sentences Dr. Johnson silences all pretensions, and occasionally even brow-beats the criticism of his fellow essayists, while Mr. Joseph Addison, in finely periwigged phrases, moralizes upon the vanity and illusion of authorship.

Bret.

THEATRICAL TALK.

At Maguire's Opera House, *Damon and Pythias* was produced on Wednesday night, on which occasion Mr. J. B. Studley made his first appearance on the San Francisco stage, assuming the character of "Damon." Mr. Studley may possess talent: if he does, it is talent in the rough—he needs polish sadly. I fancy Mr. Pierpont Thayer would require a considerable increase of salary to induce him to again play "Lucullus" to Mr. Studley's "Damon." I believe, if a chance had been afforded him, he would have run off the stage when Mr. Studley sprang on him with the roar of an enraged bison, and nearly strangled him. Mr. Studley's reading is bad, and he is altogether a very indifferent actor of the melodramatic school. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played "Calanthe" charmingly, and, by her extremely correct reading, gave immense force to the beautiful lines which fell to her. Mr Charles Thorne played "Pythias" well, but he was too much like Mr Frank Mayo, and has adopted that actor's plan of expressing agony of mind—by three winks of both eyelids and a sharp contraction of the brows. Mr. Charles Thorne's original conceptions are, as I said before, far better than his imitations of an actor who certainly has not as much original talent as himself. "Pray you avoid it," Charles. Mr. Aldrich played "Dionysius" very well. Mr. Franks, as "Procles," was as grave as an undertaker, and no one who saw him, for the first time, on Wednesday evening, would have had the least suspicion of how funny he is in his own line of business. On Monday, Mr. Daniel Bandmann, who is spoken very highly of by the Eastern press as a Shakspearian actor, will make his first appearance at Maguire's Opera House, in the drama of *Narcisse*. Mr. Bandmann will afterwards appear in "Hamlet," as "Shylock," and other Shakspearian characters. Mlle. Vestvali emerges from retirement on Tuesday, appearing as "Lagadere" in *The Fool and His Master*, a new version of *The Duke's Motto*, which will be produced with splendid scenic effects. Mlle. Vestvali and Mr. Bandmann will play on alternate nights. This afternoon, a good bill is presented, consisting of the *Captain of the Watch* and *Nobbs will Turn Him Out*. This evening Mr. Studley appears in the tragedy of *Pizarro*, and the performance concludes with *Nobbs will Turn Him Out*.

On Monday, the long promised drama of *Arrah na Pogue*, the last, and most people think the best, production of Boucicault, was produced at the Metropolitan Theatre. The building was densely crowded, and has been every evening since. The piece is magnificently put upon the stage, and in that particular surpassed all previous efforts of the kind. Mr. Dowling is entitled to great credit for the perfect manner in which all the details were carried out, and the correctness with which the scenic effects were produced even on the first night. The scenery, which was painted by Mr. Torning, is extremely beautiful. The story of *Arrah na Pogue* has been published in so many papers in the United States, that, to repeat, would occupy space to no good purpose. Mrs. Sedley Brown, who made her first appearance before the San Francisco public on this occasion, did not fully sustain the encomiums passed upon her by the Eastern press. In the pathetic portions of the play she appears incapable of investing her grief with an air of reality. I fancy the part of "Arrah Meelish" is a little beyond her calibre, and that her forte lies rather in light comedy; in fact, it is in soubrette characters that she

has attained the favorable reputation with which she comes here. Mrs. Sedley Brown has a sweet, but not powerful voice, a pleasing stage presence, and is altogether a most acceptable addition to the Metropolitan company. The "Shaun the Post" of Mr. Charles Wheatleigh is perhaps the very best of his impersonations, the artistic skill with which he brings out the fine touches of humor and the shades of pathos with which the part abounds, called forth enthusiastic applause from the audience; all of Boucicault's "points" told. Mr. H. D. Thompson, of whom I have repeatedly had occasion to speak highly as an actor, achieved his crowning triumph in the character of "Michael Feeny," the villainous process-server and Government spy. Mr. Thompson has every reason to feel proud of gaining the hearty hatred of the audience for the character which he represents; his by-play is excellent; his chuckles express the most intense satisfaction, and he never plays to the audience. An equally finely rendered character was the "Colonel Bagenal O'Grady" of Mr. George Pauncefort, who presented one of the best impersonations of the Irish gentleman I have ever witnessed on the stage. The "Major Coffin" of Mr. Shiels was a good, careful piece of acting. Mr. Warwick aggravated his voice so that he roared as gently as any sucking dove, and otherwise tamed himself down to play the character of "Beamish McCoul" in a more creditable manner than anything which he has attempted since his re-appearance on the stage, but the *staccato* manner in which he blurts out his sentences always makes his reading unpleasant. Miss Belle Divine's lack of animation in her rendition of the character of the sprightly "Fanny Powers" was painful, but, as she evidently did her best, and cannot be expected to produce a flow of animal spirits when occasion requires, without having a well-spring to draw on, the fault did not lie in her. With the exception of these two last mentioned characters, the cast was perfect. Mrs. Yeamans, in the minor character of "Katy Welsh," tried to make herself a little too prominent; she must not let a little praise spoil her, but be content to do no more than is set down for her; her barn door jig is quite a feature in the fourth scene of the first act, and is always much applauded. Mr. Leach plays the "Secretary" very well, and manages the comedy scene in the last act effectively. Mr. Percy causes a good deal of laughter by the manner in which he plays "Winterbottom," the Cockney valet, but I cannot speak favorably of it as a study from nature; the dialect is not skilfully brought out, and the superfluity of *h's* is accomplished with too visible an effort. *Arrah na Pogue*, as a whole, is, I suppose, the greatest dramatic success ever achieved in California; the means used to ensure its success were a lavish outlay of money, careful judgment in casting the piece, and frequent rehearsal. Every one is glad that Mr. Wheatleigh is sure to be handsomely rewarded for his display of enterprise, and none more so than

TOUCHSTONE.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books:

The Story of the Great March. By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, Aid-de-Camp to General Sherman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The story of the "Great March,"—the romantic episode of the war—is compiled from daily notes of the march, taken by the author, and, as a narrative, possesses unusual freshness and novelty, while the chronicle seems to be full, faithful and graphic. Without giving us a dry history of military movements, or technical details of strategy, the author seems to have preserved and depicted all the humor, life and *abandon* of the great enterprise. The story commences with a sketch of the opening of the campaign and the burning of Atlanta, and concludes with the truce of Johnson. The assault on Fort McAllister is well told, as are the thousand details of the march "from Atlanta to the sea." Altogether, it seems to be the best account of the famous campaign yet given to the public. The following extract, giving a description of "Breaking Camp," preparatory to a day's march, is particularly vivid:

Among the most characteristic features of the soldier's life is the important step of breaking camp, which is at once the close of a season of monotonous inactivity and the preliminary stage of a phase of exciting adventure. The same general details are on such occasions observed throughout the entire army, differing slightly in some of the corps, when the division which was in the centre or rear marches first, taking the place of the division which was in advance the day before.

The order of march is issued by the army commanders the preceding night, from them to the corps commanders, and then passed along until every soldier, teamster, and camp-follower knows that an early start is to be made. "The second division will be on the Milledgeville road promptly at five o'clock" reads an order, by way of instance.

At three o'clock the watch-fires are burning dimly, and, but for the occasional neighing of horses, all is so silent that it is difficult to imagine that twenty thousand men are within a radius of a few miles. The ripple of the brook can be distinctly heard as it breaks over the pebbles, or winds petulantly about the gnarled roots. The wind sweeping gently through the tall pines overhead only serves to lull to deeper repose the slumbering soldier, who in his tent is dreaming of his far-off Northern home.

But in an instant all is changed. From some commanding elevation the clear toned bugle sounds out the *reveille*, and another and another responds, until the startled echoes double and treble the clarion calls. Intermingled with this comes the beating of drums, often rattling and jarring on unwilling ears. In a few moments the peaceful quiet is replaced by noise and tumult, arising from hill and dale, from field and forest. Camp-fires, hitherto extinct or smouldering in dull gray ashes, awaken to new life and brilliancy, and send forth their sparks high into the morning air. Although no gleam of sunrise blushes in the east, the harmless flames on every side light up the scene, so that there is no disorder or confusion.

The æsthetic aspects of this sudden change do not, however, occupy much of the soldier's time. He is more practically engaged in getting his breakfast ready. The potatoes are frying nicely in the well-larded pan; the chicken is roasting delicately on the red-hot coals, and grateful fumes from steaming coffee-pots delight the nostrils. The animals are not less busy. An ample supply of corn and huge piles of fodder are greedily devoured by these faithful friend of the boys in blue, and any neglect is quickly made known by the pawing of neighing horses and the fearful braying of the mules. Amid all is the busy clatter of tongues and tools—a Babel of sound, forming a contrast to the quiet of the previous hour as marked as that between peace and war.

Then the animals are hitched into the traces, and the droves of cattle relieved from the night's confinement in the corral. Knapsacks are strapped, men seize their trusty weapons, and, as again the bugles sound the note of command, the soldiers fall into line and file out upon the road, to make another stage of their journey—it may be to win fresh laurels in another victory, or perhaps to find a rest which shall only be broken by the *reveillé* of the last trump.

Letters to Various Persons. By H. D. Thoreau. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

These "remains"—the *disjecta membra* of the lamented Thoreau—in the shape of a few characteristic letters, are edited by Emerson and introduced by a brief, and for Mr. Emerson, remarkably lucid preface. The letters are in the best vein of the late open air essayist and peripatetic philosopher, and the volume is closed by a few poems of graceful beauty and outline. We are tempted to make a single extract:

MIST.

Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream-drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose feuny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers—
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields.

Our Friend from Victoria. A comedy in three acts. By C. H. Webb.

Further criticism, in addition to that evoked by this play during its representation in this city, is hardly necessary here. In its present form some of its defects are exaggerated, some of its charms heightened. The dialogue is crisp and sparkling, as it would naturally be where the characters are represented by four or five "Inigo's," who, however, seem to have no other individuality. As a natural result, the peculiarities of "Witherspoon," "Smithson," and "Julia" excite no interest as *characters*, and the happy marriage of the lovers and discomfiture of the villain, provoke neither satisfaction nor surprise. As a whole, the play is not up to the standard of Mr. Webb's best "Things," but the author's literary reputation is too justly based to be affected by its success or failure.

"PUCK" FOR OCTOBER.

WE give the following extracts from an advance copy of *Puck*, our Pacific *Punch*:

THERE HE GOES WITH HIS EYE OUT.—This saying is of remarkable antiquity, dating back to scriptural times. After Sampson had been deprived of his sight by the Philistines, rude little boys used to mock the unhappy man as he went to work at the mill at Gaza, crying out: "Here is a jolly spree. There's Sampson; there he goes with his eye out!"

MAKE NO BONES ABOUT IT.—This is a corruption of "Break" no bones. We say a man can do such and such a thing, and break no bones about it. The transition is easy from "break no bones" to "make no bones!"

THE FIRST RECORDED CASE OF VENTRILOQUISM.—When Jonah called out from the inside of the whale.

EPITAPH ON A PROSPECTOR.—He's struck the ledge.

HEALTHY RESORT FOR THE BLIND.—The *see-side*.

THE GREATEST ANT EXT-ANT.—The Eleph-ant.

THE ROPE-WALKER AT THE CLIFF.

When Cooke, on desperate deeds intent,
Gave up his canvas for the rope,
Old Boreas all his storm-clouds sent,
And drenching rains extinguished hope.

And when th' intrepid jester stood
Amid that elemental strife,
Thousands admired his hardihood,
But hoped he would not risk his life.

"How rash 't would be to try his luck
Along that perilous, narrow track;
If he should slip and catch a duck,
He'd wish he had his canvas back."

[For the Californian.]

THE MARIGOLD.

(*CALENDULA OFFICINALIS.*)

THERE are several handsome species, some of which are shrubby, and some annuals. The common Marigold, *(calendula officinalis)* and its varieties, and *Calendula Stellata*, are the handsomest of the annual species.

The Cape Marigolds, *(Calendula Phivialis* and *C. Hybrida)* have been removed by Professor De Candolle to a new genus which he calls *Dimorphotheca*. Both of these species are hardy annual plants with very elegant flowers which close at the withdrawal of the sun, and as they do not open at all when dark heavy clouds foretell the approach of rain, Linnæus called the commonest species *Calendula Pluvialis*, or the rainy Marigold. The botanical name is supposed to be derived from *Calendæ*, the Latin term for the first day of every month, because it continues long in flower, whence its Italian name of *Fiore d' ogni Mese*.

The Marigold, a native of the south of Europe, was cultivated in England in 1597, and is still one of the most common annuals in cottage gardens; its rayed flowerets had formerly much medical virtue attributed to them, but from the habit of closing at sunset, it has gained more lasting poetical fame.

Many of the poetical allusions to this flower turn not only on its closing at night, but also on its opening in the morning with the dew thickly pearled on its petals, a characteristic which it has in common with some other flowers, although, perhaps, it retains the pearly drops longer after sunrise than most. It is this property which led Shakspeare beautifully to describe it as

"The Marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping."

Madame Lebrun in one of her charming pictures has represented Grief as a young man, pale and languishing; his head appears to be bowed down by the weight of a garland of Marigolds. All the world knows this gilded flower which has been made the emblem of distress of mind, or rather, we should say, of that inquietude which is caused by uncertainty as to the sentiments of the one we love with a peculiar affection.

The mournful signification of the Marigold can be modified in various ways. United with roses it is the emblem of the sweeter pains of love; alone it expresses inquietude or ennui. Woven with other flowers, it represents the inconstant chain of life, ever good and evil interwoven. In the East a bouquet of marigolds and poppies expresses the thought. "I will allay your pain." It is especially by these modifications that the Sentiments of Flowers render the interpretation of our thoughts understood.

Margaret of Orleans, maternal ancestor of Henry IV., had for device a Marigold turning towards the sun, with these words, "*Je ne veux suivre que lui seul.*" That virtuous princess wished to express by this device that all her thoughts and all her affections turned towards heaven, as the Marigold does towards the sun.

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
An open breast when Titian spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk
Still bending towards him her small slender stalk;
How, when he declines, she droops and mourns,
Bedew'd (as 't were) with tears, till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone,
As if she scorned to be looked on
By an inferior eye; or did contemn
To wait upon a meaner light than him;
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

The French Marigold, *(Tagetes Patuta,)* is deservedly popular from the brilliancy and variegation of its flowers. Some of the improved varieties are exceedingly beautiful, particularly the fine variegated sorts of a rich velvety brown and yellow, distinctly striped or shaded with brown on a yellow ground.

There is nothing more interesting than to have an entire collection of one kind of plants, such as the above, raised from seed and grown in the best manner.

The pleasure of raising plants from seed is very much greater than purchasing them, the daily growth and development and the anxiety of seeing the opening flowers, all give zest to the attention bestowed upon them.

Each plant then has a history of its own, and the cultivator learns the wants of each kind of plants and by care and attention the most common varieties may be improved so that they would be hardly recognized along side of the ordinary kinds. No one will regret trying the experiment with a few choice seeds, for they will be surely rewarded for their care.

IRIS.

LUSK, who shot Billings at Idaho City, has been acquitted on the ground of self-defence.

MUSICAL MATTERS.

THE performance of *L'Africaine*, at Covent Garden, is the last event of interest. The *Musical World* says that "the opera" (abridged one-third by Costa, so as to last only four hours) "was received with unanimous favor from beginning to end"—the *World* always admires Meyerbeer. Other accounts indicate something like a failure.

THE European steamer brings news that Mr. Manager Max Maretzek has engaged the following artistes: soprani, Signora Anna Ticcona, Signorina Elena Bozzati; tenori, Signor Guiseppe Cassetti, Signor Cesare Chiaverini; baritoni, Signor Ettore Cornuti, Signor Chiavacci; bassi, Signor Antonucci, Signor Rovere, and Signor Papini. When these ladies and gentlemen arrive on our shores, Mr. Maretzek will probably inform us who they are.

TAGLIONI, the great composer of ballets, was invited to compose a ballet for the Grand Opera in Paris, but made it a condition to have the music for it written by his old friend, the German composer Hertel. This offer was declined, because it was said that the opera was a "national" institution, and Mr. Taglioni left the city of the world for Milan, where he has made an engagement to produce a grand ballet at the Scala. The management of the opera invited Mr. Leon Delile to compose the music.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* is to be produced in Vienna in December. All the arrangements have been made with Madame Meyerbeer, and everything connected with the scenery and machinery is perfectly satisfactory. There are only two bagatelles still wanting: an "Africaine" and a "Vasco di Gama." The management hope to find both among the "stars," male and female, under agreement to appear.

A YOUNG man, who a couple of years ago did errands for Max Maretzek in New York, and whose name is Carlberg, is now undertaking "Symphonic Concerts" in Vienna. The price of admission is about twenty cents, and is in entire conformity with the ability of the conductor.

CARL FORMES is residing at Hyde Park, Chicago, near the city. He is undergoing medical treatment for disease of the throat. His voice is in a much better condition than it has been for some time past. The Opera will probably open some time next month. Mr. Grau promises a new and powerful company.

A CONVERSAZIONE, for the instruction of instrumentalists and the formation of good orchestras, will be opened the first of September, at Stuttgardt. The direction will be confided to Eckert, the Chapel Master, and the lessons will be gratuitous.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI, with Jaell, Brassin, Vieuxtemps, and Piatti, are to give a series of concerts at St. Petersburgh, organized by Ulmann.

MR. BREWSTER WYLIE has set sail for America. The terms offered him in his Boston engagement are of the most flattering character.

M. BAGIER, director of the Italian Opera in Paris has engaged Signor Arditi, composer of the famous waltz, "Il Bacio," as *chef d'orchestre*. The waltz was originally sold for 300f. to the publisher, to whom it has realized upwards of 30,000f.

OTTO JAHN is about to publish a popular edition, in one volume, of his life (six vols.) of Mozart. It is to be regretted that the German biographers do not present their works translated into French, for the convenience of the general reading public.

THE Italian Opera of Moscow has yielded up its last sigh. The death warrant was signed by Count Adlerberg, acting upon instructions from the Czar. It appears that the last season left a deficit of 220,000 rubles.

MDLLE. CARLOTTA PATTI has left London for Boulogne-sur-mer.

LA GRANGE and the tenor Morini have sung in Cadiz with immense success.

BRIGNOLI has sung the part of "Ernesto" in *Don Pasquale* in the place of Mario, who was taken sick suddenly. He was very favorably received.

SIGNOR ARDITI is engaged by M. Bagier as conductor of the Italian Opera at Paris for next season.

HALEVY, it is said, left an opera entitled *Noah*, which has lately been found among his posthumous papers.

THE manager of the Theatre Italien is in terms with Mdlle. Tietjens for two months.

PLANS have been prepared for a new theatre in Holborn, in which Mr. Sothern and Mr. Sefton Parry have an interest.

JAELL and Vieuxtemps lately gave a concert in Kreuznach.

THE portrait of Mozart, which lately came into the possession of the Director of the Musical Union, painted in 1770 by Batoui, is now in the hands of the engraver.

[*New York Review.*

A PREDICAMENT.—The following circumstance happened in Cedar county, Iowa: A certain young man being out on a courting expedition one Sunday evening, in order to keep his secret from his young acquaintances, determined to be at home bright and early on Monday morning. Dressed in his fine white summer pants, and other fixins in proportion, he mounted his horse and soon arrived at the residence of his inamorata, where he was kindly received, and the horse properly cared for, being turned into the pasture for the night. Three o'clock was the time for him to depart, so that he might arrive at home before his comrades were stirring. He sallied forth to the pasture to catch his horse; but here was the difficulty—the grass was high and loaded with dew. To venture in with his pantaloons on would rather take the starch out of them, and lead to his detection. It would not do to go in his white unmentionables so he quickly made his resolve. He carefully disrobed himself of his valuable whites, and placed them in safety on the fence, while he gave chase with unscreened pedals through the wet grass, after his horse. Returning to the fence, where he had safely suspended his lily-white unmentionables, oh, *mirable dictu!* what a sight met his eyes! The field into which his horse had been turned was not only a horse pasture but a calf pasture, too; and the naugaty calves, attracted by the white flag on the fence, had betaken themselves to it, and, calf-like, had eaten them up! Only a few well-chewed fragments of this once valuable portion of the wardrobe remained—only a few threads—just sufficient to indicate what they once had been. What a pickle was this for a nice young man to be in!

It was now daylight, and the farmers were up, and our hero far from home, with no covering for his "travelling apparatus." It would not do to go back to the house of his lady-love, neither to go to town in that plight. There was only one resource left to him; that was, to secrete himself in the bushes for some time: and it may be imagined that his feelings towards the calf-kind were not of the most friendly character in consequence. But ere long his seclusion was destined to be intruded upon. By-and-by the boys, who had been out to feed the calves, returned with the remnants of the identical white garment which had adorned the lower limbs of their late visitor! They were mangled and torn to shreds! An inquest was immediately held over them. Some awful fate had befallen the man. The neighbors were summoned to search for the mangled corpse, and the *posse*, with dogs and arms, set out with all speed. The pasture was thoroughly scoured, and then the adjacent thickets, when, lo! our hero was driven from his lair by the keen scent of the dogs, all safe and sound, minus the linen! An explanation then ensued at the expense of our hero. But he was successful in the end; he married the lady, and is now living comfortably in one of the flourishing towns of Iowa.

MY REPUTATION, IAGO, MY REPUTATION.—I had not been long in New Orleans, when I was one evening invited by a mutual friend to call on a young lady belonging to one of the best families. On my way to her residence I was prepared by my friend to meet a paragon of female loveliness and culture. I was pleased with the visit, and her real loveliness of manner and sparkling vivacity enabled me to submit patiently and pleasantly to a homily on the resources of the South, not only as regards the products of her soil, but of her intellect, and her independence of the North in that respect. Of course the little beauty was fashionably "secesh," and spoke of the greatness of the South with all of a woman's ardor. After a time the young lady changed her conversation to the subject of music, and, seating herself at the piano, played and sung a ballad or two. Finally, turning to me, she said:

"Have you any favorite song you would like me to sing?"

"Yes," I replied, and named a song.

She replied that she had never heard of it, and wished to know who wrote it.

"William Cullen Bryant, of New York, the great American poet—of course you have heard of him?"

"Oh yes," she replied: "*I have heard his minstrels sing!*"

How would the venerable, gray-bearded Thanatopsis smile to be taken for the manager of Dan Bryant's minstrels!

UNCERTAINTY OF "CONSUMMATE BLISS!"—An amusing incident occurred at the depot in Manchester, New Hampshire, a few days since; a train had just arrived with a detachment of New Hampshire soldiers. A blooming maiden, who was present, for the purpose of welcoming home her long-absent lover, caught sight of him, and, with out-stretched arms, started to embrace him. Just at that moment the crowd became so great that the soldiers were pressed aside, and the lady, missing her calculations, caught another bronzed hero in her arms, at the same time giving him a rousing "smack." The soldier, who had never retreated on the battle-field, started back with fright, exclaiming, as he did so, "Who in the d—l are you?" The large crowd in attendance, while they sympathized with the lady in her mistake, could not repress a hearty laugh at her expense.

MANY persons complain that they cannot find words for their thoughts; when the real trouble is that they cannot find thoughts for their words.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF ART.—When we look around (and in our pockets) at various articles which are made in enormous quantities for the use of particular classes, it seems wonderful, in the first instance, how manufacturers are found who undertake, at a large pecuniary risk, the production of such things; and also, where the purchasers are to be met who render these speculations remunerative.

Amongst many other matters which are curious in their way as examples of the condition and progress of taste, is art as it has been shown for at least fifty years in pocket-handkerchiefs. These are in many ways singular, and deserve a little passing attention. A long time since, we can remember pocket-handkerchiefs for children, on which there were boys and girls at play, cottages, lamps, shepherdesses, and a variety of other devices. And there was no lack of picture pocket-handkerchiefs for those of older years: for sportsmen and others there were printed on these articles representations of fighting-cocks, dog-fights, hunting scenes, stage-coaches, and horses; and even recently, there have been shown in this way ships and steamers of various kinds, and conspicuous amongst them the *Great Eastern*, in divers positions; groups of sailors with the Union Jack and other devices; soldiers of the cavalry and the line; parties of pitmen, navigators, cotton-spinners, and those who form representative figures of large classes.

In our time we have noticed many peculiar hobbies of collectors, some having bestowed an extraordinary degree of pains and industry in collecting play-bills, election squibs, caricatures, etc. We once knew a collector who had, at considerable expense, purchased little pieces of the ropes by which notorious criminals had been put to death, and the instruments with which murders had been committed. This, however, is, we hope, a rare kind of collecting; but it would not be so singular or objectionable if some persons may have been minded to collect picture handkerchiefs. They would present a curious illustration of passing events. We should find portraits of George III. and the Princess Charlotte, William IV. and Queen Adelaide; Earl Grey, Lord Brougham, and their associates in the passing of the Reform Bill; then of Lord Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Bright, the lamented Cobden, Garibaldi, and so on. There would also be representations of Tom Spring, Tom Sayers, and many others who have achieved fame in the fistic line. Thurtell and other murderers have in this way been handed down to detestation; and such events as Ross's voyage to the North Pole, the burning of the Tower of London and the Royal Exchange, the shooting of the elephant in the Strand, which have shared a large amount of public attention; also views of noted buildings and large towns, have all been thus depicted more or less graphically.

Some of these illustrations are printed on humble cotton of various tints, others on silk of an expensive kind; and, no doubt, before the days of illustrated publications, the picture work of this kind was not without its use, however tasteless or objectionable the application of pictorial art in this direction may for the most part have been.—*Builder.*

TOO MUCH "RESS."—As Artemus Ward protests against "too much mother" in latter day ballads, so do we protest against the mutilation of good old English words to make them apply to the feminine gender. With very questionable taste and correctness, a female actor is called "an actress;" a woman who practices physic is called "a doctress," and in a Minnesota paper we find a Miss Evans who goes around preaching temperance called an "oratress." This "ress" termination is an abomination in the sight of good taste and correct diction. With equal propriety, might Miss Angela Starr King be called a readeress; Harriet Beecher Stowe a noveless; (quite as correct as authoress.) An actor is an actor and a doctor is a doctor, male or female; and this namby-pamby affectation of feminine terminations is of the same vulgarity which prompts a cream cheese preacher to call a woman a lady and a man a gentleman, when performing the marriage ceremony.—*Carson Appeal.*

JAW-BREAKERS.—In a poem by Hoffman, the German poet who was expelled from the Prussian dominions, and the admission of his works prohibited, the following word appears: "Steuerverweigerungverfassungsmsmassigberechtight," meaning a man who is exempt by the Constitution from paying taxes. We ourselves have heard of a gentleman, a member of the Marrionettenschauspielhanssengesellschaft who was said to be an excellent performer on the Constanti napolitanischedudelsackpfeife.

A SON of Neptune, who was in the habit of quarrelling with his better half, was one day remonstrated with by the minister of the parish, who told him he and his wife ought to live on more amicable terms, as they were both one. "One!" said the old salt, shifting his quid, "if you should come by the house sometimes, blast my tarry toplights, if you wouldn't think we were about *twenty*."

A NICE old lady up town declares that she thinks it very strange that a little quicksilver in a glass tube can make such awful hot weather by just rising an inch or so.

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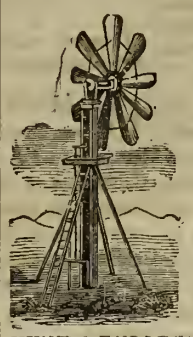

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A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

O GIFT of God! O perfect day:
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon,

Towards yonder cloud-land in the West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-blooms!
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

O Life and Love! O happy throng
Of thoughts whose only speech is song!
O heart of man! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

WHAT THEY DO AT NEWPORT.

A NEWPORT letter to the Boston *Post* avers that the following is the order of performances at that celebrated watering place this season:

FOR LADIES.

Rise late. Breakfast. Sit where you can see a great deal, scan everybody that enters or exits, eat what you can get, and, following one of Franklin's golden rules, retire from the table with an appetite. Promenade to the march in *Faust*, vigorously played by the band. Sit in the corridor and abuse the company. Drive to the beach and bathe, or drive to the beach and not bathe, and wonder how other women can. Return home and wait patiently for the hairdresser. Hair dresser. Grand toilet.

Dinner. Ladies in black silk go to the dinner-table early to see and not be seen. Ladies *en grande tenue* wait until the second course in order to be seen and not see. Very little eating and a great deal of remarking what other women have on. Promenade to the March in *Faust*. If you are young and pretty, and have admirers, you begin your flirtations for the day. If you are not young and pretty, but are a coquette, you flirt all the same. If you do the heavy dignity, you sit down in the corridor, learn everybody by heart, and abuse the company. Driving on the avenue, when nobody looks at the sunset and everybody continues to look at everybody else.

Tea. Less eating than at dinner, and more gossip. Retire to emerge in evening costume. Promenade to the march in *Faust*. Flirtations at their height. A general desire to look at the moon, if there is any; at the stars, if there is no moon. If you don't indulge in flirtations, you watch others, and thereby acquire a fund of information for the next day's gossip. To bed at midnight.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

Rise late and buy a New York paper. Breakfast. Read a very little of the newspaper and look a great deal at the pretty girl opposite. Get an introduction to pretty girl, and promenade. Smoke a cigar on piazza, and talk about the pretty girl and the Saratoga races. Go down to the beach and watch the bathers, ridicule the women and pronounce them frights. Cigars or billiards, or both, or an equivalent. Another cigar and gossip.

Toilet. Dinner. Lounge and watch the ladies. Go in rather late. Gaze unabashed at all the toilets that were invented for the purpose of attraction. Fee the waiter and take what you don't want. Promenade with as many pretty girls as is possible. Talk an infinite deal of nonsense. Invite the prettiest and silliest to drive. Drive and display your horses, or be driven and talk about men that have turnouts extraordinary.

Tea with pretty girl. More nonsense. Cigars on piazza. More talk about horses in general and pretty women in particular. Promenade with pretty girls. Flirtations.

Some gentlemen—those who approve of early hours—are up betimes to visit the "grand moral" men-agerie before referred to. It is also said that the Ocean House proprietors would be bankrupt were it not for the immense receipts taken at what is called "the bar."

NEW PLAYS—ANXIOUS FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

[THE "Continental Correspondent" of the *American Literary Gazette*, whose regular letters to that periodical are most readable and entertaining, among other literary gossip, gives the following account of the conduct of French dramatists when their productions are undergoing the ordeal of a first appearance:]

WHILE I have M. Dumas's name under my pen, let me tell you a curious anecdote which M. Jules Janin relates of that eccentric, restless man: "One night, when the poet brought out a drama in fourteen tableaux without giving a thought to the stage-boxes, the parquette, the pit, and the tiers, he looked around for the fireman, easily recognized by his brass helmet, and seeing the brilliant flashes of that covering, he said to himself: 'All is well!' The helmet made its appearance in every scene, and the delighted Dumas took the curiosity of the fireman and the applause of the public to boot. All went well to the sixth tableau; applause, praise, tears, and the fireman—nothing was wanting; but during the sixth tableau the fireman scarcely made his appearance; there was not the least glimmer of a helmet, and consequently the bewildered poet ceased to listen to his drama; he disappeared before the end of the sixth tableau, nay, he refused to return to listen to the catastrophe, when fortunately he saw in a 'slip' of the seventh tableau the helmet more attentive than ever. At this sight the author became serene and happy; he was sure his drama would be perfectly successful. It was as successful as he had predicted. After all was over, after the triumph, after the public had left the theatre, Alexandre Dumas, discovering the modest fireman, his judge and his arbiter, seated on the very bank of the verdure where the lover and the sweetheart had cooed, said: 'Halloo! my dear fellow, were you of service in the sixth tableau?' The fireman replied: 'I retired to the back of the slips: the sixth tableau fatigued me.' Alex. Dumas exclaimed: 'I suspected as much!' At this moment the prompter came out of his box with the seven acts under his arm. Dumas took the sixth act, and tore it into a thousand fragments. The actors screamed in tones of despair: 'What are you doing?' Dumas said: 'Don't you see? I am ridding you of the sixth tableau. It fatigued this excellent fireman.' I am sure this is a skilful explanation of the successes of Alexandre Dumas. He has confidence in the ingenuous auditor; he has trust in the fireman. Of a truth, if the fireman is fatigued, one may easily forsee that many other spectators will be fatigued. Therefore the fireman is the exact rule and the true judge of dramatic works. His helmet is a promise, his glance is a recompense. He is the law and the prophet of drama and comedy." M. Janin might have added that Moliere was accustomed to submit his plays to the judgment of his housekeeper, and whatever she failed to applaud he struck out. Sir Walter Scott, in like manner, would appeal to the taste of his humble companions.

While I am in the theatre let me describe the bearing of our authors on the first night of their pieces' performance. The oldest author never overcomes his nervousness on these occasions more than the great orator masters those emotions which shake his body like an aspen leaf whenever he rises to address an assembly. M. Victor Hugo is the only author I know who is unmoved during these hours of travail. By the way, his kinsman, M. Paul Foucher, has given an interesting account of the first (and last) performance of *Le Roi s'amuse*, which is worth admission in these pages to which Allibone's great-great-great-great grandson will turn when a nine times distant Childs shall prepare to put to press a 200th edition of the *Dictionary of English and Foreign Literature*. The first act provoked only applause, despite some crude expressions in Triboulet's part, which the will of Ligier forced on the public. These lines, referring to poets—

> "Cinq ou six—c'est toute une écurie,
> C'est une académie—une menagérie—"

provoked the approbative hilarity of the noisy representatives of the new school—the enthusiasts of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Alexandre Dumas in literature, and of Delacroix, L. Boulanger, and St. Evre in art. The famous line, so severely reproached to the poet: "*Je m'en soucie autant qu'un poisson d'une pomme*" was not spoken at length on the first performance. Ferrier, who was afraid of it, stopped at the word "poisson." The storm burst in the second act. Mlle. Dupont was there in the meridian of life and in all the *éclat* of opulent beauty; wore the piquant costume of Maqnelonne, the bandit's sister; she and several of her comrades were repeatedly obliged to recommence the dialogue which the anger of the audience suppressed. Ligier fought to the last moment with a conviction, a loyal energy equalled only by his talents. I remember that, kneeling on the bag in which he believed he had Francis I., he was obliged to repeat four times "*M'entends-tu?*" with a voice of thunder which scarcely rose above the tumult of the audience. After Victor Hugo's name was given (or the author of the piece) to that seething sea, depression no more changed the poet's countenance than passion had seemed to inflame it during the battle. His Olympian brow had met these furious waves with the rock's resistance. After the curtain fell he expressed thanks and encouragement to his actors, and when the frail Mlle. Anais Aubert—who was able to offer no more resistance to the storm than a straw could have done—expressed her state of prostration to him, the grand combatant quietly replied: "You are alarmed by trifles. 'Twill be far different day after to-morrow." The next day the piece was interdicted.

PREMIUM LIQUORS.—Mr. I. D. Thompson, of No. 321 Montgomery street, received the three first premiums at the late Fair, for fine Whiskies, Native Claret and other liquors. Mr. T. supplies families, parties and clubs, and those who want good articles can rely on procuring them at Thompson's.

SEARBORO & BROTHER, the popular grocers, No. 531 Washington street, three or four doors from the Washington Market, are doing an immense trade. This firm sells for cash only, and claim to excel all competitors in the cheapness, as well as the quality of their Groceries. See advertisement.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON THE CELEBRATION AT BALDINSVILLE, IN HONOR OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

[APROPOS of the Atlantic Cable, the New York *Saturday Press* revives Artemus Ward's article on the subject, written in 1858.]

BALDINSVILLE, Injianny, Sep the onct, 18&58.—I was summund home from Ciusinnaty quite suddin by a letter from the Supervizers of Baldinsville, sayin how grate things was on the Tappis in that air town in refference to selebratin the compleshun of the Sub-Mershine Tellegraph & axin me to be Pressunt. Lockin up my Kaugeroo and wax wurks in a sekure stile I took my departer for Baldinsville, which I got intwo at early kandle litin on the follerin night and just as the sellerbrashun and illumernashun ware commensin.

Baldinsville was trooly in a blaze of glory. Ne'r can I forget the surblime speckticul which met my gase as I alited from the Stage with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over & a grate bon fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transpiran-y was tied onto the sine post with the follerin wurds—"Giv us Liberty or Deth." Old Tompkinsis groscry was illumernated with 5 tin lantuns and the follerin Transpiracy was in the winder—"The Sub-Mershine Tellergrarph & and the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank Road—the two grate events of the 19th centerry—may intestine strife never mar their grandjure." Simkinsis shoe shop was all ablase with kandles and lantuns. A American Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder; also these wurds, viz—"The Constitooshun must be Preserved." The Skool house was lited up in grate stile and the winders was filld with mottoes, among which I notised the follerin: "Trooth smashed to erth shall rize again—YOU CAN'T STOP HER." "The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled." "Prokrastinashun is the theef of Time." "Be virtoous & you will be Happy." "Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble—shun the Bole," and the follerin sentimunt written by the skool master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige, "Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, and hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previs biu felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parliament, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped from our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gerlorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one another by means of a elecktric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTEUM, A BUTTER, CATERLINY, PATENT NOSTRUM!" Squire Smith's house was lited up regardless of expense. His little son William Henry stood upon the roof firin orf crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer clothes and stood on his doarstep, pintin his sword sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he would take orf his cocked hat and wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter, Mis Isabeller Smith, who has just cum home from the Perkinsville Female Instertoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddis of liberty, & sung "I see them on their windin way." Booteus I, sed I to myself, you air a angil & nothin shorter. N. Boneparte Smith, the Squire's oldest sun, drest hisself up as Venus, the God of Wars and red the Declaracion of Inderpendence from the left chamber winder. The Squire's wife didn't jine in the festiverties. She sed it was the tarnalest nonsense she ever seed. Sez she to the Squire, "Cum into the house and go to bed you old fool, you. Tomorrer you'll be goin round half-ded with the rumertism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you get well." Sez the Squire, "Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which I this nite commemerate." "Commemerate a cat's tail—cum into the house this instant, you pesky old critter." "Betsy," sez the Squire, wavin his sword, "retire." This made her just as mad as she could stick. She retired, but cum out again putty quick with a pailfull of Bilin hot water which she throwed all over the Squire, & Surs, you wood have split your sides larfin to see the old man jump and holler & run into the house. Except this unpropishous circumstance, all went as merry as a carringe bell, as Lord Byrun sez. Doctor Hutchinsis office was likewise lited up, and a Transpirancy on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of "Hutchinsis invigorater," was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* noospaper offiss was also illumernated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out: "The Press is the Arkermejian leaver which moves the world." "Vote Early." "Buckle on yer Armer." "Now is the time to Subscribe." "Franklin, Morse & Field." "Terms $1 50 a year; liberal reduckshuns to clubs." In short the village of Baldinsville was in a perfect fewroar. I never seed so many peple thar belonr in my born days. Ile not attemp to describe the scenes of that grate nite. Wurds wood fale me ef I should try to do it.

ECONOMY.—Half the cost and labor of washing may be saved by using the "California Washing Extract," in place of soap. Thayer, the chemist, testifies that it is free from acid or any substance injurious to clothing. It acts like a charm, doing away with all the scrubbing, pounding, and wearing out of clothes. Read the advertisement, and try it.

RAILROAD MEETING.—The Stockholders of the Front street, Mission, and Ocean Railroad Company are to hold a meeting of importance on Tuesday night. See advertisement.

FACES wear New Charms, and new loves, from the adornment and beauty bestowed upon the complexion and skin by using that inimitable article for the toilet, Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Greceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

Home Manufactures.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

A Lady at the Fair.—We always find a crowd gathered about the show-case of Mrs. Read, whose Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders are in extensive use wherever fashion reigns or health is an object to be desired. Specimens of her work in this branch of art, remarkable for perfection and finish, are exhibited by her, and also supporters for Hernia and Rupture, which, it seems, are extensively in demand. All these are more or less appliances for the preservation of health; but the cynosure of all eyes is the "Bust," an article indispensable to a lady's toilet. These and other objects and curiosities, it is generally conceded, richly entitle Mrs. Read to a premium.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

The Connecticut Life Insurance Company organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Agents for California.

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to mouth. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
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For sale by V. SQARZA,
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☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

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The following steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1865:

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From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

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Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

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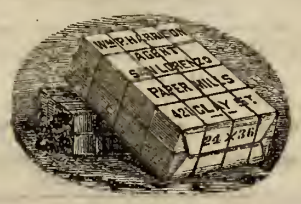
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.



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Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

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Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

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SUPPLYING THE

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will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

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We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

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CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

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READ WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF THE CALIFORNIAN.

The style is that of charming repose, easy address, and delicacy of perception. There are many original thoughts scattered throughout its columns; but the chief merit of the paper lies not so much in this as the thoroughly graceful style in which they are conveyed to the reader.—*Call.*

It will be found a welcome visitor in every house, and we wish it success. It is readable and interesting, and cannot fail making friends.—*Alta.*

The paper contains sixteen pages, is conducted with marked ability, grace and dignity, and presents a remarkably handsome appearance. It promises to become one of the best literary journals in the country.—*Monitor.*

In size and general appearance it resembles the New York *Round Table.* The contents, original and selected, establish the presence of editorial taste and the command of intellectual resources to insure a literary success, at least.—*Sacramento Daily Union.*

From what we have seen of its contents, we believe it will be a welcome visitor to the fireside. It is not of the wishy-washy, sentimental, sickly order of publications, but one which we hope Californians will be proud to recognize as one of the productions of our coast.—*Marysville Express.*

It presents a beautiful typographical appearance, and we may safely say is the neatest printed paper printed in California. It promises to be a popular and successful publication, and we add our quota of recommendation most cheerfully to this end.—*Marysville Appeal.*

The *Californian* is the best-looking paper ever printed in the State, and is well-filled with good reading matter.—*Sacramento Daily Bee.*

It is by far the handsomest journal of its character on the Pacific coast. The people of California are in need of just such a paper as the *Californian.*—*Napa County Reporter.*

It is in convenient form for binding, and we conclude the editor will make its contents sufficiently valuable for preservation.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

We have read its contents with considerable pleasure, for its originality and versatility are alike commendable. It will supply a void in literary circles, which has long been felt in the community.—*Police Gazette.*

The *Californian* seems to be receiving golden opinions from the press in all parts of the State, and from the specimen before us we are satisfied they are well deserved. It is evidently destined to fill a high place in the ranks of journalism on the Pacific coast.—*Sonoma County Democrat.*

We find it well filled with reading matter, original and selected, of the highest order.—*Mountain Messenger.*

The *Californian* is a high-toned literary publication, and of such a character as should receive a liberal support from the people of the Pacific coast.—*Herald, Suisun.*

We can assure our readers that the *Californian* is a first class literary and family journal, full of interesting matter and ably edited. It is established on a permanent basis, and Californians should take pride in extending its circulation.—*Grass Valley National.*

The *Californian* is a journal of high literary character, and will undoubtedly become popular.—*Nevada Transcript.*

It is the best literary paper published on the Pacific coast. The matter it contains is carefully prepared, well-digested, and worthy of perusal.—*Nevada Gazette.*

It is a handsome paper of sixteen pages, about the size of the *Round Table* before it was cut down, and not unlike that journal in character and scope. If such a journal can be sustained in California it is certainly a good token for the literary taste of the land of gold.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is enlivened with a vein of humor, that promises for it a position in the first rank of our native publications.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

A weekly journal, made up of editorial and selected matter indicating ability and excellent judgment.—*Boston Post.*

The paper is published in handsome quarto form, is very lively, and shows a disposition to redeem its promise to devote itself to the "best interests of California;" it deserves success.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

It contains an immense quantity of matter, selected with exquisite taste, varied, instructive, amusing, and always worthy of attention.—*N. Y. Review.*

Many of the above notices were given by our contemporaries during the publication of our first volume. With pride and pleasure we remark evidences of continued good will and approval in the columns of home and Eastern journals. No literary paper in California is copied by first-class Atlantic publications to one-tenth the extent that honors the CALIFORNIAN. By a firm adherence to the course we have hitherto pursued—fearlessness in condemning what we believe to be wrong (especially in regard to literary pretension where no merit exists,) by always preferring a good "selection" to an indifferent "contribution," by encouraging talent where it unmistakably has a germ, and utterly refusing to foist upon our readers the namby-pamby productions of brainless "space-annihilators," we feel confident we shall consult the wishes of the better class of readers, and that a rapid increase in its circulation will enable THE CALIFORNIAN to demonstrate the good taste of the people of the Pacific States.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

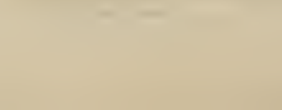
Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO *UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET*

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

FLOWERS! FLOWERS!!

The attention of the Public is invited to

The Floral Repository,

Of C. B. MILLER, Bush street, opposite Cosmopolitan Hotel.

Mr. MILLER keeps constantly on hand the rarest and choicest flowers that the season or the market affords, and will furnish parties or private houses with floral decorations at the shortest notice. Bouquets made to order, and sent to their destination with promptness. Mr. Miller would invite attention to some curious specimens of the Orchis family which his collection affords, and he would be pleased to have a call from all lovers of Flowers, whether they wish to purchase or not.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

No home of taste is complete without Aquaria, Gold Fish, Birds, Fern Cases, new and rare Plants, Bulbs and Seeds, Cut Flowers and Bouquets for Weddings, Hanging Baskets, Rustic Stands, Shells, Minerals, etc.

A long experience at the East justifies Mr. Miller in promising to please the patrons who may favor him with a trial. He will also be happy at all times to furnish those who take an interest in flowers with any information relative to their care and culture that may be desired.

MILLER'S 206 *Bush street,*
Opposite the Cosmopolitan, San Francisco.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE

We would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets			- -	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do - -	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do - -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED
MARINE INSURANCE
TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

A LARGE ASSORTMENT
OF
COAL OIL LAMPS
AND
CHANDLIERS
AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES,

Preparatory to Closing Out that Department.

For sale by STANFORD BROS,
au26-1m 3 California street.

AN INVITATION.

AIR—"*Wait for the Wagon.*"

Oh if you want to look genteel,
As you must do, I suppose,
Come and go right down with me
To where I get my clothes—
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post

His jackets are the nicest
That ever you have seen;
Of every shade, from violet
To blue, and black, and green,
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

They're cut in the latest fashion
And fit so trim and neat,
That only just to look at them
Is a pleasure and a treat;
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

If you buy his clothes and wear them,
You are sure to be well dressed;
And my father says he wonders
How cheap they sell the best
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

So go and bring the boys here,
For I want them all to know,
When they buy their Sunday jackets,
The cheapest place to go
Is, C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

sc9-1m

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."
my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

NOTICE TO FAMILIES!

WE CALL THE ATtention of housekeepers to our fine assortment of Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc.:

PROVISIONS.

Coffee, roasted; Green Coffee, all kinds;
Pure Ground Coffee, Choice Teas, Cocoa,
Chocolate, Sugar, all kinds; Flour, Butter,
California Cheese, Italian Cheese, Syrup,
Lard, Barton & Gustier Oils, Olive Oil,
Possel Fils, Spice of all kinds, Pickles,
Pepper, Pepper-sauce, Mustard, all kinds,
Oysters, Lobsters, Pie Fruits, Pine Apples,
Spanish Olives, Fruits au Juis, Braudy Fruits,
Honey, Citron, Peaches, fresh and dry,
Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
Corn and Oatmeal, Hams and Bacon,
Chile Negro, Maccaroni, all kinds; Farina,
Figs, Jams und Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
Yeast powders, Crackers, all kinds;
Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Washing Blue,
Rice, Sardines, Starch, Washing-soda,
Soap, Candles, Clothes Pins and Lines,
Shoe Blacking, Brooms and Brushes, Baskets,
Pails and Cans, Tubs and Wringer,
Carpet Tacks, Almonds, Nuts, etc.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR FAMILY USE.

Otard, Dupuy & Co.'s Cognac,
L. Delprat & Co.'s Cognac, Old Tom,
Sazerac Brandy, Cognac Pellevoisin,
American Brandy, Scotch Whisky,
Bourbon Whisky, Magnolia Whisky,
Holland Gin, Segars and Tobacco,
Rum, Ale and Porter, in Bottles,
Port Wine, Claret Wine, French
Claret Wine, California; Currant Wine,
White Wine, California; Ginger Wine,
White Wine, sauterne; Angelica Wine,
Malaga sweet Wine, Madeira Wine,
Muscatel Wine, Leoville Medoc Wine,
Lognac Wine, Chat. Margoux Wine,
Cherry Cordial, Champagne, Cliquot
Champagne, Heidsiech & Co.; Wine Bitters,
Champagne, Ernest Irroy & Co., Marischino,
Champagne, green seal, Kirschenwasser,
Vermouth, Noilly Pratt & Co.; Schnapps,
Sonoma Champagne, etc., etc., etc., etc.

All of which we offer for sale, by wholesale and retail, at the same figures to be had in first hands. Those wishing to get a

Pure Article of Ground Coffee,

can have it ground in the mill at our store, in a few moments—Java, Mocha, Rio, and Costa Rica Coffees.

Do not mistake the number the first time you call—☞531 Washington, a few doors below Montgomery☜—and you will always know where to buy your Provisions hereafter.

Hotel and Restaurant proprietors, and families, will find it greatly to their advantage to examine our Goods and PRICES. All goods warranted, and delivered by our teams throughout the city and suburbs.

Orders from the interior solicited, and promptly filled.

B. SBARBORO & BRO.,
Importers and Dealers in Provisions, Liquors and Family Wines, No. 531 Washington street,
Below Montgomery, next door below the "Examiner" Office, San Francisco. (Brick building.) jy1 3m

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12 2m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late eat INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

A NEW INVENTION!

LEWIS'S

Self-Acting Wagon Brake!

By means of this invention, the wheels of a wagon are made to lock themselves when going down hill, certainly and effectively, and are released the moment there is any strain on the horses, without attention on the part of the driver.

It is already in use in many parts of the East, and has everywhere given satisfaction.

It will lock a wheel so that it CANNOT REVOLVE, the efforts of the wheel to turn making the lock tighter.

It operates in an instant, locking or unlocking as necessary.

It needs no care and requires no exertion,

It cannot fail to work, and is easier on the team than the common brake.

Simple in its construction, and costing no more than the common lock, it gives perfect security, and a child may drive the heaviest wagon over the steepest roads.

It can be used in the same way as the common hand or foot brake: A touch on the lever will effectually lock the wheels, and

RUNAWAYS ARE IMPOSSIBLE.

State, county or shop rights for sale.

For particulars address DULL & GEORGE, San Francisco, or apply at Whitbeck's wagon factory, Market street above First. ap8 tf

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139
MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

☞ 75,000 ☜
MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
S. ROBINSON, Actuary.
mh25-3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25 tf 206 Front street, corner of California

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of chargo. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
Fine Clothing,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD, AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,
San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

BOOKBINDERS, PAPER-RULERS, AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

517

CLAY STREET, BET, SANSOME AND MONTGOMERY
my27

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use
For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,
je10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
jo10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

JUPITER AND SQUARZA.

[AFTER BON GAULTIER.]

"TAKE away this clammy nectar!"
Said the king of gods and men;
"Never at Olympus' table
Let that trash be served again.
Ho, Lyæus, thou, the beery!
Quick—invent some other drink;
Or, in a brace of shakes, thou standest
On Cocytus sulphury brink!"

Terror shook the limbs of Bacchus,
Palely grew his pimpled nose,
And already in his rearward
Felt he Jove's tremendous toes;
When a bright idea struck him—
"Dash my thyrsus in the lunch!"
For you never were in Frisco,
And you know not *Squarza's Punch!*"

"Bring it!" quoth the Cloud-compeller;
And the wine-god brought the liquor—
"Campagne and nectar are nought to it!
Bring me more, Bac.! come, be quicker!"
And Saturnius drank and nodded,
Winking with his lightning eyes;
And amidst the constellations
Did the star of SQUARZA rise!

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

OCTOBER 12, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,
J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commandor.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON THURSDAY, - - - - OCTOBER 12TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely, Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

ERICSSON,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR November 13th.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. sc16-3m.

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

COMMERCIAL STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

FRANCIS, VALENTINE & CO.,

517 CLAY and 514 COMMERCIAL STREETS.

Every description of BOOK, JOB and POSTER PRINTING done in the best style and at the lowest rates.

BOOK-BINDING and RULING done to order.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Sole Agents,
e10ag- Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

NEW DRESS GOODS!

TAAFFE & CO.

HAVE THIS DAY PURCHASED AT THE GREAT

Auction Sale of Lazard Freres

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF GOODS,

WHICH THEY WILL OFFER AT RETAIL,

ON

MONDAY, - - - OCTOBER 2d,

AT FROM

25 to 50 Per Cent. Less than

COST OF IMPORTATION:

600 pieces good French Merinos, all colors, at 75c. per yard;
300 pieces Super French Merinos, $1 per yd;
200 pcs Extra Sup. Fr. Merinos, $1 25 pr yd;
1200 pieces Elegant Dress Goods, in Plaid, Chene, Striped and Plain, from 25c. fo $2 per yard;
1400 yards "Ponson's" super Black Silk, at $1 75 per yard:
2000 yards "Bischoff's" super Black Silk, at $2 per yard;
3000 yards "Bonnett's" super Black Silk, at $2 50 per yard;
5000 yards Extra super Black Silk, from $3 to $8 per yard.

ALSO,

500 Elegant Silk Robes, from $20 to $100 each;
200 Foulard Dresses, at $10.

ALSO

Plaid. Striped, Chine and Brocade Silks.

HOTEL AND HOUSE KEEPERS

ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Linen Goods,

CONSISTING OF

SUPERIOR TABLE DAMASKS,
TABLE CLOTHS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS, DOYLIES,
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FRONT STREET, MISSION, AND OCEAN RAILROAD COMPANY.

A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS in the above Company will be held at the Fourth District Court Room, City Hall, on Tuesday evening, October 3, 1865, at 7 1 2 o'clock, upon business of importance to the Company. Every stockholder is requested to be present.

By order of the Board of Directors.

DAVID WILDER, Secretary.

Office, No. 529 Clay street, corner of Leidesdorff street, San Francisco. se30 1t

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, SEPT. 30TH,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH

AND

NOBBS WILL TURN HIM OUT!

This Evening, September 30th,

MR. J B. STUDLEY,

In the Tragedy of

PIZZARO,

AND

NOBBS WILL TURN HIM OUT!

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 2d,

NARCISSE!

OR,

The Last Days of the Pompadour,

A Tragedy in Five Acts, translated from the original German expressly for the great German American Actor,

DANIEL E. BANDMANN,

Will be produced for the first time in San Francisco in the same gorgeous style ps characterized its production at Niblo's, New York.

Tuesday Evening, October 3d,

M'LLE VESTVALI,

Having sufficiently recovered from her late illness, will appear in the Scenic Play entitled

The Fool and his Master!

Adapted from Paul Feval's French Novel of "Le Bossu," with all the original Music and delightful Songs, as successfully performed by M'lle Vestvali for nine cosecutive weeks at Niblo's, New York.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats	$1 00
Parquet	1 00
Gallery	50 cents
Private Boxes,	$5 and $10
Reserved Seats,	50 cents extra

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

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HAS DONE DEEDS OF MERCY TO SUFFERERS of Chronic Diseases beyond the aid or skill of Surgeons or Physicians. It has raised the invalid bowed down with dospair. It has cured dreadful cases of hereditary diseaso and Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula swellings, eruptions, Eczuna, Erysipelas, Goitre, Nodes, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, weaknesses,

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SARSAPARILLA,
IODINE ALTERNATIVE
FOR
THE BLOOD.

flows, irregularities, and all impurities of the blood.

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Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

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A. A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30 3m

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GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, SEPT. 30TH,

Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 30TH,

Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shaun the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McConl.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power.....Miss Belle Devine
Katy Welsh.....Miss Annie Yeamans

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

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The "Bradbury" Piano

TOOK THE

FIRST PREMIUM

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MECHANICS' FAIR,

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BRADBURY,

It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.

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WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23 tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

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Surest Test of Merit!

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No. 321 *Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.*

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30 1m

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Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
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Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,
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BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

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AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 20. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 7, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

NOTHING enlarges the mind so much as foreign travel. We appreciate the truth of this oft-repeated statement. We have returned with an enlarged mind from the city of Oakland, During a stay of some fifteen hours in that delightfully verdant town, we endeavored to gather as many facts as possible, bearing on the manners, customs, and amusements of the inhabitants. Perhaps, the most pleasing feature is the religious air of the denizens of Oakland: they are moral in a high degree; the pale cast of thought is visible on each brow; a profane bust is utterly unknown. The Oaklanders indulge in dissipation, but it is religious dissipation. The religious excitement of the last two weeks was a Methodist marriage, which our informant, who, we fear extremely, was a vessel of wrath, observed, "drew the best house of the season." One can scarcely account for this ceremony causing excitement; there was but little of romance about the affair; the bridegroom was a stalwart son of toil—his name was Smith. The fact, however, that Methodists are in the habit of performing their marriage ceremony, like other good deeds, in secret, may in some measure explain why this marriage, which was solemnized in the full blaze of gas-light, attracted a full congregation The religious store-keepers of Oakland are not without their trials. Last year, the proprietor of one of the chief hotels took in a minister to board: the ungodly aver, for the purpose of attracting a religious class of customers to his house. This year, he has opened a grog-shop, which is termed the "Gospel Grog Shop" by the unholy ones of Oakland, and, sad to say, the spirits denominated "brandy," "rum," "gin," and "whiskey" have attracted more customers than the spiritual out pourings of the minister. We only state this exception to prove the rule that Oakland is a gracious place. An enlightened place, after dark, it is not. The Broad-way which leadeth many to destruction, by the liquid snares which are set in gaily-colored bottles, to tempt those who are athirst to imbibe, is ablaze with gas; but the sylvan shades are left in utter darkness, without even a glow-worm to guide the traveller on his way. A Sabbath stillness pervades the streets of Oakland, even at mid-day; and naught disturbs the holy calm, save the church-going bell, which calls the inhabitants from their homes, to take a slight lunch of spiritual food—to refresh their souls amid the cares of business; or the loud clanging dinner bell, pealing forth a summons, which reminds them to take care of their poor perishable bodies. Our impression of Oakland is, that it is a dull, but virtuous city; if evil deeds are committed, they are kept shady in the primeval forests. Better far to be dull than sinful.

THE telegraph brings news that *Arrah-na-Pogue* is forbidden to be played in any part of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Some people say this is an act of tyranny towards the Irish on the part of the English Government. They don't understand the motives which influenced it. The fact is that the suspension of the performance of this play by law is an act of kind consideration on the part of the Government for the feelings of the Fenians. "Michael Feeny" is such a villainous character that it was feared that the Fenians might think it a reflection on their founder; besides, the rebellion on which some of the scenes of Boucicault's drama are founded, was pretty effectually squelched, and the thought of that might make the Fenians uncomfortable. We think the English Government deserves great credit for its consideration. It is not right to make fun of Irish rebellions.

MANY ill-natured things have been said in the *Californian* about the correspondents of the *Alta*. In consequence of this, it is the more incumbent on the MOUSE-TRAP to see that jus ice is done, and true genius acknowledged. The following we clip from the Mattole correspondence of the paper in question:

"Oh! the awful earthquake, my senses are bewildered! See the crooked trace of my pen and the blotted ink, for the shock rolled me upon the desk, and the heavy weight of my inclination broke my pen upon the paper. It is just nine o'clock, Sunday morn, the first day of October. I wonder if it reached you, certainly I hope not, for such a terrible shock would demolish half the buildings of brick in San Francisco. Everybody rushed out of doors into the middle of the streets—there aghast they stood—palsied, as it were, for a moment, with protruding eyes, watching the reeling houses, in expectation of their sudden crash to the ground. The sinking feeling and the relaxing and fluttering pulsation, and the weakening tendencies which at that fearful moment seized the human form, language is inadequate to portray. The most stubborn heart was made penitent in a moment, for the great day of His wrath was thought to have come. I am now beginning to recover my senses again."

That correspondent understands his business. That "crooked trace of my pen and the blotted ink" show art. Imperfect—but still art. It presupposes that the correspondent was, at the instant the shock occurred, seated at his table, engaged in writing a description of the earthquake about to take place, for the *Alta*. The letter is earthquakey throughout: "It is just nine o'clock, Sunday morn, the first day of October. I wonder if it reached you." There are two distinct sharp, jerky shocks, to give the impression that the correspondent was too much shaken to write connectedly. It is a powerful description; the harrowing picture drawn of the inhabitants of a whole city standing, "palsied as it were, for the moment, with protruding eyes," is a marvel of word printing. This earthquake reporter says: "the weakening tendencies which at that fearful moment seized the human form language is inadequate to convey." His language shows signs of weakness here. How could he wind up this thrilling description by expressing his conviction that the most stubborn heart could be made penitent, in a moment, by an earthquake, and then coolly say: "I am now beginning to recover my senses?" We doubt if even the Reverend Doctor Scudder, who differs with us and the *Home Missionary* as to the holiness of the city of San Francisco, and thinks missionaries *are* needed here, would be content to see these missionaries come in the form of earthquakes. We do not believe in sudden conversions. We are inclined to believe that a stubborn heart would be more thoroughly softened by rheumatic gout than by an earthquake. Our hypothesis is sustained by the experience of this correspondent. The earthquake had scarcely ceased, and yet he was beginning to recover his senses, or, in other words, his heart, temporarily softened by the earthquake, was beginning to harden again. If an earthquake will soften the most stubborn heart, may not it also have a similar effect on the head?

WE admire genius wherever we see it. The proprietor of the Willows has a full appreciation of the power of words. On the occasion of Mlle. Rosa Siegrist's walking the tight-rope, the *American Flag* devoted half a foot of nonpareil to proving that the feat was a humbug. The *Flag* pronounced it an infamous fraud upon the public, as, if the little girl fell she would probably not suffer more severe injury than a broken arm or leg, the rope being only twenty-five feet from the ground. The proprietor of the Willows, instead of following the example of some managers, and publishing half-column "cards," explaining that the girl was a delicate girl, and, consequently, a slighter fall would kill her than one more robust, and assuring the public that he would on the next occasion of the performance of this female funambulating feat, arrange that the rope should be imperfectly secured. and thus, by increasing the chance of a fatal accident, compensate them for the base fraud perpetrated on them by placing the rope at the moderate height of twenty-five feet from the ground, did better. He did not offer to give an extra dangerous performance for the benefit and satisfaction of the *American Flag*; no, he simply inserted the two simple lines in the *Call:*

"The manager of the Willows does not advertise in the *Daily American Flag*. Nuff ced."

There is true eloquence. A volume in two lines!

THE "Fenian Sisterhood" gave a ball at St. Louis on September 12th. The Fenian sisters do not, we understand, intend to fight; their mission is to be sisters to the Fenian brothers. Miss Ann Jane Mooney is the Directress of the sisterhood—they acknowledge no mistress. General Blair, in trying to make a complimentary speech, put his foot into it, he said:

"'He did not claim to be an Irishman—only about half a one, but when the time came he would say, let the 'Finnegans' go for them.' At this point of the General's speech, a stentorian voice yelled out, 'That is wrong, Blair; our name is Fenian, not Finnegan, as some try to ridicule us.'"

We don't see anything ridiculous in the name of "Finnegan." Finnegan is a good name—a much better name than Feeny. Success to the Miss Finnegans of the Fenian Sisterhood!

ONE of the morning papers of this city in one of its amusement notices, remarked that Bandmann was an *Anglo-Germanic Tragedian*, and had made but one step from the German to the English stage; that is to say, he laid down the use of his native tongue and took up the foreign language without any sort of trouble or difficulty, in fact, so adept was he in the use of the English words—understood so well their meaning—that he came upon the boards and spoke "Shakspeare" like a "native." A great many people—who mean very well by the by—doubt the statement of the morning paper. They imagine Bandmann breaks his English horribly; and that "Hamlet's" famous soliloquy on Death would proceed from his mouth somewhat in the following style:

"Too be, or not too be, dat ees de gwestion;—
Vetter teesh better in de mind too sooffer
Der schlings unt arros ofe utrageous fortun;
Or too dake aarms against a sea of trubbles,
Unt by opbosing ent dem? Too die,—too schleep,—
No more:—unt by a schleep too say we ent
Der haart ache unt der tousand natural zhocks
Dat vlesh ees heir too—teesh a gonsummation
Devontly too be wished; too die—too schleep—
Too schleep, parechanuce too dreem, ay, deres der rub,
For in dat schleep of det, what dreems may com,
Ven we half shuffled off dis mortal coil,
Musht gif us paws. Dere ees de respee
Dut maks calamity ofe so long life;
For who would bear der whips unt scons ofe time.
Der oppressor's wrong—der proud man's contumely,
Der paungs ofe dispise lof—der law's delay,
Der eensolence ofe offeece, mit der spurus
Dat pasheut merit ofe der unwordy dakes,
Ven he heemself might hees quietus mak
Mit a bare bodkin? Who vould faardels bear,
Too grunt unt schvet unter a weary life,
But dat der dret ofe someting after det,
De undiscovered gountry, from whose bourn
No trabbler returns—puzzles der weel;
Unt maks us drader bear doze eels we half,
Dan phly to odders, we uix for stay!"

It is entirely a matter of supererogation to inform people that their idea of Bandmann's style of reading is erroneous. He reads not only fluently but elegantly, wonderfully, powerfully, free from the marring influences of a native education in the German tongue. If the people aforesaid are still inclined to be skeptical, let them go and hear him with their own ears.

WE really hoped when we noticed that the *Alta* had by dead-heading a really clever fellow to New York on his way to England secured his services as a London correspondent, that its English news would in future be correct; but, alas! if there is the slightest possibility of making an error, the *Alta* will do so. In its issue of Tuesday last it publishes the following statement of facts which is likely to inflict an incalculable injury on the dentists of this and every other city: "A dentist has been fined in London for pulling the wrong tooth." This is perfectly untrue, a dentist has *not* been fined in London for pulling the wrong tooth. The facts in the case are these: a dentist sued a man for payment for services rendered, namely, the extraction of a tooth; the defendant refused payment of the bill on the ground that the dentist had extracted a sound tooth instead of the one which ached; he put in a sworn statement to this effect, and the dentist was non-suited. The *Alta* ought to be aware that criminal proceedings could not be instituted on such grounds as those which it alleges. There is no law against pulling a man's teeth at his own request, and consequently a mistake of this character does not constitute a crime liable to punishment by fine or imprisonment. We rely upon the *Alta's* sense of justice, and trust that it will immediately publish a full retraction of its incorrect statement concerning the extraction of this tooth which it published to the detraction of the dentist, and explain that the substraction of a sound tooth by mistake, instead of an aching one, which nearly drove the patient to distraction, which the dentist found not, did not cause him to be fined.

A MORNING paper which is noted for the reliability of its statements regarding theatrical matters, says of Madame Anna Bishop: "Her appearance was the signal for earnest applause, which was prolonged *for ten minutes*, and repeated at every subsequent part of the concert." The reporter omits to state that Madame Anna Bishop went behind the scenes, and, bringing out a chair, sat down during the "ten minutes" the audience were applauding her, which would be equally true.

THE country papers are exercising their pens in abusing Gottschalk as a "foreigner," and sneering at the popularity "foreign professors" achieve in San Francisco. As Gottschalk is a full-blooded American citizen, having been born in New Orleans, the point of these remarkable efforts of genius is lost.

TREM.

A GUEST FOR THE NIGHT.

THIRTEEN years ago this very month—I am not likely to forget the date of the event I am about to describe—I lived in a quiet respectable street in the Faubourg Schaerbeek, in Brussels, and I was a student of the Hospital de St. Pierre, attending lectures there, and studying medicine, with the full conviction that I could never make a surgeon while I lived. A constitutional horror of blood, and a reluctance to approach a dead body, which no amount of use had been able to weaken, were sufficient indications that Nature had not destined me for the profession to which I found myself devoted. Why I continued to listen to lectures from which I scarcely carried away a single fact, and to read books upon which I strove in vain to fix my attention, is not necessary to be told here. It is enough to say that I saw no escape; that my fate had willed that I should be a surgeon, or nothing. All this made me, after awhile, gloomy; then reckless; then gloomy again. I had taken to painting—first, as an amusement, and then with the hope of becoming a painter. But what was there left of faces or landscapes unpainted in the land of Teniers—that laborious genius who would sketch and finish a picture between dawn and bedtime. I saw that I was born in too late an age. I had ventured upon literature, and failed. I had devoted myself to chemistry for a while; had almost discovered a new way of staining glass a brilliant ruby; but something balked me in the moment of success. This was the history of all my attempts. I resolved to be careless of the future; took to cultivating geraniums, playing on the pianoforte, and reading metaphysics.

The house in which I lived was an old Flemish mansion with two wings, and a wall; a row of trees hiding it from the street. My sitting-room was so wide and lofty, that no number of candles on the table at night would drive the darkness out of the corners. Half the rooms in the house being invariably empty, the lodge-keeper had offered me this, at a rent little exceeding the rent of a garret in England, and my fondness for geraniums contributed to decide me to accept his offer; for the folding window of the room opened on to the flat leads of the porter's house, and in this space I determined to make a flower-garden.

It was on an afternoon late in the autumn; there had been rain nearly all day; the sky was still dark with clouds, and the air was so cold that I had lighted my fire. I had been out walking upon the leads, plucking the yellow leaves from my geraniums, and enjoying the sweet scent of leaf and blossom washed in the showers. The crimson of their flowers looked brighter than usual, and the silvery drops of rain hung on the hair of their stalks, and on the tips of their leaves. "What need," thought I, "to strive for distinction, when so slight a thing serves to delight me?" But, as I stepped up into my room again, a shadow came over my happy mood, and I thought of all that had been said by poets and others about the man who lives alone and dies unloved. There was my neighbor, Vandermere, who had just bid me "good day" from his window; I used to chat with him sometimes, when out attending to my garden, for one of his rooms opened also on to these leads on the opposite side. He, too, was a painter, and had begun to study, with thoughts of rivalling the greatest masters; had married and got a family; had given up all dreams of fame, content to copy pictures for his customers in the Museum; which, to do him justice, were hardly distinguishable from the originals. *He* did not talk of disappointed hopes. If ever there a happy man, he was one. "Domestic life," said I, "is the true consolation for the disappointments of ambition. It is a wife that I want." But of all my discoveries, this was the most impracticable, for half-a dozen reasons; all so powerful that if I could have removed any five of them, the remaining one would have made marriage at that time utterly impossible to me.

I walked to and fro, and then stood at the window; against which a long branch of the vine, blown from the side of the house, was tapping as the wind lifted it up and down. Drops of rain were swept down from the edges of the roof with every gust, and the sky was growing darker. Vandermere, the painter, had gone from his window, and his light had disappeared. Altogether the aspect out of doors was by no means cheering to a solitary man.

Neither was there anything cheerful in the aspect of my great room. My chemical apparatus and my easels reminded me of time thrown away in efforts lost, because abandoned too early. I considered my past career, and found it all unprofitable. Six months previously I had given up some dissipated companions, and determined never again to visit a gaming-table, for which I had begun to feel a kind of inclination. Yet what progress had I made since? My spirit was less; for my hopes, which were new then, were now worn out. My future was more aimless than ever. I knew that my mind required employment, but I lacked resolution to apply myself to anything. I could think of no occupation that might serve to amuse me that evening. I took out my case of instruments, polished them for awhile, and then shut them up, and flung them away. Even my old favorite author, the Count Xavier de Maistre, could not help me. I could do nothing but sit in my low elbow-chair before the fire, and dream away the time.

A circumstance which had happened some months before, and of which I had not lately been thinking, coming suddenly into my head without any apparent cause, led me to meditate upon the manner in which ideas are connected in our minds. I strove to trace this idea back, from link to link. But so secret and rapid are the operations of the mind, that I could in no way trace the recollection to its origin.

Yet remembering that the most trivial circumstances will sometimes give rise to a train of thought, leading us by circuitous ways—though with the swiftness of light—to ideas which have no apparent relation to those from which we started, I fancied that some object near me, some noise, either of the wind or the rain that was beginning to beat again upon the window, or of voices which I might have involuntarily noted—or that the time and situation in which I found myself, or even the weather—might be in some way connected with this reminiscence; and taking several of these things in succession, I amused myself by diverging from each by every chain of association which my fancy could suggest, in the hope that I should thus discover in what way this circumstance had been brought into my mind.

I had been long absorbed in these solitary reveries, when I became aware that I had been unconsciously uttering some of my reasonings aloud. The sound of my own voice startled me, as if it had come from another part of the room. The solitude and stillness to me, awakening from my dreaming mood, impressed me with a strange, uneasy feeling. It was quite dark. I could not distinguish my piano, my easels, or my paintings on the wall; until the log upon the fire, suddenly bubbling and sending out smoke, caught in a jet of flame, lighted the room a moment, and went out. After that, I sat with my face resting on my hands, looking down into the fire, and wondering at the stillness in the house. I listened for some minutes, and could hear no one speaking or moving in any of the rooms, or any footsteps on the stairs. Once I heard laughter at a distance, where a door had been opened; but the door was shut again instantly, and I heard it no longer. I had but lately recovered from an illness, and my physical weakness made me feel more strongly the loneliness of my situation. Strange notions, such as at other times I should have laughed away, held my mind with the power of realities. I fancied that I heard a stealthy footstep creeping up near me; and, next, that some one was standing close behind my chair. So impressed was I with the latter fancy, that at last I sprang upon my feet; and, turning round, stretched out my hand to assure myself that I was mistaken. Nor was it until I had struck the burning logs with the tongs, and made a flame which lighted the room, that I could entirely banish these notions. Wondering that I could be so moved by such imaginations, and led by my pride to think of moments when I had found myself not wanting in courage in the presence of real danger, I sat down again, and watched the fire—playing on the wood, and gradually diminishing, until only one little flame was left hovering on the tip of a wreath of smoke—going out and coming in again, until it was finally extinguished, and only thin clouds of smoke and steam were left to trail up the wide chimney. I stirred the logs again until they were burnt through, and watched them until, covered with an ash, the red glow sank into the crevices made by the fire. Then the current of my thoughts seemed to lose itself—absorbed into vacancy, like a rivulet in the sands—and I sat idly looking at the dark hearth.

It was just at this moment that I was aroused by a tapping at the door. I had fancied that I heard it once before; but having previously heard no footsteps mounting the stairs, I had concluded that I was mistaken. I felt for my lamp upon the table, and hastened to light it before answering the summons. While I was vainly endeavoring to blow the last spark into a flame, the tapping was repeated more loudly, and I proceeded to open the door in the dark.

"Who's there?" I exclaimed, seeing no one on the dark landing.

"It is I," said a voice. "You will scarcely have expected me."

"M. Falck!" I said; for I recognized the voice. "This is very remarkable."

The unexpected visit of this man, connected as he was with the subject of my previous reveries, reminded me of stories of people who have supposed themselves visited by persons they have known; and have even held long conversations with the objects of their imagination. I had always disliked him. Many months before, I had parted from him in anger, and had not met him since. He had never visited me at home at any period; and I could not imagine his object in coming to me now.

"You have something to say to me, M. Falck?" I asked.

"Let us have a light," said he, "and I will explain."

"Bidding him come in and shut the door, I struck a light, and set my lamp upon the table. My visitor flung himself upon a chair, and threw back his cloak, which was half-saturated with the rain. He was so strangely changed since I had last seen him, that, but for his voice, I should not have felt sure that it was he. His face was thinner and paler; his eyes were rimmed and sunken; a slight baldness had increased so much that his forehead seemed to have doubled in height. Such hair as he had was closely cropped, and his beard and moustache were shaved off.

"You would not have recognized me in the street?" he said, catching my eye upon him.

"I think not," I answered.

He passed his hand over his forehead, as if at a loss to continue; and then added, abruptly:

We parted on bad terms, the last time we were together."

"We did."

"You must not think anything more of that. I have no heart to rake up old quarrels now. I come to you, to ask a shelter to night, because I have not a friend of whom I care to ask it; and it does not suit me to seek a lodging among strangers. I am not the man you knew me once. I have had a run of misfortune for some time—not in play only, for I never was a thorough gambler—everything has gone wrong. I am a broken man; broken in purse, and broken in spirits, or I would not come here to ask you to shelter me, this rough night. Honorine—You knew Honorine?"—

"Your wife?"

"Aye: you might call her so," he continued. "Never did a man love a wife more tenderly; or treat one with more kindness, while he had means—"

He paused for a moment; then, as if he had forgotten what he was about to say, applied his hand to his forehead again; and sat thus, for a few seconds, looking down.

"Yes," he continued. "Never mind now. When, at all hours and times, by night and day, a certain thing haunts you, it is natural to talk about it, and to forget that your affairs do not interest others as they interest yourself."

"You seem in trouble," I said, as soothingly as I could.

"Yes," he answered, "things were desperate enough before the crowning misfortune came. People will say it is my own fault. Perhaps it is. But I never saw life as I see it now. Accident set me on the wrong road before I knew the difference between right and wrong; and one thing and another served to push me on the same way. It is hard to get out of old habits. If I had to begin life again, I would act differently. But the lessons of experience come too late to be of any use. And yet there is no mercy for errors; though it is often hard enough, amidst all the hubbub of opinions in the world, to find the right—especially for a young man. He goes on sometimes blundering, and growing familiar with evil, until his sense is blunted, he excuses everything, and cannot bring himself to believe that he is become what the world calls a scoundrel." His tone and manner were so abject that I could not help pitying him. Perhaps my previous loneliness made me feel a satisfaction in any kind of companionship. I saw that he was suffering from some recent misfortune, and I attributed his self-accusations to the tone of despondency thus wrought in his mind. I even reproached myself with my old antipathy to him, and thought how few men would bate each other, perhaps, if the minds of all were laid bare.

"Come," I said, "let us not look at troubles until we are half blinded. Turn away from them to-night, and to-morrow you will see your way the clearer."

"I am worn out, Valentine, said he. "This is no thing of to-day nor of yesterday. I have held up, and have kept a careless outside, with such things in my heart as would have driven any other man mad: but I cannot hold up any longer. I have been hunted about like a runaway slave—turning this way and that—and finding myself baulked on every side. I have determined," he said, rising up suddenly, "to be hunted no more."

"Well, said I, "no more of this now. Let us make a fire and be cheerful this stormy weather."

Casting on some additional logs, and fanning the embers until they ignited and began to blaze, I sat down, and bade him also bring a chair up to the fire.

"I am as wet and cold as a dog's nose," said he, spreading his hands over the blaze.

"You have been in the country," I remarked, seeing some clay upon his boots.

"I have walked some ten leagues to-day. This rainy, windy, weather is enough to blow and drench a man's life out of him; and the cloudy sky wears upon my spirits, as if I were buried alive in lead."

"You have only just returned to Brussels?"

"I arrived here this afternoon from Paris, and have been walking about the muddy streets ever since, to no purpose. I thought I had a friend or two here; but I find I have not! It is my own fault. I chose my own acquaintances, and might have known what they would be to me, when such a time as this should arrive. Yet," he continued, looking at the fire, "there was one from whom I hoped something better. Never mind now! After the conduct of Honorine, I need not have looked for honesty in the world. This friend never lived under my roof, as she did, for years—sharing my prosperity, and swearing every day that it was all for love of me. May she die in a hospital!"

Several times I essayed to divert our conversation into new channels, but he invariably returned to the same subject; and at length I let him speak on without interrupting him. After a while his anger seemed to have spent itself, and he lapsed into a silence, which lasted for some minutes.

"I am poor, Falek," said I, pulling out my purse—

"No," he said, stopping me with a motion of the hand; "it is not money I want. If you will give me a shelter to-night, I will promise never to trouble you any more. This is as much as you, or any man, can do for me now."

I would have asked him more particularly the nature of his troubles, in the hope of being able to advise or assist him; but his abrupt manner and manifest irritability restrained me. I determined to wait and see whether this would pass away. I watched him as he sat with his back turned to the lamp, and noticed the changes of expression in his features, corresponding to the succession of thoughts in his mind; and, giving way again to my fanciful mood, I interpreted them in my own way, until I had built up a theory of his misfortunes, satisfactory to myself. At length, the singularity of his manner, and his long silence, took so strong a hold upon my mind, that I began to feel his presence irksome and to repent of having admitted him. The recollection that I had been unaccountably led to think of him, when sitting alone; and to call to mind the manner in which we had last parted; the words he had used, and how in the height of my passion I had threatened him in a public room; coupled with the fact of his being now actually sitting before me; perplexed me anew. Wilder fancies than any I had had before followed each other swiftly through my mind like the blood globules in the veins. He seemed to my imagination, after looking intently at him for some time, to begin to grow taller, and then gradually to shrink to his original form again, like the Afrite before the fisherman. The fire-light beginning to flicker, gave to his features the appearance of a succession of strange grimaces, which annoyed me. I would gladly have invented some means of getting rid of him—but it was already late, and I could hear the rain still falling out of doors.

"Will you eat anything, Falek?" said I, seeking a pretext for breaking the silence.

"If you have a glass of Schiedam," he said, "or anything that would raise a man's spirits—"

"A bottle of Rhine wine?" I said, rising from my chair to fetch it.

My visitor nodded assent; and I set the bottle before him. Hastily filling a goblet, he drained it off. "You will drink with me?" said he. "Let us have another glass. This has a good rough smack with it that feels honest. Drink! I think I will take your advice, and ponder no more on troubles to-night. Let us be merry. Play me some of the lively melodies of 'Le Nozze,' or 'Il Barbiere.' Yet no," he added abruptly, "music makes me thoughtful, no matter how lively. Have you a set of dice?"

"I have determined never to gamble," said I.

"So have I. You cannot have better reason to hate a dice-box than I have. Don't think I want to gamble. Let our stakes be pebbles, if you will. I want to pass an hour or two lightly."

Yielding to his explanation, I searched for and found my dice; and my visitor and I seated ourselves facing each other at the end of the table in the middle of the room, and began to play.

"Did ever gamester have such luck!" he exclaimed, after several throws. "I might have won a fortune to-night. Strange! I knew a man—a Russian—in Darmstadt, who would play for nothing, and beat all the world; and yet, if he staked a kreutzer, anybody might win it from him. Again! Tell me—for you have a turn for thinking—do you fancy I might have gone elsewhere and thrown the same casts?"

"Numberless minute things contribute to the result of every throw," I answered; "as, for example, the position of your arm, the number of times you have shaken the box, the force with which you cast the dice, the roughness or smoothness of its edges, the angles at which they strike the table. Any of these things might have been modified at any other moment. The simplest result is connected with a chain of causes running back to all eternity; and the slightest derangement in any link of them might have prevented it."

"True," replied my visitor. "Let us drink another glass, and throw again."

"The game does not interest me," I said.

"Very well: I will play against myself, for an experiment. See, my luck holds nearly the same. And yet I have sometimes been 'throwing out' a whole night. Diable! I could knock my head against the wall."

My visitor, at this point, cast down the dice-box violently: walked to and fro muttering: then returned to the table, and began to throw again. Sitting facing him, in an easy chair, I watched his movements, listening to his exclamations, and the quick rattle and click of the dice, until I began to feel sleepy. I resisted my drowsiness, however, for some time; for I felt a kind of fear of falling asleep while he sat there. But the influence of the wine I had drunk, and the monotony of sounds, drew me gradually into slumber: the light of the lamp began to glimmer, the face of my companion became like many faces, the rattle of the dice-box followed me as I sank into wild and painful dreams, and became wholly oblivions of time and place.

I have since so often recalled the events of that evening, that no single circumstance or shade of thought then passing over my mind has faded from my memory, after thirteen years. I slept for several hours, and remember distinctly what I was dreaming of when the chilliness of the room began to awaken me. A sensation of coldness penetrated into my dreams; I became conscious of some external power gradually drawing me out of my slumber; and I instinctively resisted it, clinging to sleep to the last. But the recollection of where I was slowly returned, with a comfortless sense of a dark fireless room, and a depression of spirits. My eyes opened gradually, and, although the lamp was extinguished, I saw, by the faint light of the window, the countenance of my companion staring intently at me from the opposite side of the table. His arms were lying upon the table, and his chin resting upon them; his eyes were almost on a level with mine, as I sat in the low chair. The idea that he had been about to attack me, and that, while closely scrutinizing my features to see if I were asleep, he had been suddenly arrested by my eyes opening, struck me in an instant, and I started to my feet.

"What!" I said, "sitting awake, without fire or light?"

My companion did not answer.

"Brooding over troubles again?" I continued, in an assumed tone of raillery. "Forgetting that you are in the dark, and how cold it is?"

He still kept silent, and without making the slightest movement.

I stooped down to the hearth and raked the embers with a match; they were mere ashes. Taking my lamp from the table, I struck a light and endeavored to ignite it; but the wick was burnt away, and the oil exhausted. The match going out, left me again in darkness. I called my companion by name, without arousing him. With a dread of going nearer to him, I stood undecided. "He is in a fit; it may save his life to bleed him," said I, temporising with myself. "I will search for my lancets," and I groped my way about, and felt among my apparatus for some time, before I remembered having left my case upon the table before cleaning them.

Then came a conviction that my visitor had destroyed himself. I hastened to arouse the house; but stopped suddenly, and closed the door again, for the idea that I might be accused of murder occurred to me. Under different circumstances I might at once have rejected such an apprehension; but, weakened by long illness, depressed by previous excitement, and overwrought by superstitious fancies, I saw it almost as a certainty. I knew how ingeniously the law will sometimes turn the slightest evidence against the accused, and I recollected the unhappy circumstance of my having threatened him with vengeance, in the presence of many who, no doubt, remembered the fact.

I approached the table again. There was just sufficient light to distinguish an object quite close; and as I went near to him upon the side next the window, I saw immediately the truth of my suspicion. He had inflicted upon himself a deep wound in the side of the neck; and his arms sinking on the table, his chin had fallen upon them, in the attitude in which I had first seen him. I found my instrument-case upon the table; and, raising him slightly, I discovered one of my lancets open in his hand. His face and hands were cold. Setting him up in the chair, I felt for his pulse, and found it stopped.

In this terrible situation, and while still sustaining him in my arms, the danger which threatened me presented itself so vividly that I became half paralyzed. The previous quarrel, the instrument being my property, the wound itself being of an unusual kind, and such as one only acquainted with surgery would be supposed to inflict—all this seemed to me evidence sufficient to convict me. How many murders have been committed from apparently weaker motives? A murder is in itself a monstrosity in the history of humanity, and supposes in its author a man not governed by common principles of reason. Is the folly of the act ever taken as an argument of innocence? Most men, judging from their own natures, as they are accustomed to do in ordinary matters, would decide every murder to be improbable; but they know, notwithstanding, that such crimes are frequent, and will readily believe them, however unnatural. These were my thoughts as I stood there at that moment. But I had unconsciously added a sign of guilt still more to be feared than I had considered: in my agitation I had taken no care to avoid contact with blood; and I now discovered that one of my cuffs was wet, and I did not doubt that there were traces of blood on other parts of my clothes.

To give an alarm now, and, agitated as I was, to maintain the truth of my strange story, seemed in my imagination to be certain destruction. My fear urged me irresistibly to fly. I did not know what was the hour: the glimmer of light might be the first indication of dawn, or the light of the moon behind the clouds. My wild intention was to select as many necessary articles as I could carry, to lock my door, and to depart at once, in the hope of reaching the frontier on foot, and getting next perhaps to England, where I could learn the result of the discovery of the body.

But, in that moment, as I stood hesitating, I suddenly felt that the window was darkened; and, looking round, I saw with terror, at only a few yards distance, the figure of a man, intently watching me through the glass. I could not be mistaken: for the sky behind made his outline distinctly visible. He remained still for a moment, then moved from one side to the other, as if trying to ascertain what object I concealed behind me: but, in spite of my alarm, I moved slightly each time to right and left, in order to intercept his view. I suspected that it was my opposite neighbor, the painter; but the figure seemed taller than his; and I could not imagine any reason he could have for looking through my window at that hour. Whoever it might be, I could scarcely doubt that his suspicions were aroused by something that had attracted his notice. He might have been there some minutes before I observed him; perhaps he had seen me leaning over the body, with the instrument in my hand. I knew that it was difficult, from without, to distinguish anything in a dark room; but, if he had seen nothing, how could I account for the evident eagerness of his scrutiny?

The figure stood still again; then, I saw it apparently listening; lastly, I heard it tap sharply with its nails upon the glass. With the faint hope that I had not been seen, I determined to remain still. The tapping was repeated after a minute or two; but soon after, to my great relief, I saw the figure disappear down the steps leading to the leads.

The idea that the man was gone to give an alarm and to have me arrested, struck me with the force and the suddenness of a musket bullet. I went to the window and looked out, but I could see no one, nor any light at the opposite house. Finding that the sash was unfastened, I drove in the pin-bolt that hung at the side, and pulled down the blind. Then I changed my coat for another, and seizing a stick only, took the key away, and crept down stairs. Crossing the square yard, I called, in a voice as unlike my own as I could make it, to the porter to pull the string of the gate; which the inhabitants of the house were accustomed to do, sometimes at late hours. The door opened, and, without looking behind me, I closed it after me and hurried away.

The clocks were striking three as I hurried along the Boulevards. A man at the Barriere de Hal asked me where I was going. I said I was a surgeon, and that I was called to attend a patient outside the Barriere; and he let me pass. I hoped to reach Valenciennes across the frontier. I walked all night, and rested in the morning at a little village near Bramé. After this, I was compelled to avoid the high-road, and to lose much time by circuitous routes; for I knew that my flight had increased my danger tenfold. What story could I tell now, if I were taken; when, to the supposed evidences of guilt which fate had accumulated against me, were added the facts that I had precipitately quitted my lodging in the night, leaving all my property behind; that I had given a false story at the Barriere; and that I had since been hastening, on foot, towards the frontier? It was no use regretting, then, my indecision in not avowing the truth, and trusting to my innocence. I knew that I had staked all upon the chances of escape, and that was my only hope of safety.

I had lost so much time in going out of my way, that it was not until the third day that I crossed the frontier, and passed Valenciennes without going through the town. On the fourth day, having arrived at Arras, much wearied with my day's walk, and tempted by curiosity to see some newspaper, and ascertain if it contained any allusion to my flight and its cause, I decided to abandon my usual prudence, and to enter the town. It was dusk, and I kept in narrow streets until I found a small cabaret. I entered and asked for some refreshments. A noisy party of men in blouses were playing at dominoes as I came in; but they ceased their game and regarded me with a scrutiny that made me repent of my rashness. I took my seat in a corner alone, and afterwards timidly asked for the latest newspaper—glancing over at the men in blouses to mark if my request attracted their notice; but they were all intent upon their game. The paper was the *Gazette du Nord*, a French journal. Keeping it beside me, for a moment, with a dread of betraying my intense curiosity, I unfolded it at length, and ran my eye quickly down its columns.

Glancing at the items entitled "Various Facts," I stopped immediately at a paragraph headed, "*Suicide et disparition mystérieuse*," and tremblingly read as follows:

"On Friday last, the Sieur Louis Claes, Concierge of the house No. 6, Rue Renaix, Faubourg Schaerbeek, Brussels, knocking at the door of a lodger named Valentine, residing on the first floor, was surprised to find that he had not yet risen, although it was past mid-day. At a later hour he became alarmed, and procured a false key to open the door. On entering the room, a terrible spectacle presented itself. Seated on a chair near the table was the dead body of a stranger, covered with blood from a wound in the neck. A sharp surgical instrument, spotted with blood, was upon the table. Searching in the pockets of the deceased, it was ascertained that his name was Falck, and other clues to his identity

were obtained. Nothing else remarkable was found. There were no evidences of a struggle; but from the mysterious absence of the lodger, suspicion fastened upon him. The Concierge remembered the deceased's inquiring for M. Valentine on the previous evening, and having directed him to his room. He also remembered letting out some one at a late hour, whom he supposed to be the same person, but who was now imagined to have been the lodger. M. Vandermere, an artist residing in the next house, stated that he was a friend of M. Valentine; that he had seen him at his window on the evening in question; that he had observed a light in his room after midnight: and that his (M. Vaudermere's) daughter happening afterwards to complain of illness, he crossed the leads leading to the chamber of M. Valentine (who was a medical student,) for the purpose of asking his assistance; that he then found the light gone, and could distinguish nothing in the room; that he next tapped at the window, and receiving no answer, concluded that his friend was absent. This was at half-past two o'clock in the morning. The supposition of murder has, however, since been disproved, by the discovery that the deceased had addressed a letter to a friend in Brussels, on Thursday, informing him of his intention to commit suicide that night. Losses at the gambling-table, and the dread of apprehension for a forgery committed in Paris, are supposed to have led to the act. The cause of the disappearance of M. Valentine, however, is still enveloped in mystery."

It was not enveloped in mystery long, I thank God; for, with my heart lightened of my heavy load, I returned and made my statement. But I never more ate, drank, or slept, in that terrible room.

A CAPITAL STORY.

SOME years since, an eccentric old genius, whom we will call Barnes, was employed by a farmer living in a town some six or seven miles westerly from the Penobscot river. Me., to dig a well. The soil and substratum being mostly sand, old Barnes, after having progressed downward about forty feet, found one morning, upon going out to work, that the well had essentially caved in, and was full nearly to the top. So, having the desire which men have, of knowing what will be said of them after they are dead, and no one being yet astir, he concealed himself in a rank growth of burdocks by the side of a board fence near the mouth of the well, having first left his frock and hat upon the windlass over the well. At length, breakfast being ready, a boy was despatched to call him to his meal, when lo! and behold! it was seen that Barnes was buried in the grave unconsciously dug by his own hands. The alarm being given, and the family assembled, it was decided to first eat breakfast, and then send for the coroner, the minister, and his wife and children. Such apathy did not flatter Barnes' self-esteem a bit, but he waited patiently, determined to hear what would be said, and see what was to be seen.

Presently, all parties arrived and began "prospecting" the scene of the catastrophe, as people usually do in such cases. At length they drew together to exchange opinions as to what should be done. The minister at once gave it as his opinion that they had better level up the well and let Barnes remain; "for," he said, "he is now beyond the temptation to sin, and in the day of judgment it will make no difference whether he is buried five feet under the ground or fifty, for he is bound to come forth in either case." The coroner likewise agreed that it would be a needless expense to his family or the town to disinter him when he was effectually buried, and, therefore, coincided with the minister. His wife thought that, as "he had left his hat and frock, it would hardly be worth while to dig him out for the rest of his clothes," and so it was settled to let him remain. But poor old Barnes, who had no breakfast, and was not at all pleased with the result of the inquest, lay quiet until the shades of evening stole over the landscape, when he departed to parts unknown.

After remaining incognito for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared (hatless and frockless as he went) at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance, etc., would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that, on finding himself buried, he waited for them to dig him out again, until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before succeeded, for his ideas being somewhat confused by the pressure of the earth at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and, instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river.

No further explanations were asked for by those who were so distressed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting place.

THE "buoy," which is reported to have been seen near the supposed unfortunate end of the Atlantic cable, was doubtless the "old boy," to whom the submarine wire has probably gone.—*Nevada Transcript.*

(For the Californian.)

OBITUARY.

THOMAS BRIDGES, Esq., Fellow of the Linnean and of the Zoological Societies of London, in returning from a scientific expedition to Nicaragua, died on the passage of the steamer *Moses Taylor* on the 9th September.

Mr. Bridges was a native of Hertfordshire, England, and was in his fifty-ninth year. Few, if any, more useful lives have passed away as martyrs to science during the present century. At an early day, Mr. Bridges devoted himself to the exploration of Chile, Peru, and Bolivia, collecting new and valuable plants, and transmitting them to his native country. The works of Sir William Hooker bear evidence of the research and industry of Mr. Bridges, not only in this vast field, but also at Panama, in California, and in British Columbia. As a botanist, he will be remembered and honored, not simply as a discoverer, but as a rich contributor to the parks and forests of Europe, by his thousands of arboreal monuments erected therein in the form of *sequoia gigantea*, and other noble and graceful trees introduced through his agency. In Bolivia he encountered that magnificent water lily, the then unknown *Victoria regia*, and secured the seeds which subsequently germinated at Kew Gardens, near London. In the *Botanical Magazine*, of 1847, is an account of the finding of this magnificent aquatic, by Mr. Bridges; he says: "During my stay in the Indian town of Santa Anna, in June and July, 1845, I made daily shooting excursions in the vicinity, and on one occasion I had the good fortune, while riding along the wooded banks of the Tacuma, a tributary of the Mamore, to arrive suddenly at a beautiful pond, or rather small lake, embosomed in the forest, when, to my delight and surprise, I descried for the first time the queen of aquatics, *Victoria regia!* There were at least fifty flowers in view, and Belzoni could not have been more enraptured with his Egyptian discoveries than I was, on beholding this beautiful and novel sight, which few of my countrymen can have witnessed. Fain would I have plunged into the lake to obtain specimens of the flowers and foliage, but the knowledge that these waters abounded with alligators, and the advice of my guide, deterred me. I turned over in my mind how I could secure these treasures, and I clearly saw that a canoe was necessary. Therefore, I promptly returned to the town, and, communicating my discovery and my wishes to the corregidor, or governor, he kindly sent Indians with a yoke of oxen, for the purpose of drawing a canoe from the River Yacumna to the lake. As soon as it was ready, I set off, accompanied by several Indians, to aid in bringing home the expected prize of leaves and blossoms. The canoe was so small that it would carry but three persons—myself in the middle, and an Indian at either end. In this tottering little craft, we rowed among the magnificent flowers and foliage, unavoidably crushing some, and selecting only such as pleased me. The leaves were so enormous, that but two could be stowed in the canoe—one before me, and the other behind. Their fragility rendered extreme care necessary, so that we had to make several trips in the canoe before I could obtain as many as I wanted. The load of blossoms, leaves, and ripe seed-vessels, being collected, I next mused how they might be safely carried away, and I decided upon suspending them upon long poles, by small cords attached to the stalks. Two Indians, each bearing on his shoulder the end of a pole, conveyed them into the town, the poor creatures wondering the while why I should take so much trouble to get at flowers, and for what object they were destined by me. The *Victoria* grows in from four to six feet of water; each plant generally sends up but four or five leaves to the surface. Yet, these cover the water in those parts where the plant abounds, touching one another so closely, that I observed a beautiful aquatic bird (Parra sp.) walking with perfect ease from leaf to leaf; and many of the *muscicapadæ* find food and a resting-place upon them. Except a few small water plants, among which I noticed a beautiful *Utricularia*, the *Victoria* usurps the entire possession of the lake. Its blossoms rise about half a foot above the surface of the water, and expand first in the evening; they are then pure white, but they change by exposure to the sun to a most lively pink or rose color. Flowers may be seen at the same time partaking of every intermediate tinge: the recently opened being white, and the adult rosy; the latter almost sinking under the water to ripen the seed, and produce a new race of plants, when required."

The honor of the *first* discovery of the plant lies between Baron Schomburgk and Mr. Bridges, but the latter must be accorded the credit of introducing it into the civilized world.

The subject of the obituary was not limited to this one department. Every branch of Natural History has been enriched by his energy and careful study. Works on ornithology, entomology, and conchology, are filled with acknowledgements of his contributions to these various sciences. His papers in the Zoological Proceedings of London, on "Quadrupeds and Their Habits," show an earnest and careful appreciation of this branch of study.

With a cultivated mind, and a kindly and most generous disposition, he could not fail in making warm friends, who could appreciate his merits. To these, we must in part attribute the faithful attendance and kindly sympathy awarded him in his last illness among comparative strangers. Captain Blethen of the *Moses Taylor*, and his officers, are entitled to the thanks of the whole community for their kind offices to the deceased. His remains were brought here, and interred in Lone Mountain Cemetery. C. B. M.

THE AMERICAN DRAMA.

THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER!

SUPPOSED TO BE BY DION O'BOOSYCOLT, POWERFULLY ASSISTED BY DENNIS MC'OUSE.

NOTE.—Anybody daring to read this without the permission of Dennis McOuse will be prosecuted with the utmost vigor of the law.

SCENE 1.—*Mr. R. Phillips' store.*

Enter ASHLEY.

Ashley—I am a clerk, and would rather die than tell a lie. *(Writes.)*

Enter EBURNE.

Eburne—I am a clerk, and would rather tell a lie than die. *(Writes.)*

Ashley—How virtuous I am!

Eburne—Come to a ball to-night? *(Writes.)*

Ashley—No; the man who would go to a ball to-night is unworthy, etc. *(Exit Eburne.)*

Enter PHILLIPS.

Phillips—Ashley, will you oblige me by committing some perjury in a forthcoming trial?

Ashley—No; the man who would oblige you by committing some perjury in a forthcoming trial does not deserve, etc. Oh, my starving mamma!

Phillips *(aside)*—Ha! he has a starving mamma! *(Aloud.)* You are dismissed!

Ashley—Oh, my more starving mamma than ever! *(Weeps and exit.)*

Enter DRACO BEACH. *He dodders feebly. He spits about the stage. He sits on everything.) Then exit Draco Beach.*

SCENE 2.—*A street in a country town.*

Enter DRACO BEACH.

Beach—Apple sass, and a cow-case! I wish I knew who stole my barr'l apple sass. Where's my kittel? *(Spits and chews.)* That was 'bout finest barr'l apple sass ever kittened, Jess' so. *(Exit Beach.)*

SCENE 3.—*Home of Mrs. H. Lewis.*

Enter ASHLEY.

Ashley—There is no food in the house, and I am dismissed. Good heavens how virtuous I am!

Enter EBURNE.

Eburne—I have stolen a watch from Phillips.

Ashley—*(decisively)*—That was wrong.

Eburne—Shall I give it back?

Ashley—Yes, I will write you a confession. *(Writes him a confession.)*

Eburne—*(putting confession and watch into Ashley's pocket)*—The deed is done! *(Exit Eburne.)*

Enter MRS. LEWIS.

Mrs. Lewis—My son!

Ashley—I am ruined because I would not tell a lie!

Mrs. Lewis *(with some acerbity, for she never intended her moral precepts to be acted on to such an extent as this)*—Oh, you were perfectly right. Never tell a lie. Oh, dear no! Not on any account.

Enter PHILLIPS *and* OFFICERS.

Phillips and Officers—Seize the culprit! *(They seize poor Ashley.)*

Ashley—What have I done?

Ph. and Off.—You have stolen this, and here is your confession. *(Handing out watch and confession,)*

Ashley—Horrible! Mother, I am innocent!

Mrs. Lewis *(by the kind permission of Paul Bedford)*—I believe you, my boy. *(Embrace. Audience laugh.)*

SCENE 4.—*A country street.*

Enter DRACO BEACH.

D. B.—This is where lawyers live. Where's my apple sass? Jess' so. *(Spits.)*

Enter A YOUNG MAN.

D. B.—Young man.

Y. M.—Can't stop. *(Exit Y. M.)*

D. B.—He seems in a darned hurry nohow. Wonder where's my barr'l apple sass? *(Exit.)*

SCENE 5.—*A Court of Justice.*

MR. JUSTICE SMITH *discovered on the apex of a huge pyramid. Behind him is Justice, about to behead him. The court occupies about two acres, and is nearly empty. Notwithstanding this the jury are crowded into a box six feet by two and a half.* ASHLEY *is placed in the dock.*

Enter DRACO BEACH.

D. B.—Now to find who stole my apple sass. (*Spits.*)
Ashley—I am innocent.
Phillips—No, you are guilty.
Eburne—Yes, you are guilty.
D. B—Darned! I don't think he is guilty. (*Spits.*)
Ashley—I am sure I am not guilty.
Eburne—I saw him take the watch.
Billingtou—Stop! You swear that?
(Looks him through and through.)
Eburne—Ha! ha! that eye! No! I took it. I confess all, and Phillips was in the swindle.
Phillips—I wasn't.
Billington *(to* Ashley*)*—You are acquitted! *(To everybody else.)* Take everybody into custody.
(*They take each other into custody.*)

Enter MRS. LEWIS *and* MISS GOODSALL.

Mrs. Lewis—My son!
Mr. Ashley—My mamma.
Miss Goodsall *(to* Mr. Billington*, in a tone that admits of no denial.)*—I will marry you.
Mr. Billingtou—Rapture!
(*They marry each other.*)

D. B.—Aud if our kyind friends in front will only find my barr'l apple sass, why, etc., etc., etc.—*Punch.*

[For the Californian.]

THE LAMENT OF THE BALLAD-WRITER.

AIR—"JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER."

NOW the battle 's over, mother,
And your tears no longer start,
Really, it is my opinion
You and I had better part;
Farewell mother, if forever,
Your affection I resign;
Gone the days when just your blessing
Brought me fifty cents a line.

Farewell, oh, Maternal Fiction!
Thou whose far parental sigh
Home has brought the youthful soldier
Time and time again to die;
Farewell mother, you may never,
In the future, peaceful years,
Bring a sob from private boxes—
Steep a dress circle in tears.

Farewell, oh, thou Gentle Sister!
Thou who in my cunning hand
Didst deliver pious sermons,
Mild, inocuous, and bland;
Never more for thee I 'll borrow
Moral sentiments to preach,
Nor shall "morrow" rhyme with "sorrow,"
In thy bitter parting speech.

Farewell, oh, devoted Maiden!
Thou, who for thy country, true,
Sacrified not only lover,
But thy Lindley Murray too;
Incoherent was thy logic,
Wild and vague thy words, I fear,
Yet the pit would still encore thee,
And the galleries would cheer.

Farewell, all ye facile phrases,
Gags and sentimental cant!
Names that took the place of ideas—
Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant;
Gone the days when school-boy jingles
Took the place of manly talk,
When the "thought that breathed" was puffy,
And the "word that burned"—burnt cork.

Just before the battle, mother,
Then my cheapest figure told;
While the rebel stood before us,
Then my glitter looked like gold.
Now this "cruel war" is over,
All inflated things must fall;
Mother dear, your boy must beneeforth
Write sound sense or not at all.

BRET.

A POISON RING.—The following story is going the rounds of the French papers: A gentleman who had purchased some objects of art in the Rue Ste. Honore, was engaged in examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a scratch in the hand with the sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable seusation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyze all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poisoning by some mineral substance. He applied some strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a measure recovered. The ring in question having been examined by the medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called a "death ring," in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent, about the seventeenth century. Attached to its inside were two claws of a lion made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a virulent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a hall, the wearer of this fatal ring, wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and, when pressing it, the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for, on the following morning, the victim would be snre to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison on the ring had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated.

[For the Californian.]

TASTE FOR GARDENING.

IT is difficult to conceive of either an elegant or happy home which has not at least some extent of garden attached. It would doubtless be a libel on the character and capabilities of the inhabitants of our towns to say that without the help of a garden it is impossible to cultivate chaste ideas and refining feelings; but it is certain that the more we are called into the green world about us, and invited to the observation and culture of things that grow and change with the seasons, the more do our minds expand in the appreciation of what is true and good and beautiful, and the better traits of our humanity expand and by degrees obliterate whatever harshness and asperities may lurk within us. In fact, none but the most sordid and abandoned are utterly destitute either of a garden or the best substitute that can be had for one. Where the necessities of life compel men to immure themselves in the midst of

"The dust and din and steam of town,"

we find a hundred devices resorted to, to keep the soul freshened in the thirst for something living to lavish its love upon. Flowers in pots, boxes of mignonette, Wardian-cases, aquariums, pet birds and animals, are severally adopted to ignore the eternal brick and dust and noise that are so foreign to the innate love of life and beauty, and these are cherished because they continually remind their fond possessors of the larger life that lies beyond them in the region of tangled woods and garden.

Now, though it would not be fair to say that a tasteful home cannot be created, except in the vicinity of a garden, it is certain that a garden is a very essential feature of such a home. It has always been so; for at the birthday of the world, "the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed:" and "The Lord God took the man and put him into the garden of Eden, *to dress it and to keep it;*" for until this first of men and first of gardeners received "into his nostrils the breath of life," "there was not a man to till the ground."

So far, then, from the tilling of the ground being a special part of the curse of the fall, it was from the first an occupation sanctioned by Divine command; and though man's highest duty was to love and worship the Father of all things, he was nevertheless made to till the ground, created *ab initio* a gardener. Nor did the Almighty spare his mercy when the fall brought on "the mau" a merited punishment. The joy of gardening was still vouchsafed to him, and the eternal penance of himself and his race was to be tempered mercifully; for when he went forth from the garden of Eden, his first sweet task was renewed to him, to till the ground, from whence he was taken.

"To deck the shapely knoll
That, softly swelled and gaily dressed, appears
A flowery island, from the dark green lawn
Emerging, must be deemed a labor due
To no mean hand, and ask the touch of Taste."

[*Cowper.*

Through every succeeding period of human history, the culture of plants has taken prominence among the sober occupations as well as among the amusements of mankind, and this "iron age" finds a strong contrast to its harsh commercial tendencies in the increasing love of flowers and the expansion of taste in their arrangement and cultivation. Gardening is now one of the completest of the arts, for it is an art as well as a pursuit, subject to rules as definite as those which control its sister arts of painting, sculpture, and poetry, and to which, indeed, it furnishes innumerable materials, and acts at once as nurse, teacher, and standard of comparisou. Cowper says:

"He who would see his flowers disposed
Sightly and in just order, ere he gives
The beds the trusted treasure of their seeds,
Forecasts the future whole; that when the scene
Shall break into its preconceived display,
Each for itself, and all as with one voice
Conspiring, may attest his bright design."

IRIS.

LOCOMOTIVES FOR THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—We understand that the Pacific Railroad Company have four freight locomotives now on the way to California, called Utah, Nevada, Humboldt, and Truckee, and have four more in process of construction at the East, in addition to the one in San Francisco, which is nearly completed. Orders have been sent East for four others. When all these come to hand the company will have twenty locomotives ready for work. They are thus preparing for the next season's business, which will undoubtedly be very large, as the road is far enough up the mountains to secure the over-mountain freight, and will be still farther eastward by the commencement of travel in the Spring.—*Sacramento Union.*

A TEMPERANCE lecturer, descanting on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock-down argument: "When the word had become so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a toper, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

WOMAN, AS SEEN BY WOMAN.—A beauty unmade-up, in bed of a morning, is thus described by a new novelist in London Magazine: "She turned her head suddenly on the pillow, and burst into a harsh jeering laugh. 'Miss,' she repeated over and over again, with the venemously-pointed emphasis of the most merciless of all human forms of contempt—the contempt of one woman of another." * * * "Mrs. Milroy turned slowly and wearily on her bed, when she was left by herself again, and let the light from the window fall on her face. It was the face of a woman who had once been handsome, and who was still, so far as years went, in the prime of life. Long-continued suffering of body, and long-continued irritation of mind, had worn her away—in the roughly-expressive popular phrase—to skin and bone. The utter wreck of her beauty was made a wreck horrible to behold, by her desperate efforts to conceal the sight of it from her own eyes, from the eyes of her husband and child, from the eyes of even the doctor who attended her, and whose business it was to penetrate to the truth. Her head, from which the greater part of the hair had fallen off, would have been less shocking to see than the hideously youthful wig by which she tried to hide the loss. No deterioration of her complexion, no wrinkling of her skin, could have been so dreadful to look at as the *rouge* that lay thick on her cheeks, and the white enamel plastered on her forehead. The delicate lace, and the bright trimming on her dressing-gown; the ribbous in her cap, and the rings on her bony fingers, all intended to draw the eye away from the change that had passed over her, directed the eye to it, on the contrary; emphasized it; made it, by sheer force of contrast, more hopeless and more horrible than it really was. An illustrated book of the fashions, in which women were represented exhibiting their finery by means of the free use of their limbs, lay on the bed from which she had not moved, for years, without being lifted by her nurse. A hand-glass was placed with the book so that she could reach it easily. She took up the glass, after her attendant had left the room, and looked at her face with an unblushing interest and attention."

ASTOUNDING AERIAL FEAT.—Our city was startled from its usual composure yesterday afternoon by a most astonishing aerial feat, performed by a member of the Buislay family. A balloon ascension and trapeze performance in the air had been previously announced, but had been postponed on account of bad weather. Yesterday afternoon it was announced that the ascension would be made at about four o'clock, from the vacant lot at the northeast corner of Sixth and L streets. Before the hour named an immense crowd of men, women and children collected in the neighborhood, filling sidewalks, balconies, windows and the open space surrounding the balloon. The balloon, which was about thirty-three feet in diameter, was made of colored cottou canvas. For the purpose of inflating it, it was sustained in an upright position by a rope run from one pole to another, at a distance of about forty feet from the ground. Heated air was used for the purpose of inflation, instead of the usual element, gas. Acronauts generally ascend in a basket or car, which affords a comparatively safe and comfortable resting-place during the ride; but August Buislay seemed to regard such a fixture as a useless appendage, and had provided nothing of the kind. The only appendage visible was the trapeze, which consisted of a single wooden bar, about two inches in diameter and thirty inches in length, suspended horizontally and sustained by a cord or rope at each end attached to the balloou. Buislay prepared for the ascension by divesting himself of all his clothing except his "tights," evidently designing to keep himself warm by physical exercise, rather than through the temperature of the atmosphere in the upper regions. Between four and five o'clock the word was given and the lines were cast off. As the balloon rose up a feeling of horror ran through the audience, as Buislay rose with it, holding on to the bar with his two hands. While many shouted at the top of their voices, others gazed in breathless suspense. As the balloon rose, Buislay commenced his astonishing performances on the bar, with as much freedom and fearlessness as though he had been in a gymnasium or circus. At one time he hung by his hands; then by his feet; then balanced on the bar; then revolved around it. At one time he poised himself on it and struck out with arms and legs, as though swimming. He continued these exercises until he attained the height of about a mile, when his form became so indistinct that his movements were scarcely perceptible. The balloon ascended nearly perpendicularly, as there was scarcely a breath of wind stirring. It soon began to descend, and the adventurer lit again about two blocks from the starting point, coming down in the yard of a house on the south side of L street near Fourth. He had been in the air about fifteen minutes. The Buislay troupe are natives of France. They have made repeated ascensions in Europe and South America, but never in the United States before. There are ten of them, and each in turn makes his ascension and performs on the trapeze. A collection was taken up by them when the balloon was in the air.—*Sacramento Union, October 4th.*

WAGNER'S "TRISTAN AND ISOLDE."

THE LIBRETTO.

THIS Libretto, in small octavo, 110 pages, was published in 1859, in Leipzig, by Breitkopf and Hartel. From a severe review of it by Prof. L. Bischoff, which appeared at that time in the Lower Rhine *Musik-Zeitung*, we take the following abstract of the plot :

In the very first scene, as in *Tannhauser* and *Lohengrin*, Wagner gives evidence of his great talent as a stage-manager and scenic artist. The stage represents the forecastle of a ship—a tent-like apartment, closed at the back by curtains. Isolde is lying on a sofa with "her face buried in the cushions." Near her is Brangane, her confidante. The song "of a young seaman is heard in the air, as if from the mast." The sailor yearns for his "Irish child," and at once gives us a specimen of the poetic bombast, and the mis-use of the German language, which we meet all through the poem.

Isolde now starts up, and, cursing the coast of Cornwall, on which she would willingly never land, implores the winds to dash the vessel to pieces. On her expressing a wish for air, Brangane opens the curtains at the back, and thus exposes to our view the entire deck to the stern of the vessel, with the sea, stretching to the horizon, beyond it. Around the mast are stretched the crew, and behind them, knights and squires. At a slight distance from them is Tristan, gazing down on the sea, while his companion, Kurwenal, is lying at his feet. The song of the young sailor is again heard from the mast. This is admirable! Well merited applause cannot fail to be obtained by this scenic effect.

Isolde now despatches a message, couched in the peculiar and exceedingly eccentric German of the "Future," for Tristan to come to her. He refuses, however, very politely, to accede to her request, and kindly seizes the occasion to inform us that he is conducting her, as a bride, to King Marke. But Kurwenal, who, it would seem, is not so refined in his manners, answers the bearer of the message, Brangane, rather coarsely, or, to use a familiar expression, sends her back "with a flea in her ear." Besides this, "he sings after the *confidante*, as she hesitatingly leaves, with all his strength," a sarcastic ditty on a certain Morold, deceased, who once entered the lists for Isolde, and was killed by Tristan.

Brangane returns to the forepart of the vessel, and draws the curtains close. Isolde, "on the point of the most fearful outburst," restrains herself, and questions her attendant The latter replies, in the eccentric lingo to which we have already alluded, that Tristan would rather be excused. Hereupon Isolde tells her that Tristan is the same "party" who killed her betrothed, Morold, and then fell into her hands. The sword which menaced him she, however, let fall, and cured his wounds, that he might be restored to health, return home, and not annoy her any more with his presence. In return for all this, Tristan, she goes on to inform us, expressed his gratitude and swore fidelity to her, and recommended her to King Marke as a wife. This slight narrative takes up eighty lines! Hence her hatred, her torment :

> "Unbeloved, this man of men
> Always near so see!"

The "unbeloved" applying to Isolde, and not to Tristan.

Brangane represents to her mistress that the match with King Marke is a very good one after all. With regard to Tristan's dreaded coldness, the faithful maid observes that she is sure there must be some remedy against it among the potions which Isolde's mother, who is skilled in all magical arts, has given them!

But Isolde selects from the "shrine," or, in other words, her family medicine-chest, a drink of death. She determines to pledge Tristan in this, and perish with him. As the vessel is now approaching the shore, she sends for him to share the "draught of reconciliation." After a long dialogue, spiced with dialectical beauties, and inextricably entangled in a labyrinth of constructions, compared to which the most crabbed unintelligible style of ordinary writers is a clear crystal stream—on what is past, and on the reconciliation which is, in consequence, needed, Isolde imperiously commands Brangane to fill the golden goblet with the fatal potion, and hands it to Tristan. He drinks. As, however, he does not fall down dead, Isolde exclaims : "What! treachery here, too? The half is mine! Traitor, I drink to thee!"

Upon this, Wagner favors us with the following : ("She drinks and flings away the goblet. Both, seized with affright, gaze, with the greatest emotion, but with fixed glance, and without moving, into each other's eyes, in the expression of which the defiance of death soon gives way to the glow of love. They are seized with a fit of trembling. They put their hands convulsively to their hearts, and then pass them over their foreheads.—They next seek each other with their glances. They cast down their eyes confusedly, but, afterwards, fix them with increasing desire on each other. ISOLDE (*with trembling voice*) : Tristan!——TRISTAN (*gushingly*) : Isolde!——SHE (*sinking on his breast*) : Faithless beauteous one!——HE (*encircling her with warmth*) : Most blessed woman! (*They remain in a dumb embrace.*")

Trumpets are heard without. The vessel has reached the land, and King Marke approaches. The curtains are suddenly drawn on one side. The deck is filled with men. At the back is a new scene : "The coast, with a castle crowning the summit of the cliff." The lovers, who have just sung a duet, concluding : "Joy in the breast | exultant pleasure! | Isolde! Tristan! | Tristan! Isolde : | Rescued from the world! | Thou art won for me!" start up, and Isolde exclaims : "Ha! what draught was this?——BRANGANE (*in despair*) : "The love draught."——Isolde faints, and the sailors cry : "Hail to the king!" Great tumult and activity ; some disappear over the side, some run out on a bridge. What will happen when the king comes on board?——That is a mere trifle——"The curtain falls rapidly," and certainly it was high time it should.

During the space between the acts, all has settled calmly down again. Isolde is King Marke's wedded wife. In the second act, we behold her, in the garden before her chamber, with Brangane. It is a pleasant summer's night. Hunting sounds, that die away. They come from a "nightly hunt," to which the king is proceeding with Melot, his own friend and Tristan's.

Tristan is awaiting the signal agreed on : the extinguishing of the torch burning at the entrance to the garden. Brangane warns her mistress against Melot's treachery : "O, leave the warning *wick!* let it show you the danger! O, do not put it out to-day, at least!" It is all in vain! Isolde's glowing passion conquers, and she extinguishes the torch. Brangane mounts a watch-tower behind the scenes.

Tristan "rushes in"—"glowing embrace." Both now pour out their hearts, by speaking or singing their feelings, at one time in the form of a duet and then in solos, to a text of *one-and-twenty pages*, uninterrupted save by a short cry of warning from Brangane (behind the scenes) of thirteen lines, during which a "long, silent embrace, *with heads sunk backwards*," on a flowery bank, is prescribed, in the stage directions, to the lovers.

This long, lyrical scene is, in every respect, so unpleasant and disagreeable as to be actually disgusting. The sentiments and language are artificial and stilted, and, when this is not the case, immeasurably flat and common-place. The affectation of old German terms is as repulsive as the abuse of the language is offensive. The toying with antithesis of "far" and "long," "near" and "far," of "day" and "night," in which love pours out all its pretty sayings for *seven* dreary pages, in order to calumniate the day and exalt the night (the lovers call themselves "Night-hallowed,") the playing with the "sweet wordlet *and*" ("Is not our love called Tristan *and* Isolde?") the everlasting subtleties, surpassing in emptiness and vapidity the most insipid poetical scribbling of the later troubadours, the forced ornamentation and affected artificiality of thought—all this is not only incapable of supplying the deficiency of real feeling and imagination, but absolutely shows it in the most glaring light. All this is presented, moreover, in a form so unshackled and slovenly that it is distinguished from the most insipid prose only by the employment of rhymes generally trivial, frequently false, and, here and there, consisting of mere assonances. Every page offers proof of what is now asserted.

The "one-conscious" lovers, as Wagner terms them, are disturbed by the king and his retinue, conducted to the spot by Melot. Isolde feels ashamed "involuntarily ;" Tristan stretches out his cloak, "also involuntarily" (*sic!*) before her. Marke, an honest old fellow, first proves dialectically to Melot that the latter is mistaken if he supposes his advice has saved the royal honor, for the "*freest* deed (!) of Tristan's" truth has touched his heart. He now, for the first time, addresses Tristan : "To me—this? this, Tristan, to me?" Hereupon he favors him with a mild sermon of four pages, concluding with the question : "Why this disgrace to me?"

Tristan, "in whose mien there is perceptible gradual-increasing grief" (indeed?), answers very poetically : "O, King, that—I cannot tell you." He then asks Isolde whether she will follow him into the "magic realms of night," appending to his query four lines which are unintelligible to ordinary mortals. Isolde answers in the affirmative, with similar mysterious circumlocution. Good old Marke says nothing, but Melot bursts out. "Tristan rushes on him. As Melot stretches out his sword against him, Tristan lets his fall, and sinks down wounded. Isolde flings herself on his breast, while Marke holds back Melot—the curtain falls rapidly.

The third act shows us the garden of Tristan's castle. The sea is visible over the wall. "A plaintive pastoral tune is heard on a shepherd's pipe."

Tristan is lying, as if without life, on a couch. His faithful Kurwenal—who, by the way, is the only characteristically treated figure in the whole drama—has conveyed him to the place, and now stands behind him. He has, also, despatched a trusty sailor "to the only physician-*ess* that is of any good." Tristan awakes. His honest companion does all he can to make Tristan recognize his home, but Tristan's thoughts are roaming in other regions. "I was where I always have been, whither *I go forever*—where only one *knowing* is ours : divine-eternal, *ever-forgetting!*" The poor "day," of course, comes second best off again." Kurwenal announces to the enthusiastic dreamer that he has sent for Isolde. This rouses him up, but, as the shepherd boy still continues playing upon his pipe the mournful strain—as a sign that no bark is visible—Tristan relapses into his melancholy fit, and, what is more, faints. But he recovers : a merry strain is heard. "The ship! the ship!" He is unable to contain himself. Isolde approaches. Even while behind the scenes she exclaims : "Tristan! beloved!" He springs up : "*how do I hear the light!*" (!) rushes into her arms, and sinks, lifeless, at her feet.

This scenes takes up in the book twenty-three pages, the rest extending over eleven more. It will, we should say, be a rather tough job for the singer, since Tristan is not, like Taunhauser, in the last act, shattered merely internally, but bodily wounded to the death. The narrative, too, in *Tannhauser*, possesses more variety and interest than the dreamy, mystical expression of one and the same sentiment, although Wagner has, with a certain amount of skill, endeavored to relieve the monotony by the sounds of the shepherd's song, and, also, by making Kurwenal observe and describe, from the watch-tower, the course of the vessel, and the danger it runs from the rocks that line the shore.

Isolde's grief bursts forth : the mode in which it is expressed is pervaded by a strain of real feeling and true poetry. She falls, in a fainting state, upon the corpse.

"Tumult and clashing of weapons heard from the shore below." King Marke, having landed, forces his way up. Behind the scenes the voices of Brangane and Melot. Kurwenal, placing himself at the castle-gate (at the back,) cuts down Melot and rushes on and informs her that she has confessed to the King "the secret of the drink," and that he has come to renounce her and give her in marriage to Tristan! The good old Marke, also, speaks a few words, which commence with his favorite mode of address : "Why, Isolde, why this to me?" In conformity with Wagner's dramaturgical code, he resigns himself to a miracle, to magic, but it is too late. Isolde listens to all that is said, without taking any interest in it, and breathes out her soul in a state of enthusiastic *clairvoyance*, which concludes as follows :

> "In the joy-sea's
> Surging swell,
> In the fragrance-billow's
> Resounding tone,
> In the world's-breath's
> Waving all—
> To drown—
> To sink—
> Unconscious—
> Supreme bliss!"

"She sinks, as though transfigured, upon Tristan's corpse. Great emotion and *transport* among the bystanders ; Marke blesses the bodies. The curtain falls slowly."

THE GHOST-RAISER.

MY Uncle Beagley, who commenced his commercial career very early in the present century as a bagman, *will* tell stories. Among them, he tells his Single Ghost story so often, that I am heartily tired of it. In self-defence, therefore, I publish the tale in order that when next the good, kind old gentleman offers to bore us with it, everybody may say they know it. I remember every word of it.

One fine autumn evening, about forty years ago, I was travelling on horseback from Shrewsbury to Chester. I felt tolerably tired, and was beginning to look out for some snug wayside inn, where I might pass the night, when a sudden and violent thunder-storm came on. My horse, terrified by the lightning, fairly took the bridle between his teeth, and started off with me at full gallop through lanes and cross-roads, until at length I managed to pull him up just near the door of a neat-looking country inn.

"Well," thought I, "there was wit in your madness, old boy, since it brought us to this comfortable refuge." And alighting, I gave him in charge to the stout farmer's boy who acted as ostler. The inn-kitchen, which was also the guest-room, was large, clean, neat, and comfortable, very like the pleasant hostelry described by Izaak Walton. There were several travellers already in the room—probably, like myself, driven there for shelter—and they were all warming themselves by the blazing fire while waiting for supper. I joined the party. Presently, being summoned by the hostess, we all sat down, twelve in number, to a smoking repast of bacon and eggs, corned beef and carrots, and stewed hare.

The conversation naturally turned on the mishaps occasioned by the storm, of which every one seemed to have had his full share. One had been thrown off his horse ; another, driving in a gig, had been upset into a muddy dyke ; all had got a thorough wetting, and agreed unanimously that it was dreadful weather—a regular witches' sabbath!

"Witches and ghosts prefer for their sabbath a fine moonlight night to such weather as this!"

These words were uttered in a solemn tone, and with strange emphasis, by one of the company. He was a tall dark-looking man, and I had set him down in my own mind as a travelling merchant or pedlar. My next neighbor was a gay, well-looking, fashionably-dressed young man, who, bursting into a peal of laughter, said :

"You must know the manners and customs of ghosts very

well, to be able to tell that they dislike getting wet or muddy."

The first speaker giving him a dark fierce look, said :

"Young man, speak not so lightly of things above your comprehension."

"Do you mean to imply that there are such things as ghosts?"

"Perhaps there are, if you had courage to look at them."

The young man stood up, flushed with anger. But presently resuming his seat, he said, calmly :

"That taunt should cost you dear, if it were not such a foolish one."

"A foolish one!" exclaimed the merchant, throwing on the table a heavy leathern purse. "There are fifty guineas. I am content to lose them, if, before the hour is ended, I do not succeed in showing you, who are so obstinately prejudiced, the form of any one of your deceased friends; and if, after you have recognized him, you allow him to kiss your lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor, still in the same mocking manner, replied :

"You will do that, will you?"

"Yes," said the other—"I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you will pay a similar sum, if you lose."

After a short silence, the young man said, gaily :

"Fifty guineas, my worthy sorcerer, are more than a poor college sizar ever possessed; but here are five, which, if you are satisfied, I shall be most willing to wager."

The other took up his purse, saying, in a contemptuous tone :

"Young gentleman, you wish to draw back?"

"*I* draw back!" exclaimed the student. "Well! if I had the fifty guineas, you should see whether I wish to draw back!"

"Here," said I, "are four guineas, which I will stake on your wager."

No sooner had I made this proposition than the rest of the company, attracted by the singularity of the affair, came forward to lay down their money; and in a minute or two the fifty guineas were subscribed. The merchant appeared so sure of winning, that he placed all the stakes in the student's hands, and prepared for his experiment. We selected for the purpose a small summer-house in the garden, perfectly isolated, and having no means of exit but a window and a door, which we carefully fastened, after placing the young man within. We put writing materials on a small table in the summer-house, and took away the candles. We remained outside, with the pedlar amongst us. In a low, solemn voice he began to chant the following lines :

"What riseth slow from the ocean caves
And the stormy surf?
The phantom pale sets his blackened foot
On the fresh green turf."

Then, raising his voice solemnly, he said :

"You asked to see your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America—what do you see?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white light arising near the window; but it has no form; it is like an uncertain cloud."

We—the spectators—remained profoundly silent.

"Are you afraid?" asked the merchant, in a loud voice.

"I am not," replied the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the pedlar stamped three times on the ground, and sang :

"And the phantom white, whose clay-cold face
Was once so fair,
Dries with his shroud his clinging vest
And his sea-tossed hair."

Once more the solemn question :

"You, who would see revealed the mysteries of the tomb—what do you see now?"

The student answered in a calm voice, but like that of a man describing things as they pass before him :

"I see the cloud taking the form of a phantom; its head is covered with a long veil—it stands still!"

"Are you afraid?"

"I am not!"

We looked at each other in horror-stricken silence, while the merchant, raising his arms above his head, chanted, in a sepulchral voice :

"And the phantom said, as he rose from the wave,
He shall know me in sooth!
I will go to my friend, gay, smiling, and fond,
As in our first youth!"

"What do you see?" said he.

"I see the phantom advance; he lifts his veil—'tis Francis Villiers! he approaches the table—he writes!—'tis his signature!"

"Are you afraid?"

A fearful moment of silence ensued; then the student replied, but in an altered voice :

"I am not."

With strange and frantic gestures, the merchant then sang :

"And the phantom said to the mocking seer,
I come from the South;
Put thy hand on my hand—thy heart on my heart—
Thy mouth on my mouth!"

"What do you see?"

"He comes—he approaches—he pursues me—he is stretching out his arms—he will have me! Help! help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid, *now?*" asked the merchant, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, and then a stifled groan, were the only reply to this terrible question.

"Help that rash youth!" said the merchant, bitterly. "I have, I think, won the wager; but it is sufficient for me to have given him a lesson. Let him keep his money, and be wiser for the future."

He walked rapidly away. We opened the door of the summer-house, and found the student in convulsions. A paper, signed with the name "Francis Villiers," was on the table. As soon as the student's senses were restored, he asked vehemently where was the vile sorcerer who had subjected him to such a horrible ordeal—he would kill him! He sought him throughout the inn in vain; then, with the speed of a madman, he dashed off across the fields in pursuit of him—and we never saw either of them again. That, children, is my Ghost Story!

"And how is it, Uncle, that after *that*, you don't believe in ghosts?" said I, the first time I heard it.

"Because, my boy," replied my Uncle, "neither the student nor the merchant ever returned; and the forty-five guineas, belonging to me and the other travellers, continued equally invisible. Those two swindlers carried them off, after having acted a farce, which we, like ninnies, believed to be real."

FRENCH SOLDIERS UNDER FIRE.

EACH regiment, as it reached the other bank, formed square, standing at ease. Towards 5 o'clock the whole division had passed. The sun was dispersing the mist, and we saw about three quarters of a league off to our right an old town, with pointed roofs, a church tower like a ball covered with slate, and a cross upon it, and further east a chateau. It was Weissenfels. Between us and the town was a deep depression in the ground. Marshal Ney, who had just arrived, wanted very much to know what was in this hollow, so two companies of the 27th were sent out as skirmishers, and the squares began to advance in slow time; officers, sappers, and drummers inside the squares, the cannon in the intervals, and the caissons behind the rear rank. Nobody liked that hollow; above all, as the day before we had seen a mass of cavalry which could not have got beyond the large plain which we could command on all sides. It was impossible, and I never felt such misgiving in my life before. I was sure something was going to happen. In spite of this, to see us well in line, with our muskets loaded, our colors flying in front, and our generals full of confidence behind us, to see us march through without hurrying, and to hear us marking the step in mass, made us very brave. I said to myself, "Perhaps if they see us they will run away; that would be, after all, the best they could do for themselves as well as for us." I was in the rear rank behind Zebédé, and how I did open my eyes! From time to time I looked over towards the other square, which advanced on the same line, and I saw the marshal with his staff in the midst of it. All stretched their necks to see what was passing in the distance. The skirmishers arrived just then near the edge of the ravine, which was covered with brushwood and lined with a hedge. Already a little before I had seen on the other side something move and glitter, and the idea struck me that the Russians might possibly be there but still I could hardly believe it. But the moment our skirmishers approached the heath, and as the firing began in several points, I saw clearly that they were Lancers. Almost at the same moment we saw a flash before us and the cannons roared. These Russians had cannon, and they had fired upon us. I don't know what noise made me turn round, and I saw in the ranks to the left a gap. At the same time I heard Colonel Zapfel call out quickly, "Close up the ranks;" and Captain Florentin repeated "Close up the ranks." All this passed so quickly that I had no time for reflection. But 50 yards further on there was another flash, and a similar noise in the ranks—something like a gust of wind that passes—and there was another gap—this time on the right. And as after each cannon shot of the Russians the colonel called out "Close up the ranks," I guessed that each time there was a gap. This thought rather upset me; but there was no help, we had to march on. I did not dare to think of this, and tried to think of something else, when General Chemineau, who had just entered into our square, exclaimed "Halt." Then I looked and saw the Russians coming on in masses. "Front rank—kneel down—fix bayonets," shouted the General. As Zebédé had knelt down, I was as it were in the front rank. I can still see, advancing in line, that mass of horsemen and the Russians leaning forward, and I can still hear the General command behind as if on drill—"Attention, Ready, Fire!" All the four squares had fired at the same time, and it was as if the Heavens were coming down. Scarcely had the smoke cleared a little when we saw the Russians running away, but our cannon thundered away and our shot went faster than their horses. "Load," called out the General. I never felt such pleasure in my life. "Holloa, they are running," I said to myself. And on all sides resounded the shout, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" In my joy I shouted like all the others. That lasted about a minute. The squares again advanced, and we thought all was over; but a few hundred yards from the ravine there was a great noise, and for the second time the General called out, "Halt—kneel—fix bayonets." The Russians rushed out of the hollow like a whirlwind. They came all in a mass, and the earth shook. We could no longer hear the words of command; but the good sense of the French soldiers taught them to fire into the crowd, and the file firing rolled on like the sound of the drums at great reviews. Those who have never heard this cannot form an idea of it. Some of those Russians came quite close upon us, we saw them rise out of the smoke, and then nothing more was to be seen. After a few moments, as we did nothing but load and fire, the terrible voice of General Chemineau was again heard shouting, "Cease firing." We scarcely dared to obey; every one hastened to have another shot; but the smoke having cleared away we saw that crowd of horsemen hastening up on the other side of the ravine. We opened out the squares to march in column. The drummers beat the "charge;" and the cannon thundered. Forward, forward, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" The moment we approached the gardens of the town their cannon, which they had taken with them, turned round behind a kind of orchard, and sent their shot among us. One of them broke the hatchet of the Sapper Merlin, having carried away his head. Corporal Thoan, of the Sappers, had his arm broken by a piece of the hatchet. They had to cut off his arm at Weissenfels. Then, how we did run upon the guns, for the sooner you got there the less time they have to fire, that is clear enough. When we were again in line, the Marshal Prince de la Moskowa passed in front of our battalion, and said to us with a joyful face—"Well done! well done! I am satisfied with you. The Emperor shall hear of it." He could not help laughing, because he had seen us running so hard upon the guns. And as General Souham said, "They will do," he answered, "To be sure, it is in the blood." I was delighted at having escaped so well from the affair.—*Histoire d'un Conscrit de* 1813.

UP A TREE.—Artemus Aristottle's patriotism broke out demonstratively upon his receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond. He'd have the biggest spar-spangled banner and the tallest flagstaff in Berks county—that's what he would, and he told Aunt Hannah so.

So Aris rushed down to Philladelphia by express train, purchased a forty feet flag, and rushed home again by next express. Then Aris set about achieving the longest liberty pole in Berks, out of a straight, hundred and sixty feet—more or less—pine tree, standing on a knoll back of the house. With the big bunting lashed about his shoulders, and armed with a hatchet, he up-ended the long hay-ladder against the pine, scrambled in among the lower branches, and began cutting his course upwards, trimming close to the trunk every knot and branch as he progressed.

Having cut his way to the tip-top of the tall pine, Arte flung his flag to the breeze, lashed it hard and fast to the staff, hurrayed lustily for Grant, "tigered" for Sheridan, and then made the discovery that he had cut off his retreat. There he was, a hundred and fifty feet in the air, and every individual thing that he could have climbed down by, cut off smooth. Arte's enthusiasm collapsed in a second, and he hailed the house :

"Hannah! O—Hannah! I say—Hannah! Come out here"

Out came Hannah, and seeing her husband humped up into a ball, away up there under the "flag of the free," the old lady piped out at him in key major :

"Why, sake o' me! What is it, Arte?"

"Dod dern it, Hannah! *I'm up a tree!* Can't ye take that ar' musket and shoot my dinner up here?"

"Why, dear me, Arte, how will you ever get down from there?"

"Dunno, Hannah, 'less ye git somebody to chop the derned tree down, an that would eenamost kill me. Dod blast the luck!"

Aris clung to his perch just about as long as he could, and then clasping his legs and arms about the trunk, he began to slide down stern foremost like a bear, ripping, scraping, and tearing over the rough surface in a way that by the time he touched *terra firma*, it was about an even question which had lost the most bark—Artemus or the tree.

"I'll be dod blamed! if ever I go to cut another tree into a flag-staff, I'll begin at the upper eend," Arte swore, as Aunt Hannah led him away ragged and bleeding.

ON one occasion, Curran was associated with a barrister, who was remarkably tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take holy orders. The Judge who presided, observed that the question under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the *church*, though"—in a whisper to a friend beside him—"in my opinion he was better fitted for the *steep'e*."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1865.

MODERN LANGUAGES IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

An essay on the subject of the introduction of foreign lauguages into the curriculum of public school instruction was delivered before the State Teachers' Institute, at its late meeting here, by Mr. Ralph Keeler, a gentleman connected with the educational interests of the city. The effort of the speaker was received with a warm interest on the part of the audience, which the style and argument offered well deserved. As a matter of literary progress, we think that the gentleman has placed before the public, for consideration, a matter of great practical necessity to us, as we are, in point of population, at present constituted.

The drift of the argument was to the end that three schools should be established by the Board of Education, *pari gradu* with the present grammar establishments, in which, respectively, French, German, and Spanish should be taught and used as the languages of instruction. Mr. Keeler very properly contends that by sending pupils to these schools, the ordinary branches of education would be duly respected, while at the same time the scholars would have the great advantage of youth to help them in gaining correctness of accent and fluency of utterance in languages more or less necessary to them in business of a commercial or literary character.

It is a foregone conclusion with all sound American teachers of to-day that modern languages should have a prominent place in our schools. Cornelius O'Dowd, who, by the way, should hardly have been quoted as authority on so grave a subject, as has been done by Mr. Keeler, may not fancy the social character of the polyglot pedant, but his objections can hardly be considered as touching men whose learning and wit are possibly superior to the *Blackwood* essayist.

Books are a daily comfort, luxury, and necessity to most men. Literary taste is a cosmopolite; it does not ask in what tongue a poem or essay is written. It demands the book, and trusts to its own energy to get at its ideas. As a means, then, the educated man requires philological training. His research is limited without it. The mathematician makes an awkward mistake, if he allows a foreign book on Astronomy to lie unread because he has not a knowledge of the language. The critic who halts because he cannot pursue his victim into his own vernacular lair is a boggler of the worst description. The editor who leaves a paper containing news to lie on his table unread, out of his own sheer ignorance, hardly deserves credit for enterprise; and any man who strains over a botched translation of a favorite author, out of intellectual laziness, cannot be considered as endowed with much mental vigor. Lingual accomplishments are not the highest marks of intellectual power. Men may be able to talk, parrot-like, many tongues with no very definite ideas to express in any of them; young ladies may chatter "full fetishly and well," "Stratford-atte-Bowe" French, who would be tiresome in any tongue and by means of any tongue; but we must not abuse the coach because the people who travel by it are stupid. It may run through a pleasant country, well worthy a visit by us, and we would be foolish indeed to stay at home, carping at the tales of these same travellers, because of the trouble of the journey.

Everybody in America desires to be able to take any position, and enjoy any advantages of life. Our average man feels hurt, if he cannot comprehend the *Life of Cæsar;* is disgusted if his inability to read a foreign tongue keeps him out of the enjoyment of any good thing. It is his right to be made comfortable in his search after happiness, by the proper education in youth. If that education requires instruction in a foreign language, the American citizen is deprived of a right, when the requirement is not satisfied. It was, doubtless, well enough to talk about "knowing *English* well" in days when teachers were paid ten dollars a month, and "boarded around;" but the day of such barbarous treatment of pedagogue and pupil has long gone by. Ten dollars a month was too much for many of the teachers of those times, and too little for others. We can afford to pay better, and we should not haggle over a good article. A well conducted German or French school would be a priceless blessing to many of our citizens, and ten years hence we would reap a reward well worth the expenditure of a few paltry thousands to-day.

We trust that the Board of Education will read and consider well Mr. Keeler's essay, and make an immediate movement, in the direction advised therein, that will be free from any shade of pecuniary or educational penuriousness.

THEATRICAL TALK.

On Monday Daniel E. Bandmann made his first appearance at Maguire's Opera House, in the character of "Narcisse," in the play of that name. Mr. Bandmann met with as flattering a reception as has ever been accorded to any actor who has visited this city, the applause on his entrance on the stage continuing several minutes. Mr. Bandmann's "Narcisse" is one of the most finished, and at the same time original, pieces of acting ever presented on the stage. The character is a difficult one to present faithfully, and one which, in unskilful hands, would be made unendurable. I could not help breathing a sigh of thankfulness at the infliction the public had been spared. *Narcisse* was some time ago underlined for production at the Opera House, at a time when the part of "Narcisse" would have been played by Mr. Frank Mayo. Now, anything more terrible than Mr. Frank Mayo in the character of "Narcisse" I cannot imagine; it is just one of those parts for which he would have been utterly unsuited. Mr. Bandmann's "Narcisse" is manly in his grief, wise even in his foolery, and terribly powerful in his rage. I use the terms, "Mr. Bandmann's," instead of "Brachenvogel's," as the actor in this instance has made the character so thoroughly his own, that no one would care to see it attempted by any other after witnessing his wonderful performance of it. "Narcisse" is a French musician; his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, left him on account of his poverty; by her desertion he is rendered cynical—but certainly not mad; he has lost his faith in the existence of good in the human race; he has a scorn for mankind, and an utter disregard as to what opinion they may have of him; they call him a fool: he confesses he is a fool, but he knows them to be fools equally with himself. "Narcisse" will not conform to the usages of society, therefore he is called crazy; he believes mankind to be one vast mutual admiration society, and prefers, instead of shaping his follies to accord with theirs, to make the follies of the many afford him food for mirth, while they, in their turn, laugh at the fool who is eccentrically original. There is no madness in "Narcisse." The woman who loved him, but whose love was not sufficient to make her satisfied to endure the discomforts attendant on poverty, becomes first the mistress of a rich man, to whom she sells herself to gain wealth, and finally becomes the "Marchioness de Pompadour," the mistress of the King of France. "Narcisse" is used as a tool to accomplish the downfall of "the Pompadour," whom he knows only by reputation as the curse of France. The "Duke de Choisseul" (Mr. Charles Thorne,) who is at first a friend of "the Pompadour," enters into a plot with her enemies to accomplish her ruin, or even cause her death; it is anticipated that any sudden shock will kill her; she has, on seeing "Narcisse," while driving on the Boulevards, fainted; "De Choisseul" supposes that "Narcisse" bears a resemblance to the first husband of "the Pompadour," and that her emotion at the sight of him is caused by this; a play is arranged which is to be represented before "the Pompadour,"—"Narcisse," under the name of "M. Leotard," taking the character of a wronged husband who suddenly appears to his faithless wife, personated by "Mlle. Doris Quinault" (played by Mrs. Sophie Edwin, with much skill and power), and hurls reproaches on her head. "The Pompadour" consents to a rehearsal of this play. When "Narcisse," habited as a beggar, appears, he is cut short in his imprecations on his wife in the play by a shriek from his real wife, the "Marchioness de Pompadour," who, at the sound of his voice, exclaims: "Narcisse!" He—like a fool—forgets her falsehood, rushes to her, and throwing his arms round her, embraces her passionately, forgetting everything save that he has again found his wife. She is overjoyed to see him; all her love for him returns; she is content to resign her hopes of being Queen of France, which high position she is on the eve of obtaining, and will retire to some obscure spot with her husband. Turning round to the "Duke de Choisseul" who is confounded by the failure of his plot and exclaims "She will *not* die," the Marchioness drawing herself up with the dignity of a queen answers, "No, I will not die, I will live," and upbraids "Duke de Choisseul" with his base treachery. She then turns to caress "Narcisse;" he having remained plunged in thought during the time the Marchioness has been engaged in loading the treacherous "De Choisseul" with reproaches, on her touching him realizes that he sees before him, not his fond loving wife, but "Pompadour" the courtezan, the mistress of the King, the oppressor of the starving poor of Paris, the curse of France; shrinking from her with loathing, he curses her, pouring forth a torrent of the most fearful imprecations on the now trembling and conscience-stricken woman who at length falls exhausted into her chair; the sudden shock has done its work, her heart is paralyzed, she falls back dead; "Narcisse" his eyes glaring with the light of madness—his eccentricity has now become madness perhaps—utters an impassioned harangue, prophetic of the ills yet to come upon France, and at its close falls on the ground a corpse. The loving husband and the false wife are both dead; the curtain falls. Mr. Bandmann is a really wonderful actor; he is natural without effort; he *is* the character which he presents more than any actor I have ever seen. Mrs. Stewart's impersonation of the "Pompadour" was a perfect triumph of art, and exhibited power which many thought she had lost; her reading was beautifully correct, and her acting throughout, grand and impressive. Mrs. Sophie Edwin played the character of "Mlle. Doris Quinault" excellently well, and in the last scene was particularly fine. Mr. Charles Thorne played the "Duke de Choisseul" with great care, and his rendition was evidently the result of an attentive study of the part, of which he had formed a perfect conception. The other characters were well up in their parts, and played well. The piece was put on the stage with a careful regard to detail, which added much to the effectiveness of its representation.

On Wednesday, Mr. Bandmann took a night's rest, for the sake of his voice, which had suffered slightly by change of climate. Last night, he appeared in the character of "Shylock," which the Eastern press declare to be his masterpiece. The Californian going to press on that evening, I am compelled to defer my notice of his impersonation of that character until next week. *Hamlet* will probably be produced during the latter part of the coming week; I cannot imagine a greater treat than Mr. Bandmann's rendition of that part will afford. Those who have seen his "Narcisse" can form some idea of how he will play "Hamlet." This afternoon, *The Workmen of San Francisco* will be played; in the evening, Mr. Bandmann appears in the *Merchant of Venice*. Mlle. Vestvali, who has been suffering severely from cold, is announced to reappear on Tuesday evening next, in the character of "Bianca," in *Fazio, or The Italian Wife*." Judging from the manner in which she played "Gamea," I imagine that Mlle. Vestvali will achieve a great success in this character; she is holding back a large trump card: her "Romeo," in *Romeo and Juliet*, has been spoken of by the press of the East and England as her finest effort.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, *Arrah na Pogue* is still running most successfully. The house has been crowded every night during the week, and there appears great probability of its drawing full houses for a week or two longer.

The people of San Francisco, when entertainments worthy of patronage are presented, support theatrical managers liberally. Both theatres have been crowded during the week; the intellectual element having seen *Arrah na Pogue*, have made way for the masses, and are now enjoying Bandmann's wonderful acting, while the lovers of Auld Ireland make every effort to keep up the *Arrah na Pogue* excitement, and with perfect success. Touchstone.

"Pleasantly," "Cordially," "Calmly."—The Placerville *Democrat* of the 30th ult., in a style which would seem quite as appropriate in depicting a case of cheerfully accepted martyrdom as in describing an instance of retributive justice, states the fact of the execution of a murderer in that city. We do not know what causes contributed to produce so much calmness and resignation; but certainly the fraternity of which the deceased was a member cannot complain that he was not "pleasantly" paragraphed upon his demise; and perhaps, when "robbing a stage" and "killing a Deputy Sheriff" hereafter, they will derive some satisfaction from the thought that ample justice will be rendered them in the newspapers if they "swing" for their little indiscretions:

"Precisely at 12 o'clock yesterday, Thomas B. Poole, implicated in the stage robbery and the killing of Deputy Sheriff Staples, in this county, in July, 1864, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Calmly he ascended the scaffold, pleasantly conversed with the officers having him in charge and the Rev. Mr. Wallace, cordially shook each by the hand, and fearlessly resigned his spirit to its God. He smiled on all, and seemed perfectly resigned. He made no public address. While the cap was drawn over his face and his arms and legs were being pinioned, he stood perfectly composed. He died without a struggle and in a few seconds."

Madme Bishop's Concert.—Madame Anna Bishop's first concert, on Wednesday evening, at the Academy of Music, was very well attended. She was warmly welcomed by her old California friends and admirers, and her efforts throughout the evening met with enthusiastic applause. The voice of this celebrated cantatrice does not seem to have lost any of its olden purity and sweetness, and certainly its effect upon the audience was fully equal to her former triumphs. M. Charles Lascelles made an extremely favorable first impression, which will not easily be effaced. He possesses a remarkable voice, which enables him, in "Robin Ruff," to sustain alternately the *tenor* and *basso* parts with equal purity and facility. Last evening, the second and last concert took place, which we were unable to report, owing to the lateness of the hour.

The Grace Cathedral Festival.—The ladies of this congregation have been holding a festival in aid of the church, at Platt's Hall during the week, with great success. The Hall was beautifully decorated with garlands of foliage and flowers, and its usually demure aspect was enlivened with tableaux, charades, music, and scores of beautiful ladies. The festival proved both creditable and profitable, and a source of pleasure to all who attended. Musical and literary exercises, this evening, will close this pleasant series of entertainments.

MARY McGILLUP.

A SOUTHERN NOVEL.

BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.

AFTER BELLE BOYD.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY G. A S-LA.

INTRODUCTION.

"WILL you write me up?"

The scene was near Temple Bar. The speaker was the famous rebel Mary McGillup—a young girl of fragile frame and long, lustrous black hair. I must confess that the question was a peculiar one, and under the circumstances, somewhat puzzling. It was true that I had been kindly treated by the Northerners, and, though prejudiced against them, was to some extent, under obligations to them. It was true that I knew little or nothing of American politics, history, or geography. But when did an English writer ever weigh such trifles? Turning to the speaker, I enquired with some caution the amount of pecuniary compensation offered for the work.

"Sir!" she said, drawing her fragile form to its full height. "You insult me—you insult the South."

"But look ye here, dye see—the tiu—the blunt—the ready—the stiff, you know. Don't ye see, we can't do without that, you know!"

"It shall be contingent on the success of the story," she answered haughtily. "In the meantime take this precious gem," and drawing a diamond ring from her finger, she placed it with a roll of MSS. in my hands and vanished.

Although unable to procure more than £1, 2s., 6d. from an intelligent pawnbroker to whom I stated the circumstances and with whom I pledged the ring, my sympathies with the cause of a down-trodden and chivalrous people were at once enlisted. I could not help wondering that in rich England, the home of the oppressed and the free, a young and lovely woman like the fair author of those pages should be obliged to thus pawn her jewels—her marriage gift—for the means to procure her bread! With the exception of the English aristocracy—who much resemble them—I do not know of a class of people that I so much admire as the Southern planters. May I become better acquainted with both.

Since writing the above, the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination has reached me. It is enough for me to say that I am dissatisfied with the result. I do not attempt to excuse the assassin. Yet there will be men who will charge this act upon the chivalrous South. This leads me to repeat a remark once before made by me in this connection, which has become justly celebrated. It is this:

"It is usual, in cases of murder, to look for the criminal among those who expect to be benefited by the crime. In the death of Lincoln, his immediate successor in office alone receives 'the benefit of his dying.'"

If Her Majesty Queen Victoria were assassinated, which Heaven forbid, the one most benefited by her decease would, of course, be His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, her immediate successor. It would be unnecessary to state that suspicion would at once point to the real culprit, which would, of course, be His Royal Highness. This is logic.

But I have done. After having thus stated my opinion in favor of the South, I would merely remark that there is One who judgeth all things—who weigheth the cause between brother and brother—and awardeth the perfect retribution; and whose ultimate decision, I, as a British subject, have only anticipated. G. A. S.

CHAPTER I.

EVERY reader of Belle Boyd's narrative will remember an allusion to a "lovely, fragile looking girl of nineteen," who rivalled Belle Boyd in devotion to the Southern cause, and who, like her, earned the enviable distinction of being a "rebel spy."

I am that "fragile" young creature. Although on friendly terms with the late Miss Boyd, now Mrs. Hardinge, candor compels me to state that nothing but our common politics prevents me from exposing the ungenerous spirit she has displayed in this allusion. To be dismissed in a single paragraph after years of—but I anticipate. To put up with this feeble and forced acknowledgement of services rendered would be a confession of a craven spirit, which, thank God, though "*fragile*" and only "*nineteen*," I do not possess. I may not have the "*blood of a Howard*" in my veins, as some people, who I shall not disgrace myself by naming, claim to have, but I have yet to learn that the race of McGillup ever yet brooked slight or insult. I shall not say that attention in certain quarters seems to have turned *some people's* heads; nor that it would have been more delicate if certain folks had kept quiet on the subject of their courtship, and the rejection of certain offers, when it is known that their forward conduct was all that procured them a husband! Thank Heaven, the South has some daughters who are above such base considerations. While nothing shall tempt me to reveal the promises to share equally the fame of certain enterprises, which were made by one who shall now be nameless, I have deemed it only just to myself to put my own adventures upon record. If they are not equal to those of another individual, it is because, though "fragile," my education has taught me to have some consideration for the truth. I am done.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS born in Missouri. My dislike for the Northern scum was inherent. This was shown, at an early age, in the extreme distaste I exhibited for Webster's spelling book—the work of a well-known Eastern Abolitionist. I cannot be too grateful for the consideration shown by my chivalrous father—a gentleman of the old school—who resisted to the last an attempt to introduce Mitchell's Astronomy and Geography into the public school of our district. When I state that this same Mitchell became afterward a hireling helot in the Yankee Army, every intelligent reader will appreciate the prophetic discrimination of this true son of the South.

I was eight years old when I struck the first blow for Southern freedom against the Northern tyrant. It is hardly necessary to state that in this instance the oppressor was a pale over-worked New England "school-marm." The principle for which I was contending, I felt, however, to be the same. Resenting an affront put upon me, I one day heaved a rock * at the head of the Vandal schoolmistress. I was seized and overpowered. My pen falters as I reach the climax. English readers will not give credit to this sickening story—the civilized world will avert its head—but I, Mary McGillup, was publicly SPANKED!

CHAPTER III.

BUT the chaotic vortex of civil war approached, and fell destruction, often procrastinated, brooded in the storm.† As the English people may like to know what was really the origin of the Rebellion, I have no hesitation in giving them the true and only cause. Slavery had nothing to do with it, although the violation of the Declaration of Independence, in the disregard by the North of the Fugitive Slave Law,‡ might have well provoked a less fiery people than the Southrons. At the inception of the struggle a large amount of Southern indebtness was held by the people of the North. To force payment from the generous but insolvent debtor—to obtain liquidation from the Southern Planter—was really the soulless and mercenary object of the craven Northerners. Let the common people of England look to this. Let the improvident literary hack; the starved and impecunious Grub street debtor; the newspaper frequenter of sponging houses, remember this in their criticisms of the vile and slavish Yankee.

CHAPTER IV.

THE roasting of an Abolitionist, by a greatly infuriated community, was my first taste of the horrors of civil war. Heavens! Why will the North persist in this fratricidal warfare? The expulsion of several Union refugees, which soon followed, now fairly plunged my beloved State in the seething vortex.

I was sitting at the piano one afternoon, singing that stirring refrain, so justly celebrated, but which a craven spirit, unworthy of England, has excluded from some of her principal restaurants, and was dwelling with some enthusiasm on the following line:

"Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!"

when a fragment of that scum, clothed in that detestable blue uniform which is the symbol of oppression, entered the apartment. "I have the honor of addressing the celebrated rebel spy, Miss McGillup," said the Vandal officer.

In a moment I was perfectly calm. With the exception of slightly expectorating twice in the face of the minion, I did not betray my agitation. Haughtily, yet firmly, I replied:

"I am."

"You looked as if you might be," the brute replied, as he turned on his heel to leave the apartment.

In an instant I threw myself before him. "You shall not leave here thus," I shrieked, grappling him with an energy which no one, seeing my frail figure, would have believed. "I know the reputation of your hireling crew. I read your dreadful purpose in your eye. Tell me not that your designs are not sinister. You came here to insult me—to kiss me, perhaps. You shan't—you naughty man. Go away!"

The blush of conscious degredation rose to the cheek of the Lincoln hireling as he turned his face away from mine.

In an instant I drew my pistol from my belt, which, in anticipation of some such outrage, I always carried, and shot him.

CHAPTER V.

"THY forte was less to act than speak,
Maryland!
Thy politics were changed each week,
Maryland!
With Northern Vandals thou was't meek,
With sympathizers thou wouldst shriek,
I know thee—O 'twas like thy cheek!
Maryland! my Maryland!"

After committing the act described in the preceding chapter, which every English reader will pardon, I went up stairs, put on a clean pair of stocking, and, placing a rose in my lustrous black hair, proceeded at once to the camp of Generals Price and Mosby to put them in possession of information which would lead to the destruction of a portion of the Federal army. During a great part of my flight I was exposed to a running fire from the Federal pickets of such coarse expressions as, "Go it, Sally Reb," "Dust it, my Confederate beauty," but succeeded in reaching the glorious Southern camp uninjured.

In a week afterwards I was arrested, by a *lettre de cachet* of Mr. Stanton, and placed in the *Bastile*. British readers of my story will express surprise at these terms, but I assure them that not only these articles but *tumbrils*, *guillotines* and *conciergeries* were in active use among the Federals. If substantiation be required, I refer to the Charleston *Mercury*, the only reliable organ, next to the New York *Daily News*, published in the country. At the *Bastile* I made the acquaintance of the accomplished and elegant author of *Guy Livingstone*, ‖ to whom I presented a curiously carved thigh bone of a Union officer, and from whom I received the following beautiful acknowledgement:

"*Demoiselle:* Should I ever 'win hame to my ain countrie,' I make mine avow to enshrine in my *reliquaire* this elegant *bijouterie* and offering of *La Belle Rebelle*. Nay, methinks this fraction of man's anatomy were some compensation for the rib lost by the 'grand old gardener,' Adam."

CHAPTER VI.

RELEASED at last from durance vile and placed on board of an Erie canal boat, on my way to Canada, I for a moment breathed the sweets of liberty. Perhaps the interval gave me opportunity to indulge in certain reveries which I had hitherto sternly dismissed. Henry Breckinridge Folair, a consistent Copperhead, captain of the canal boat, again and again pressed that suit I had so often rejected.

It was a lovely moonlight night. We sat on the deck of the gliding craft. The moonbeam and the lash of the driver fell softly on the flanks of the off-horse, and only the surging of the tow-rope broke the silence. Folair's arm clasped my waist. I suffered it to remain. Placing in my lap a small but not ungrateful roll of Checkerberry lozenges, he took the occasion to repeat softly in my ear the words of a motto he had just unwrapped—with its graceful covering of tissue paper—from a sugar almond. The heart of the wicked little rebel, Mary McGellup, was won!

The story of Mary McGillup is done. I might have added the journal of my husband, Henry Breckinridge Folair, but as it refers chiefly to his freights, and a schedule of his passengers, I have been obliged, reluctantly, to suppress it.

It is due to my friends to say that I have been requested not to write this book. Expressions have reached my ears, the reverse of complimentary. I have been told that its publication will probably ensure my banishment for life. Be it so. If the causes for which I labored have been subserved, I am content.

LONDON, May, 1865.

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* NOTE, BY G. A. S.—In the Southwest, any stone larger than a pea is termed "a rock."

† I make no pretension to fine writing, but perhaps Mrs. Hardinge can lay over that. Oh, of course! M. McG.

‡ The Declaration of Independence grants to each subject "the pursuit of life, liberty and happiness." A fugitive slave may be said to personify "life, liberty and happiness." Hence his pursuit is really legal. This is logic. G. A. S.

‖ The recent conduct of Mr. Livingstone renders him unworthy of my notice. His disgusting praise of Belle Boyd and complete ignoring of my claims, show the artfulness of some females and the puppyism of some men. M. McG.

A YOUNG lady in Nevada, Cal., has two lovers, either of whom she is willing to accept as a partner for life. Unwilling to offend either and unable to choose between them, she has proposed that they throw dice to decide the question. They are now, says the *Union*, deliberating on the proposal, neither being willing to lose the coveted prize, and both fearing to "take the chances." Why can't one of the gentlemen oblige the other by *dy*-ing at once? Let them abide the hazard of the *die*, without throwing—if the young lady (who seems quite considerate) will agree not to "throw" them both meantime.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY.—Frank Kelly, bar-keeper at the Willows, was shot in the back of the head, at that place, last Sunday, while endeavoring to prevent a difficulty between James Kelly and Wm. F. Mullins. He had interposed himself between the parties, and had hold of Kelly, when he was shot, it is supposed, by Mullins. Mullins and Kelly immediately left in their buggy for the city. Both were subsequently arrested. Kelly's wound, it is hoped, will not prove mortal.

PARADE.—The Irish Regiment held their regimental parade on the Old Pioneer Race Track on the 1st inst. They went through the usual evolutions of forming into squads, deploying, forming in line of battle, changing front, and firing by file, battalion, and company, in the most creditable manner. The exercises of the regiment were closely observed, but the Colonel, W. C. Smith, was particularly watched, being presented with one of Tucker's best on the occasion.

ENOCH EARL, an elderly gentleman died suddenly in this city, September 29th, of heart disease. He was arranging for the funeral of a deceased friend at the time, and was stricken down without a moment's warning.

THE Fenian Brotherhood held an immense meeting at Union Hall, on Thursday evening last; the most lively enthusiasm prevailed, and subscriptions amounting to nearly $8,000 were recorded.

SANDALPHON.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

HAVE you read in the *Talmud* of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air—
Have you read it—the marvellous story
Of Sandalphon, the Aogel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chaunt only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their raptnre and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend, I know—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore:
Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I find, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

BRITISH CREDULITY AS REGARDS THE UNITED STATES.—At a party I was invited to in England, soon after my return from the States, I was questioned at great length as to what I thought of the country, how I liked the people, what language they spoke, and if I was not afraid of their revolvers and bowie-knives, etc. This was all very well, and I replied accordingly. But, after dinner, when we rejoined the fair sex in the drawing-room, an old lady laid siege to me, and poured in such a volley of inquiries, that it became past all endurance—so, thinking I had better settle the matter at once, by relating the fearful state of anxiety and danger under which I sometimes had to give my entertainment, I said that I gave a musical evening in one of the cities on the Mississippi, where the society was so outrageous and revengeful, that, "if I had uttered a word which could be construed into a national insult, my life would have been immediately sacrificed." "What a dreadful situation!" the old thing said. "Accordingly, I prepared for the worst. Having hired a square pianoforte, I had it so placed that I faced the audience, and could see all that was going on when I either spoke or sung. I placed a large bowie-knife, ready drawn, on each side of the pianoforte, as well as a couple of six-barrelled revolvers, all ready loaded; and, to render my position still more secure, I had a tolerably-sized cannon between my legs, under the pianoforte, loaded to the muzzle. So, if the five hundred persons present had risen in revolt, I could have blown the instrument to pieces, shot many persons, and, in the midst of the smoke and confusion, made my escape!" The old lady was astounded, as well she might—said she had no idea America was so bad as all that—left me, and communicated the dreadful intelligence to frightened and panic-stricken groups in every corner of the room. She believed it all. Her father had been captain of the marines at Woolwich for many years.—*Prof. H. Phillips' Musical and Personal Recollections.*

"ATTIC WIT" AT THE ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE IN ENGLAND.

BELOW we give a few specimens of what is called "Attic wit," contributed by a party of well-known English writers to a recent fair for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College:

A FIRE OF SMALL JOKES.

The papers state that somebody has been chipping pieces off the monumental bust of Bunyan. What of it? Destroying a *bunion* must of course be a great help to the *pilgrim's progress.*

The reason why policemen are never run over is that they are *never in the way.*

A young lady's first love-kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a great shock, but soon over.

Warning to Ladies—Tattle begins with T.

New Definition—Masculine, millionaire; feminine, millionheiress.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing, be said to occupy a feather bed?

What is the use of sighing and weeping as we float down the stream of Time? Why make the voyage of life a *wailing* voyage?

Human existence hinges upon trifles. What would beauty be without soap?

We often hear of "fashionable marriages," but never of fashionable deaths.

ON SOME ACKNOWLEDGED FACTS—AN ESSAY—BY OUR OWN SKEPTIC.

"Two and two are four." Are they? That shows how much you know about it. I saw a young ladies' school out walking the other day. They were "two and two," and I counted them. They were forty!

"Two wrongs don't make one right." Don't they? What ridiculous statements are received as axioms. Two wrongs—such, for instance, as finding a railway train some hours behind its time, and then being swindled at the railway hotel, where you are in consequence compelled to pass the night—are the very things to "make one write"—to the *Times*, or other court of appeal.

"It's a long lane that has no turning." Ridiculous nonsense! I walked the other day, on purpose to ascertain the fact, the whole length of "Long Lane," Smithfield. It had at least fourteen "turnings" out of it. I counted them.

"All's fair in love." Not a bit. Or how on earth would the *brunettes*, who are by no means "fair," ever get sweethearts? which they do to my certain knowledge—and frequently.

"The whole is greater than a part." No such thing. I have known a few leading actors in my time, and have generally found that a "part" is deemed of considerable more importance than the completeness of "the whole."

"The shortest way between any two points is in a straight line." All I have to say regarding this grossly absurd axiom is, that the propounder of it never attempted to walk home after a dinner at the Freemasons'—or he wouldn't talk so glibly about a "straight line." I have personally made the experiment, and found—but this is nothing to the purpose. From the Freemasons' Tavern—home—is not a straight line, and never was since I have known it. Q. E. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

What is the difference between the Dramatic College Fair and other fairs? In the latter you find the stalls in the fair, whereas in the former you find the fair in the stalls.

"Tell me, where is fancy bred?" Fancy bread is in the refreshment room, if it is not all gone.

If I asked you for one thousand pounds, what would you wish? Wish I might get it.

What conundrums are always at home? Those that are never found out.

A DECIDED BITE.—While walking down B—— street one Sunday evening, "the subscriber" came up with two boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "just one bite of it."

"Well," said the younger one, finally, "I'll give you jes' one bite; but don't you take mor'n jes' one bite."

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound catfish, leaving a very small share on the outside.

"Jim," said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple and give me the bite."

A STORY is told of a belated traveller, who put up for the night in the thatched cottage of a peasant in a benighted part of Scotland. In the morning, he was awoke by the guid-man and his wife, who were endeavoring to hoist the cow to the roof of the cottage in order that she might eat the grass that was growing there. On being told that it would be much easier to cut the grass and bring it down to the old cow, the guid-wife answered, "Weel! weel! to think o' that ye maun had been lucket up at the college o' Glasgow!"

THE GOOD OLD TIMES IN ENGLAND.

A PRETTY young girl, dwelling with her widowed mother near the village of Wyeombe, loved and was beloved by a young farmer, whose croft adjoined her mother's little field. The young and happy pair looked forward to wedlock at no distant date, when, one evil day—a day too of sudden storm and rain—there came to the mother's door a wealthy suitor, who placed his money-bags and his station in rivalry against the youth and manly beauty of the favored swain. 'Twas Justice Parr, an aged but unrighteous Boaz, who had seen this poor Ruth gleaning in his wheat-field, and resolved to win her for his wife. The mother, tempted by the golden prospect, sent the old man to her daughter, who with simple earnestness told him the story of her love for the young farmer, and besought him to think of her no more. This would have melted many a heart; it hardened his; and pondering in his wicked brain, he hatched a scheme of revenge. Half hints of witchcraft in the town turned adrift so cunningly upon the breeze of gossip that none knew whence they came, began to make the timid pale. A child fell ill with a pining disease; and the maiden was known to have sat hours long by the bed of the flushed and tossing sufferer, soothing its fever and cooling its dry lips with a grateful acid. This alone was ground for suspicion; for most childish ailments were then ignorantly ascribed to witchcraft. Suspicion became certainty, when a witch-finder—not the infamous Hopkins, who flourished a year or two later, but a wretch of similar kind, brought to the village and fed with a good round sum by the relentless justice—discovered in the damsel indubitable marks of witchcraft. He said there was something superhuman in her beauty. (Had she been a hag of eighty he would have drawn the same conclusion from her ugliness.) She had a mole on the left cheek. Her mother kept a cat, which was known to wander abroad at night. Upon these and equally miserable pretexts, the poor girl was rudely seized and carried, shrieking, to the Witches' Lake, that she might there undergo the usual ordeal. With her thumbs and her great toes tied together, she was brought in a boat to the centre of a pool, and flung pitilessly in. A splash—a shriek or two, quenched in bubbling spasms—a troubling of the surface for some seconds, as if deadly strife was going on below—and then all was still. Her innocence was proved; but at what price! Next day the white garments and whiter face of the dead girl floated up amid the water-lilies, in whose trailing stalks her wet black hair was all entwined. The cords were loose—snapped in the struggle; but alas! too late! The equity of tragic sequence would seem to demand the instant death of Parr at her furious lover's hands: but—ah! for the weakness of humanity enthralled by superstition—that very lover, convinced of her guilt by the unanswerable reasoning of the witch-finder, stood among the crowd that saw her committed to the lake, and thanked Heaven for having delivered him from wedlock with a sorceress.—*From "Pictures of the Periods," by W. F. Collier, LL.D*

AN amusing instance of sharp practice occurred in one of the Newark justice courts the other afternoon. A suit was brought in trover for the recovery of a gold chain worth $60, which had been pledged for the return of a loan of $28, the lender having refused to give up the chain when the plaintiff was ready to redeem it. The plaintiff's lawyer had the article in question brought into court by way of evidence, and then requested him to state whether that was his property. The owner picked up the chain, looked at it, and declared it to be his. "Then," said the lawyer, "I would advise you to put it in your pocket." This being done, the lawyer remarked to the justice that as his client had recovered his property, further proceedings would be unnecessary, and the suit was accordingly discontinued.

IT is stated, by the Turkish correspondent of a Paris newspaper, that doctors having the care of cholera patients, at Alexandria, have tried a curious experiment, the object of which was to ascertain whether that disease is caused by the peculiar state of the air, as has been supposed. They sent up two balloons, one from a village, as yet untainted by the epidemic, and the other from Alexandria. A quarter of fresh beef was suspended to each balloon, which was allowed to float, for a certain time, in the air. On making these balloons descend, the meat which had floated over Alexandria was completely putrified, whereas that which had been suspended over the healthy village was perfectly fresh.

PIGEON RACE.—An extraordinary match of carrier-pigeons has recently taken place at Brussels. Not less than five hundred and thirty-eight of these winged messengers, which had been sent to Toulouse for the purpose, were released there to contend for prizes, amounting in number to eighty-two. The first pigeon arrived at Brussels in fourteen hours. The distance being three hundred leagues, it must have flown at the speed of twenty-two leagues an hour.

IT is stated, on excellent authority, that the sale of "Enoch Arden," up to the present time, has produced, to Mr. Tennyson, the sum of £11,500.

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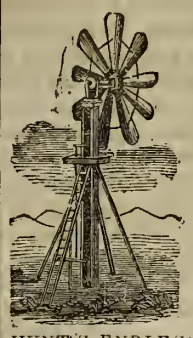

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INTERIOR ITEMS.

The editor of the Denver *Gazette*, F. G. Stanton, made a murderous assault upon Wm. N. Byers, of the *News*, recently, with a bludgeon. Stanton avers that he was insane at the time, but the statement is discredited by the citizens, who have visited upon the offender marks of their unqalified condemnation, in the withdrawal of patronage from the *Gazette*. A long and bitter controversy had been going on between the parties, in their respective newspapers.

An engineer named Stinzer was injured at the Mohawk quartz mine, Nevada, a few days since. He was oiling the machinery, when his coat sleeve was caught in the cogs. The workmeu were absent at dinner, the engine was running with only enough steam to pump the water. He put out his foot, stopped the engine, and was finally rescued with the loss of his arm.

It is estimated that within six miles of either side of the Mokelumne, there is not less than 1,000,000 cords of wood now standing which must find its market in San Francisco, leaving an equal or greater amount for home consumption. Bordering and accessible to the Mokelumne there are three hundred square miles of wood lands, containing, by careful estimate, not less than 5,000,000 cords.—*Marysville Appeal.*

Among the incidents of the late "target shoot" at Oroville, says the *Record*, was a race between two hundred men agrinst one hare. After the hare had made his escape, and the boys cooled off, Captain Winkley allowed "it wasn't much of a rabbit, nohow; and, moreover, his company was not organized for bushwhacking."

Under the appropriate head, says the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*, is announced the death of three little children, sons of Mr. William Roach, an old Pioneer, residing near Watsonville. We also learn that a little daughter died this week, with the same fatal disease—diptheria—and that another, and now the only child, is sick and not expected to recover.

A correspordent of the Nevada *Gazette* says that some fifteen or twenty men "jumped" the plaza at Summit City, Nevada county, Cal., (a new mining locality which is attracting considerable attention of late;) they enclosed the plaza with a fence during the night. In the morning the citizens pulled down the feuce; a row was the consequence.

The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* says: Among the seven or eight oil wells, now opened, or being bored, is the "Santa Cruz Petroleum Oil Works Company," yielding the pure rectified article, at the rate of seventy-five gallons per day, worth in this market $1 50 per gallon.

The Jackson *Ledger* says a large and apparently a rich lede of quartz was found a few days since in Ohio Hill, near Jackson. This locality wns once noted for its rich placer mines.

GAMBLING AT HOMBURG.

IS it Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, who says that every separate atom possesses in itself all the natural properties nnd forces of this agglomeration of atoms on which man sells and buys, marries, and makes his last will and testament? Well, Homburg is no more than an atom. A particle cohering to the totality of the great human system by the central attraction of civilization, exactly as a grain of sand gravitates to the earth's centre. And just as mites betray their existence, with all its fit couditions, upon the grain of sand, so is human society in all its phases, and under all its aspects, visible on the larger atom—Homburg. The evil aspects predominate; but so they would everywhere, if mortal intelligence could take cognizance of the doings and seemings of the whole human family. Homburg is a microcosm; Gulliver could see a vast deal more in Lilliput than he could in Brobdignag. Turn your eyes upon that group of people pressed one against the other to watch those two Frenchmen who are playing in concert at the roulette table. By the way, one of the players is he who was condemned the other day *par contumace*, as the absolutist tribunals in France call it, to several years' penal servitude for the most flagitious cheating at the Paris clubs. Well, within that group are to be found representatives of most of the classes into which nature, employment, or necessity has forced the flood of humauity to diverge. Can you recognize any of the spectators? No. You see that little man, so short that even on tiptoe he can scarcely look over the shoulders of those in front?—he with the green ribbon in his button hole. A beholder cannot remember what his face is like, because it is so difficult to get beyond his eyes. What a glance there is in those deep, dark optics: how unwinkingly they meet one—the windows of his brain whence his thought looks out: he is one of the great clocks of finance; when he strikes the money-mougers set their watches by him. He is great on the Danube—vast at Vienna, and has solved the problem of extracting riches from poverty—*entendu*, that of the Austrian exchequer. The man whose broad shoulders intercept his view spends a fortune in advertising a quack medicine; the advertisement sheet of every newspaper in Great Britain undergoes a course of his pills. Near him again, is an oddity; the old, old man in the brown coat with a cape to it. He was at the Duchess's ball at Brussels on that memorable summer night in —15. The British treasury has paid him half-pay for fifty years, which he has regularly lost at roulette; he spends his life in compiling systems of play, in the belief that the bank is to be broken by arithmetic. What a lovely face! that girl's who has just handed a florin to the croupier to stake for her. Where are we to find the blue with which her eyes are painted? So young, so beautiful, so innocent; for crime itself would be found not guilty if detected in such guise. Mercy upon us, what a sham the world is! She is Fraulein ——, *la sylphide des sylphides* of the ballet at Berlin, and that gentlemaa who has just arrested her hand in the act of passing another stake to the croupier is the Herzog von ——, her protector. The embryo Redpaths and Robsons of society are there too, looking with sickening heart at the rake of the croupier, pitilessly overtaking the gold diverted from its legitimate destination, and feeling the damp shade of the prison creeping over the glittering saloons—the "coming event casting its shadow before." Certainly it was not philanthropy which built the Casino in Homburg. The town itself possesses neither attraction nor interest. The neighborhood is charming, but far less so than the Valley of the Lahn, or the banks of the Neckar, and would not attract or retain the crowd of strangers that resorts to it but for the lure of the Casino. Of course it will be advanced by its defenders, that the benefit the town derives from the influx of visitors is nt once the motive and justification of the establishment, and that the insignificancy of the town, apart from it, adds cogency to the justification. The objections that suggest themselves to this theory are, the manifest incongruity of subsidizing the sovereign of a state enormously for permission to improve his dominions; the municipal regulations, prohibiting all participation of the subjects of the Landgrave in the pursuits of the Casino, and the oft-recurring enactments by which the Government finds it necessary to exercise pressure on the Direction, to wring from them their unwilling contributions towards the maintenance of the town.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A BUFFALO DRIVE.

MR. R. H. HOWSLEY, Secretary of the American Union Cattle Association, whose headquarters are at Leavenworth, Kansas, sends us the prospectus of the said Association for a grand "Buffalo Drive" upon the plains west of the Missouri river. The purpose of the Association is to go upon the plains with a party of a hundred and twenty men, to collect and herd for a while, and thus tame, not less than ten thousand buffaloes, which are to be subsequently driven to the States for a market. This is a very pretty plan, and we have no doubt of its feasibility, so far as the buffaloes and the "market" are concerned. The difficulty will probably be in the collecting, herding, taming, and driving to the States. Nevertheless, we are told that the plan has been maturing for six years, nnd is "believed to be perfect, promising certain success." We can believe this ourselves, if the plan is to herd a hundred and twenty calves, instead of "ten thousand buffaloes." Every volunteer of the one hundred and twenty is to pay to the Association two hundred dollars, by way of subscription, and to furnish his own horse, personal outfit, and arms. But then if the plan succeeds, and "fair calculations are realized," each two hundred dollars will draw of the net profits of the expedition three thousand dollars, besides the pay of the volunteer for the time he is out, expected to be from eighty to one hundred days, at the rate of three dollars per day, and a bonus of fifty dollars Now, this calculation of the net profits will be very satisfactory to those who believe that any net will hold ten thousand buffaloes, while they are being herded, tamed, and driven to the States for a market. To be sure, the $3.000 will only be payable if the plan succeeds; and though there is much virtue in an "if," there is also much of uncertainty and possible dissappointment. The prospectus contains an eloonent appeal to those "in declining health" "to turn out and take a Fall's recreation in the invigorating atmosphere of the Western prairies." This is all very well, so far as the invigoration is concerned; but as to the three thousand dollars dividend for herding, taming and driving ten thousand buffaloes, we think that it is an allurement which ought to be addressed to those "declining" in intellect as well as health. We happen to know several young men dyspeptic, and some consumptive in habit, who are quite shrewd; and we must say that, so far as these are concerned, the following sentence from the prospectus has failed to elicit any marked enthusiasm:

"A people that can crush a rebellion such as ours has been, can tame and drive buffalo in such a country as ours."

The only trouble with the above logic is that the "people" who crushed the rebellion are not going to be on the plains to tame the ten thousand buffaloes. That is to be done, according to the plan, by a hundred and twenty volunteers who shall pay two hundred dollars each, shall receive three dollars per day, for eighty or a hundred days' service, together with a bonus of fifty dollars, and a dividend out of the net profits of three thousand dollars each. Now, the rebellion was not crushed on any such favorable terms, and we are only surprised that the "Cattle Association," considering what it offers, did not get the hundred and twenty volunteers in Leavenworth alone, to say nothing of that part of Kansas which lies outside of that flourishing city.—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

ECCENTRICITIES OF GREAT MEN.

IT is a trite saying, that no man is a hero to his valet; and the greatest men that history records have had their little weaknesses, flattering to humanity, because proving them mortals and not demi-gods. Sir Walter Raleigh in his best days had a strong dash of dandyism. When he appeared at court he wore six thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in his shnes; his armor was solid silver, and his sword-hilt nnd baldric were studded with stones of incalculable value. Pass on, splendid shadow! The great philosopher, Descartes, had a passion for wigs, and Sir Richard Steel would sometimes spend forty guineas on a black peruke. Goldsmith's peach-colored coat is immortal. According to Samuel Johnson, Pope had such a high opinion of himself as to think he was one of the pivots of the system of the world. Napoleon I. prided himself on the smallness of his hands and feet. Sir Walter Scott was prouder of being sheriff of Selkirkshire than author of *Waverly*. Kotzebue was so vain and envious that he could not tolerate any celebrated personage near him, even when represented by a portrait or statue. Byron was vain to excess—vain of his genius, his rank, his misanthropy, and even his vices. Spinoza took particular delight in seeing spiders fight. The Count de Grammont once surprised Cardinal Richelieu jumping with his servaut to see which could leap highest. Salvator Rosa often played impromptu comedies, and traversed the streets of Rome as a mountebank. Antonio Magliabecchi, the famous librariau of the grand duke of Tuscany, was passionately fond of spiders, had his rooms filled with them, and allowed no one to disturb them. Moses Mendelssohn, surnamed the Jewish Socrates, sometimes sought relief from his meditations by sitting at the window and counting the tiles on the opposite roofs. Cowper bred rabbits and made bird cages. Doctor Johnson made an especial pet of his cat. Mind, the famous Swiss painter, always had a room full of cats, nnd one perched on his back when he was drawing. Goethe had a tame adder, but held dogs in aversion. Thompson's greatest delight was to saunter in his garden and eat ripe peaches off the trellises, with his hands in his pockets. Gray said he should like to pass his life on a sofa reading French novels. It is said that Oliver Cromwell sometimes laid aside his Puritanic gravity and played at blindman's buff with his attendants. One of the most innocent amusements of Charles II., of Englaud, was to stroll in St. James' Park, surrounded by a troop of those diminutive spaniels which bear his name, and feed the ducks. Beethoven loved to paddle in cold water, and carried his passion to such an extent, that the floor of his room was flooded, and the water would filter through to the lower stories. Sometimes, at morning and evening, he would scamper barefoot through the dewy grass of the meadows. Shelley was very fond of sailing paper boats. It is said that he came to the Serpentine river once, and having nothing in his pocket but a fifty pound note to make a boat, gave it at once the desired form, launched it on the stream, watched his venture with paternal anxiety, and finally ran around to the other shore to receive his money when it came to land. We might easily extend our list, but have said enough to prove the proposition with which we started.

Death Valley.—The Austin *Reveille* thus describes a singular valley lying some two hundred miles south of that place, and within the boundaries of this State Death Valley proper is, by report, one hundred and four feet below the level of the sea, forty-five miles long, fifteen wide, and is a vast salt marsh, with broad alkaline borders. It is approached by a pass over Mount Magruder, from which you descend some two thousand feet; there is no fresh water in the valley, all the springs, of which there are many, being strongly impregnated with alkali. It is broken by river beds running in every direction, and the whole surface of the valley is broken and rugged beyond description. In 1852, a party of emigrants encamped near the salt marsh, and suffered severely from want of water; such is the dryness of the climate that the wagon tracks are still distinctly discerned. An exploring party, who were there in January, 1865, found the heat intense, the thermometer standing even then at 90 deg. In midsummer it would be fatal to attempt to visit it. A table land projects into the valley, from which a full view of its terrors may be attained. When it is calm the atmosphere is so dense as to render respiration almost painful, and the winds that visit it are changeable and furious. They generally arise in the south-east, blow from that direction for a few hours, change suddenly to the opposite quarter and blow back, carrying with them immense crowds of dust and enveloping everything in darkness. A traveller, who witnessed several of them, represents them as terribly appalling, impressing the imagination with forebodings of direst evil.

A nice little bit of innocence occurred, recently, at an agricultural show at Cahors. The prize having been awarded to some sheep displaying splendid wool on their backs, the judge seized hold of one to mark it, when, to his surprise, the entire fleece came off, and it was discovered that it had been stuck on with wax!

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

VISIT Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

HOME MANUFACTURES.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

A DAINTY BRANCH OF ART.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

THE CONNECTICUT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $182,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $343,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Agents for California.

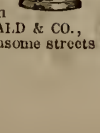
TRIMMINGS.—MRS. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!



We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
jc10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
NEW YORK.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery cor. Clay,
ja25-1f San Francisco.

RARE CHANCE

TO SECURE

DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deeds to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22 Room Nos. 2 and 6.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

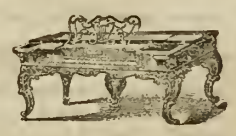
MRS. READ'S
NEW IMPROVED
Skirt Supporters and Chest *EXPANDERS,*

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.
All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

GREATEST TRIUMPH!



The "Bradbury" Piano

TOOK THE

FIRST PREMIUM

AT THE

MECHANICS' FAIR,

WHERE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MAKERS WERE IN COMPETITION.

This is nothing new for the

BRADBURY,

It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.

A. KOHLER, Music Dealer,
620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco,
se23-1m Sole Agent for the Pacific States.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET,*

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

75,000

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRENT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS

WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE

MECHANICS' FAIR

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,

TO

I. D. THOMPSON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

No. 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

---

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CET.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

OCTOBER 12, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON THURSDAY, - - - OCTOBER 12TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

ERICSSON,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR November 13th.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16-3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11.522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827.290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

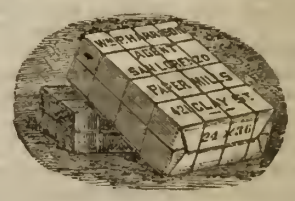
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1865:

OCT. 18th, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Bradbury.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cahiu Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE
OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 523 Washington street.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17 3m

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREET.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
an12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security do	do	do -	2,000,000
Phenix do	do	do -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
an29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. an5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

---

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf [FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP
SACRAMENTO.

CLOTHING BAZAAR,
431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
an12-3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

TRIAL IS THE BEST
AND
Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND
(200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD
Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

F. L. TILESTON, Agent,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,
se30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR
Furniture,
AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
se16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER & BAKER
CELEBRATED
ELASTIC STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.
BAKER'S

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16-2m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a82 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE

OF THE

SEWING MACHINES!

Campaign of 1865!

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED THE

FLORENCE!

AT THE

State Fair of California,

BY A COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF THE

BEST MECHANICAL TALENT OF THE STATE.

THE REPORT:

"FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—After a careful investigation of this NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, viewing it as we do in a mechanical point of view, we consider that it is in many respects worthy of much praise, particularly that portion of its mechanical arrangement by which the REVERSIBLE motion is obtained, which is simplicity itself, and in our opinion worthy of special consideration; also, the

COMPLETE AND POSITIVE CONTROL OVER THE TENSION,

as exhibited in this Machine, along with the mechanical arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of Machine,

FROM THE FINEST LACE TO FOUR THICKNESSES OF LEATHER.

"Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVED MACHINES NOW IN USE.

"We, therefore, in view of the above facts, award it the FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM.

THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR."

SAMUEL HILL,

GENERAL AGENT,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc7 SAN FRANCISCO.

A MOUNTAIN

REDUCED TO A

Very Small Molehill!

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM

AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR!

"TO MRS. JOHN HARDING,

FOR

SKILFUL EMBROIDERY,

A SILVER MEDAL."

(THAT WAS ALL)

The joke in the Chain Stitch Machine claiming a premium will be appreciated when it is understood that all the Sewing Machine Agents who exhibited, signed, at the urgent request of the Managers of the said Fair, a written agreement, precluding any of them from entering their machines or work for a premium.

LET NONE BE DECEIVED!

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

oc7 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, OCT. 7TH,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

The Scenic Drama of the

Workmen of San Francisco.

This Evening, October 7th,

D. E. BRANDMANN

Will appear in his great character of

SHYLOCK,

In Shakspeare's grat Tragic Play of

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE!

☞ Secure your seats. NO EXTRA CHARGE.

MONDAY EVENING, OCT. 9th,

MR. DANIEL E. BRANDMANN,

AS

Hamlet!

Tuesday Evening, October 10th,

M'LLE VESTVALI

Will appear in her great character of BIANCA, in

Fazio, or, The Italian Wife,

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats	$1 00
Parquet	1 00
Gallery	50 cents
Private Boxes,	$5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

LE DOYEN'S SARSAPARILLA

HAS DONE DEEDS OF MERCY TO SUFFERERS

of Chronic Diseases beyond

the aid or skill of Surgeons or Physicians. It has raised the invalid bowed down with despair. It has cured drendful cases of hereditary diseass and Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula swellings, eruptions, Eczuna, Erysipelas, Goitre, Nodes, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, weaknesses, flows, Irregularities, and all impurities of the blood.

LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
IODINE ALTERNATIVE
FOR
THE BLOOD.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,

se19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,

se30 3m San Francisco.

WE ARE NOW GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,

se30-1m No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES!

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, OCT. 7TH,

Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 7TH,

Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shann the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power.....Miss Belle Devine
Katy Welsh.....Miss Annie Yeamans

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOK-SELLERS,

Importers and Publishers,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO,

DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

BOOKS,

In Every Department of Literature,

EMBRACING

Standard, Miscellaneous,
Mining, Scientific,
Medical, Military,
Theological, Religious,
Juvenile, Toy Books,

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,

MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, ETC.

☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES,

WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,

BY

A. ROMAN & CO.

se2-tf

NOTICE TO FAMILIES!

WE CALL THE ATTENTION of housekeepers to our fine assortment of Provisions, Wines, Liquors, etc.:

PROVISIONS.

Coffee, roasted; Green Coffee, all kinds;
Pure Ground Coffee, Choice Teas, Cocoa,
Chocolate, Sugar, all kinds; Flour, Butter,
California Cheese, Italian Cheese, Syrup,
Lard, Barton & Gustier Oils, Olive Oil,
Possel Fils, Spice of all kinds, Pickles,
Pepper, Pepper-sauce, Mustard, all kinds,
Oysters, Lobsters, Pie Fruits, Pine Apples,
Spanish Olives, Fruits au Juis, Brandy Fruits,
Honey, Citron, Peaches, fresh and dry,
Dried Apples, Beans, all kinds, Codfish,
Corn and Oatmeal, Hams and Bacon,
Chile Negro, Maccaroni, all kinds; Farina,
Figs, Jams and Jellies, Raisins, Mackerel,
Yeast powders, Crackers, all kinds;
Coal Oil, Castor Oil, Washing Blue,
Rice, Sardines, Starch, Washing-soda,
Soap, Candles, Clothes Pins and Lines,
Shoe Blacking, Brooms and Brushes, Baskets,
Pails and Cans, Tubs and Wringer,
Carpet Tacks, Almonds, Nuts, etc.

WINES AND LIQUORS FOR FAMILY USE.

Otard, Dupuy & Co.'s Cognac,
L. Delprat & Co.'s Cognac, Old Tom,
Sazerac Brandy, Cognac Pellevoisin,
American Brandy, Scotch Whisky,
Bourbon Whisky, Magnolia Whisky,
Holland Gin, Segars and Tobacco,
Rum, Ale and Porter, in Bottles.

B. SBARBORO & BRO.,

Importers and Dealers in Provisions, Liquors and Family Wines, No. 531 Washington street, Below Montgomery, next door below the "Examiner" Office, San Francisco. (Brick building.) oc7

NEW DRESS GOODS!

TAAFFE & CO.

HAVE THIS DAY PURCHASED AT THE GREAT

Auction Sale,

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF GOODS,

WHICH THEY WILL OFFER AT RETAIL,

ON

MONDAY, - - - OCTOBER 9th,

AT FROM

25 to 50 Per Cent. Less than

COST OF IMPORTATION:

600 pieces good French Merinos, all colors, at 75c. per yard;
300 pieces Super French Merinos, $1 per yd;
200 pcs Extra Sup. Fr. Merinos, $1 25 pr yd;
1200 pieces Elegant Dress Goods, in Plaid, Chene, Striped and Plain, from 25c. to $2 per yard;
1400 yards "Ponson's" super Black Silk, at $1 75 per yard;
2000 yards "Bischoff's" super Black Silk, at $2 per yard;
3000 yards "Bonnett's" super Black Silk, at $2 50 per yard;
5000 yards Extra super Black Silk, from $3 to $8 per yard.

ALSO,

500 Elegant Silk Robes, from $20 to $100 each;
200 Foulard Dresses, at $10.

ALSO

Plaid, Striped, Chine and Brocade Silks.

HOTEL AND HOUSE KEEPERS

ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE OUR

IMMENSE STOCK OF

Linen Goods,

CONSISTING OF

SUPERIOR TABLE DAMASKS,
TABLE CLOTHS, TOWELS,
NAPKINS, DOYLIES,
LINEN SHEETINGS,

Shirting Linens, from 35 cents to $1 25 per yard;
1000 Linen Shirts, at $3 50—worth $5;
5000 dozen Undergarments for Ladies and Children;
5000 dozen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs.

All of which will be offered at

Great Bargains.

TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET.

oc7 UNDER LICK HOUSE.

AN INVITATION.

AIR—*"Wait for the Wagon."*

Oh if you want to look genteel,
As you must do, I suppose,
Come and go right down with me
To where I get my clothes—
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post

His jackets are the nicest
That ever you have seen;
Of every shade, from violet
To blue, and black, and green,
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

They're cut in the latest fashion
And fit so trim and neat,
That only just to look at them
Is a pleasure and a treat:
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

If you buy his clothes and wear them,
You are sure to be well dressed;
And my father says he wonders
How cheap they sell the best
At C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

So go and bring the boys here,
For I want them all to know,
When they buy their Sunday jackets,
The cheapest place to go
Is, C. A. FLETCHER'S,
Montgomery street, corner of Post.

se9-1m

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE CALIFORNIAN will of course be full of earthquakes this week. We had such a splendid description of the Mattole earthqnake last week, that we scarcely like to say anything about the San Francisco earthquake. We carefully looked out for the "protruding eyes" mentioned by the *Alta's* correspondent, and after an examination of some scores of people, we came to the conclusion that earthqnakes do not affect San Franciscans in the same manner that they affect Mattolians. They weren't palsied, and their eyes didn't protrude. Every one stopped shaking as soon as the earthquake did. The Mattole quaker says: "The heavy weight of my inclination broke my pen upon the paper." The heavy weight of our inclination on Sunday last, made us break and run. We, like the Mattole man, had a tendency to weaken; we yielded to it; we weakened, and, in fact, felt very weak-kneed for fully three seconds. On the whole, we didn't like it. All the daily papers have been engaged ever since Sunday in propping up the city and the faith of the inhabitants with columns of statistics shewing that, though a man may be killed by an earthquake, the chances are greatly in favor of his escaping. The man who won't take the odds offered by the *Bulletin*, has no speculation in his eyes. This is all very well as far as it goes, but it is not enough. This sort of thing must he put a stop to, if for no other reason than that it interrupts the children in the public schools while they are at their lessons. We, like the Mattole man, are just beginning to recover our senses again, and the most profitable use to which we can put them is to hit upon a scheme by which the city of San Francisco can be insured against the recurrence of earthqunkes. We have it. It is pretty generally admitted that earthquakes are caused by something in the earth's inside that ought to come out. We must perform an operation on Mother Earth—"cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart"—we must bring the disease to the surface or it will be the death of her. Let a company he incorporated immediately to sink a shaft into Mount Diablo; if this shaft is only sunk deep enough there is no doubt that the borers will, in course of time, strike fire, an erruption will be produced, and poor old Mother Earth will feel easier in her inside. It is the healing up of that old sore that gives her all this trouble. Mount Hood gives her some ease at present, but that is not near enough. We might perhaps run a tunnel through the base and lay down a railroad which would act as a seton and ullay the inflamution, but the best way will he to re-open the old crater and bore down until fire is struck; there is a probability of striking oil before fire is reached, which would repay the stockholders in this company for their investment. The chief object, however, is to put a stop to earthquakes. The next one will probably not he so considerate as the last, which came on Sunday that it might not interfere with business, and will very likely cause more inconvenience. We sincerely trust that this little matter will be attended to before any more damage is done to brick buildings in this city.

GENERAL HOWARD is reported to have given the following toast at a dinner party: "The Maine Law—The True Beverage of a Soldier." How the Maine Law can he the true beverage of a soldier is a puzzle. General Howard said: "I am from the State of Maine. I don't go back on my State." Perhaps, it is better to be in the State of Maine than in a state of intoxication; but we are sorry that the General cannot plead intoxication as an excuse for calling the Maine Law "a beverage."

ECHO was a very respectable young lady, and though, when she wasted away to nothing, she, like a true woman, would not give up her right to have the last word, we do not wish her to be libelled. Echo doesn't talk half the nonsense which is attributed to her. A paragraph, under the title, "What the Echo Answers," is going the rounds of the press, which makes Echo out a perfect fool. Here is a specimen:

"What must he done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write."

This is about as false a statement as could be made. The conductor of a newspaper had better write as little as possible. The most successful conductors of newspapers have been those who have never written a line for the press. Again:

"What would be a blind man's greatest delight?—Light."

Now, what use would light be to a blind man? If a man is blind, he cannot see light, and is therefore just as happy in the dark. Here is a query which any decently-grammatical Echo would scorn to answer in the style in which this unhappy, libelled Echo is said to reply:

"Who commits the greatest abominations?—Nations."

Nations *commits* the greatest abominations; *does* they? If Echo answered us in such a fashion as that, we would immediately cease our inquiries in disgust. We think the wretch who tormented poor Echo by the above insane questions, and half a dozen more of the same description, might have had the decency to make amends by asking the question, "Ought a drunken fool, who babbles to echoes, to give his old rye up?" that Echo might at length have the satisfaction of answering: "Dry up!"

A COMMUNICATION, signed "Many," appears in the *Call*, asking that paper the origin of the word "Fenian." The *Call* replies in a long rigmarole of nonsense about one Fion McCumhall, King of Leinster, but does not answer the inquiry of "Many." We have great pleasure in giving the true origin of the term "Fenian." We utterly ignore the authenticity of *Mooney's History of Ireland*, in which the *Call* has so much faith; we draw our information from one of the ancient Irish bards—which of them we refuse to state, lest the *Call* should be as wise as we are. Mr. Mooney is correct in his statement that "Fion, the renowned General-in-Chief of the Irish Militia, was a son of Cumhall and Muria," but why did he omit to say that the mother of Fion has given her name to an important chemical combination, muriatic acid being named after Muria, whose disposition was slightly acid. But this has nothing to do with the origin of the word "Fenian." The old bard, from whom we obtain our information, relates that Shamus an Poltaugh, the first king of Donnegal, fell in love with a mermaid, and, in spite of the opposition offered by St. Patrick, was married to her. The offspring of this marriage was a boy, who resembled other human beings in every respect, save that a fin extended the entire length of his dorsal column, and, in consequence of this dorsal fin, his youthful companions nicknamed him the "Finny-un." When enraged, the young Catha na Dioul, as he was named by his father, would erect his dorsal fin, and from this action first originated the phrase, "getting one's back up." As, one thousand years ago, the youthful Celts exclaimed: "The Finny-un 's got his back up again," so do we at the present day say: "There's the Fenian got his back up."

THE Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* goes into ecstacies over Bierstadt's picture of Mount Hood. It says it is not so sensational as his last work. That is because Bierstadt was in too much of a hurry. Why couldn't he wait until Mount Hood was in a state of eruption, and have thrown a little warmth into his picture. We hope some one has had consideration enough to telegraph to him to alter Mount Hood to suit the present time. He saw Mount Hood like a quiet old lady, with a snowy white cap on, tied with beautiful green ribbons. He ought to see it now with its cap thrown off, a regular red-headed roarer. Mount Hood of to-day, with its revolutionary *bonnet rouge*, is very different from Bierstadt's Mount Hood. Let him for truth's sake alter his picture, which he painted before he knew that this demure, white-capped mountain *avait sa tete si pres du bonnet*. The *Gazette* says Bierstadt's fame may rest on Mount Hood; let it not be founded on a false (Mount) Hood.

THE following advertisement appears in an evening paper:

THE GENTLEMAN who, about 18 months ago, received $150 from the old widow living on North Beach, will please leave his card, addressed to Mrs. B., at this office, as she has moved away and forgotten his name and business place.

We should like to become acquainted with "the old widow living on North Beach." B stands for benevolence in this case most decidedly. Are there many old widows who would lend a gentleman $150, and actually forget his name? We sincerely trust that, for the sake of other gentlemen who may be in want of $150—and there are such—that the old widow at North Beach will not have cause to regret the confidence she reposed in the gentleman whose name and place of business she has forgotten.

WE clip the following extraordinary paragraph from an exchange:

"The *tenor*, Schnorr, died in Germany a short time ago. He was the only living *tenor* who could successfully interpret the music of the future."

Could he always interpret the music of the future? Dead tenors we may trust take part in the music of the future. How easily we could have understood a statement that he was the only living tenor who could successfully interpret the music of sleep—we could have fully realized that the music of sleep would be most successfully interpreted by a Schnorr. For fear of the Gold Hill *News* attempting to teach us, we may remark that Richard Wagner, the composer of *Tannhauser*, is the originator of the phrase, "the music of the future" which he used concerning his own music to express his conviction that it was a little ahead of anything else. The music of his last opera, *Tristan and Isolde* is especially the music of the future, and Wagner said that no one but Schnorr could sing it. Schnorr accomplished the feat, but it killed him; the overwork and vexation which singing Wagner's music of the future caused him, resulted in his departing this present life for the future state, where we may hope he, with the heavenly choir, is singing sweeter music than mortal ears have heard.

WE have heard of a number of curious coincidences arising out of the occurrence of the earthquake on Sunday last. Almost every one has some curious thing to tell about it. Jones was just thinking of earthquakes when he felt the first vibration; Smith was reading the *Last Days of Pompeii* when he felt the shock; and just at that moment Mount Hood must have been in a state of eruption—extraordinary coincidence, wasn't it?—and, if Sunday and Monday had been the last days of San Francisco, it would have been more so; Robinson was just at that moment talking about the Shakers, and arguing that they were humbugs, when the earthquake began—queer, wasn't it? Perhaps, the most extraordinary thing was that no less than three hundred persons were, at the moment the vibration commenced, engaged in reading the remarks on the Mattole earthquake, in last week's MOUSE-TRAP. There is nothing strange in the fact that three hundred persons, or even three thousand, were reading the MOUSE-TRAP, but it did seem strange that they should all be reading that bit about the earthquake. We are sorry to say that twenty-five young ladies who ought to know better, declared that they believed the earthquake was "a judgment on that horrid, wicked MOUSE TRAP man for making fun of the Mattole earthquake, and saying that that dear Doctor Scudder, who is *so* nice, wanted earthquakes to come as missionaries to soften obdurate hearts." This has shocked us even more than the earthquake, particularly as the young ladies were all good-looking. From the bottom of our heart we pity them and regret their want of charity. *We* knew there was an earthquake coming, and we wrote that article just to get people a little prepared beforehand and prevent nice young ladies from being frightened by it.

THE New York *Leader* is really a very creditable paper. If its original matter is not very brilliant, it displays admirable taste in its selections. The *Leader* is a little worried about the MOUSE-TRAP, which, it says, is "full of feeblenesses." It, in the kindest manner, took out six little batches of feeblenesses, some little time ago, and, for fear of injuring the MOUSE-TRAP, published them as *Leader* editorial paragraphs. This was, indeed, kind; we thanked the *Leader* for its consideration, and this ungrateful paper sneers at us in return for our feebleness. Is the noble instinct of gratitude to be accounted a weakness! If so, it is a weakness which we glory in. We take this opportunity of renewing the assurances of our distinguished regard and esteem for the *Leader*, and again in all sincerity assure it that we shall be happy to help it along by allowing it to take as many "feeblenesses" as it pleases from the MOUSE-TRAP, provided it will not tell where it got them from.

POOR old *Mrs. Grundy* is dead. The dear old creature could not keep alive on water gruel, and she had conscientious scruples against taking a dram, and determined to avoid spirit. The publishers, in their valedictory, say that, if they had only succeeded in keeping *Mrs. Grundy* alive, they would have established a new era in the Comic Literature of America. Heaven be praised that they were prevented, if the first numbers of *Mrs. Grundy* contained the new patent American fun. San Francisco publishes the comic paper of the United States. Little PUCK is now nearly a year old; he was always a lively little sprite, and grows stronger every month. He has not yet cut all his teeth, but he has another wisdom tooth or two coming. *Mrs. Grundy* was mortal, and she died. PUCK is immortal; PUCK's alive!

WE wonder what the following, which we clip from an exchange, means:

"'No sardines admitted,' is one of the common hotel notices in the Pennsylvania oil region."

Why object to sardines in oil?

TREM.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN PARIS.

IN 18—, before I had taken my degree at Oxford, and before by my uncle's death I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to find that ——, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time, I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover. ——— had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Dessin. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment.

The quaint costumes, the new cookery, the ponderous diligences—but I won't trouble you with a diluted road-book. I do not wish to give you my crude ideas on the state of society and the aspects of the buildings in France, but the history of one night in Paris. We reached that city, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. It was my delight to stop to sketch some tawny old market-woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in a church, and have still somewhere a portfolio full of corbels and screens and cornices, marked St Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note. ——— grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the incongruity of our tastes, political feeling tended to keep us apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. The friends who were most pleased with ———, and with whom ——— was most pleased, though by birth entitled to hold their heads as high as any of the blue-blooded inhabitants of Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance—so they regarded the transaction—to the court of the Citizen King.

An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took me under her especial protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag, to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognizing the position of an usurpation as detestable as it would be ephemeral. I confess that I cared very little whether the older or younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the assemblies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled.

But I grew to like Madame de ——, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow-traveller. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen ——— for several days, We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"

"To call on Madame de ——."

"What! still the legitimist marquise! Shall we dine together?"

"By all means. Meet me here at six."

——— agreed, and so we parted. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backwards and forwards on the white stone house-fronts, the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breatheable in the atmosphere. The stones of the streets were hot to the tread. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I know of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. You have seen them often, of course. The water was mounting and falling with its musical plash in the shallow basin, wherein two little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed bonne, were swimming their toy-boats.

More children and more nurses were playing among the orange trees. Two or three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were other uniforms wanting to give color to the picture. The tri-colored bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer snuffy-brown coat walked by: he had on green spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. You wonder how I remember all this? You have no idea how idellibly the scene is stamped on my memory. It was the first time. But you must hear all in order. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, fancying now Napoleon pinching some honored ear, or the longed-for Louis dozing over his favorite Horace in that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing "fine by degrees" in the narrowing vista of trees.

Then I thought of Madame de ——— and my visit; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head? What is it that seems to weigh it down? Is it the sun and the heat? I never felt anything like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain! It was hardly pain. Perhaps the sensation cannot be described to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from a violent headache for some days, but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have less life in me; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all.

My senses remained to me, but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the paroxysm; my eyesight was slightly dimmed.

Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all.

All this I tell you at this point, for at the moment of my attack I seemed thoroughly aware of my condition. One thing only excepted. For ten minutes, as I should imagine, I sat wondering at what had befallen me. Then I bethought me of calling for help. There were a score of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry, but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck, but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no sweat on my brow. Was this death? No; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me, and all my impressions were mundane. The life of Paris was moving round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless.

Then there flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of cataleptic seizure, in which my grandfather's name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned; the guest who had made casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions about the letters which I had received from my mother immediately before my departure from England, expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, led me to the opinion that my family must be cursed by some fearful hereditary evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me.

"I am very anxious," she had written, "about your journey. Of course, you will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion? Do I know him? I know that you like society, my dear boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more melancholy. Pray let me know if you are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of your tour."

All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. I felt horror and alarm, of a vague and indefinite kind, but I also felt intense curiosity. What would befall me? How long should I sit in those Tuileries gardens? Would the fit soon leave me?

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the main alley of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly drooped on my breast, my legs were crossed. There was nothing in my attitude to attract attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible terminations to my adventure. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel; doctors would be sent for; I should learn what was the matter, and I should probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel!

They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, containing letters addressed á Monsieur ——, Hotel de ——. Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not feel. Suppose the pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat? What other means of identification would remain? A seal with a coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it who I was, or where I lived? I should, of course, be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they—ha! what was that?

"Qu'est ce que tu fais donc, petit méchant! Demande pardon a ce monsieur que tu as —"

It was the bonne who spoke. Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. He knocked one leg off the other, and the shock threw me into a posture so obtrusively unnatural, that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu! Il est mort!"

No, I am not dead, I thought, but I am very glad that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few moments I was the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gendarmes shouldered their way through the starers. They lifted me up, and laid me along the bench. I felt—no, I did not feel; I was aware that I was quite stiff. One of them put his hand on my breast, and held it there awhile.

"Son cœur ne bat plus."

"Tatez donc son pouls."

"Il n'y pas de mouvement. Il a bien l'air d'être mort."

"Pauvre jenne homme! Il a été passablement beau!"

(This from the bonne.)

"Il a été!"

It smote very sadly on my ears, that past tense.

"Eloignez-vous donc!" cried one of the officials.

The little group of bystanders fell back some paces, and a search was commenced in my pockets for some name and address. I was excited by the thought of this search. You see how difficult it is for me to express myself. I cannot say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker;" there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

"Voyons: qu'est ce qu'il possede, le joli garçon? Il est assez chic!"

"Un monchoir. Un chiffre au coin. Un portecigare. Rien dedans. C'est dommage."

"C'est une montre de priz. Mais n'y a-t-il pas de portefeuille?"

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank; at least I felt as though my heart ought to have sunk. I cannot tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little duller. Not by any means lost: only a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the meanwhile a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh, that I could have spoken! Oh, for the power to say but one word!

We passed out of the garden; I could not be sure in what direction. By the noise of traffic I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped; a door was opened and shut, and the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the worst of my troubles must end.

They will send for a doctor; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify its most painful symptoms, or, perhaps, release me from it altogether. From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation, which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gendarmes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several more. And with them—yes, there was no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician; he would tell these blunderers that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfrequently the case with disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address? That is droll. Ah! it is already six hours! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour! Poor young man! Close his eye-lids, Louis; they have an expression quite living. Monsieur will permit me to sign the proces-verbal without delay? Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor. And then an authoritative voice said:

"Vous le porterez la bas tout de suite, Louis."

A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realize the awful horror of my position. Officially declared to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the enjoyment of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. My past actions rose in quick succession in my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to anybody. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that lie that I had told at school! and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know what had become of me. And ——, he would be waiting to dine with me.

Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to find me? Perhaps I might yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I should be buried. I tried to pray. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Yet through all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now—knowing the circumstances in which I was placed—I should suppose it might have been. From my apathy or hope, my mind was very calm, and I was very curi-

ous. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*la bas*" mean? The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I need hardly say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I was lifted again. The sounds of the street fell on my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for some ten or fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not laid decently, as if I had been in the office of the gendarmes, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? Was I not officially dead?

But what was this? I felt rough pecks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for the coffin? I thought now that all was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have suffered. I waited, still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as any one can be conscious of what he does not see, and wondering what would happen next. I was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. A faint and sickly stench immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an inclined surface, my head somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. Was this the grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? Oh, God! to what should I awake!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be——the thought flashed across me in an instant. How came it that I had not thought of it before? That of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *la bas* of the gendarme. I was in the *morgue!*

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. To be buried alive was my great dread. That fate was certainly postponed. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for some time I lay congratulating myself on the renewed probability of my safety. I should be here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my body showed no signs of decomposition. Possibly —— would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a re-action. This horrible place that I was in! and I bound hand and foot as tightly as Lazarus in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint-fetid stench telling me of my—hideous thought!—of my companions. I was not alone. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the maimed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine: for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the morgue. How close was I to that loathesome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

Filled with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. It was better to lie there impotent as I was. If I could only sleep; if I only could escape from that unconsciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewnat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could feel—that I could speak? I hardly wished the surmise to be true, as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on my aching forehead. The limb obeyed the volition.

You will perhaps understand me me when I say that, though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the idea sprang up in my brain of using all my force to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I then muttered several articulate words. My tongue obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head was less. The shivering had altogether ceased. Still I was affected by a strange weariness—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought; up, and save yourself! I slowly opened my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through a skylight over my head, and by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me it shimmered on panes of glass. Through these, as I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or metal, like the slabs in a fishmonger's shop. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull gleam on something that had once been the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little more deadly than I did myself. It was lying next to my own couch; and I could clearly see the fair and gentle features of a well looking lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, drowned, in all likelihood, in the river that ran behind me. His face showed few or no signs of a violent death. A slight abrasion on his cheek-bone was all the disfigurement. His close-cropped curly hair looked full of life, and his lips were almost smiling. The other body was as far removed from me as the size of the room would permit. I could just see a mass of discolored flesh. The moon seemed to make a kind of foul halo over its misshapen outline. The stench of the dead smote my nostrils again, and I turned to the wall with a shudder. I looked behind me. There all the clothes of the dead were hanging, waiting the recognition of the interested, or the criticisms and jests of the inquisitive. I now rose, and, groping among my own, partly dressed myself with as little delay as possible, for I was bitterly cold. But I did this with no little difficulty; I was very weak. Now, I thought, is there any one near me who will hear me cry out? The work-people will probably be soon going out to their labor; or, perhaps, some gendarme is left to watch in the precincts of this place. What time was it, exactly? I wondered. I felt for my watch in my pockets, but it was not to be found. Then I tried the door; locked tight; the windows; fast too. Here my strength failed me. I tried to knock on the panes of glass, but I felt myself sinking to the ground. I tried to call aloud, but my cry was very feeble. After this, I remember nothing more of the night. Worn out with pain and anxiety, utterly exhausted by the attack to which I had been subjected, I became totally insensible.

When I came to myself again it was broad daylight. I found myself lying crouched up in a corner of the room. I lifted my eyes for a moment to the bodies of the two occupied slabs, with a strange fancy that they, too, might have been shut up alive. The corpse of the youth was just as it had been in the night, lying as if asleep. And the other? How should that be again a receptacle of life? Bronzed and swollen, it was a loathsome sight to see. For an instant I said, "It is the body of a negro." It was no negro; it had not that black skin in life. And a sight like that is the attraction for a crowd every day. But I was in no condition to indulge in reflections on others; I was too weak to think for myself. I lay still, huddled in the corner, waiting.

At last a key rattled in a lock. The functionary in charge of the establishment opened a door, not the door of the part of the room in which were the bodies, but a door opening into the little passage behind the windows. I could see him through the panes of glass proceeding along the passage, but he did not turn his head. I made as loud a cry as my strength would allow. He was just disappearing through the farther room, when he suddenly turned and looked through the glass. Under any other circumstances, I should have smiled at the man's expression of ludicrous perplexity. His eyes opened to their utmost extent, and he nervously twisted his finger in an end of his moustache. I beckoned feebly with my hand. In another minute he was by my side.

"Mon Dieu! On ne sait jamais ce qui pet arriver! Cependant il a encore bien l'air d'étre un cadavre. Filons au moins de cette diable d'odeur."

Muttering these words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the morgue. I have never seen my one night's lodging since.

Now I was able to tell where I could be taken. And now the worst of my troubles were over; but the fit left lasting and severe effects. I was not able to leave my room for a fortnight, and during that time only very gradually recovered my shattered strength.

Assured by my physicians that I was in no vital danger, I did not distress my mother by informing her of my condition. But as soon as I was strong enough to travel I left Paris, and travelled as rapidly as was possible to our northern home. My mother was terribly agitated when she saw that I had been ill; more so than was explicable by the mere fact of my having suffered from a malady which had both come and gone.

On hearing my narrative of all that had befallen me she wept passionately, and accused herself as the cause of much of my suffering, inasmuch as she "had not told me before." I then learned that the fearful disease to which I had fallen a victim was hereditary in its visitations—that it never slumbered for more than a generation. If it spared a father, it was almost certain to fall upon one of his sons. My father had passed through life with no personal experience of the family curse, dying when I was about nine years old. My uncle was equally fortunate. My grandfather was seized at intervals of time varying from two to four years, being smitten first when about twenty years of age. The great uncle of my grandfather, there was little doubt, had been buried alive in Paris, sojourning there as part of the suite of the hapless Queen Henrietta Maria. I was, as you know, the last of my line. My poor mother, who had learned the family secret from my father on his death-bed, knew that, unless the curse had died out, I should be in the natural order of things, its next victim. She was divided between her sense of the obligation she was under to inform me of my danger, and so enable me to take proper precautions to meet it, and her desire to spare me the pain of anticipation of so great a calamity. When I had passed the age of twenty-one in security, she had hoped that I might be spared. She was, nevertheless, ever anxious concerning me; and you can understand the apprehensions that were roused by my announcement of my intended journey to Paris.

You will understand, also, why I have never travelled alone. At the time I tell you this (I am just thirty-five) I have been attacked altogether eight times by a cataleptic fit, similar to that which I have described to you.

You may be sure that since the first time I have taken precautions which have saved me from more than the necessary suffering. In my earliest youth I was never very wild or thoughtless; but the solemn experiences of the hours of the night of my sojourn in the morgue made, as you will believe, no light impression on me. I was brought palpably in contact with my own death, and the lesson was better than fifty sermons. But I will spare you my moralizings. I have never married, and I never shall. And ——, the man who was with me in Paris? He was just coming out of our hotel as I drove up in the morning in a fiacre, supported by a gendarme, and some doctor employed by the police.

"My dear fellow!" he said. (Poor ——! he went to the bar, but died only two years ago. I seem to see him now pulling on his gloves in his cool way.) "My dear fellow! where the deuce have you been? I have had such a jolly little dinner at the 'Trois Freres,' after waiting an hour for you, by-the-by. Where have you slept? Anywhere?"

"In the Morgue."

He had to hear the story from the doctor, for I was too weak to talk.

Imitating an Emperor.—The following anecdote exhibits the late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that wit and presence of mind might afford:

Some years ago, there was a very celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg, named Martinoff. He had the most extraordinary powers of imitation, and was so great a favorite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of Hamlet to his players, to "speak no more than is set down for them." The emperor had a high-chamberlain, or person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his imperial majesty.

On his liberation, Martinoff went to pay his respects as usual; and the emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied.

"Well," said the emperor, "if you never did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do so if you choose."

This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for falling short of or overdoing the character. Still the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck the actor; and, drawing himself up, he assumed the exact bearing and manner of the emperor, and in a voice which made every one present start, said:

"Poloffsky! give Martinoff [himself] a thousand silver roubles!"

"Stop," said the emperor; "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive; give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you ever dare to mimic me here or elsewhere."

It is, of course, unnecessary to say, Martinoff was too glad to pocket the money, and escape so well.

Arthur is a real Union boy, but not at all religiously inclined, so that his mamma often has great difficulty in getting him to pray understandingly. One evening, after much persuasion, he knelt to repeat his usual prayer, but rendered with a slight variation: "Now I lay me down to sleep, shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

[For the Californian.]

SEEING BANDMANN.

THE subject of this communication is, "Bandmann in the character of 'Shylock,'" as rendered by him at Maguire's Opera House.

Dropping in at this place of theatrical entertainment on last Friday evening, I was lucky enough to secure an eligible seat in that portion of the parquette called the orchestra seats—eligible, I say, for seeing, hearing, and smelling vile scents.

I had arrived thirty or forty minutes previous to the commencement of the performance, which was in this instance music by the band-men.

The house was comparatively empty of an audience when I took my seat, being a general condition to be found when one goes early to a play—invariably so when the great majority of play-goers secure reserved seats. There is a great deal of satisfaction in feeling that you have a seat reserved—that it is there sure, vacant—waiting for you to fill it at any time previous to the falling of the curtain on the first act. Under the care of the lynx eyed "gentlemanly conductor," it is as secure as the hat you have on your head. Then, too, you feel that you needn't hurry yourself off to the theatre and have to wait so long before the play commences; for this thing of waiting is such an infernal bore. What a thrill of self-congratulation and gratified pride there is about it; coming in with your Matilda Jane on your arm—she gotten up in the highest style of theatrical-going costume; rats and mice in her hair; huge beheaded, bespangled beaver-tail sticking out behind from under her duck of a bonnet—coming in just as some very interesting period of the play is holding the hushed audience in painful attentiveness—creating so much, to yourself, delightful noise and confusion in getting to your seats with the Matilda Jane aforesaid, she making her heavy skirts rustle and rattle like shattered, small thunder, that every one in your vicinity, feeling so terribly annoyed, wish that you and your Matilda Jane with her rats, mice, bespangled beaver-tail, and rustling, rattling skirts were all to Hades. But what need you care? You've secured your seat in advance, paid for it plump, and are going to have it if it should annoy the devil himself in your getting to it! Talk about rights! An audience have no rights that a would-be-important personage is bound to respect. What's it people's business when or how you come in? Money has been paid—there!—that settles the matter. Matilda Jane too, feels so complaceat by having created a slight sensation and drawn attention, frowning and ridiculing though it be, to her rats, mice, and beaver-tail sticking out behind from under her bonnet; and you both settle back into that oblivion which is the fate of annoying, would be-important people after their annoyance ceases. During this interruption to the harmonious feelings of your neighbors, the *players* on the stage have gone on with their parts, utterly regardless of your arrival. Do not flatter yourselves that you have created any sensation there; but remember that some beautiful parts of a scene have been marred or entirely lost to some of the audience, for which they, too, had paid their money to come to see and hear.

When one who has in him something of an observing nature takes a seat in that terribly odoriferous region of Maguire's Opera House styled the "orchestra seats," long before the curtain is to rise, naturally begins to watch the incoming people; to scrutinize and criticize; to talk mentally with himself; to make remarks and laugh or sneer, as the case may be. Anything to beguile the tedious minutes.

Some such thoughts like those, about reserved seats, passed through my mind; then, as the audience came pouring in, it struck me that the German element prevailed to an extent above all other. Of course, they came to see Bandmann; Bandmann (of whom, as "Shylock," I will have something to say by and by) was a German. Would not the Germans turn out to see a German play sooner than to see any other man not a German? Is it not natural that Germans prefer to patronize Germans exclusively, when they get a chance? Are not, in fact, all the different foreign populations in America inclined to be clannish in their actions and feelings? Bandmann draws the Germans; *Arrah na Pogue* the Irish; *Shylock* the Jews; Vestvali, for aught I know to the contrary, if she draws anything, the French; and, with the fair sprinkling of Americans thrown in—who go to theatres and concerts quite upon the cosmopolitan principle of not caring a continental to what nationality the attractive play, or histrion, may belong, so it's a good egg—the managers make a good thing of it; large audiences are captured, the exchequer kept replenished, and the wherewithal to shine away with supplied. Bully for the Thespian art; but bullion for the art that manages the Thespian art itself.

The house fills faster with the preponderating German element, who come to feast their eyes and ears with Bandmann in the character of "Shylock," (about which I am soon going to speak.) This, where I am sitting, is styled the orchestra seats. It is supposed to be a good place to sit in during a play. Is it? ha! I paid a dollar for the privilege of sniffing and snuffing the vile effluvia of evaporated and evaporating tobacco juice, mingled with the fœtid exhalations from hundreds of human lungs, compounded with escaped gas and the insufferable cry of the apple and peanut boy, "happles, peaches hand pears." The seats are hard and uncomfortable, lined with coarse, dingy carpeting; and anything else but what they should be for the price paid for the privilege of suffering in them. One with a strong stomach and a nature oblivious to the influences of refinement and elegant odors, may be very able after all to survive an infliction of orchestra seat once or twice; but I doubt the result of five or six trials on one even of the coarse and unrefined style. And then, too, they seat women—just think of it!—they seat women—ladies—delicate, delicious ladies—in that infernal sink of a place, on the plea that there is no room in the boxes, and leave them to imagine that a great act of kindness has been done them. It ought to be reformed; and Mr. Maguire should do it. But, if you wait till this needed reform is accomplished, you will, perhaps, never see Bandmann in the character of "Shylock," (which I am going to speak about presently.)

There is the peep-hole in the green baize curtain—the curtain that shuts out the mysteries of the mimic world from the wild desire to see and explore, until the proper moment comes, when the tinkling of a little bell shall signal its rising. How often has a manager taken a peep through the hole in the curtain, and had his heart filled with the conflicting emotions of doubt or despair, joy or satisfaction, as he may have viewed his auditorium filling or filled up with troops of enthusiastic and appreciative people, or the long rows of empty benches, with an occasional person here and there, sitting languidly, and looking and feeling sheepishly, for the lack of company. In the former case, how gay and brilliant everything is; in the latter, how gloomy and dispiriting! I can see the glitter of an eye at that peep-hole now. I wonder what the possessor of that eye remarks, as it notes the rapid filling up of the seats, from gallery to parquette, inclusive of this fœtid arrangement, called the orchestra seats?

Might one not imagine the possessor of that eye to be a super who is costumed already for the enaction of the business of one of the Duke's understrappers at the trial of Antonio. How enthusiastic he feels! what wild delight he experiences at the glorious sight! If the truth were known, there is but little difference between the manifestation of interest by a manager or his supers at the sight of a fair or full house, or an empty one. A super never likes to play his small part—heavy enough to him, though God wot—to a "beggarly account of empty beaches," any more than the manager likes to play *him*.

The appearance of several musicians followed by their leader, Reiff, put an end to all my cogitations and thought-wanderings. Reiff has his orchestra well under the command of his baton or fiddle-bow. They discoursed some excellent music. Reiff understands how to harmonize the cornet with the snare-drum, the squeaking fiddles with the big double bass, so as to make it all sound pleasant. Next to seeing Bandmann in the character of "Shylock"—about which I will yet have something particular to say—is the music as made by Reiff and his orchestral accompaniments, assisted by the time-markers in the audience, to whom, after the first tune was finished, he made his acknowledgments, returning his sincere thanks in a neat, mental speech. Would it be out of place to remark that if Manager Maguire has placed a first rate Bandmann on his stage, he has also placed a tip top Band-man in the leadership of his orchestra?

The curtain at last rose on the *Merchant of Venice*; at least, the Merchant came on the scene before it went down again. How glorious sounded the language of Shakspeare, once more, after one has listened to so much of the sensational trash that for the time has been all the rage. It will be lucky for us, if a Shakspeareau revival can be successfully inaugurated and sustained. Shakspeare is your only wear, after all.

The play went off well. The actors were up in their parts, and, though some slight changes for the better might have been made, yet, taken as a whole, it was very well. I have, in my time, seen the court scene more highly wrought. The Juke, though, "did his level best; and the fellows in red caps and red robes, with white capes spotted all over with black, looked and acted the sleepy *dig* to perfection, giving an orchestral-seated spectator the idea that, long before the final judgment was rendered, in fact, before the proceedings in the case were fully entered on at all, they had made up their minds that the Jew had a losing suit of it as against Antonio, having been told so by Portia at the very first rehearsal. The spectators, ranged in a row in a gallery above the noble Juke's head—alternating male and female supernumerary—were quiet and well disposed, exhibiting no sympathy with either plaintiff or defendant, and indulging in no demonstrations of applause, as spectators in a San Francisco court might, and very probably would, have done, at the speech of Portia, about mercy, etc.

However, Antonio, released from his bond; the Jew at last escaping, being eaten entirely by the insatiable Gratiano (Thayer,) who acted toward him as ferociously as if he counted it nothing to swallow Jews, bones, beard and all, as easily as he would a Bank Exchange cocktail, the curtain fell, letting me out—jammed, by the way, considerably among the German element—into the pure fresh air of Heaven—be praised. By the way, that was a neat joke told on the German who, overhearing some one speak about a "Rebellion in Heaven," having reference to the Panorama, of course, said: "Oh, dat won't last lonk; Onkle Abe is dere."

On coming to read this over, I find I haven't said a word about "Bandmann in the character of 'Shylock.'" Indeed, I would have liked to say something, but I fear I have already encroached upon too much space.

PLAY-GOER.

JOSEPH C. NEAL, author of *Charcoal Sketches*, says: "If the faculties were in equipoise, we should never fall. We are to a certain extent rope-dancers here below, and there is truth in the Mohammedan supposition, that we cross the gulf on a bridge finer than a hair. Any internal force, therefore, in excess or deficiency swerves us from the right line, and we run the risk of being infringed upon as an adverse catastrophical circumstance, having the melancholy preferment of serving to point a moral or adorn a tale. Our vices are our virtues running to riot and pushing into the extreme. All human impulses are good in subordination and in their place. It is their morbid unwholesome condition which makes our trouble. There is no sinfulness in thirst, if the proper means are used to quench it; nor is ambition unholy, if it only seeks honorable and useful distinction among men. Acquisitiveness is derided, but a subdued acquisitiveness is necessary if we would not be a burden to our friends and subject old age to the degradation of being a charge upon the public purse. Even Anger, the combativeness and destructiveness of modern definition, notwithstanding the views of a certain prim personage, we conclude, is essential to our being, (a defensive means,) and that the oppressor may fear to set his heavy foot upon us. It is ridiculous to suppose that the Creator has implanted such a principle within, only to have it stifled at its birth. On the contrary, it was given to aid the first law of nature. Every brute beast resents instinctively the aggressiveness of a foe, and what parent would not be exasperated at the destruction of its offspring? We are, in short, good people enough in the constituents of our individuality. All the materials are respectable in themselves: it is the quantity of each which causes the disturbance. Too much courage makes the bully—too little shrinks into the coward. A modicum of self-esteem induces us to scorn meanness; with too large a share, our pride becomes an insult and an outrage. The love of approval gives amiability to our deportment, but it may run into frisking vanity and ambling affectation. Happy, in the words of another, are they whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that they can move with a steady step, and have no need of pensive analysis to learn why they stumble."

PHOTOGRAPHY ON WOOD.—The most recent improvement in photographic art, says the *Home Journal*, is the one to which we are about to call attention, and which has lately been invented in England. It is transferring a photograph to wood with the same facility as it can be transferred to any other material surface, and is thus described: "The new application is patented, and, as we have seen several specimens of the photography, not only on wood, but on canvas, silk, glass, and ivory, we can fully attest the excellence of the application, and can readily imagine the number of objects to which it can be successfully applied. The new field opened by this discovery is, indeed, almost unlimited. Furniture, for instance, the sideboards, tables, cabinets, and panels of which are, at present, plain, can now be artistically decorated with pictures of flowers, statuary, or portraits, which will be as enduring as though they were laid on by the painter's brush; and, for house decoration generally, it may be both economically and ornamentally applied. Several attempts, we believe, have, at various times, been made to adapt photography to wood engravings, but they have hitherto failed, in consequence of the coating with which the boxwood has been covered to receive the photographic impressions, having sealed off under the engraver's knife. The defect has now, however, been remedied, and greater accuracy is, by the new process, obtained, and at a saving, too, of fully three hundred per cent. over the system ordinarily adopted. Indeed, the photographs on wood, by this new process, cost about as many shillings as a drawing by hand, on the same surface, costs guineas. The transparent photographs, upon opal and other glass, are exceedingly beautiful and artistic, and, for internal lights—such as lamps, or for church windows—their effect is highly attractive. Upon close examination, the process would appear not to be a mere surface deposit, but rather an incorporation with the material upon which it is impressed. It is indelibly fixed in the pyres of the wood, which will bear being washed and rubbed without receiving the slightest injury."

A MONTANA correspondent of the Marysville *Express* reports the killing of J. O. Maxwell, formerly of Sacramento and Yolo, by highwaymen, September 3d. Jerry Conkey was hung by a mob on suspicion of being one of his murderers.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have left their bookstore on the corner of Washington and School streets, in Boston—long and pleasantly known as "the old corner"—and have occupied a new and magnificent building on Tremont street, opposite Boston common. The Boston papers describe the new establishment at great length, and in enthusiastic terms. Mention is made of its parlor for literary reunions, entitled the "Authors' Room," which is to be supplied with the current literature of the day, and—according to one report—"is destined to be famous in literary history as the centre of a brilliant coterie of men and women of genius—a drawing room where they shall hold their kindly meetings and be free to come and go as in their own parlors.

Henry Alford's *Poetical Works*, in complete form, have just been published in London. A collection of Alford's poems was published in this country many years ago, dedicated to Longfellow. Alford is Dean of Canterbury. His poems are thoughtful, and extremely delicate in sentiment, and they deserve to be better known than they now are.

Edward Irving's works are being published. The fifth volume is just out. Irving was one of the noblest men that have ever lived. As a clergyman, he preached the doctrines of the Second Advent. Many persons called him "daft." "He was not daft," said Carlyle, remarking on the great preacher's apparent effort actually to see God with human eyes; "he was dazed."

Dante is to be again commemorated by a Festival—this time at Dresden, on the 14th of September. Professor Karl Witte, of Halle; Wegele, of Werzburg; Mussassia, of Vienna, and Bahr, of Dresden, are the chief movers in the affair. They contemplate establishing, at Dresden, a Dante Library and a Dante periodical, and publishing a critical edition of Dante's smaller works.

The French Academy—of which an ample and very entertaining account is given in Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, contains forty chairs. Among its members there are five octogenarians, ten septuagenarians, and thirteen sexagenarians. M. Viennet is the oldest, born in 1777, M. Paradol is the youngest, aged 36 years.

Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, returns to his diocese at the Cape of Good Hope. All efforts to oust him have proved unavailing. His income having been withheld, proceedings to obtain it have been commenced in chancery. Meanwhile a purse of upwards of 3,000 guineas has been raised by subscription in England and presented to the Bishop, to enable him to resume his duties.

Trubner & Co., of London, announce a book that may chance to prove very valuable, in the event of the spread of cholera to England and the United States. It is entitled *Diarrhœa and Cholera, their Origin, Proximate Causes, and Cures through the Agency of the Nervous System, by means of Ice*, and is the work of John Chapman, M. D., M. R. C. P.

Thackeray's copyrights have been purchased by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. of London, who will henceforth be the publishers of his works in England. The same firm has secured the right to publish all the works hitherto brought out by Wilkie Collins.

M. Emile de Girardin's new play, *The Two Sisters*, was "damned," at the Vaudeville, Paris, on its first night by a specially invited audience of critics. At its second representation, however, before a miscellaneous audience, it was completely successful.

Mrs. Boswell, wife of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was annoyed that the Doctor should possess so much influence over her husband. "I have often known bears led by men," she said, "but this is the first time I ever heard of a man led by a bear."

Dr. Wellesley, of Oxford University, suggests, in a work entitled *Stray Notes on the Text of Shakspeare*, that the perplexing word *oneyers*, in the first part of *Henry IV.* be altered to *mayors*.

Alexandre Dumas' *Hamlet* has been played at one of the lesser theatres in Paris. A French "Hamlet" must be a very ludicrous personage.

George Augustus Sala has written a book on Algiers, which is presently to be published in London, under the title of "A Trip to Barbary, by a Roundabout Route."

John Foster, editor of the London *Examiner*, will shortly publish the *Life, Journals, and Letters of Jonathan Swift.*

[*N. Y. Review.*

A writer in the *American Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush: "The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, to the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The blush loses nothing by the explanation.

The resumption of the Oregon daily mail, from Lincoln, California, to Portland, Oregon, which has been suspended the last month, is announced.

ARTEMUS WARD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

New York near Fifth Avenoo Hotel, Org. 31ct.

Dr. Sir: Yrs. into which you ask me to send you sum leadiu incidents iu my life so you can write my Bogfry for the papers, cum dooly to hand. I have no doubt that a article onto my life, grammattyeally jerked and properly punktooated, would be a additiou to the chaos literatoor of the day.

To the yooth of Ameriky it would be vallyble as showin how high a pinnykle of fame a man can reach who commenst his career with a small canvas tent and a pea-green ox, which he rubbed it off while scratchin hisself agin the center pole, cansin in Rahway, N. J., a discriminating mob to say humbugs would not go dowu in them village. The ox resoom'd agricultooral pursoots shortly afterwards.

I next tried my hand at givin Blind-man concerts, appearin as the poor blind-man myself. But the inlamous cuss who I hired to lead me round towns in the day time to excite sympathy, drank freely of a spiritoous licker unbeknownst to me one day, & while under them influoance he led me into the canal. I had to either tear the green bandige from my eyes or be drownded. I tho't I'd restore my eyesight.

In writin about these things, Mr. Editor, kinder smooth 'em over. Speak of 'em as eccentricities of gen'us.

My next ventur would hev bin a success if I hadn't tried to do too much. I got up a series of wax figgers, and among others one of Socrates. I tho't a wax figger of old Soek would be poplar with eddycated people, but unfortnitely I put a Brown linen duster and a U. S. Army regulation cap on him, which peple with classycal eddycations said it was a farce. This enterprise was unfortnit in other respecks At a certin town I advertised a wax figger of the Hon'ble Amos Perkins, who was a Railroad President, a great person in them parts. But it appeared I had shown the same figger for a Pirut named Gibbs in that town the previs season, which created a intense tumoolt, & the audience remarked "shame unto me," and other statements of the same similarness. I tried to molify 'em. I told them that any family possessin' children might have my she tiger to play with half a day, & wouldn't charge 'em a cent, but alars! it was of no avail.

I was forced to leave, and I infer from an article in the Advertiser of that town, in which the Editor says, "Altho' time has silvered this man's hed with its frosts, he still brazenly wallows in infamy. Still are his snakes stuffed and wax werks unreliable. We are glad that he has concluded to never revisit our town, altho' incredible as it may appear, the fellow reely did contemplate so doing last summer; when still true to the craven instincts of his black heart, he wrote the hireling knaves of the obscure journal across the street to know what they would charge for 400 small bills, to be done on yellow paper! We shall recur to this matter again."

I say, I infer from this article that a prejudiss still exists agin me in that town,

I will not speak of my once being in straitened circumstances in a sertin town, and of my endeavorin' to accommulate welth by lettin' myself to Sabbath school pic-nies, to sing ballads adapted to the understandins of little children accompanyin myself on a clarionett—which I forgot where I was one day, singin instead of "Oh, how pleasant to be a little child,"

Rip, snap—set 'em up again,
Right in the middle of a three-cent pie,

which mistake, added to the fact that I couldn't play onto the clarionett except making it howl dismal, broke up the pic-nic, and children said in voices choked with sobs and emotions where was their home and where was their Pa? and I said be quiet dear children, I am your Pa, which made a young woman with two twins by her side say very angrily, "Good heavens forbid you should ever be the Pa of any of these innocent ones unless it is much desirable for them to expire igmininyously up on to a murderer's gallus!"

I say I will not speak of this. Let it be Berrid into Oblivyon.

In your article, Mr. Editor, please tell 'em what sort of a man I am.

If you see fit to kriticise my Show speak your mind freely. I do not object to kriticism. Tell the public, in a candid and graceful article, that my Show abounds in moral and startlin curiositics, any one of whom is wuth dubble the prices of admission.

I hav thus far spoke of myself exceloosively as a exhibiter.

I was born in the State of Maine of parents. As a infant I attracted a great deal of attention. The nabers would stand over my cradle for hours and say, "How bright that little face looks! How much it noes!" The young ladies would carry me round in their arms, saying I was a muzzer's bezzy darlin and a sweety 'eety ittle ting. I was nice, tho' I wasn't old enuff to properly appreciate it. I'm a helthy old darlin' now.

I have allers sustained a good moral character. I was never a railroad director in my life.

Altho' in early life I did not invably confine myself to truth in my small bills, I hav bin gradooally growin respectabler and respectabler ev'ry year. I luv my children, and never mistake another man's wife for my own. I'm not a member of any meetin house, but firmly b'leeve in meetin houses, and shouldn't feel safe to take a dose of laudnum and lay down in the street of a village that hadn't any, with a thousand dollars in my vest pocket.

My temperament is bilious, altho' I don't owe a dollar in the world.

I am a early riser, my wife is a Presbytcrian. I may add that I am also bald-headed. I keep two cows.

I liv in Baldinsville, Indiany. My next door nabor is Old Steve Billins. I'll tell you a little story about Old Steve that will make you larf. He jined the Church last Spring, and the minister said, "You must go home now, Brother Billins, and erect a family altar in your house," whereupon the egrejis old ass went home and built a regl'ar Pulpit in his settin room. He had the jiners in his house over four days.

I am 56 (56) years of age. Time, with its relentless seythe, is ever busy. The Old Sexton gathers them in, he gathers them in! I keep a pig this year.

I don't think of anything more, Mr. Edit'r.

If you should giv' my portrait in connection with my Bogfry, please have me engraved in a languishin' attitood, leaning on a marble pillar, leavin my baek hair as it is now.

Trooly yours, Artemus Ward.

THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.

The cause which produces the earthquake shock, and the manner in which it is communicated over vast distances in short time, have been variously explained. Slight impulses sometimes produce perceptible movements in what appears to be solid and fixed. Thus, at Greenwich observatory, the shutting of the outer gate has so jarred the transit telescope as to throw the star to which it pointed out of the field of view. The effect of the jarring of dams by the fall of water is also felt miles off. Various agents are well known to be at work in the interior of the earth, producing chemical changes, which are often attended with violent movements. By such forces immense columns of lava are lifted up in the craters of volcanoes, and stones of vast size are ejected. One mass of rock thrown from Cotopaxi, a distance of eight or nine miles, was estimated to contain about 100 cubic yards of matter, consequently weighing over 200 tons. It has been suggested that many of the gases which are evolved from volcanoes may, under the immense pressure to which they are subjected in the interior, exist in a liquid or solid form, and that by a considerable increase of heat these are made to assume the gaseous form, and, in doing this, display an elastic power which no superincumbent mass can resist. It has been found that when powder is exploded in rocks, a shock is communicated to distances varying with the quantity fired and the quality of the rock as to elasticity; and the rate of progress of this impulse has been observed to be from about 1,000 to 1,700 feet per second. Many instances have been recorded of the velocity of the earthquake shock, ascertained by noting the time at which chronometers at different localities have been stopped by it, and this has been found to vary from 1,000 to 5,000 feet per second. The movement in both these cases is, no doubt, of analagous character, though accompanied in the earthquake by a vastly increased display of force. Mr. R. Mallet, who has recounted these and other observations in his valuable essay on the dynamics of earthquakes, defines their efficient cause to be 'a wave of elastic compression, produced either by the sudden flexure and constraint of the elastic materials forming a portion of the earth's crust, or by the sudden relief of this contraint by withdrawal of the force, or by their giving way and becoming fractured.' When, as frequently is the case, the shock originates beneath the ocean, its effect is transmitted first in the wave of sound, which, rushing forward through the rocky crust of the earth at the rate of 8,000 to 10,000 feet per second, gives notice by its rumbling of the vibrating motion that is following behind. The great sea wave generated by the same movement, advances still more slowly than the vibration transmitted through the rocky strata, but at last pours in upon the land, its effects modified by the contour of the coasts and the depth of the waters through which it has passed. Lastly, may come the atmospheric agitation and the sound of the outbreak, transmitted through the air. The vibrating movement imparted to the solid strata is the chief agency in the disastrous effects of earthquakes. Its rate of progress must vary with the varying elasticity of the rocks, and a greatly increased shock must consequently be experienced in the passage of the wave from soft alluvial strata into the hard crystaline rocks, or *vice versa*. It was on this line of junction of the two formations that the most disastrous effects were experienced in the great earthquake in Calabria in 1783. It is by such an elastic wave, moving forward and suddenly back again, that Mr. Mallet explains the curious effects which have been observed in the twisting movement given to the blocks which form portions of columns, as if the upper stones had been partially turned round on the lower. Such effects were noticed by Darwin in the cathedral at Concepcion, and others of the same nature are described as having occurred to two obelisks in a convent in Calabria. The effect has also been referred to a vorticose or whirling motion, and by others to a rotary movement caused by the crossing of two waves of horizontal vibration. The Profs. Rogers 'attribute the movement to an actual pulsation engendered in the molten matter itself by a linear disruption under enormous tension, giving vent explosively to elastic vapors, escaping either to the surface or into cavernous spaces beneath.' By others the movement had previously been ascribed to elastic vapors, passing between the strata or between the crust and the fluid lava beneath it.—*American Encyclopedia.*

[For the Californian.]

COMPENSATION.

WHAT if my tender roots may haply coil
In a deep mellow soil,
Wherein is found no weed
That killeth all things with its harmful greed,
But only there is nourished mine own reed,
To rear its slender crest
In every delicate hue of richest blossom dressed?

If in the sunny mazes of my leaves
The crafty spider weaves—
Or in my fairest bloom
Some worm hath climbed, where in delicious gloom
It lies and fattens in its honeyed tomb—
What shall it profit me,
The outward show so fair, the prize I seem to be?

Still, I may 'scape the worm, the spider's net;
No cursed blight may set
Its dangerous touch anew
Upon my frailest buds, in vile mildew;
My faded flowers the Autumn winds may strew;
But, after all the strife,
If I have borne no fruit, or seed, what use was life?

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

[For the Californian.]

THE MISTLETOE.

(*VISCUM ALBA.*)

"NOT far away, for ages past hath stood
An old, inviolated, sacred wood,
Whose gloomy boughs, thick interwoven, made
A chilly, cheerless, everlasting shade:
There barbarous priests some dreadful power adore,
And Instrate every tree with human gore;
The pious worshipers approach not near,
But shun their gods, and kneel with distant fear."

FROM time immemorial, trees—either standing apart in solitary majesty or congregated in groves and forests—have been consecrated to the solemnities of religion. "Paradise itself," says Evelyn, "was but a kind of nemorous temple planted by God himself, and given to man." This appropriation of them to sacred purposes may be traced even in the patriarchal ages. Abraham, we are told, "planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the everlasting God." It was in a bush—or, as some commentators render it, a grove—that the Angel of the Lord appeared to Moses," in the wilderness of Mount Sinai;" and when the same glorious being visited Gideon, "he came and sat under an oak."

Trees have been solemnized by funeral obseqnies. When "Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak, and the name of it was called Allonbachuth, which signifies, oak of weeping." The bones of Saul and his sons had also a similar place of sepulture.

Such was the sanctity of trees and groves in the earlier ages of the world; and such it continues still in many places. Nor can we wonder at it, for their shadowy recesses seem made for meditation.

"Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove of wildest, largest growth;
These are the haunts of meditation—these
The scenes where ancient bards the inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt, and, from this world retired,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms
On gracious errands bent."

If we cast our eye through the depths of time, travelling from the east to the west, we shall find all nations—the Israelites, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Grecians, the Romans—each had their sacred groves, over which certain deities presided, whence oracles spake, and where priests and priestesses officiated, till at last we arrive in Britain, and find the Druid performing his horrid rites under the oak. The Mistletoe, having no attachment to earth, it was considered of celestial origin, and it was held in the greatest veneration by the Druids, and, indeed, most of the northern nations. The poet says:

"There, where the spreading consecrated boughs
Fed the suge mistletoe, the *holy* Druids
Lay wrapt in moral musings."

The utmost solemnity was used in the gathering of it; it took place always at the close of the year, when the moon was just six days old. Two white bulls, which had never felt the yoke, were fastened by their horns to the fortunate oak whereon the mistletoe had been discovered; a priest, clad in a white vesture, then ascended the tree and detached the plant with a golden hook or bill, whilst others stood ready to receive it in a white woolen cloth. This done, they were prepared to offer the best of their flocks and herds in sacrifice, "mumbling many orisons, and praying devoutly that it would please God to bless this gift of his to the good and benefit of all those to whom he had vouchsafed to give it." Water in which it had been steeped, they considered a panacea for diseases of every description, hence the name they gave it—"All-Heal."

Many are the fables attached to this really singular plant; and it must be owned that its peculiar habits, the obscure mode of its propagation, etc., might almost countenance the superstitious regard in which it was held in the dark ages, when ignorance and credulity reigned paramount over the human mind. The horrors with which it was associated in the bloody and cruel rites of Druidism have probably obtained for it, in the following quotation from Shakespeare, "a local habitation and a name" by no means enviable:

"A barren and detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though Summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;
Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven."

This plant is extensively used in holiday decorations in many parts of England and also on the Continent. It is found growing luxuriantly on the oak and other kinds of trees in this vicinity.

IRIS.

THOREAU ON COATS.

[In "Letters by H. D. Thoreau," occurs the following characteristic epistle:]

CONCORD, January 21, 1864.

MR. B——: My coat is at last done, and my mother and sister allow that I am *so far* in a condition to go abroad. I feel as if I had gone abroad the moment I put it on. It is, as usual, a production strange to me, the wearer, invented by some Count D'Orsay, and the maker of it was not acquainted with any of my real depressions or elevations. He only measured a peg to hang it on, and might have made the loop big enough to go over my head. It requires a not quite innocent indifference, not to say insolence, to wear it. Ah! the process by which we get our coats is not what it should be. Though the Church declares it righteous, and its priest pardons me, my own good genius tells me that it is hasty, and coarse, and false. I expect a time when, or rather an integrity by which a man will get his coat as honestly and as perfectly fitting as a tree its bark. Now, our garments are typical of our conformity to the ways of the world, *i. e.* of the devil, and to some extent react on us and poison us, like that shirt which Hercules put on.

I think to come and see you next week, on Monday, if nothing hinders. I have just returned from court at Cambridge, whither I was called as a witness, having surveyed a water-privilege, about which there is a dispute, since you were here.

Ah! what foreign countries there are, greater in extent than the United States or Russia, and with no more souls to a square mile, stretching away on every side from every human being, with whom you have no sympathy. Their humanity affects me as simply monstrous. Rocks, earth, brute beasts, comparatively, are not so strange to me. When I sit in the parlors and kitchens of some with whom my business brings me—I was going to say in contact—(business, like misery, makes strange bedfellows,) I feel a sort of awe, and as forlorn as if I were cast away on a desolate shore. I think of Riley's narrative and his sufferings. You, who soared like a merlin with your mate through the realms of ether, in the presence of the unlike, drop at once to earth, a mere amorphous squab, divested of your air-inflated pinions. (By the way, excuse this writing, for I am using the stub of the last feather I chance to possess.) You travel on, however, through this dark and desert world; you see in the distance an intelligent and sympathizing lineament; stars come forth in the dark, and oases appear in the desert.

But (to return to the subject of coats,) we are well-nigh smothered under yet more fatal coats, which do not fit us, our whole lives. Consider the cloak that our employment or station is; how rarely men treat each other for what in their true and naked characters they are; how we use and tolerate pretension; how the judge is clothed with dignity which does not belong to him, and the trembling witness with humility that does not belong to him, and the criminal, perchance, with shame or impudence which no more belong to him. It does not matter so much, then, what is the fashion of the cloak with which we cloak these cloaks. Change the coat; put the judge in the criminal-box, and the criminal on the bench, and you might think that you had changed the men.

No doubt, the thinnest of all cloaks is conscious deception or lies; it is sleazy and frays out; it is not close-woven like cloth; but its meshes are a coarse net-work. A man can afford to lie only at the intersection of the threads; but truth puts in the filling, and makes a consistent stuff.

I mean merely to suggest how much the station affects the demeanor and self-respectability of the parties, and that the difference between the judge's coat of cloth and the criminal's is insignificant, compared with, or only partially significant of, the difference between the coats which their respective stations permit them to wear. What airs the judge may put on over his coat which the criminal may not! The judge's opinion (*sententia*) of the criminal *sentences* him, and is read by the clerk of the court, and published to the world, and executed by the sheriff; but the criminal's opinion of the judge has the weight of a sentence, and is published and executed only in the supreme court of the universe—a court not of common pleas. How much juster is the one than the other? Men are continually *sentencing* each other; but, whether we be judges or criminals, the sentence is ineffectual unless we continue ourselves.

I am glad to hear that I do not always limit your vision when you work this way; that you sometimes see the light through me; that I am here and there windows, and not all dead wall. Might not the community sometimes petition a man to remove himself as a nuisance, a darkener of the day, a too large mote?

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

WHEN the Sultan Shah Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he goes so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The pet of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room—
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice,
Creams and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmance quinces,
Limes and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air!
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again—but, alas! that rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.

Then at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairyland,
And to the low voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full brown bosoms. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes;
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her:
That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan!

Now, when I see an extra light,
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.

A NONSENSICAL IDEA.—We Americans have, of late years, more especially on the Pacific Coast, fallen into the ridiculous habit of tacking the word "city" on the tail end of the names given to a large proportion of the little towns that are started, it makes no odds where or what may be their present or future prospects. Why this is done has never been satisfactorily explained that we ever knew of, but so it goes. The notion is simply a nuisance, and should be discarded by every sensible individual in naming a town. When Virginia was in its "tadpole" days, so to speak, it had "city" hitched on to its name by way of tail, but now that it has grown to be a big frog, as it were, the tail is dropped off, and it has become plain "Virginia:" nothing more, and a real city at that. Carson City, Silver City, Washoe City, Ophir City, and other "cities" that we could mention, are all encumbered with that confounded tail. Over in Excelsior, too, the first town laid out was called "Summit City," and now they have just named another "Enterprise City." We shall expect to hear of "Fordyce City," or "Ho, Joe!" City next. Seriously, though, this idea of burdening every little scrub town that is started with the extra and inconvenient attatchment of "city," is simply a burlesque and popular humbug that all people of good taste should carefully avoid.—*Nevada Union.*

JULIUS CÆSAR'S letter—"I came, I saw, I conquered"—has been admired for nearly two thousand years for its terseness. A hypercritic, however, says it is rather verbose. The words, "I saw" are quite superfluous. Indeed, "I came" are wholly unnecessary. "I conquered" would tell the whole story.

A LITTLE GIRL was once troubled by some loud peals of thunder, when she said, very determinedly: "*When I get to heaven I'll* STOP *that noise!*"

THE WAY I MADE MY FORTUNE.

THREE of us were sitting in a small room, and complaining of the hardships of our destiny.

"Without money we can do nothing," said George; "were I to hit upon a speculation that would have done honor to a Rothschild, coming from a pauper like myself, no one would think it worth attending to."

"I," said Albert, "have actually finished a work which would establish my reputation as an author, if I could only find a bookseller to buy it."

"*I* have petitioned my employer for an increase of salary," I exclaimed, anxious to contribute to the chorus of lamentation: "and he told me that for forty louis a year he could get more clerks than he wanted."

"It would not so much matter," said George, thoughtfully, "if, besides being poor, we did not seem poor. Could one of us only be thought rich—"

"What is the use of the shadow without the substance?" I asked.

"Of every use," said Albert. "I agree with George—the shadow sometimes makes the substance. The next best thing to capital is credit."

"Especially," returned George, "the credit of having a good fortune. Have none of us a rich uncle in India?"

"A cousin of mine went to Jamaica or Martinique, I forget which," I said innocently; "and he never came back."

"Capital! that is all one requires," exclaimed George; "we will conjure up this cousin of yours—or could we not kill him? Yes; James Méran, of Martinique, deceased, leaving a sugar plantation, a hundred negroes, and a fortune of a hundred thousand louis, to his well-beloved cousin, Louis Méran."

We laughed at the joke, and I thought no more of it; but George and Albert—slightly excited by the fumes of a bowl of punch which I had sent for to do honor to the testator—lost no time in concocting and afterwards publishing a full account, in the local newspaper, of the fortune that had been left me.

The next day, sundry friends dropped in to compliment me. Of course I endeavored to undeceive them, but they would not take a denial. In vain I assured them it was a hoax; it was of no use. Several people remembered my cousin James very well, and had seen him at Nantes before he embarked in 1789. Among others came my tailor, to whom I owed a small sum which it was not quite convenient for me to pay at that moment. No doubt the rumor of my cousin's decease had sharpened his memory. I wished my two friends at a place that shall be nameless.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayer: I suppose you are come for those fifty francs?"

"I hope, sir, you don't think I came for such a trifle as that. No, sir; I came to take your orders for a suit of mourning."

"A suit of mourning?"

"Yes, sir; cousin's mourning. Dark bronze frock, for morning wear, black trousers and waistcoat."

"At the present moment, Mr. Mayer—"

"I hope, sir, I have done nothing to forfeit your patronage?"

"But, I repeat, I have received no money at all."

"I hope, sir, you won't mention such a thing; there is no sort of hurry," exclaimed the tailor; who busily employed himself in taking my measure with slips of paper.

After all, my wardrobe did want some additions, and I said nothing more.

"My dear sir," said the next visitor, "I have a very great favor to request of you, Buy my house. You are very rich; you must be on the lookout for safe and lucrative investments. Sixty thousand francs are nothing for you—a mere fraction of your income. With me the case is different. I thought Mr. Felix had made up his mind to purchase the premises, and now I hear he has changed his intention. What is to become of me? I have heavy demands to meet, and I don't know where the money is to come from."

"I buy your house? Why, it would be madness to think of such a thing."

"Madness? no such thing; you could not find a better investment anywhere. In two years, with trifling repairs, it will be worth double its present value; you will never see such a good opportunity again. Say 'done,' and I'm off."

And he was off, without leaving me time to put in a word. Two hours after, in walked Mr. Felix, evidently not in the best of tempers.

"Really, sir," he began, "you have taken me quite by surprise. That house is indispensable to me; I reckoned on it as if it were mine, and only offered fifty thousand francs because the owner is embarrassed, and I felt sure that he would be obliged to take them. With you, sir, the case is different; so I come to ask if you will let me have it for seventy-five thousand francs."

Fifteen thousand francs, dropping all at once into the lap of a poor fellow who had to work hard to gain eight hundred francs in a year! I could hardly believe my ears.

"I cannot give you an answer just now, sir," I said; "but if you will take the trouble to call again at five, I'll see what I can do."

At a quarter to five, Mr. Felix made his appearance. I spoke to him with candor:

"I should tell you, sir, that I had no thoughts of buying the house, till the owner prevailed on me to do so. You say you want the house; any other will suit me as well, so I accede to your terms."

"You shall have a draft on Paris for the amount in a fortnight," replied Mr. Felix, who bowed and withdrew, apparently enchanted with my way of doing business.

A draft upon Paris! The circumstance appeared so unusual to me that I thought I ought to send it to Paris to get it cashed. I wrote accordingly to Messrs. Flanges & Bergeret, the only firm I knew there. I was in the habit of receiving through them the interest of a small sum that had been left me by an uncle. I informed them that, having funds at my disposal, I wished for information as to the best mode of investing them. The signification of the word "funds" varies very much according to the name and position in life of the speaker. The rumor of my legacy had reached Paris; so that when I spoke of "funds," it was evident I meant a considerable sum. This was proved by the following letter:

"SIR: We are in receipt of your esteemed favor of the 17th current, which reached us just after the conclusion of the last loan negotiated by the Cortes, in which our firm has an interest. Desirous that our friends should have an opportunity of participating in an investment which we consider profitable, we have taken the liberty of placing twenty thousand piastres to your credit. Should that amount appear too considerable, the rise of those securities admits of your selling out a premium.

"We remain, sir,

"Yours to command,

"FLANGES & Co."

To this was added a postscript written by the head of the firm:

"We have heard with pleasure of the recent good fortune that has fallen to the lot of our old friend and correspondent, and beg to offer him our services as occasion may require."

Twenty thousand piastres! I let the letter fall in sheer amazement. What would have been my astonishment, if, more conversant with terms of commerce and more attentive to the enclosed account current, I had seen that what I took for the principal was only the yearly interest? I lost no time in writing to my correspondents to inform them that the sum was much too large—"I have received no money," I said, "from Martinique, and it would be impossible for me to meet my engagements."

An answer came by return of post:

"We learn, with regret, that you have misgivings with regard to the Spanish loan. According to your orders, we have sold out half the stock assigned to you, which brings you in already a net profit of eighty thousand francs. With regard to your property at Martinique, we are too well acquainted with the delays which bequests at such a distance must necessarily involve, to think for a moment that you can be immediately put in possession of your inheritance; but your simple signature will suffice to procure you all the money you may require in the meantime. We take the liberty of reminding you of the advantage of making timely investments: lest, when the legal arrangements are ended, you should find difficulty in getting good interest for so large a capital. With the hope that you may entertain a better opinion of German securities than you do of Spanish, we hand you a prospectus for establishing a bank at Grunningen. You will please observe, sir, that no deposit is required, and that, as calls are only made at long intervals, it will be easy for you to sel your shares, should you change your mind, without your having occasion to make any payment. We have placed fifty to your credit, and have the honor to remain," etc.

Eighty thousand francs! The amount was a perfect mystery to me; no doubt the clerk had made some mistake in the figures. My position was becoming embarrassing. Congratulations poured in from all quarters; especially when I made my appearance in black from head to foot. The *Journal de Goubmouges* thought it right to publish a biographical sketch of my cousin, and the editor wrote to me asking for further particulars. Ladies connected with all sorts of societies, begged that my name might be added to their list of subscribers, and the money that I had to pay for postages was something alarming. To escape from this avalanche of inquiries, I hastily departed for Paris. Directly I got there, I called on my bankers, by whom I was received as heirs to a large property generally are.

"Sorry that you have such a poor opinion of the Spanish stock," said Monsieur Bergeret; "there has been a great rise: however, we only sold out half your parcel."

"Would you have the goodness to let me know what the present value of the remainder might be?" I replied.

"Certainly, sir; ten thousand piastres stock at seventy (the piastre being at five francs, thirty-five centimes) the sum already paid being—— If you sell out to-day you will, with the proceeds of last sale, have from two hundred and ten thousand to two hundred and twenty thousand francs."

"Very well. You said something about a German bank, I think?"

"Yes; the Government made some difficulty about granting a charter; it is all settled now, and the promised shares have risen considerably."

"Can I sell out?"

"Certainly; you have fifty at four hundred and fifty florins profit: that will bring you in about sixty thousand francs."

"Without any calls to pay?"

"None whatever."

"That seems strange; but you are no doubt well informed. I should like to find a secure investment for those sums; would you have the goodness to tell me what would be the best?"

"You cannot have anything better than our own five per cents. I know of nothing more secure; at the present price of that stock, you get six per cent. for your money. I can easily understand that you should be worried by such trifling details as these: you will soon have more considerable sums to look after."

"Then, if I invest the combined produce of the German and Spanish stocks in the five per cents, what should I get a year?"

"Let me see. Three hundred thousand francs—funds at eighty—eighteen—twenty—yes, twenty thousand francs a year."

"Ah! twenty thousand francs a year! And when can the investment be made?"

"To-morrow morning: that is, if you will allow our firm to conduct the transactions."

"Certainly; in whom could my confidence be better placed?"

The banker made a polite bow.

"And now," I continued, "I should feel obliged to you if you would have the goodness to advance me a few louis, as I am rather short of cash."

"My dear sir, all the cash I possess is at your service. How much do you want—two hundred—four hundred?"

"Thank you; fifty will be quite sufficient."

"May I hope," added the banker, when I rose to leave, "that our firm may be favored with the continuance of your patronage?"

"Certainly," I replied.

There are few moments of my life on which I look back with more satisfaction than in those occupied with my interview with M. Bergeret. I doubt if I should have believed in the twenty thousand francs a-year, if it had not been for the fifty napoleons.

In the meantime, my two friends were shocked at the success of their story, and were not a little alarmed at my sudden journey to Paris, which was attributed by others to legal business. George and Albert then began to fear that I really believed in the authenticity of the invention they had concocted.

Three days after my return, they came to me with long faces.

"My dear Louis," said George, "you know your cousin is not dead."

"I cannot be sure of that," I replied, "for I am by no means convinced of his existence."

"Well, but you know that this inheritance is only a hoax?"

"To tell you the truth, I think we are the only people who are of that opinion."

"We have been very wrong to originate such a foolish invention; for which we are sincerely sorry."

"On the contrary, I am much obliged to you."

"But it is our duty to contradict it, and to confess how foolish we have been."

Truth cannot remain long concealed; people began to wonder that no news came from Martinique; the wise and prudent shook their heads ominously when my name was mentioned.

"The most ludicrous feature in the case is," said one, "that he has ended by believing the truth of his own invention. For my part, I must say that I was always rather skeptical about that inheritance."

"And I also," said M. Felix, "though it has cost me fifteen thousand francs."

On seeing a dozen letters on my table one morning, I guessed that the bubble had burst. Their contents were much alike; for instance:

"Mr. Mayer's respects to Mr. Méran, and having heavy payments to meet, will feel obliged by a cheque for the amount of the enclosed."

My replies disarmed all doubts of my perfect solvency.

"Mr. Méran thanks Mr. Mayer for having *at last* sent in his account, and encloses a cheque for the amount."

My cool and unconcerned demeanor kept curiosity alive for a few days longer.

"What a lucky fellow!" said one.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," rejoined another; "he has played his cards well, and has won."

Once or twice, I confess, I felt compunction of conscience; but a moment's reflection convinced me that my own exertions had no share in my good fortune, and that I owed it all to a universal public worship of the Golden Calf, and to the truth of Albert's axiom, "The next best thing to capital is credit."

NOTICE.

WHITE & BAUER, *News Dealers, No. 413 Washington street, are General Agents for* THE CALIFORNIAN *in the interior counties of this State; also, for the adjacent States and Territories.*

☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* THE CALIFORNIAN, *No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.*

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1865.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

IN the shock of last Sunday, not only several weak walls, but some beliefs, quite as imperfectly established, have been rudely shaken. Certain comfortable theories have been badly handled and must come down. The complacent argument so frequently used, that because no serious damage from earthquakes has hitherto befallen California, none may be hereafter expected, is not only illogical but false in its premises. According to lately published data, the thick walls of adobe churches were overthrown during a previous shock, with great loss of life; and it would be as ridiculous to imagine that the same degree of force applied to buildings of weaker construction would not result in a calamity commensurate with the greater amount of material and population involved, as to suppose that hereafter earthquakes on this coast will never exceed the one of Sunday last.

The comments of the daily press have been characteristic and local. The *Alta* evidently regards the whole affair as a vast "Fitz Smythe" practical joke, and, indeed, the occurrence may be said to have combined that levity of treatment and seriousness of result, which characterize the remarkable humor of that apochryphal personage, who has gradually absorbed the impersonality of the *Alta*. The *Flag* treats the subject sensationally, under an impresssion—not clearly defined—that an earthquake may be used advantageously against the *Alta* and *Bulletin*; while the latter journal, excepting an equivocal intimation that there is more danger in running away from San Francisco than in remaining, offers its readers the consolation of statistics. The interior papers regard the phenomenon as being in some mysterious way a retribution on San Francisco for her metropolitan egotism; and, in the light of this greater evil, Sacramento looks back on her inundations with native pride. But Mr. Supervisor Torrey may be regarded as the real earthquake hero. In a debate touching the expediency of rebuilding the shattered City Hall, that gentleman is reported to have declared his willingness to occupy the building during another shock as great as that which wrought the present damage. Whether Mr. Torrey had read the story of Quintius Curtius, and wished to avert calamity from his beloved city, by throwing himself—a valuable citizen and supervisor—into the chasm, we are unable to state. On the whole, we rather hope that he will not be permitted to try the experiment. We are inclined to think that the earthquake would be restrained by Mr. Torrey, but it would be poor consolation to be swallowed up with him for the sake of contradicting his theory. Mr. Torrey is a builder; so is the earthquake; but, in the formation of continents and islands, and the erection of public buildings, there is some difference in the agencies and power employed.

It is time to look calmly at the facts elicited by our late terrible experience. Extravagant timidity and overstrained levity are equally out of place. There can be no doubt that, at about noon on the 8th day of October 1865, the city of San Francisco was placed in imminent and deadly peril, and that we have only negative evidence to prove that this peril is not continually impending. The duration of a few seconds longer of the same shock, or an application of equal force hours later, would have levelled to the ground many buildings which, sorely shaken, had survived the first disturbance. The eruption of Mount Hood, whether a cause or result of terrestial discomposure—whether a safety valve of explosive gases or the generator of disorganizing forces—proves incontestibly that the building and formation of this part of the earth's surface is still going on, without any reference to our puny labors on its surface. Whether we have been premature in selecting this unfinished foundation for our young empire, or whether its peculiar geology has fitted it for one of Nature's permanent workshops, may be important to future generations; the present fact, that we are liable at any moment to calamity from these causes, being the only one that concerns us.

We do not suppose that our people will run away from the earthquake, or that California will be materially retarded in her progress or population. We need not recall the Swiss village, nestled beneath a cliff, over which for centuries a fearful avalanche has impended, nor need we point to the vineyards which contest, inch by inch, the burning lava that smokes along the sides of Mount Vesuvius, to show how seldom these risks are weighed in the economy of civilization. Let us take them calmly; without recklessness, without fear. We cannot escape the great law of compensation which underlies all Nature. We pay for our half-yearly summers and the bland security of our winters, in droughts and innundations; if we are to accept the theory of a great geologist and chemist,* we pay for that mineralogical wealth which has made us famous, in the earthquake shock and volcanic fire. The vitality of our atmosphere and the long days of labor it affords, is extravagantly compensated by prematnre old age and wasted energies. If we ascend to the moral and social plane, we pay for the unrestrained and easy pioneer intercourse of our civilization, in crime, Vigilance Committees, social vice, and scandal. The earthquake belongs to that system of compensation which admits nothing unpaid or unpayable, and balances the debit side of California's account with Nature.

*Professor Jackson.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House large audiences have been in attendance nightly. On Monday evening *The Lady of Lyons* was performed, Mr. Bandmann played the character of "Claude Melnotte" very satisfactorily, and Mrs. Sophie Edwin was extremely good in that of "Pauline." On Tnesday, Mlle de Vestvali reappeared, playing "Bianca" in *Fazio, or the Italian Wife*. Mlle Vestvali, in her impersonation of the character of "Bianca," displayed much power, and was frequently applauded. On Wednesday, Mr. Bandmann appeared as "Shylock," in *The Merchant of Venice;* it is of this performance I have to speak. Mr. Bandmann's "Shylock" has been praised by many Eastern papers as his great character; I cannot agree with critics who hold the opinion that Mr. Bandmann, in his impersonation of "Shylock," displays as much talent as in "Narcisse." In the latter he is faultless; he understands the character and realizes it. His "Shylock" is extremely faulty; he makes many good points and gives greater force to some old poiuts than is done by many actors; but he makes some extraordinary mistakes. In the scene with "Bassanio" he is shockingly noisy, even where he is supposed to be calculating the risk attendant on granting the loan of three thousand dncats on the security of "Antonio's" bond. The Jewish usurer, the man whose money is his god, who will fawn and cringe to the Christian if he can by so doing make money, is altogether too "cheeky." By what right does Mr. Bandmann make "Shylock," after laying his plot to gain revenge on "Antonio," speak the lines

> "O Father Abraham,
> What these Christians are;
> Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
> The thoughts of others,"

as an aside to the audience? Is it not a portion of his remonstrance addressed to "Antonio" and "Bassanio?" Mr. Bandmann, with eyes uplifted in horror, stands in the centre of the stage and makes this appeal to Abraham while "Antonio" and "Bassanio" stand aside and converse. This is as false a conception as can possibly be imagiued. "Shylock's" simulated horror at his proposal being considered as any other than a merry sport, is a sham to lull the suspicions of "Bassanio," not real distress at being so wronged and misunderstood, as Mr. Bandmann would have the audience believe. Mr. Bandmann's acting and reading were most correct in the first sceue of the third act. Any actor who attempts to soften down the wickedness of and gain sympathy for the villainous "Shylock," who has not one redeeming point in his character, will fail in representing the Jew that Shakspeare drew. The audience, on Wednesday evening, saw through Mr. Bandmauu's attempt to do this, and the applause which broke forth as the crushed and brokendowu "Shylock" slank from the court, was an outburst of genuine satisfaction at the discomfiture of the villainous old Jewish usurer, far more than it was an endorsement of Mr. Bandmann's rendition of the character. Mrs. Sophie Edwin's impersonation of "Portia" showed much care and study. Mr. C. R. Thorne, with the exception of a false reading now and then, played "Bassanio" very well; Mr. Aldrich was very good as "Antonio;" Mr. Barry played "Launcelot Gobbo" excellently well; Mr. Thayer was sadly out of his element in the character of "Gratiano," but did his best. The piece was not strongly cast, by any means. I fully expect to be able to say as much in praise of Mr. Bandmann's "Hamlet" as I have been forced to say in depreciation of his "Shylock," and shall be pleased to have an opportunity offered me. On Thnrsday, Planche's romantic drama of *The Brigands* was presented, Mlle Vestvali assuming the role of "Allessandro Massaroni," in which she had a better opportunity afforded her for the display of her talent for masculine impersonations than in "Romanio." In the songs of "Gentle Zitella" and "Father, is this thy Welcome?" Mlle Vestvali's fine voice was heard to great advantage. The greatest melo-dramatic male character in which this extraordinary actress appears has been reserved for her benefit, which takes place to-night. On this occasion the *Duke's Daughter*, or *The Fool and his Master*, which has been for some time past in preparation, will be presented, with magnificent scenery, dresses, etc., Mlle Vestvali impersonating "Lagadere." Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann's first benefit, which took place last night, could not fail to be well attended, seeing that he played that wonderful "Narcisse."

Mr. G. C. Boniface, who played a most successful engagement at the New Bowery Theatre, New York, previous to his departure for this State, appearing in a round of Shakspearian characters, arrived on the last steamer, under engagement to Mr. Magnire. A whole constellation of stars will shortly be formed at the Opera House.

This afternoon's bill will be *The Captain of the Watch* and *The Maid of Croissy*.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, Mr. Wheatleigh has nothing to do but keep the box office open and the public rush to secure their seats. Every one knows what is the attraction here; *Arrah-na-Pogue's* popularity is bnt little cooled, after a run of three weeks. Where all the audiences come from is a mystery; the house is well filled every night. Whether or not the Fenians have entered into solemn league to keep this piece running until Ireland is free, and expended the money collected at the meeting the other night in the purchase of tickets to witness this rebellious drama, I cannot with certainty say, but it is an undeniable fact that *Arrah-na-Pogue* seems likely, after a three week's run, to fill the Metropolitan fairly every night next week.

On Thursday night, Mrs. Sedley Brown will take her first benefit in California. Mrs. Brown has played "Arrah Meelish" in a very pleasing manner dnrring the run of "Arrah na Pogue," though, I fancy, this character is not so well calculated to display her talent as one which would call for more fun and vivacity. Mrs. Sedley Brown comes of a theatrical family, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, so long the favorites of the Boston Museum.

The late terrible disaster to the Yosemite, has deprived the theatrical profession of two promising members. W. Stephenson and J. E. Myers who were returning from filling an engagement to Mr. Maguire at the Marysville Theatre, were killed by the explosion. Mr. Stepheuson was for some time a member of Maguire's Opera House company, and had attained a commendable proficiency in his profession, playing "juvenile" bnsiness very creditably. He was a good fellow, and much liked by all his brother professionals. His adopting the stage led to his estrangement from his relatives, who occupy a high position in San Francisco society now, as the poor fellow lies dead, he is still unforgiven, and that the tears of strangers alone will fall on his lifeless form. Mr. J. E. Myers was a native of London, England; he made his first appearance on the stage at the theatre in Victoria, V. I. After playing several engagements in Portland, Boise, and California, he joined Mr. Wheatleigh's Eureka company, and during the few weeks he remained at that theatre, displayed so much talent as a low comedian, that he speedily became quite a favorite. Leaving the Eureka, he joined Mr. Maguire's troupe and played at the Sacramento and Marysville theatres. Had not death cut short his life, this promising young actor would have attained a high rank in the low comedy branch of the dramatic profession. The untimely decease of Mr. Myers is deeply regretted by all who knew him; he was generally loved and respected. He leaves a wife and a brother in this city.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE "YOSEMITE" EXPLOSION.—Yesterday, the telegraph announced the startling intelligence of the explosion of the starboard boiler of the *Yosemite*, just as she was leaving the landing at Rio Vista, on her downward trip. The *Yosemite*, built some three years ago, was provided with two low-pressure boilers, forcing and supply pumps, steam and water guages, all apparently in perfect order, and comparatively new. The cause of the accident is not known. The force of the explosion threw the upper cabin, pilot-house, and everything forward of the smoke-stack, into a perfect wreck. This locality seems to be a fatal one to steamboats. It was opposite Rio Vista that the *Nevada* was snnk and wrecked; and a few miles below, the *Washoe* met with her final disaster. The following persons were killed: J. H. Myers, comedian; J. M. Fallon, Treasurer; H. Major, machinist; Wm. H. Stephenson, comedian, (members of Magnire's Theatrical Tronpe, recently performing in Sacramento and Marysville;) J. H. Barnes; G. W. Seaton, Senator-elect for Amador county; William Rogers; Patrick Crowell, coal-passer; three white men, names unknown. The missing are: Sntherland, of the Bank of British North America; Decker, of the Central Pacific Railroad Co.; A. Lindaner, of Virginia, Nev.; and some twenty Chinamen, known to he in the hold of the steamer. There were forty or fifty persons maimed or scalded.

A RECENT fancy of Parisian existence is said to be the universal cultivation of *violets*. An exchange says: "The sale of these sweet flowers is prodigious. They are raised on the heights of Romainville in immense fields, and from early morning until night thousands of women and children are seen exploring the spacious woods that lie around the city in search of them. It is estimated that ten thousand dollars' worth are daily purchased in Paris."

STRAUSS' new *Life of Jesus*—in English translation—is to appear in October.

(For the Californian.)

ANSWERING THE BELL.

A STORY OF THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.

AT Number Four, had Dennis More
A decent situation—
A Celtic youth, who showed, in truth,
But little cultivation,
And "wore the green"—the kind I mean
Not reached by legislation.

His knowledge did not go beyond
The door-bell he attended,
The boots he blacked—the services
On which his place depended;
Yet with his humble duties he
A certain zeal had blended.

One Sunday morn—the folks were all
At church, and no doubt sleeping,
While Dennis More at Number Four
His household watch was keeping—
When all at once there came a ring
That set his pulses leaping.

He started to his feet, but ere
He took erect position,
A certain trembling in his knees
Betrayed their weak condition;
And looking round, poor Dennis found
This fearful exhibition:

The kitchen clock that ere the shock
The time of day was showing,
Had stopped its pendulum, although
The clock itself was going;
It fell—he thought the End of Time
Had come, with no man's knowing.

The tumblers tumbled on the shelves,
Moved by mysterious forces,
The plates were shifted as they are
In dinners of twelve courses;
And knives went racing for the plate,
Just like St. Leger horses.

But high above the general crash
He heard the door-bell ringing,
And staggering to his feet he reached
The hall, where he saw swinging
The study door, and down before
Its bookshelves he fell, clinging.

One hurried glance he gave—enough
For fatal confirmation—
The very globe upon its stand
Still rocked to its foundation,
And all the standard volumes seemed
In active circulation.

The fearful thrill, continuing still,
Had loosed "The Stones of Venice,"
The law-books just above his head
Ejectment seemed to menace—
Till down fell "Coke on Littleton,"
Followed by "Kent" on Dennis!

The very poets were disturbed—
The mild and peaceful Lakers,
As though they'd caught from "Aspen Court"
Some power that made them Shakers;
Or, that the "Life of William Penn"
Had turned them all to Quakers.

The "Testimony of the Rocks,"
In rocking, was appalling—
Thermometer and weather-glass
Both side by side were falling;
Yet midst the jar—a Leyden jar—
He heard the door-bell calling.

Half dead, he reached the hall again—
Sometimes on all-fours creeping—
Wide swung the parlor's creaking door,
And, through the portals peeping,
He saw a Turkish ottoman
Like some wild dervish leaping;

Four high-backed chairs that waltzed in pairs,
Two easy-chairs coquetting;
And—like some dowager that found
A partner hard of getting—
The piano against the wall
Was right and left foot *poussetting*.

Yet, spite of giddy sights and scenes
Of books and portraits reeling,
To Dennis' brain one thing was plain—
The door-bell still was pealing;
He seized the knob expectant of
Some frightful form revealing!

The hinges swung—the door was flung
Wide open; but no spying
Disclosed the hand that rung the bell,
Nor anybody trying,
Save that a pale-faced man stood near,
The walls intently eyeing.

One bound gave Dennis to the ground
And seized the rash spectator—
With wicked fingers round his throat
He clutched his respirator:
"Is thim your Sunday thricks?" he cried,
"Ye haythen agitator!"

"The earthquake!" gasped the wretch. With scorn
Bold Dennis drew his brows down;
"The airthquake, is it?" then he gave
A forcible but coarse noun—
"And that's the wake excuse ye'd give
For ringing masther's house down!" BRET.

[For the Californian.]

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

BY "DIONYSIUS VAGO."

SOME time since, imbued with the idea that perhaps I would be doing the world of science and philosophy a tremendous service by collecting facts of personal experience which might furnish a basis to some *savan* or other on which to found an inductive theory as to the moral force of earthquakes, I sent word to a number of my friends of different stations in life and various modes of thought, that I would be pleased to receive from them written accounts of their particular sensations during any disturbance of the earth which might happen thereafter. I expected at the time to embody the whole collection in a report to the Smithsonian Institute, but such documents as I have received hardly seem scientific enough to be thrown away on that respected Institution, and I therefore place them before the readers of THE CALIFORNIAN with no apology other than the uncertain condition of San Francisco terrene affairs since last Sunday morning may imply.

My first report comes of I. Calculus Indifference, Esq. He sends it in the form of an affidavit, which doubtless will add to the respect elicited for its facts:

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, } ss.
City and County of San Francisco, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared I. Calculus Indifference, who being duly sworn, avers as follows:

At sixteen minutes of one in the afternoon of Sunday the 10th day of October, A. D. 1865, I was seated in my office in the third story of Law Block in the City of San Francisco, engaged in drawing a demurrer in the case of Jones vs. Ericson. I was in a cool and thoughtful state of mind, in no wise subject to any false or uncertain grounds of terror. I had arisen from my chair, and was crossing the room to procure a volume of Hill's Reports, when I was shaken by some novel force into a prostrate condition, while the whole case of books through which I was looking came down upon me. Meanwhile the walls of the room began to divest themselves of their plaster, and it occurred to me then that an earthquake had occurred. Anxious to know the exact moment, I left for my watch, an open-faced chronometer of Liverpool manufacture. I discovered that my right eye had received a severe contusion which prevented my employing it to advantage, while my left was obscured by the weight of the XXVI. Cala. By dint of physical exertion, or as pettifoggers will sometimes say, *vi et armis*, I relieved my left organ of vision sufficiently to enable me to consult my watch, the crystal of which was shattered, and discovered that the hands had stopped at precisely fourteen minutes thirty-eight seconds of one. Allowing for the length of time required for the book-case to fall, and accepting sixteen feet per second for the velocity of bodies under the positive influence of gravitation, adding to the time the delay occasioned by the fact that the summit of the case must needs have performed a distance denoted by an arc measuring a right angle and of about nine feet radius, and having applied the test of differentiation to the problem, I conclude that the approximate moment at which the quaking occurred must have been fourteen minutes, forty-five seconds before one. This result is of course subject to correction on the part of any more critical observer.

On arising from the floor, from which I had been making my observations thus far, I discovered that the fallen book-case had, by its weight, produced a fracture in the bones of my left leg. The calculation of time herein before given may need some variation in consequence of the positive force thus evinced by the action of a falling body. However, I have not as yet been able to gain from my medical adviser the data of the strength of osseous bodies, necessary to arrive at a proper result. When I have done so, I will correct my statement.

Dragging myself to the window, I found that the glass had been broken in every pane. I observed as closely as my then imperfect vision would permit, the direction and character of the fractures. They appeared to have been caused by some irregular force, such as a shaking of the earth by the wind. I now was obliged to lie down again; but a section of plaster, something like three yards and nine inches square, came down (having been loosened by the shock.) and battered me into a senseless condition, which, I am sorry, for the cause of science, to say, prevented my further observations at the time. I may say, however, that from the manner in which the cracks in the wall were formed, and which I had just time to observe before the crash of falling plaster came, I should judge that the waves of motion were in a nearly east and west direction.

From my present helpless condition, it will be impossible for me to make further examinations for some time to come. Should any further shock of a peculiarly interesting nature occur, I will do my best to give you a more extended account.

I. CALCULUS INDIFFERENCE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of October, A. D. 1865.

LOCUS SIGILL, Notary Public.

{ NOTARIAL SEAL. }
{ Five Cents Revenue Stamp, cancelled. }

Katty O'Hoolahan, a very impressible lady friend of mine who gains her bread by tending to certain duties as to beds and wash-bowls at the inn where I at times find welcome, was extremely glad to oblige me. Her only trouble was that she could not get her shaky reminiscences together with coherence enough to satisfy, as she thought, my literary demands. At last she told me that she would just tell me "all she could remimber, and, if I loiked, I could write it out as I plazed."

"Ye see, Mistthur Vagho, I was up in the third story wid the broom in me hand cluning about widout much iday of the wurk I was doin'. Jist thin, Mike came up the stairway carrying a thray an' four cocktails for some military gintlemen in the room beyant. Ye know Mike, maybe. It's he that's so good looking and nate in his linen, and has such purty eyes that's as big as saucers, and a fine bonest boy he is an' a credit to the house that he wurks fur. They do be saying that he's very fond of me; an' I call him a swatehcart myself sometimes, but it's only to bodther him. He's jist a gossoon yet, and too innicint to fall in love with a girl like me. (Of course the reader will supply any ellipses that I may make as to what I said during the recital. I could not have permitted Katty thus to disparage her powers of conquest without putting in an energetic demurrer. Whenever she is found referring to herself, I would not have been so ungallant as to suffer any self-deprecation on her part.) As I was saying, Mike had come up the stairway and was standing furnenst me with the thray, whin the glasses began to jump about as if they were chickens and the thray a bot griddle. 'Mike,' said I, 'carry your hand a little steadier; it's ashamed I am of you to have the thrimbles so airly in the marning.' Just thin, he flung the glasses and all over the bannisters, and tumbled right upon me, and wid that I gave him a welt over the back wid the broom-handle, as much as to say, 'It's not a dhrunken beau I'll have, whatever lookout there is for a husband.' But before I cud pit it to him again, I found my knees wakening under me, and the doors shetting and opening, and the windows breaking, and the people rushing down stairs; and I crossed myself, remimbering that I hadn't been at confessional for the matter of six months or more, and what a look Father Lancy had given me at mass in the morning. Mike was spry enough though. He grabbed me about the waist, and for that matter betune you and me it was no new journey for the rascal's arm, and rin down, lepping three or four steps at onct, and me with him like a witch goin' off with the Evil One, feeling as though he might be eloping wid me, as the ladies say, until we reached the ground floor whin he stopped, and some man wid no coat or shoes on said 'It's all over.' 'It's all over, is it?' said Mike. 'Sure Katty my girl, we must go back thin as we came; and he tuk hould of me again, and broom and all we wint thravelling back, only Mike would be stopping on the landings just to see if I had fainted and by the same token he kissed me, the blaggard, which I being somewhat highsterickle took no notice of at the time. And one white-faced potato-water-blooded fellow said, whin he caught Mike at my lips, 'See that hair-brained Mick kissing and hugging his girl whin we're all on the brink of deth.' I pruned up enough to tell him that *he'd* be far enough over it before his conrage would give *him* the same liberty. Then Mike tried to aise my mind of the danger. Whin I was well over the fright, I set to with the broom and dhruv the rascal away, and have been as cross to him ever since as a child wid a pin in its clothes. And I pray ivery night that there will be no more of them airthquake; but if there is, I want Mike to be near me."

The following is from a delightful little belle of my acquaintance that was tinkled badly by the shock:

"You queer old Vago: How *odd* it was of you to ask me to give you an account of my feelings during that *horrid* earthquake. If I had known what I would be obliged to disclose, you should *never, never*, have got me to make the promise. But I *must* keep my word I suppose, and make the confession. How *shall* I begin? Oh, dear, *please* don't show it to any one.

It happened just after we finished lunch. Charlie (you know Charlie; and isn't he a *dear, good, handsome* fellow, and *such* a moustache!) was at the house as usual on Sundays. Pa and he lighted their *odious* cigars together, and then pa went off to his crony next door. Ma was busy down stairs, I guess, and so we were *all alone*. Charlie puffed a bit and his cigar went out, and then I got up to get a match to help him light it. (His cigars always *do* go out when we are by ourselves.) The horrible thing wouldn't light, and I tried again and again, until Charlie took hold of my hand to "steady it" he said, and when that match went out, he threw away the cigar, said it was *green*, but kept hold of my wrist and *made* me sit down by his side. He is really *rude* sometimes, as I have *often* told him. Charlie then commenced to say all sorts of pretty things, and smoothed my hair, and laughed at my "*rats*," and threatened to run away with my waterfall, and told me that oh, I was *so* pretty, (you know Vago, how young men talk sometimes,) and said that I was "*the star of his existence*," and "*his brightest hope*," and that he treasured me, *oh, so much*. I told him that Aunty Gruff, (she is an *old, old* maid and doesn't like Charlie a bit because he always jokes about ladies' ages,) said that young men never told the truth when they talked to us girls. He said that Auntie Gruff never had had a *chance* to hear a young man talk and couldn't be a judge of the matter; and then we both laughed, (Don't you think him *very* witty?) and then he put on such a *sober, grave* look, and said that his life would prove to me how great his *devotion to his angel* was; and—but you can imagine what he would have said if, just then, the house had not commenced to shake and the vases to dance a breakdown on the mantlepiece, and the glass to jump out of the windows, and Charlie looked very uneasy, and I felt *oh, so sick*, and clung to Charlie who put his arm around me, and said if *it* came, *we would meet it in each other's embrace!* (He said it just like an actor would,) and then I fainted with fright. When I recovered, Charlie was bending over me with a sponge dipped in coal oil by mistake, and he looked anxious for me; and I just couldn't help putting my arms around him and crying. Then Charlie tried to get the oil off my face, (some of it was on his mouth somehow, and he made all sorts of wry faces.) and then pa and ma rushed in, and Charlie looked embarrassed and couldn't *tell* his experience, (neither could I,) and then ma guessed it and winked at pa, and everybody laughed and cried at the same time as they do at *Arrahna-Pogue*. That is all, dear Vago, and don't make fun of me.

"Your quaking friend, AUGUSTA SUMMERS."

"RUSSIAN HILL, Wednesday.

"P. S. Charlie had a talk with pa to-day, and tells every one that he rather *enjoys* earthquakes—the brute!"

THE "WIND OF A BALL."

THE following extract from Dr. Frank Hamilton's *Treatise on Military Surgery*, refutes the popular error that death is sometimes caused by aerial concussion :

Occasionally a soldier is found dead upon the field upon whose body no mark of a wound, or of a contusion even, can be found, and his comrades have always, in such cases, ascribed his death to the "wind" or "whiff" of a shell or large solid shot; but surgeons very well understand that this is not the true explanation. However large the missile may be, however great its speed, or closely it may approximate the body, unless it actually touches, it cannot cause death, or inflict any serious harm. In the case supposed, the man had been struck, probably by a large and nearly spent ball, which may be said to have rolled over him, extinguishing life instantly by the concussion of the shock; or it may have been a side-glance of one of those huge missiles across the chest or abdomen. Under such circumstances the action of the heart ceases so suddenly that effusions, swellings, and discolorations may not occur, just as we have known death to be caused instantly among pugilists by a "foul blow" upon the pit of the stomach, even though not delivered with great force; and when no mark, either external or internal, has indicated the nature of the injury.

The following case will be easily recognized as an example of death from this cause:

At about one o'clock on the morning of the 31st of July, 1862, while the army of General McClellan was lying upon the banks of the James River, at Harrison's Landing, the batteries of the enemy on the opposite side of the river suddenly opened a terrific fire upon our crowded encampment, and upon the large fleet of vessels lying at that point. Among those who were killed, we carefully examined the body of John Booth, private of the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry. Upon the right side of his face was a slight abrasion of the skin, but no swelling or discoloration, and this might have been occasioned by the fall. Beyond this he bore no mark of injury, at least upon the external surface of the body. The account of his death given by those who stood near was, that a cannon shot passed first through the neck of a horse in front of him, then struck the ground, ricochetted, and struck Booth as he was standing upon the ground, killing him instantly. Precisely where he was hit we had no means of knowing.

In another case which came under my notice, the explanation of the phenomena caused by the missile was not so simple. At the battle of Blackburn's Ford, in Virginia, on the 18th of July, 1861, G. Wenzel, a private in the Second Wisconsin, was kneeling, when, as he affirms, he saw the cannon ball approaching. He instantly threw his head to one side, and at the same instant received a blow which carried away his hat and threw him over sideways, so that his face struck the ground. For a short time he could neither see nor hear, yet he did not lose his consciousness. He states also that the same ball carried away both legs of Louis Gardner, a private, who was standing behind him. We saw Wenzel a few hours after the accident, and, as he seemed very intelligent, we interrogated and examined him closely. The whole of the right side of his face was red, as if it had been slightly scalded; the upper eyelid of the left side was in the same condition, but the remainder of the left side of his face presented a natural appearance. Over the whole extent of the reddened surface were small, dark-colored petechiæ of a line or two in diameter. His sight and hearing are now perfect. On the 20th we saw him again. The reddened surface was somewhat swollen, and a mild conjunctival inflammation had developed itself in both eyes; the petechiæ had not disappeared, and no other changes had taken place. This was the last we saw of the patient. The only solution of the phenomena which we can offer is, that his cap came between his face and the ball, and inflicted the injuries we have described.

In the same battle John Hays, a private in the Sixty-ninth New York Infantry, had his right ear shot away with a cannon ball. We found him, after several hours, at Centreville. He was then inclined to sleep, and was not easily aroused, yet he was not actually comatose. The ear was carried away completely, but there was no wound of the scalp, or evidence of contusion. In this case also it is possible that his cap was partially interposed between the ball and his head.

On the other hand, examples without number may be cited in which large cannon shot have carried away an ear, a nose, the lower jaw, or both upper and lower jaws, without leaving any impression upon the system at large. Large proportions of flesh have been torn from the back, the sides of the body; the ribs have been broken, or denuded of their skin and flesh; the muscles enclosing the abdomen have been more or less torn away, without causing immediate death, and without inflicting any material injury to the parts adjacent and not actually touched.

Sometimes large portions of the flesh are contused by these missiles, but not broken upon the surface; the contusion being accompanied with a loss of sensation in the part, and great swelling, and being followed by rapid sphacelation. At other times broad, dark-colored, and superficial eschars are found looking as if the surface had been charred by fire. It is very common for these superficial injuries caused by cannon shot, to be followed by numbness of an entire limb, or of a large portion of a side of the body.

When the bones of a limb are broken by these solid shots, and the integuments are not torn, the fracture is seldom simple, but almost always the comminution is excessive. This fact will be recognized by grasping the limb firmly, when the sensation will be conveyed of a large number of fragments rubbing upon each other. Under such circumstances amputation, which offers only a feeble chance, is the only resort.

Chain and bar-shot, used occasionally in cannon, and which are especially destructive at short range, we have not seen employed during the present war. They cannot be thrown with much accuracy, but when they strike a body of men approaching they sweep through like a flail, dividing in two everything with which they come in contact. In a few instances, we have been informed, our enemies have thrown fragments of railroad iron, but they are said to have always fallen so far short of their mark as to have done little or no harm.

A DAY'S MARCH.

A DAY'S march varies according to the country to be traversed or the opposition encountered. If the map indicates a stream crossing the path, probably the strong party of mounted infantry or of cavalry which has been sent forward the day before has found the bridges burned, and then the pontoons are pushed on to the front. If a battle is anticipated, the trains are shifted to the rear of the centre. Under any circumstances, the divisions having the lead move unencumbered by wagons, and in close fighting trim. The ambulances following in the rear of the division are in such close proximity as to be available if needed. In the rear of each regiment follow the pack-mules, laden with every kind of camp baggage, including blankets, pots, pans, kettles, and all the kitchenware needed for cooking. Here will be found the led horses, and with them the negro servants, who form an important feature of the *ménage*.

Having placed the column upon the road, let us now follow that long line of muskets gleaming in the rays of the morning sunlight, and ride, heedless of the crack of the rifles, to the head of the column. The flankers are driving a squad of Rebel cavalry before them so fast that the march is not in the least impeded. The flankers spread out, on a line parallel to the leading troops, for several hundred yards, more or less, as the occasion may require. They search through the swamps and forests, ready for any concealed foe, and anxiously looking out for any line of works which may have been thrown up by the enemy to check our progress. Here the General of the division, if a fighting man, is most likely to be found; his experienced eye noting that there is no serious opposition, he orders up a brigade or another regiment, who, in soldier's phraseology, send the Rebel rascals "kiting," and the column moves on. A large plantation appears by the road-side. If the "bummers" have been ahead, the chances are that it has been visited, in which event the interior is apt to show evidences of confusion; but the barns are full of corn and fodder, and parties are at once detailed to secure and convey the prize to the road-side. As the wagons pass along they are not allowed to halt, but the grain or fodder is stuffed into the front and rear of the vehicles as they pass, the unhandy operation affording much amusement to the soldiers, and not unfrequently giving them a poor excuse for swearing as well as laughing.

When the treasure-trove of grain, poultry, and vegetables has been secured, one man is detailed to guard it until the proper wagon comes along. Numbers of these details will be met, who, with proper authority, have started off early in the morning, and have struck out miles away from the flank of the column. They sit upon some cross-road, surrounded with their spoils—chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, pigs, hogs, sheep, calves, nicely-dressed hams, buckets full of honey, and pots of fresh white lard.

A Roman consul returning with victorious eagles could not wear a more triumphant air than this solitary guard. The soldiers see it, and gibe him as they pass :

"Say, you thar! where did you steal them pigs?"

"Steal!" is the indignant response; "steal! perhaps you would like to have one of "*them*" pigs yourself."

An officer who is riding along gazes upon the appetizing show. He has recently joined, never has been on one of Sherman's raids, and does not know that a soldier will not sell his chickens for any price.

"Ah! a nice pair of ducks you have there, soldier; what will you take for them?"

Firmly, but respectfully, the forager makes answer, touching his cap the while, "They are not in the market. We *never* sell our stuff, sir—couldn't think of it."

The officer rides away through a battery of broad grins from the by-stauders, and never again offers to buy the spoils of a forager.

There is a halt in the column. The officer in charge of the pioneer corps, which follows the advance guard, has discovered an ugly place in the road, which must be "corduroyed" at once, before the wagons can pass. The pioneers quickly tear down the fence near by and bridge over the treacherous place, perhaps at the rate of a quarter of a mile in fifteen minutes. If rails are not near, pine saplings and split log supply their place. Meanwhile the bugles have sounded, and the column has halted. The soldiers, during the temporary halt, drop out of line on the road-side, lying upon their backs, supported by their still unstrapped knapsacks. If the halt is a long one, the different regiments march by file right, one behind the other, into the fields, stacking their muskets, and taking their rest at ease, released from their knapsack.

These short halts are of great benefit to the soldier. He gains a breathing-spell, has a chance to wipe the perspiration from his brow and the dust out of his eyes, or pulls off his shoes and stockings to cool his swollen, heated feet, though old campaigners do not feel the need of this. He munches his bit of hard bread, or pulls out a book from his pocket, or oftener a pipe, to indulge in that greatest of luxuries to the soldier, a soothing, refreshing smoke. Here may be seen one group at a brook-side, bathing their heads and drinking; and another, crowded round an old song-book, are making very fair music. One venturesome fellow has kindled a fire, and is brewing a cup of coffee. All are happy and jolly; but when the bugle sounds "fall in" and "forward," in an instant every temporary occupation is dropped, and they are on the road again.

This massing of brigades and wagons during a halt is a proper and most admirable arrangement. It keeps the column well closed up; and if a brigade or division has by some means been delayed, it has the opportunity to overtake the others. The Twentieth Corps manage this thing to perfection.

A great many of the mounted officers ride through the fields, on either side of the line of march, so as not to interfere with the troops. General Sherman always takes to the fields, dashing through thickets or plunging into the swamps, and, when forced to take the road, never breaks into a regiment or brigade, but waits until it passes, and then falls in. He says that they, and not he, have the right to the road.

Sometimes a little creek crosses the path, and at once a foot-bridge is made upon one side of the way for those who wish to keep dry-shod; many, however, with a shout of derision, will dash through the water at a run, and then they all shout the more when some unsteady comrade misses his footing and tumbles in at full length. The unlucky wight, however, takes the fun at his expense in the best of humor. Indeed, as a general rule, soldiers are good-humored and kind-hearted to the last degree. I have seen a soldier stand at a spring of water for ten minutes, giving thirsty comers cool draughts, although it would delay him so that he would have to run a quarter of a mile or more to overtake his company. The troops, by the way, kept their ranks admirably during this Georgia campaign. Occasionally, however, they would rush for a drink of water, or for a beehive which they would despoil of its sweets with a total disregard of the swarm of bees buzzing about their ears, but which, strange to say, rarely stung.

But the sun has long since passed the zenith, the droves of cattle which have been driven through the swamps and fields are lowing and wandering in search of a corral, the soldiers are beginning to lag a little, the teamsters are obliged to apply the whip oftener, ten or fifteen miles have been traversed, and the designated halting-place for the night is near. The column must now be got into camp.

Officers ride on in advance to select the ground for each brigade, giving the preference to slopes in the vicinity of wood and water. Soon the troops file out into the woods and fields, the leading division pitching tents first, those in the rear marching on yet farther, ready to take their turn in the advance the next day.

As soon as the arms are stacked, the boys attack the fences and rail-piles, and with incredible swiftness their little shelter-tents spring up all over the ground. The fires are kindled with equal celerity, and the luxurious repast prepared, while "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." After this is heard the music of dancing or singing, the pleasant buzz of conversation, and the measured sound of reading. The wagons are meanwhile parked and the animals fed. If there has been a fight during the day, the incidents of success or failure are recounted; the poor fellow who lies wounded in "the anguish-laden ambulance" is not forgotten, and the brave comrade who fell in the strife is remembered with words of loving praise.

By-and-by the tattoo rings out on the night air. Its familiar sound is understood. "Go to rest, go to rest," it says, as plainly as organs of human speech.

Shortly after follows the peremptory command of "Taps." "Out lights, out lights, out lights!" The soldier gradually disappears from the camp-fire. Rolled snugly in his blanket, the soldier dreams again of home, or revisits in imagination the battle-fields he has trod. The animals, with dull instinct, lie down to rest, and with dim gropings of consciousness ruminate over "fresh fields and pastures new." The fires, neglected by the sleeping men, go out, gradually flickering and smouldering, as if unwilling to die.

All is quiet. The army is asleep. Perhaps there is a brief interruption to the silence as some trooper goes clattering down the road on an errand of speed, or some uneasy sleeper turns over to find an easier position. And around the slumbering host the picket-guards keep quiet watch, while constant, faithful hearts in Northern and Western homes pray that the angels of the Lord may encamp around the sleeping army. *Major Nichols—Story of the Great March.*

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has induced many physcians of high standing to employ it in their practice, some of whom advise us of the fact under their own signatures. We have space only for the names of a few of these:

S. H. Finley, M. D., San Francisco, Cal.
E. Boyden, M. D., Exeter, Me.
Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
W. H. Webb, M. D., Cape Vincent, N. Y.
W. B. Lynch, M. D., Auburn, N. Y.
Abraham Skillman, M. D., Boundbrook, N. J.
H. D. Martin, M. D., Mansfield, Pa.

The proprietors have letters from all classes of our fellow-citizens, from the Halls of Congress to the humblest cottage, and even from beyond the seas; for the fame and virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM have extended to the "uttermost bounds of the earth," without any attempt on our part to introduce it beyond the limits of our own country

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In future all genuine WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY for the Pacific Coast will be enclosed in a new wrapper which will bear the printed names of both *SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, Mass*, and *JOHN D. PARK Cincinnati, Ohio*, as well as fac-simile of the signatures of *"I. BUTTS," "SANFORD & PARK,"* and *"H. WISTAR, M. D."*

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INTERIOR ITEMS.

Two persons in Nevada, says the *Union*, got into a dispute on Sunday last. After quarrelling for some time, and thereby attracting a pretty large crowd, one of the parties called the other some hard name, and the latter turning to him, expressed his regret that it was the Sabbath, as, if it hadn t been, he would have knocked him down. This, of course, caused an outburst of merriment from those who had congregated in the expectation of seeing a fight; but the old fellow was determined to strike no blow that would have a tendency to break the Sabbath, and went off muttering "I wish it wasn't Sunday."

The Sacramento *Union* says: "The Central Pacific Railroad Company have been laying their plans for the operations of the year 1866. The surveys which have been in progress this summer have developed a better line over the mountains than was antieipated, and the Directors, after a full consideration of the work before them, have concluded that they can and will lay the track to the Truckee river next year. They have given the uecessary orders to effect that object. If successful, it will be a great feat in railroad building."

Two or three days ago, says the Sacramento *Bee*, Captain Pierce completed the job of building a wing dam in the Sacramento river opposite the eity. The effect has been good, as a bar but two hundred feet in length now prevents the San Francisco boats from reaching the landiug opposite the foot of K street. As the channel is gradually deepening, it may be expected that in a short time the familiar steamers will show their noble proportions in the old berth.

The Enterprise Company, Meadow Lake district, has sunk a shaft some thirty feet from the surface. A few days since a blast was put in and two tons of rock blown out, in any piece of which free gold may be found in large quantities. These ledges, says the Nevada *Transcript*, differ in many respects from any gold bearing rock yet found. They are all very wide and exceedingly rich on the top.

Judge Warner Earll, Treasurer of the Committee of Management of the John Brown Cottage Fund, says the Red Bluff *Observer*, has received, from various sourees, the sum of $216 50. Rev. L. S. Ely, of San Francisco, Treasurer of the Committee iu that city, paid over to Mrs. Brown, on the 5th of October, the sum of $212 50, making a total of $426 towards the cottage.

The Grass Valley *National* says: Notwithstanding the pleasant weather, there is a good deal of sickness prevailing, particularly in the country. The druggists inform us that they are disposing of a large quantity of medicines daily. Diphtheria appears to be on the increase in the interior, but it does not seem quite so difficult to manage as usual.

Sixteen miles from Grass Valley, on Bear river, we are informed by the *National*, grouse and mountain quail are abundant. Bear river and its tributaries, and particularly in the region of the old Emigrant road, are supplied with speckled trout innumerable.

A letter from Virginia City, Montana, informs the Douglas Camp *Vedette* that two more of that elass called "road agents" were—upon sufficient evidence—"elevated" by the Vigilantes at Virginia, September 27th. The names they sailed under were Jackson and Morgan, but their right names were Jones and Collins.

The *Enterprise*, of Virginia, records the fact that a day or two ago a couple of women were walking along a street in that city, when the wiud blew the mantilla of one of them aside, and diselosed a six shooter stickiug in her waist-belt. She was evidently on the war-path; had on her "paint," and was thirsting for the fray.

James H. Lawrence, editor of the Mariposa *Free Press*, who killed Christopher C. Wilson, at that place, on the night of the 30th ult., has been discharged from custody by the Justiee of the Peaee before whom an examination was had, ou the ground of self defence.

The Visalia *Delta* states that William Anderson accidentally shot himself dead near Converse's Ferry, about two weeks ago, while knocking the gravel out of his pistol, which had fallen iu the dirt.

The eelebrated Sheba Mine, in Humboldt county, Nevada, is to be sold at Sheriff's sale, to satisfy a judgment of $30,000 in favor of the Bank of California. Three years ago it was worth $300 a foot.

A Frenchman by the name of Jean Pillegreeny, while working in a drift at Michigan Bar, Scott river, recently, was instantly killed by a bowlder falling upou him from the roof of the drift.

The Wilmington *Journal* says that business is improving and the steamer finds plenty of employment at present. In Santa Barbara the oil interests are creating considerable trade.

James Ullman, who killed a colored barber at Idaho City, has been lodged in Fort Boise, to keep him from being lynched.

TO A TIMID LEECH.

BY OUR INVALID CONTRIBUTOR.

NAY, start not from the banquet where the red wine foams for thee—
Though somewhat thick to perforate this *epidermis* be;
'Tis madness, when the bowl invites, to linger at the brink,
So haste thee, haste thee, timid one. Drink, pretty creature, drink!

I tell thee, if these azure veins could boast the regal wine
Of Tudors or Plantagenets, the draught should still be thine!
Though round the goblet's beaded brim plebeian bubbles wink,
'Twill cheer and not inebriate. Drink, pretty creature, drink!

Perchance, reluctant being, I have placed thee wrong side up,
And the lips that I am chiding have been farthest from the cup.
I have waited long and vainly, and I cannot, cannot t. ink
Thou would't spurn the oft repeated call: Drink, pretty creature, drink!

While I watched thy patient struggles, and imagined thou wert coy,
'Twas thy tail, and not thy features, that refused the proffered joy.
I will but turn thee tenderly—nay, never, never shrink;
Now, once again the banquet calls: Drink, pretty creature, drink!

[*London Fun.*

OUR OWN ÆSOP.

FABLE I.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

AN artless fox went out for a morning walk, and, casting up his fine eyes quite promiscuous-like, beheld a bunch of grapes hanging just above his innocent little head. He imprudently ate several, but was very soon attacked by a most violeut fit of indisposition. "I now begin to perceive," said he, "that I have done something rash. However, I will try to console myself by supposing that those grapes were not at all sour."

Moral.—Never touch early fruit unless you are quite positive that you have a lively imagination.

FABLE II.—THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

A dog was erossing a wooden bridge, with a slightly underdone mutton-chop in his mouth, when he beheld his refleetion considerably magnified iu the stream beneath. A common dog might have dropped the solid meat with a vague notion of getting the shadow into his possession; but this was *not* a eommon dog, or I should never have taken the trouble to write a fable about him. "Ah," said he, "this is evidently an optical illusiou, which will be explained some day by Professor Pepper at the Royal Polytechnic Institution. In the meantime, it is clear that although yonder chop is larger than mine, yonder dog is also larger, and consequently stronger, than I am; therefore, it would be imprudent in me to stand the chauces of a fight." Aud he went over and calmly ate his chop upon the other side.

Moral.—Cultivate the Polytechnic, and never strike a person who is bigger than yourself.

FABLE III.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A crow, perched on an *arbutus cactiflora*, held a Dutch cheese in his beak. To him enter a fox, unsuspecting as all foxes are wont to be. "Would you like a piece of cheese?" inquired the crow. "Thank you, not at present," replied the fox. "The fact is, I have been reading a very pretty pamphlet by a party called Banting, who doesn't think much of Dutch cheese. Besides, to tell you the truth, I haven't dined yet." "Well, don't go about saying that I never asked you," returned the crow, whose sensitive nature was rather wounded by rejection.

Moral.—There are some people in the world who prefer Stilton cheese to Dutch. To such people this fable is not addressed, because it would only be thrown away upon them. —*Fun.*

Fishing with the Electric Light.—The *Courier de Bretagne*, a paper published at l'Orient, gives an interesting account of an experiment made at Bell-Isle recently to fish at night by means of electric light. The light was produced by a powerful electro-magnetic machine constructed by M. Bazin, the well-known engineer. The experiment, which was conducted by M. Bazin on board a ship, in the presence of fifteen hundred persons assembled on the pier, was completely successful, and the quantity of fish taken was very large. A person who was present states that nothing can be more exciting than fishing at sea with the aid of this light. As soon as the sub-marine lantern was immersed, shoals of fish, of every description, came to sport in the illuminated circle, while the fishermen outside it spread their nets from their boats. The light illuminating the deep sea, the fish arriving in shoals, attracted by the fictitious sun, the boats at the edge of the lighted circle, the deep silence, interrupted only by the grating of the electro-magnetic machine, is described as an imposing sight. M. Bazin is shortly to proceed to Bona, in Algeria, to establish a coral fishery by the assistance of his electric light. He proposes in the meantime to descend full four hundred feet into the sea, and explore what he calls the "depths of the ocean" with his submarine instruments. The Minister of Marine has given orders for a ship of war to be placed at his disposal, and Admiral Choppart has appointed a commission, composed of engineers and naval officers, to attend M. Bazin's experiments officially.

FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

In Baden they seem to have had a concert whose programme has never been equalled by any other in a watering-place in Europe. Madame Viardot was the leading spirit of this concert, which consisted, among others, of the following pieces: "Overture on the "Belgian National Hymn," by Littolff; "The Flight to Egypt; "Les Preludes;" the "Conjuration of the Djinns," from the the *Desert*, by Ernest Reyer; Air from "Rinklan and Ludmilla," by Giuly, sung by Madame Viardot; "Zigeunerleben," by Schumann; "Hymn of the Rhine," by Ernest Reyer; Introduction of *Tristan and Isolde*, by Wagner; March from the *Africaine;* Quintette, Septett, and Duo from *Les Troyens*, by Berlioz, and Chorus from *Moses*, by Rossini. Is this enough music "of the futuro" for one concert?

Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has had such success in Boulogne that the Boulogne press are more than usually *staccato* in their laudations: "Quelle belle voix! quelle etendue! quelle méthode! quelle justesse! quelle douceur jusque dans les notes les plus élevées!" A French critic is powerless unless he is allowed the run of the interjectious, and in this case his notes of admiration are produced by admiration for Carlotta's notes.

Another composer, Sigor Farrio, has composed an opera *Amleto* (Hamlet) which is said to be extraordinarily good. It must be rather queer to hear "Hamlet" sing, "To be or not to be," in E flat.

While live composers aro thus busy, there is a movement on the tapis which is intended not to give rest to the bones of a dead composer, collections being instituted in order to remove Bellini's coffin to Catania. The coffin is now in Paris. Another eomposer and cotemporary of Bellini, Auber, has received a testimonial for his talent, which must havo honored him highly as well as touched him deeply. He has been the recipient of the order of Notre Dame de Guadaloupe.

The first new opera to be produced at Covent Garden after the *Africaine* is a composition by Mr. Henry Leslie. The name is not definitely fixed, but we believe *Ida, or the Guardian Stork*, is the title suggested.

The Royal Opera in Berliu has began the autumnal season with *Oberon* aud *Freyschutz*. *L'Africaine* is in preparation for the winter, and will be produced with great splendor and fidelity to the original representation in Paris.

Prof. Noiil, of Munich, has discovered an autograph of Beethoven, a compositiou for the piauoforte hitherto entirely unknown. It is entitled *Pour Elisa, 27 avril*, and is in the key of A miuor. This newly-discovered treasure will probably be published in the new complete edition of Beethoven's works, by Breitkopf and Haertel, Leipzig.

It is likely that the Scala in Milan will not open for the autumn season, in consequence of the repairs and new decorations not being completed seasonably. The director intends making use of the spare time in grand preparations for the production of the *Africaine* in the winter.

Mr. Albert, author of *Cendrillon*, and *La Jolie Fille de Gand*, and other pieces of great merit, has just died at Fontainebleau, at the age of seventy-nine. He is a good musician, an author and a painter, and was accomplished in all manly sports.

Cherubini's celebrated opera, *Les Deux Journées* has been produced in Vienna with great success. Herr Beck distinguished himself in the principal character. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska made her *rentree* at the Court Theatre in Mozart's *Seraglio*.

Out of the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds, which the concert given, in London, for the *tenor* Giuglini produced, that unfortunate singer will scarcely receive as much as eight pounds, in consequence of the opposition of a creditor.

Mr. W. Harrison, well known in New York as the *tenor* of the Pyne Opera Troupe, is lying seriously ill in London.

Adelina Patti made twenty thousand francs by her concert at Vichy last month. So much for having a voice.

[*N. Y. Review.*

The amouut of copper ore shipped by C. T. Meader & Co. from the month of February to September, 1865, inclusive, is 16,464 tons.

Dentist Work.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their hnndi-work on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, nnd we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

Day Goods at Less than Cost.—Tnaffe & Co., No. 9 Montgomery street, having recently purchased to the extent of many thousand dollars at the late auction sales of Dry Goods, advertise elsewhere in our columns to sell dress materials and house-keeping goods from twenty-five to fifty per cent. less than the original cost of importation.

Ladies—A Jewel.—It purifies, beautifies, gratifies all who use it: Davidson's Circassian Bloom for the Complexion and Skin. Every lady should have it. Sold by all Druggists.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Huskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Greceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

Home Manufactures.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

A Dainty Branch of Art.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

The Connecticut Life Insurance Company organized in 1847, with a guaranteed capital of $50,000; Eliphalet A. Bulkley was its first President, and Guy R. Phelps, Secretary. This company has been successful from the first, and has grown to be, in the number of its policy-holders, the largest company in the world, and its business for the past year was greater than that of any other Life Insurance Company in the world. The whole number of policies issued is 43,386, of which 24,054 are now in force, covering an aggregate risk of over $60,000,000. It has paid in losses, on 1,729 lives, the sum of $3,952,762; and in dividends, $2,812,904. Its capital and assets, February 1st, were $7,918,896, nearly eight millions. During the year ending February 1st, 8,115 policies were issued, $482,387 were paid in losses, on 201 lives, and $313,767 in dividends; its receipts for premiums were $2,381,954, and for interest on investments $556,608, making total receipts for the year, $2,938,562, nearly three millions. During the past four years, its interest on investments has been more than sufficient to pay the losses. The present officers of the Connecticut Mutual Life are, James Goodwin, President; Guy R. Phelps, Secretary.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
General Agents for California.

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!

We are in receipt, per every steamer, of
FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES,
which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
je10 3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE Reduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!
W. D. FARRAND.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25
No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, Etc.

WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.

Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greenor Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.

A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.

☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

WE ARE NOW GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,
se30-1m No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

TRIAL IS THE BEST AND Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

(200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD

Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

F. L. TILESTON, Agent.

Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,
se30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

A. ROMAN & CO., BOOK-SELLERS, Importers and Publishers,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO,

DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

BOOKS,
In Every Department of Literature,
EMBRACING
Standard, Miscellaneous,
Mining, Scientific,
Medical, Military,
Theological, Religious,
Juvenile, Toy Books,

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,
MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, ETC.

☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,
BY
A. ROMAN & CO.
se2-tf

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

GREATEST TRIUMPH!

The "Bradbury" Piano

TOOK THE

FIRST PREMIUM

AT THE

MECHANICS' FAIR,

WHERE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MAKERS WERE IN COMPETITION.

This is nothiug now for the

BRADBURY,

It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.

A. KOHLER, Music Dealer,
620 and 622 Washiagton street, San Frnncisco,
se23-1m Sole Agent for the Pacific States.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of tho California Steam Navigation Compauy

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET,*

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Largo Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Missiou every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commeucing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour therenfter until 11:30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superiutendent.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior Instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California.

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kiuds of thread."

75,000

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machiue during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machiues of this firm, which are geuerally acknowledged even by dealers in otber sewing machiues, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
nu19-3m Mauufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BENT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inveutions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House.

Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will findi Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

Washington Street,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS

WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE

MECHANICS' FAIR

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,

TO

I. D. THOMPSON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

No. 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promp'ly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

---

CARRINGTON & CO'S

GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine —a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CET.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

OCTOBER 12, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

MOSES TAYLOR,

J. H. BLETHEN, - - - - - Commander

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON THURSDAY, - - - - OCTOBER 12TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely

Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

ERICSSON,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR November 13th.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10.000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11.522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

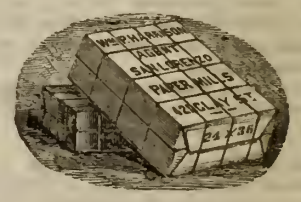
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1865:

OCT. 18th, - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Bradbury.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE
OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
Jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security do	do	do -	2,000,000
Phenix do	do	do - -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

---

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR
Furniture,
AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER
CELEBRATED
ELASTIC STITCH
SEWING
MACHINES.
BAKER'S

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16-2m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a82 44 Licdesdorff street, San Francisco.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF
FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,
415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*
nearly opposite the Post Office,
SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,
jy15-3m AGENT.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP
SACRAMENTO.

CLOTHING BAZAAR,
431 *Montgomery Street,*
THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,
(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer
THE LATEST STYLES
OF
FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF
Gents' Furnishing Goods
CONSTANTLY ON HAND
ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of
TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12-3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

RARE CHANCE
TO SECURE
DESIRABLE HOMESTEADS.

THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTEAD ASSOCIATION HAS been formed to enable its members, by paying a few dollars monthly, to obtain desirable Homesteads in the city of San Francisco. In order to secure a beautiful location, as well as cheap property, they have selected Block 540, bounded by Broderick, Pine, Baker and California streets, and Block 541, bounded by Broderick, California, Baker and Sacramento streets, all of the Western Addition. The property is within three blocks of the Central Railroad, and can be reached in a few minutes from the centre of the city. It is covered with fine trees and shrubbery, is sheltered from the winds, and is in every way most eligibly located for homestead purposes.

The lots are, nearly all, 27 1-2 feet front by 137 1-2 feet deep. The Capital Stock is divided into 69 shares, of $250 each. Shareholders will pay $10 per month on each share taken for the term of 25 months. When six monthly payments been made, the property will be divided among the members, and they will receive contracts for deede to the lots to which they will be entitled, that will enable them to take possession of the same, and erect buildings thereon. In no other way can Homestead Lots in this city be thus easily obtained, and for so small an outlay.

Parties who may wish to subscribe to the Capital Stock, can see a map of the property and obtain full particulars, by calling at the office of the Secretary, 305 Montgomery street, corner of Pine. The title to the property is perfect.

J. S. LUTY, Secretary, 305 Montgomery street,
jy22 Room Nos. 2 and 6.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE

OF THE

SEWING MACHINES!

Campaign of 1865!

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED THE

FLORENCE!

AT THE

State Fair of California,

BY A COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF THE

BEST MECHANICAL TALENT OF THE STATE.

THE REPORT:

"FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—After a careful investigation of this NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, viewing it as we do in a mechanical point of view, we consider that it ie in many respects worthy of much praise, particularly that portion of its mechanical arrangement hy which the REVERSIBLE motion is ohtained, which is simplicity itself, and in our opinion worthy of special consideration ; also, the

COMPLETE AND POSITIVE CONTROL OVER THE TENSION,

as exhihited in this Machine, along with the mechanical arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of Machine,

FROM THE FINEST LACE TO FOUR THICKNESSES OF LEATHER.

"Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVED MACHINES NOW IN USE.

"We, therefore, in view of the above facts, award it h (FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM.

THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR."

SAMUEL HILL,

GENERAL AGENT,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc7 SAN FRANCISCO.

A MOUNTAIN

REDUCED TO A

Very Small Molehill!

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM

AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR!

"TO MRS. JOHN HARDING,

FOR

SKILFUL EMBROIDERY,

A SILVER MEDAL."

(THAT WAS ALL.)

The joke in the Chain Stitch Machine claiming a premium will he appreciated when it is understood that all the Sewing Machine Agents who exhibited, signed, at the urgent request of the Managers of the said Fair, a written agreement, precluding any of them from entering their machines or work for a premium.

LET NONE BE DECEIVED!

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

oc7 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
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AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,

SATURDAY, OCT. 14TH,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE:

Captain of the Watch,

AND

MAID OF CROISSY

This Evening, October 14th,

FIRST BENEFIT OF

M'LLE VESTVALI!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CALIFORNIA, THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF THE

Duke's Daughter,

OR,

THE FOOL AND HIS MASTER!

ALTERNATE NIGHTS.—Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Mr. Bandmann's nights. Tueeday, Thursday, and Saturday, Vestvali's nights.

Drese Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - -	$1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - -	50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - -	25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - -	$5 and $10

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HAS DONE DEEDS OF MERCY TO SUFFERERS

of Chronic Diseases heyond the aid or skill of Surgeons. or Physicians. It has raised the invalid howed down with deepair. It has cured dreadful casee of hereditary Mercurial diseage and Scrofula swell-Rheumatism, Eczuna, Eringe, eruptions, Nodes, Liver eipelas, Guitre, ney and Bladder Complaint, Kid- der Ailments, weaknesses,

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$18,500,000!

Income for enrrent year, all cash - - -	$3,500,000
Paid claims by doath, - - - - - -	6,500,000
Surplns accumnlated 1864, - - - - -	1,770,090

All the surplue belongs to the assured, and is equitahly divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are eimply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid hy eaen.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Maesachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing eurplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stahility which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurauce Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World.".

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The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and eupervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,
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Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
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GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,

FOR FAMILIES!

ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, OCT. 14TH,

Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT 14TH,

Boncicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelieh (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue	Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shaun the Post	Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady	Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin	W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul	J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny	H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power	Mise Belle Devine
Katy Welsh	Miee Annie Yeamans

Drees Circle and Orchestra seats, $1 ; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra priee for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock ; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

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OREGON ALL RIGHT!

Three First Premiums

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THE BEST FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE,

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Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to eupply the trade and the public in general. All artieles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

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PRINTERS,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

NEW DRESS GOODS!

TAAFFE & CO.

HAVE THIS DAY PURCHASED AT THE GREAT

Auction Sale,

THE FOLLOWING LIST OF GOODS,

WHICH THEY WILL OFFER AT RETAIL,

ON

MONDAY, - - - OCTOBER 9th,

AT FROM

25 to 50 Per Cent. Less than

COST OF IMPORTATION:

600 pieces good French Merinos, all colors, at 75c. per yard ;
300 pieces Super French Merinos, $1 per yd ;
200 pcs Extra Sup. Fr. Merinos, $1 25 pr yd ;
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5000 yards Extra super Black Silk, from $3 to $8 per yard.

ALSO,

500 Elegant Silk Robes, from $20 to $100 each ;
200 Foulard Dresses, at $10.

ALSO

Plaid. Striped, Chine and Brocade Silks.

HOTEL AND HOUSE KEEPERS ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Linen Goods,

CONSISTING OF

SUPERIOR TABLE DAMASKS,
TABLE CLOTHS, TOWELS,
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Shirting Linens, from 35 cents to $1 25 per yard ;
1000 Linen Shirts, at $3 50—worth $6 ;
5000 dozen Undergarments for Ladiee and Children ;
5000 dozen Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs.

All of which will be offered at

Great Bargains.

TAAFFE & CO.,

9 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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"SHOW THEM UP!"

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO

No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.

In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.

First and Highest Premium

TO THE

FLORENCE!

STATE FAIR, OREGON.

In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbe, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

11 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

oc14 1m

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 22.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE
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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."
HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Some of these fine days, the human race at present crawling on this globe will appreciate this fact. They will have the conceit taken out of them. They now fondly imagine that this earth was created for their especial accommodation, and that their ancestors came into possession of it when it was new. The fact of the matter is that it is a miserable second-hand affair, that has been occupied by dozens of sets of tenants, and has come into the possession of the race who at present live and move and have their being on its surface, in a shockingly dilapidated and shaky condition. It will never be let again, after it passes out of the possession of the present tenants; it may be broken up, and the building materials used for other worlds, but it is far more probable that it will turn into a comet. Who can tell how often the curious drama, now being enacted on this earth, has been rehearsed before? The very same actors who are at present engaged in it may have filled the parts which they now play, and have forgotten all about it. Most people have experienced a consciousness at times, when they are in a place where they know they have never been before during their present lifetime, and under circumstances which reason would lead them to believe are entirely new to them, that they are familiar with both the place and the events which are transpiring. Many writers have mentioned this; Dickens speaks of it in one of his works. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, suggests, as an explanation of it, that the brain being divided into two compartments, one set of organs may receive an impression slightly before it is conveyed to those in the other compartment. He says this *may* be so, but he does not believe it. It is just as likely that the pre-Adamite races of man were the very same individuals who now inhabit this earth—that John Smith, and Tom Jones, and William Brown, who now walk about, dressed in broadcloth, were pre-Adamite men—wore pre-Adamite plug-hats, and smoked pre-Adamite cigars; in fact, that they have ages ago rehearsed the lives they now live, in the most minute particulars. When breaking-up day came, and the earth was reduced to a state of chaos, of course the earth swallowed up all the traces of civilization in the shape of plug-hats, cigars, waterfalls, etc., which were in existence. Then, after the earth was patched up and set going again, the drama commenced, and in due course of time John Smith's, Tom Jones', and William Brown's souls, which had been carefully put aside for future use, were put into very much the same sort of bodies as they occupied during the pre-Adamite period, and walked about in just the same sort of clothes, wore the same succession of fashions in the way of hats, and smoked the same kind of cigars, as they had done during their pre-Adamite existence. It appears that some of the pre-Adamite cigars are coming to light, though, of course, they are, after the lapse of perhaps hundreds of thousands of years, in a perfectly unsmokable condition. A pre-Adamite cannon-ball, with which pre-Adamite Grants and Lees made war, has also turned up. We clip the following from the Nevada *Transcript*:

"The cave recently found in the Star Spangled Banner ledge appears to be a reservoir of curiosities. The astonishment of miners at the discovery of a cannon ball seventy-five feet below the surface, has given way to greater amazement at the discovery of a fossil cigar. The cigar is most perfect in shape, and the separate layers of which it is composed are so distinct, that they may be easily counted. Another curious formation was also found, which closely resembles a carrot, and which is pronounced by those who ought to know, the fossil remains of that vegetable. The question now is, 'Who smoked such cigars and ate such carrots?'"

Wonderful, isn't it? It would be utterly absurd to suppose that a race of men, who fired cannon balls from Anderson guns, smoked cigars—"our own manufacture, five for twenty-five cents"—and ate carrots, ever inhabited this earth before the race who now hold it had it turned over to them! We maintain that, possibly, this orb was reduced to a state of chaos by just the same means which are now being used to destroy it. It may have had a succession of had tenants, who did all they could to knock it to pieces, by running tunnels, sinking shafts, and other destructive operations. We inhabit a ruined world, and when it is shaken to pieces the next time, it is very doubtful whether the smash will not be so thorough that it will not be worth repairing. In that case, the inhabitants who have played their parts on this stage may, perhaps, be promoted to higher roles in another world, and no race will succeed the present, to sink tunnels into the renovated earth, and dig up our old cannon balls, and petrified cigars, and carrots, and with cool conceit ask, "Who smoked such cigars and ate such carrots?" having a firm conviction that, before they came upon this earth, it was never inhabited by men civilized enough to use cannon balls to murder one another, smoke cigars, and eat carrots. "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

At the Democratic Ratification meeting held at Platt's Hall on Monday last, the most practical speech that was made, was that of Doctor Isaac Rowell, though we fear that he failed in making the point which he intended to. He said, according to the *Alta's* report, that he did not come there to make a Democratic speech. He then explained what he did come for:

"He wanted to contradict a falsehood circulated by the People's Party, that he had threatened to poison secessionists, Copperheads, and Democrats. He had never made any such threat. He never poisoned anybody, though he had had many Irish and Democratic patients since the time when such language was attributed to him. On the contrary, he had allowed many of them to get out of medicine and get well. [Applause.]"

Doctor Rowell was right in contradicting this falsehood, as its circulation has no doubt had a most injurious effect on his business. We do not believe that he ever said that he would poison secessionists, Copperheads, and Democrats, more than patients holding other political opinions, but, if our memory serves us right, he did say that he should like to "prescribe" for Copperheads. Dr. Rowell's defence is delightfully *naive*. "He never poisoned anybody; on the contrary, he had allowed many of them *to get out of medicine and get well.*" No wonder that there was an outburst of applause when the kind-hearted doctor who has been so cruelly maligned, made that statement. "He had had many Irish and Democratic patients since the time when such language was attributed to him;" did he poison them? No, he resisted the temptation, strong as it must have been—"he allowed many of them to get out of medicine and get well." He does not tell the audience what became of those whom he did not allow to get out of medicine. Did they get well? No doubt it was painful for Dr. Rowell to be forced himself to publish his own good deeds to the world. Doctors are proverbially modest; many of their deeds are hid from the sight of men. How many of their works does N. Gray issue from his great medical publishing house on Sacramento street, neatly bound in boards without any author's name attached to them! We have not much confidence in advertising physicians as a rule, but when a doctor can, as Doctor Isaac Rowell did on Monday evening last, stand boldly forth in the presence of over a thousand people, and, with his hand on his heart say, "I never poisoned anybody," we must have confidence in that man. If we should be stricken down by sickness, we should choose Doctor Isaac Rowell for our physician, in the confident hope that he would in the same generous spirit which he has manifested towards his Irish and Democratic patients—many of them, we mean—allow us to "get out of medicine and get well."

THE London *Standard* of August 27th, devotes nearly a column to a review of *Scenes of Wonder and Curiosity in California; with* 100 *Engravings*. By James M. Hutchings. The *Standard* considers this work a very good Guide Book to the mammoth trees of Calaveras. It says:

"While Mr. Hutchings confines himself to simple guide-book descriptions of trees, mountains, waterfalls, and hotels, he gets on pretty fairly; but as soon as he attempts a single flight of a higher pretension, he at once becomes American in phraseology, or gives way to a kind of meagre facetiousness, which is of all things most wearisome to the reader."

A "funny" paragraph about mosquitoes on the San Joaquin river that we know Hutchings thought a magnificent effort of genius, is quoted as a specimen of "his highest style," and the *Standard* then adds:

"Taking this as an example of the highest style Mr. Hutchings attains, our readers must judge for themselves as to what his lower flights must be like, which make up three-fourths of the whole book."

Californians have read most of the matter contained in this work, now, for the first time, published in England, in Hutchings Magazine. The *Standard*, we imagine, labors under the idea that it is an original work published by Chapman & Hall, instead of being a reprint of articles which appeared in the first place in a Californian magazine.

BIELA'S comet, which, in the course of a few months, will become visible to the naked eye, is one in which the inhabitants of this earth are especially interested, as on one occasion it was very nearly getting in our way. In 1832, had the earth been only one month in advance of its actual position, it would have passed through the comet—"a singular rencontre," says Sir John Herschel, "perhaps not unattended with danger." As Stephenson said of the cow on the railroad track, in the event of a train running against her, "it would be mighty bad for the cow;" so our earth's bolting through a comet might be mighty bad for the comet, or, on the other hand, it might make it unpleasantly warm for us who live upon the earth. Mr. Biela first observed this comet in 1826; it returns to us about once in every six years and three-quarters. In 1846, it was guilty of an eccentricity, which puzzled astronomers greatly: it deliberately laid an egg, in the shape of a small comet. The young comet travelled along peaceably by the side of the old comet for some time, growing brighter every day, and in a few weeks eclipsed the old original in brilliancy; after a while, however, it appeared to grow sickly, and then it threw out a band of light towards the comet which gave it birth, and the two travelled on like the Siamese twins. Immediately upon the old original comet picking up the string which its infant threw to it, it threw out rays which made it appear like a comet with three tails; perhaps this was to help along any struggling young comets who might want assistance. The two then travelled out of sight. Seven years after they appeared again, presenting the same relative position to each other. The earth was, therefore, on one occasion, admitted into the secrets of comet-manufacturing.

THE *Bulletin*, convinced that it has received a sanitary commission from Providence, devotes a column to the subject of "Cholera and its domestic preventive." It is sweeping in its condemnation of offal, and positively revels in "a magnificent drain" on Folsom street. It is severe on dead dogs and cats in the street, and urges respect for the dead. The article as a whole, is capital; we are grieved to discover flaws in so admirably constructed a column; but really the *Bulletin* should not tell the public to avoid "tessclating the public highway with vegetable offal or defunct feline or canine life." "Defunct feline or canine life" cannot tesselate a highway. "Defunct life" is not a proper phrase to apply to dead bodies. The writer of this very sensible but not very elegantly written article is, we should imagine, a lady. The concluding sentence is *so* like a woman: "Eat proper food and take care of the slops, and you need not fear the cholera."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Dublin *Freeman* says that William H. Seward is the real leader of the Fenian movement, and that the object of the Fenians is not to free Ireland, but to take possession of Canada. Under these circumstances, the whole affair can be arranged by diplomacy. Seward need only write a letter to Lord Russell, telling him that he and a few Fenian friends would like to have Canada: and Lord Russell will immediately answer that, rather than have any unpleasantness about the matter, he is quite willing that he should take Canada, and, if British Columbia is any use to him, he is heartily welcome to that also. The only danger to be dreaded is this: Canada would, in the event of England consenting to give her away, immediately declare war against the mother country, and Lord Russell would be frightened into reclaiming his present to Seward & Co.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Call*:

FLEW AWAY—From Maguire's Opera House, on Wednesday evening, a GREEN PARROT. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning it as above.

We sincerely trust that our republication of this advertisement will not lead to the restoration of this green parrot to the company at Maguire's Opera House. If there are green parrots attached to that or any other company, let them have free wing—their loss will not grieve the public. Green parrots are not desirable on the stage. We have had a good many female parrots on the San Francisco stage who have been taught to speak, but they still remained parrots and still continued green. Such as these do well to fly away as soon as they can find mates, and no liberal reward should be offered to induce them to return.

A. D. RICHARDSON, who visited Victoria, V. I., in company with the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and wrote letters to the New York *Tribune* from thence, is a model correspondent. His letters are remarkably free from verbiage. Here is a model of conciseness:

"Visiting Her Majesty's flagship, the *Sutlej*, she fired a salute of fifteen guns and ran up the star-spangled banner, while her band played it."

There is true economy of words. A. D. Richardson would talk of a boy "drawing from a well the old oaken bucket, singing it at the same time," rather than be guilty of tautology.

TREM.

[For the Californian.]

THE RETURNED WANDERER.

ANOTHER LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

WALKING along Oxford street, one afternoon, I met my friend S. R. He remarked that if I were going his way, he would tell me a very pleasing and affecting story which Robert F. had related to him.

"I and a companion," said Robert, "were seated in one of those comfortable old conveyances—the long coach which had not yet given way to the rail-car—and rubbed the frostiness off the window glasses. We were going some forty miles or so into the west country. My companion—for it is with him my tale has to do—was a hale, hearty old man between seventy and eighty—so his family Bible said—but he was a boy. Age had crumpled his cheek into a complete cobweb of wrinkles, but had left the rosy color of youth almost as bright as ever. Time seemed to have pegged at the tough old man until he found it to be labor in vain, and then given him up in despair to take his own time about the journey. The truth was, he could not touch his heart; and when that is young, man is never old. He was an independent man in the village where he was born, to which locality we were bound; the same roof sheltered his gray hairs that had sheltered him when sleeping in his cradle; he, watching for the London coaches, bent over the same gate that he had climbed up for that purpose as a child. His life, with few exceptions, had been one of calm and sunshine, undisturbed, in his cottage, with the turmoil and vanity of the great world.

"I used to call him uncle, from a distant relationship by marriage—I did not care how distant. There is always a pleasure and a pride in deluding one's-self into a relationship with the good. He, at the utmost stretch of his jocosity, called me 'My Lord,' as I and the Lord of the Manor were the only two seen about in black clothes, except, indeed, the gentleman who came over for an hour and a half on Sunday mornings to preach from some distant village. He being only an infrequent visitor, his coat was very little seen. My uncle, in the kindness of his heart, excused him. 'Poor fellow' said he, 'he has two more churches to attend to.'

"We had progressed some miles on our journey, and found the cold getting more severe at every mile; consequently at the first stoppage to change horses, we alighted to knock some life and feeling into our feet. At the door of the little inn, a small covered cart drew on one side to give room for our coach. After ordering something warm, we popped into the kitchen, invited by the roaring fire which illumined the whole place. There, around the blaze, sat some poor, shuddering wretches who, we understood, were being passed to their parishes in the little cart we had seen at our entrance. One more particularly interested us from her extreme old age, which, from appearance, must have been upwards of seventy. The cold seemed to have made her quite insensible; her almost equally frozen companions were attempting by every attention to bring back some life into the poor old creature. 'She's blind, too, poor old soul,' said one rough-looking fellow who was rubbing her bony hand between his palm, as he saw our pitying looks. 'She'll never live the way down I'm sure, it's come on so bitter, and that tilt draws the cold through us dreadful.' 'Where is she going to, poor soul?' said my pitying uncle, as he drew the back of his hand across his eyes. 'Thirty miles on, sir,' answered the man, 'the village of ——.' My uncle turned his eyes towards me—the very village, his own. 'I do not know her face,' said he. 'I believe, sir, she's been a long time away in foreign parts, or somewhere, I don't know rightly,' continued the man. 'Poor thing! poor thing!' muttered the kind old man. 'She must not go on, it would be worse than murder.' 'Landlady,' said he to the kind-hearted woman who had brought in a cup of hot tea for the poor creature, 'Black Will's coach comes through here in an hour; she must go with him, I'll pay—put her inside—he'll set her down—he's a kind-hearted fellow—do what you can for her; there's a good soul.' As he said all this in a hurried tone, he kept gazing upon the deathlike features of the poor old woman, and passing from one poor shivering object to another his hot glass of brandy and water, he drew out his purse and put some money into the hands of the landlady: 'Give her what you can to do her good,' continued he, 'and I'll see her after to-morrow—I live where she is going to—wrap her up you know, and ——.'

"'Ready, sir,' said the coachman, 'the other insides are in.' We howled away; for a few minutes we did not speak a word. At last the kind old man began to rub his hands and exclaim, 'Well, getting out for so short a time as that, circulates one's blood. I feel all of a glow, as warm as a toast.' No doubt of it; but not a drop of the brandy and water had passed his lips.

'Money,' said my uncle, placing the pegs leisurely and thoughtfully in the cribbage-board, as we sat toasting our shins before the sparkling logs on his hearth after our cosy supper on the self-same bitter night, 'Money, my dear boy, is given to us as almoners. Woe betide us if we break our trust. The reward for charity is unquestionable, is immediate. Witness the glow that pervades the heart when you give to those who are in sorrow and distress. On the contrary, we see the continual misery of the foolish ones who close their hands and their hearts against the call of the needy, scraping a mountain of wealth that they may die worth so much money, but not one blessing. They drag the worthless weight with them to the verge of the unfathomable future, and it sinks them '*Deeper and deeper still!*' If I ever feel indisposed or out of humor as the world calls it, (and we are all subject to megrims) I go among my fellows and give my mite where I know it is a blessing and rightly bestowed, which is very easy to find out in such a small community as this is; you would be astonished what excellent physic I find it.' 'Mind, my dear boy' continued he, 'I don't preach, nor wish to give you lessons, for you have forgotten more than I, in my simple way, ever knew; but these thoughts after our painful scene of to-night will find utterance; so take up your cards and let me see whether you play better than you used to do.' I did as he directed me, but as had been the case on all my former visits, I was most woefully beaten. I never was a card-player. My brain was galloping and careering away upon a thousand subjects called up by the last few hours' incidents. At last he threw down the cards with a laugh, vowing that it was no honor to beat me. I bore it like a martyr, and took my candlestick to retire to bed. We parted on the landing. I shook him heartily by the hand and wished him pleasant dreams; who doubts that he had them?

"Such a bed! sweet as a bed of flowers, instead of feathers. No more humps in it than the waves of the sea, like which it received me as I plunged into it. That dear old patch-work counterpane, quilted to a miracle of warmth, was to me always like a memorandum book of generations—little square bits of long departed pride, sniffed from the Sunday-going gowns of aunts and grandmothers, all passed-away patterns of women. Could it have found tongue to prate of its possessors, what a strange history it would have been!

"Tick, tick, tick! went the powerful old clock on the landing. It was an unusual sound to my metropolitan ears, and I began counting its vibrations. I positively felt as if I were swinging with its indefatigable pendulum. When I had almost got at full swing, much to my annoyance, the light of my candle, which I had placed on a well-polished old coffer, or clothes-chest, sent one of its little expiring rays upon the frame of a picture that hung opposite to my bed. I knew the picture well: it was a very poor drawing of a young female head, with high dressed hair, and a little Gipsy bonnet with flaunting ribbons. In fact, in the style of the last century; so *outre* in our eyes at the present day as we, no doubt, shall be to the eyes of a future day. That picture was the skeleton of my uncle's peaceful house. Those blue eyes and rosy cheeks had made him a bachelor, but not a cynic. It was no secret; everybody in the village knew of uncle's being 'crossed in love,' so I will tell you:

"More than half a century before, the gray-headed old man who slept in the next chamber was the young athletic hero of the village green. From his independence, a sort of squire, and the world all promise before him, to love was part of his nature. The original of that little picture was the object. She an was orphan, though well provided for; brought up by an old aunt, and had never quitted the village of her birth. She was spoiled and petted by everybody, who, of course, called her the village belle. Young and handsome, and rich for his position, he soon became the favored swain, to the dismay of many who had dared to hope. But who could rival him? None. The old people chuckled, and said it was just as it should be: both rich, both handsome, and both such kindly hearts—what a merry wedding it would be! And so it would have been; but fate decreed it otherwise. Months rolled on, and she leant on his arm at church and market, and the old people blessed them as they passed on their way. It was all sunshine. The feast, or annual fair, came round, and with it a host of visitors from far or near. The rich farmer and the poor cottager kept open house: all was innocent merriment and enjoyment. My uncle and his almost bride—Annie Leslie—danced with the best, and better than anybody else; so said the village gossips. Among the visitors was a gay, dashing young buck, from London, upon a visit to some farmer relation, who had driven him over to see the frolics. The cut of his boots and the tie of his cravat almost set the village beaux mad. He was young, gay, and agreeable; his eye soon fixed upon the village belle—Annie. He sought her for his partner, and danced his best. My uncle looked on without the slightest spice of jealousy, only pleased to see her acquit herself so charmingly with the London gentleman—he felt proud of her.

"The feast was past some days, when an alarming fever attacked the young lover, who begged that Annie in her anxiety might not be allowed to come near him. He was obeyed; and, much against her will and entreaties, she was not permitted to approach his bedside. To the dismay of the village, it was soon discovered to be that then most dreadful scourge—the small-pox. Many fled from the village; Annie, among the number, was forced away by her terror-stricken guardian. Dreary and painful weeks passed over, and his life was spared; but his features were much altered, though not disfigured. He hardly knew himself, as he gazed for the first time in the glass upon his changed features. He would not see his betrothed until, by change of air, he had removed all fear of contagion, so that three months elapsed from the least week before he stood in the road of the village, looking out for Annie's return.

"She came—she welcomed him with tears; but there was a strange chill in her manner, that penetrated to his heart. Too soon the busy tongue of rumor whispered the fatal truth: the London spark, who was staying close to the vicinity of her friends, to whom she had gone upon her lover's illness, had been constantly seeking her society and her regards. The noble and upright heart of my uncle shuddered. He sought her, and found that the gay manners and engaging air of the more polished lover had estranged her affections. Like a martyr, he sacrificed himself for her happiness, or what she considered as such; he bade her go free; he felt that she turned from his altered features with little less than disgust, and it was only his former self that she had supposed she loved.

"She left the village, as everybody knew, to be married to another; no blessing followed her; for all knew too well that she had spurned a true and affectionate heart. He never loved woman again. His yearning heart still sought to know her fate, and after years were often saddened by the knowledge that she had placed her fortunes in a rotten vessel, and that she was unhappy in her choice. More than fifty years had passed away, but he had not forgotten her.

"The pecking of the social robin at my casement awoke me early the next morning, soon seconded by the cheerful voice of the old man, exclaiming: 'Come, come, my lord; none of your London ways—up and be stirring. The toasted cake and eggs are crying, Come eat me! You must be quick in your movements, for I intend you to be my assistant this morning. It is my turn, I find, to see the coals given to the poor to-day at the Crown Stables. Come; here's your hot water, and your boots.' With that he popped them into the room, and bustled away, humming with a merry chirping tone some old-fashioned ditty, of which he had stores—about

'Tis sweet in the morn,
When sounds the horn,
And bucks a hunting go,
For all my fancy
Dwells with my Nancy,
For she can cry, Tallyho, ho, ho!'

"We breakfasted like princes, and then bustled across the road to the Crown Stables, where we found men, women, and children assembled with wheel-barrows, baskets, bags, in fact anything that would hold anything, waiting for the charitable gift of coals, provided for them by the richer classes, so that they might not suffer during the inclement season. 'Half a loaf and a whole fire is better than a whole loaf and no fire,' said my uncle.

"He had a thousand kind greetings from them all. I could not help smiling, as I wrote down their names and families, at the severe look with which he whispered me that, 'we must be very particular and not give an ounce more than the rules allow.' God bless the old man; he was continually popping some round coal slyly into somebody's basket, over and above the allowance, and the little muffled-up urchins were clustering around him in the most perplexing manner, interfering sadly with his dignity. Children are the best judges in this world. They believed in him; and well they might: he felt with them. Opposite to his cottage, there was a roughly fenced-in slip of an orchard, which had been a continual annoyance to him. Boys will rob orchards. Apples, it is well known, are gifted with a tremendous power of seduction. There is a positive wickedness about that tree. It throws its arms over its boundary wall, or fence, right in the faces of passers-by, waving a lot of golden temptation to their parched mouths, quite irresistible. That orchard was not to be borne; it was the cause of more family squabbles, juvenile thrashings, and heart-burnings, than all the rest of properly walled-in, respectable orchards in the kingdom. The surly proprietor, however, wanted a small angle of ground belonging to my uncle, to enlarge his stable. For once my uncle finessed: nothing but that straggling bit of cankered orchard would he take in exchange, and he got it. Happy day for the children, for he took down the board of penalties nearly obliterated by revengeful throws from juvenile depredators, and with much humor replaced it with one of more amiable temper. On it was written: 'Don't steal; ask over the way.' From that day, puddings had more apples in them. That orchard became a valuable mentor to infants, for my uncle took care that all deserving children should look forward to it as a positive reward of good behavior in all instances, and a Garden of Eden, from which all delinquents were excluded; it was only known as the 'children's orchard.'

"We had just finished off our last claimant, when a boy came up to my uncle, saying that 'Master Dover, the clerk of the parish, wished to speak with him,' who, being very old, had sent a fleeter messenger; 'and that he was now waiting at my uncle's door.' We soon reached the snow-covered porch, where stood the old man who was parish clerk, beadle, wheelwright—in fact, a factotum. He was an old and respected friend of my uncle's. As we approached, I saw that the old man wore a puzzled look and fidgety manner. He shook hands cordially with us, and entered the house.

"'Well, Master Dover, what's the world's wonder that has brought you down so early this morning?' exclaimed my uncle, placing a chair for his visitor, and opening his little three-cornered cupboard, where he kept his unrivalled home-made wines, and producing a bottle and glasses. 'Why, my dear sir, I be rather puzzled; but they made me come about that poor creature you were so kind to last night, as old Black Will brought down. He wouldn't leave her anywhere, except at his cousin's, down at The Plough, where, of course, she's been well looked after. But we want to know what to do, as we look up to you, you know, and—' Here the old man rubbed his hair down on his forehead, and turned his eyes with an embarrassed look towards me, as if claiming my assistance in some way. I felt a little puzzled at his manner. 'Poor soul, poor soul!' replied my uncle, as he poured out the wine; 'we must see about her, and find out who she is, and her right of settlement, and all that. But I'll pop down myself, and talk to them at The Plough.' 'The owner has been down and—and he thought, as I was one of your oldest friends, I had better come down and talk a bit about it,' continued the old man, twitching and shuffliug about in his seat in a most extraordinary manner. 'Oh! right, very right. Here is your health, and as many more years as you wish yourself,' said my uncle, as he finished his glass, and looked upon his old cotemporary with a benevolent smile. As my uncle turned to the cupboard to look for a piece of cake, the old clerk motioned to me with a piteous look, holding up his hands aud shaking his head towards my uncle, who, placing the looked-for cake upon the table, took his seat, and said: 'Pray, Master Dover, who is the poor blind soul?' 'Ah! master—that be it. I ain't got courage to out with it; my heart gets in my throat. I wish they'd sent any soul else but me; but, dang it, I be an old fool.' Here he wiped with the sleeve of his coat the positive perspiration from his brow, cold as the day was. 'Dang the thing—it must out, my dear old friend. That poor soul that you saved last night from death—after fifty years' absence—is—your Annie Leslie!'

"I started towards my uncle, for I thought he would have fallen from his chair. A sudden paleness overspread his face, and his hands turned death-like, as he clasped them convulsively before him. His old play-fellow and friend looked upon him in his violent shock with the tears coursing each other down his rugged cheeks.

"'To think,' said old master Dover, 'that she, sirs, whom I remember young, happy and well-to-do, should have come to this! It's now gone fifty years and more since my dame went to school with her—she's down along with her now, sir. A bad husband she got when she chose to have that raky ne'er-do-well. Ah, poor dear soul: after fifty years, to come back to her parish a pauper!—blind, too!'

"'Dover! Dover!' said my uncle, in a hurried and hysterical manner, rising suddenly with an effort from his chair. 'No, no, no, Annie Leslie—for to me she will always be Annie Leslie—has not returned to the parish a pauper! No, no, no—poor Annie has not come to the parish! Annie Leslie has returned to me.'

"We were soon hurrying along the pretty lane, leading to the church, where dwelt many of my uncle's tenants. Here an old couple were quickly arranged with to receive the stricken wanderer, and to afford her every comfort. Master Dover was working like a horse, although surrounded by willing hands, between my uncle's house and the asylum for poor Annie, all the day, carrying everything for her comfort that could be thought of. Late in the day she was installed in her new habitation under my superintendence—for my uncle was so overpowered by his feelings he dared not venture within sight of the place after the first burst of his impulsive nature.

"What must have been the feelings of that poor afflicted creature when she found that the rejected of her youth was the shield and comforter of her age!

"The sweet bells pealed out from the modest spire of the village church, and the sun shone bright upon the next morning, which was Sunday. My uncle took my arm to proceed to church, but not by his accustomed path—he took his course up the village—for the old route lay past the door of the cottage where Annie Leslie was sheltered. 'My dear boy,' said he to me, 'the imperfect light of last night and my failing sight have left no impression of the appearance, thank God! of Annie Leslie. I am too old now to tear from my imagination the picture that it has long held—I wish, for the few remaining years of my life, that it should not be destroyed by the sad reality. Therefore I never shall pass that way to church again. She is cast from a sea of trouble at my feet, and I am spared to save her! what more could I ask? The rejoicing that is in my heart is indefinable.'.

"His friends, as they stood clustered around the church porch to greet him, uttered not a word of the returned one, but every hand was held out for a grasp—no one would be denied. That morning few eyes young or old could be turned from that venerable old man; thoughts of him mingled with every prayer. His heart was at peace, for the poor sightless wanderer—the loved of his youth—was forgiven."

"That is a melancholy and affecting tale," I said to my friend Robert. "I see you are in mourning attire. Is your kind-hearted uncle dead?" "No," he said, "he still lives, but Annie Leslie is dead, and at his advanced age I do not think it will be long before he follows her. It is now about four years since poor Annie's return, and latterly she had become very decrepid with palsy; yet all the sweet disposition for which she was noted in her youth seemed to have returned to her. My uncle's friend the surgeon of the parish had, by his request, attended her, and he intimated to my uncle she could not live long; she seemed to be entirely exhausted; and so it proved, for in about a fortnight after that time, Master Dover the faithful old clerk, came up to the house one morning in a great hurry, saying he thought Annie Leslie was dying; so my kind uncle donned his coat and went with Dover to the cottage. On entering, the good woman who had charge of the poor creature, came up to him and told him she had just breathed her last. My uncle would go into the room where poor Annie was lying, and he saw her with a *bright, bright flush on her cheeks*, reminding him of her early youth; and, although her eyes were closed, there was to him a perfect remembrance of his early love brought full before him in the prostrate form presented to his sight: for a minute or so he stood motionless, with his hands clasped before him; when, with the words 'God bless her,' he turned to the woman of the house who had followed him into the room, and bade her take care that every thing proper should be done, and left the place.

"This occurred on Tuesday, and the funeral was to take place on Saturday following. On Wednesday morning Robert received a letter from his old friend, telling him of the death, and begging him to come and visit him for a week or so, (for he felt lonely just now,) and attend with him to the funeral. This Robert had kindly done, and had just returned from his visit when I met him. I asked how he had left his old friend. He said he was in fair health aud spirits, for he (Robert) had exerted himself a little extra to put him in good heart and drive away a tendency to melancholy which he had observed on his first arrival, and it had a good effect upon him. 'I observed,' said Robert, 'the delicate feeling of the villagers, male and female, when they met the old man in his walks. They pressed his hands in silent gratulations, but not a word was spoken referring to the past.'

"The evening was now closing in upon us," said S. R., in concluding the recital, "so I shook hands with our friend Robert, thanking him for his interesting narrative, and promising to see him again and enquire about his aged relative, for whom he had created in me a feeling of regard." F. H.

An Arabian Laughing Plant.—For the first time I met with a narcotic plant very common further south, and gifted with curious qualities. Its seeds, in which the deleterious prineiple seems chiefly to reside, when pounded and administered in a small dose, produce effects much like those ascribed to Sir Humphrey Davy's laughing gas; the patient dances, sings, and performs a thousand extravagances, till, after an hour of great excitement to himself and amusement to the bystanders, he falls asleep, and on wakening has lost all memory of what he did or said while under the influence of the drug. To put a pinch of this powder into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual is a not uncommon joke, nor did I hear that it was ever followed by serious consequences, though an over quantity might perhaps be dangerous. I myself tried it on two individuals, but in proportions, if not absolutely homœopathic still sufficiently minute to keep on the safe side of risk, and witnessed its operation, laughable enough, but very harmless. The plant that bears these berries hardly attains in Kascem the height of six inches above the ground, but in Oman I have seen bushes of it three or four feet in growth, and wide-spreading. The stems are woody, and of a yellow tinge when barked; the leaf of a dark-green color and pinnated with about twenty leaflets on either side; the stalks smooth and shining; the flowers are yellow and grow in tufts, the anthers numerous; the fruit is a capsule, stuffed with a greenish padding, in which lie embedded two or three black seeds, in size and shape much like French beans; their taste sweetish, but with a peculiar opiate flavor; the smell heavy, and almost sickly.—*Palgrave.*

A Question in Pastry.—A sub-committee of a school-board was examining a class in a primary school. One of the committee, to sharpen up their wits, propounded the following question: "If I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths to Harry, and two-twelfths to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars, but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up, loud, so that all can hear!" said the committee-man. "The plate!" shouted the hopeful fellow. The committee-man turned red in the face, while the other members roared aloud. The boy was excused from answering any more questions.

A fracas occurred at a dance house in San Antonio, Alameda county, lately, between a Frenchman named Cora, of San Pablo, and Samuel S. Kennedy, of San Antonio. In the fight Kennedy was very much hurt; he died from the effect of his injuries.

"OIL-SMELLERS."

A NEW professsion of men, claiming to be gifted with extraordinary powers, has arisen in Petrolia, namely, "oil-smellers" or "diviners." Let not the pious reader start with alarm, lest the practice of divination, (whatever it may have been,) condemned so repeatedly in the Mosaic code, has been revived in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia. No devil, demon, ghost, ghoul, fairy, goblin, or table-tapping spirit is known or believed to be at work, albeit the use of a twig of witch-hazel or peach might readily enough suggest to some the calling up of spirits from their vasty deep by modern enchanters. The mode of operating is substantially as follows: The diviner cuts, from one of the trees mentioned, a bifurcated bough or twig, reducing the stem and the forks to about a foot in length, for conveuience sake. In each hand he grasps, firmly, one end of the fork, letting the stem point *upward* and a little inward. The hands should be held with their backs downward. With this simple apparatus off goes the "smeller;" and, on arriving above an oil-vein, it is claimed that the twig will turn round in his hands, in spite of his utmost exertions, until the stem points directly *downward*. It may be grasped so tightly that the rind will peel off by the operatiou; yet this will not prevent the revolution in his hands. The author once witnessed this operation going on in the hands of a gentleman of much intelligence and the utmost veracity, who was not a believer in the oil-smeller's claims or pretensions, yet had to acknowledge the existence of the phenomenon for which he could not account. It appears that the twig has not this remarkable power in the hauds of all persons; for the author was unable to perceive any change or tendency in the wand in his own hand, on arriving at the same spot. Whether the difference were owing to magnetic influence or other cause, is unknown; as, also, whether the motion betokens the presence of water, petroleum, both, or neither. In England, it is said, the witch-hazel has long been used, in this manner, for the discovery of *coal;* in some parts of the Eastern States, people try it to alight upon water-veins. In the oil-regions, some of the most productive wells have been located by oil-smellers; in more cases, however, their vaticinations of first-clast works turn out mere moonshine. However, the diviners have become a power in Petrolia, among a people as keenly inquisitive and practical as are to be found, who reason in this way: "If there be anything in oil-smelling, we may as well avail ourselves of it as not; for the diviner charges only from twenty-five to one hundred dollars for his services in examining a tract; and this is an inconsiderable item in the general expense, seeing we mean to bore anyhow." There is a pretty general impression that he is a better guide negatively than positively; that, while oil may be struck just where he directs, it is useless to sink where he has pronounced none to exist. In a word, the charmer, magnetizer, or natural magician has more real power among the operators than the latter are willing to openly concede.

More Irish Grievances.—The musical pretensions of the Irish are curious. Everybody now knows that the celebrated Zucchelli was in reality a native Celt of the name of Joe Kelly, and a writer in the *Irishman*, who signs himself "D. H.," points out several other flagrant depredations committed by foreign artists on the national repertoire. Mozart, for instance, "was constantly dragging scraps of Irish melody into his works, and, strange to say, the most effective passage in one of his famous *glorias* consists of three bars of the "Cruiskeen Lawn." The "Eh bien, sois libre," of Meyerbeer's "*L'Africaine* is simply "The Minstrel Boy." "Versez," the celebrated bacchanalian song in *Le Prophéte*, "is nothing but the old Irish quick march of "Paddy Carey.'" "The Last Rose of Summer" is the buckbone of Flotow's *Martha*. Even the Cockney nigger melodists make a practice of picking up beautiful Irish airs in the romantic rookeries of London, aud adapting them to beastly English words. The exquisite tune of "Love's Young Dream" is thus daily defaced by banjo-strumming blackguards with sooty faces—and Saxon blood in their veins. The only thing to be said against this is, that most of the famous Irish melodies are English.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Good Example.—The London *Reader* tells us that "the *Daily News*, which is more notable for its high standing than remarkable for its ostentation, has recently set a very good example to its wealthy and boastful contemporaries. The past year proving a very prosperous one, the proprietors of the *Daily News* have distributed a large share of their increased profits among the members of their staff." Upon which, Willis' *Home Journal* remarks: "We are glad to record a fact so honorable to the proprietors of a newspaper. We sincerely trust that, in place of being the rare exception, it will hereafter become the usual practice for the proprietors of successful newspapers and literary publications to give the reapers good reason to rejoice whenever the annual harvest has been unusually bountiful."

Major Clifford Thompson, formerly a compositor in the Sacramento *Union* office, has been made Judge Advocate of the Department of Kentucky. He was a member of the staff of General Pleasanton while the latter was on duty at St. Louis.

[For the Californian.]

THE ROSE.

"Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!"
[*Moore's Anacreon.*

THE rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity as an object of culture. Herodotus speaks of the double rose, and Solomon of the rose of Sharon and of the plantations of roses at Jericho. Theophrastus tells us that the hundred-leaved rose grew in his time on Mount Pangœus, and it appears that the Isle of Rhodes (Isle of Roses,) received its name from the culture of roses carried on there. Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flowers, and they had even attained to the luxury of forcing them. Under the reign of Domitian, the Egyptians thought of offering to that Emperor's court as a magnificent present, roses in the middle of winter, but this the Romans smiled at, so abundant were roses in Rome at that season. In every street, says Martial, the odor of spring is breathed, and garlands of flowers freshly gathered are displayed. "Send us corn, Egyptians! and we will send you roses," says Martial. Roses were employed both by the Grecks and Romans to decorate their tombs. Of the history of the rose from the time of the Romans till the time of Tournefort, when botany became a science, very little is known, but there can be no doubt that in the dark ages they were held in esteem by all who could procure them. When Saladin took Jerusalem in 1128, he would not enter the mosque of the Temple—then converted into a church by the Christians—till the walls had been thoroughly washed and purified with rose-water. Voltaire says that, after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was washed with rose-water in a similar manner before it was converted into a mosque.

We read in the *History of the Mogul Empire*, by Father Catron, that the celebrated Princess Nourmahal filled an entire canal with rose-water, upon which she was in the habit of sailing along with the Great Mogul. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the rose water. This was observed floating upon the surface of the water; and thus was made the discovery of the essence, otto, or ottar of roses. Formerly, it was the custom to carry large vessels filled with rose-water to baptisms. Bayle relates, upon this subject, that at the birth of Ronsard, his nurse, on the way to church, let him fall upon a heap of flowers, and that at this instant the woman who held the vessel of rose-water poured it upon the infant. Roses were often, in the days of chivalry, worn by cavaliers at tournaments, as an emblem of their devotion to love and beauty. The Rose has been a favorite subject with the poets of all countries, in all ages. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and revivifying fragrance; to Venus, as an emblem of love and beauty, from the elegance of its flowers; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence.

The rose was for this reason frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated, from which, what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told "under the rose." The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red, according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and, according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself.

The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Anacreon makes the birth of the rose coeval with those of Venus and Minerva:

"When, then, in strange, eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprang, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast,
The Gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose—the boon of earth."

Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower, which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beams; Bacchus bathed it in nectar; Vertumnus gave its perfume; Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself, its diadem of flowers. Other mythological writers relate that the beautiful Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, to escape the persecutions of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the temple of Diana, but, being forced by the clamor of the people from her sanctuary, prayed to the gods to change her into a rose, which still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze, and under which form she is still universally admired. A beetle is often represented on antique gems as expiring, surrounded by roses, and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury, the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its death. Pliny tells us that they garnished their dishes with these flowers, and cites the custom of wearing garlands of them at their feasts. Cleopatra received Antony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose leaves to a considerable depth, and Antony himself, when dying, begged to have roses scattered on his tomb.

The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory, were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rose-water was the favorite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet, for which reason they never tread upon a rose leaf or suffer one to lie upon the ground, they also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried. In an old mosaic in the church of St. Susan at Rome, Charlemagne is represented kneeling and receiving from St. Peter a standard covered with roses. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called Dominea in Rosâ. The seal of Luther was a rose. In 530 St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon instituted a festival at Salency, his birthplace, for adjudging annually the prize of a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in the village; and he had the pleasure of crowning his own sister as the first Rose-Queen. This custom was continued to the time of Madame de Genelis, who, in the first volume of her *Theatre d'Education*, has written a beautiful little drama, entitled *La Rosieré de Salency*, on the subject. In the middle ages the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valor. The French Parliament had formerly a day of ceremony called Baillee de Roses, because great quantities of roses were distributed. Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Henry of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

"In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts."

adding:

"Let him who is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

To which Somerset replies:

"Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Their respective followers gathered the different colored roses; and hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, during the civil wars which afterwards desolated the country for more than thirty years. The Rosa Alba is said to have been the one chosen as the badge of the House of York, and the Rosa Gallica as that of Lancaster. The York and Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one-half of the flower red, and the other half white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York.

Among historical reminiscences of the Rose is this charming allegory: A Turkish poet, Abdulkadri, had the design of establishing himself at Babylon. The Babylonians were unwilling to receive him, but they dared not declare it to him openly. To make him comprehend their thoughts, they passed before him with a vase filled with water, that he might understand that, as the vase was full, nothing could be added to it. Thus, their city was in the same manner filled with poets and learned men, until there was no room left for another. Abdulkadri understood perfectly that enigma, and, for his response, he stooped, picked up a leaf of the rose that was on the ground, and placed it carefully on the surface of the water in the vase, showing them that it kept its place without causing the water to overflow, though the vase was full. That act appeared so marvellous to the Babylonians that they regarded Abdulkadri as a man of superior genius, and they conducted him in triumph to the city. IRIS.

A NOVELTY.—The salesroom of the Franco-American Commercial Company, adjoining the Cosmopolitan Hotel, on Bush street, presents many novel and attractive features. Its dimensions are 60 by 130 feet, with 24 feet ceiling. The whole surface of the side walls is covered with beautiful oil paintings; the body of the room is occupied by some forty standing cases, filled with beautiful statuettes, clocks, silver, porcelain, Venetian and Bohemian wares, elegant household ornaments, and fancy-goods of every description. The whole partakes more of the nature of an art exhibition than of a salesroom, and should be generally visited.

FUN.

GASCONADE AND HOAXING.

A GASCON, in proof of his nobility, asserts that in his father's castle they use no other firewood than the batons of the different marshals of France of his family.

A GASCON officer, on hearing of the boastful exploits of a certain prince who, among other things, had killed six men with his own hands in the course of an assault upon a city, said, disdainfully, "Poh! that's nothing; the mattress I sleep on is stuffed with nothing but the *whiskers* of those I have sent to the other world."

VERNON'S skill in the invention of marvellous stories has never been surpassed, even by the peddlers of wooden nutmegs. Talking one day about the intense heat of the sun in India, he remarked that it was a common thing there for people to be charred to powder by a *coup de soliel*, and that upon one occasion, while dining with a Hindoo, one of his host's wives was suddenly reduced to ashes, whereupon the Hindoo rang the bell, and said to the attendant who answered it, "Bring fresh glasses, and *sweep up your mistress*."

ANOTHER of his stories was this: He happened to be shooting hyenas near Carthage, when he stumbled and fell down an abyss of many fathoms depth. He was surprised, however, to find himself unhurt, for he alighted as if upon a feather bed. Presently he perceived he was gently moved upward; and, having by degrees reached the mouth of the abyss, he again stood safe upon terra firma. He had fallen upon an immense mass of bats, which, disturbed from their slumbers, had risen out of the abyss and brought him up with them.

"WHAT is this?" said a traveller, who entertained reasonable doubts as to the genuineness of certain so-called relics of antiquity, while visiting an old cathedral in the Netherlands; "what is contained in this phial?"

"Sir," replied the sacristan, "that phial contains one of the frogs picked up when Pharaoh was visited with the plague of frogs."

"I am sure, then," rejoined the traveller, "there could have been no epicures in those days."

"Why so?" said the sacristan.

"Because they would have eaten him, he is so large and fat."

The traveller took up another phial which was near. "This contains?" said he—

"That is a most precious relic of the church, which we value very highly."

"It looks very *dark*."

"There is good reason for that."

"I am somewhat curious. Tell me why."

"You perceive it is very dark."

"I own it."

"That, sir, is some of the darkness which Moses spread over the land of Egypt."

"Indeed! I presume it is what the moderns call *darkness made visible*."

A ROYAL QUANDARY.

ON the first consignment of Seidlitz Powders to the capital of Delhi, the monarch was deeply interested in the accounts of the refreshing beverage. A box was brought to the king in full court, and the interpreter explained to his majesty how it was to be used. Into a goblet he put the contents of the twelve blue papers, and, having added water, the king drank it off. This was the alkali, and the royal countenance exhibited no sign of satisfaction. It was then explained that in the combination of the two powders lay the luxury; and the twelve white powders were quickly dissolved in water, and as eagerly swallowed by his majesty. With a shriek that will never be forgotten, the monarch rose, staggered, exploded, and in his agony, screamed, "*Hold me down!*" Then, rushing from the throne, he fell prostrate on the floor. There he lay during the long-continued effervescence of the compound, spirting like ten thousand pennyworths of imperial pop, and believing himself in the agonies of death, a melancholy and convincing proof that kings are mortal.

RELICS.

CHARLES MATHEWS AND THE SILVER SPOON.

SOON after Charles Mathews went from York to Haymarket Theatre, he was invited with other performers to dine with Mr. A——, afterwards an eminent silversmith, but who at that period followed the business of a pawnbroker. It so happened that A—— was called out of the parlor, at the back of the shop, during dinner. Mathews with wonderful celerity, altering his hair, countenance, hat, etc., took a large gravy-dinner-spoon off the table, ran instantly into the street, entered one of the little dark doors leading to the pawnbroker's counter, and actually pledged to the unconscious A—— his own gravy-spoon. Mathews contrived with equal rapidity to return and seat himself (having left the street door open) before A—— re-appeared at the dinner-table. As a matter of course, this was made the subject of a wager. An *éclaircissement* took place before the party broke up, to the infinite astonishment of A——.

A NEW PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.

MR. SETCHELL, the well-known comedian, is shortly to appear in the new *role* of Manager, at the Academy of Music. Trusting he will be as successful and as popular in this as in his other impersonations, we give place to the following communication from an enthusiastic correspondent of THE CALIFORNIAN, leaving the reader to judge of its general correctness:

REOPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time is a Renovater as well as a Destroyer, clothing the oldest of ruins with fresh green mosses, and opening new treasures to the light of day, in atonement for those which it buries under crumbling formations. The Academy of Music has stood to the community somewhat as an oyster; its valves opening and closing in response to the pressure of the rising and falling tide, but only revealing the wealth and succulence of the interior to the public eye in occasional glimpses. The trills of Richings *fille*, the swell and strut of Richings *pere* in old English comedy, the warblings of the minstrels, the marvellous *arias* of Phillips and Brambilla, and the deep chest notes of Morelli—all failed to win for the Academy a permanent prosperity. Dan Setchell has now taken the matter in hand, and under the auspices of this most unctious of all mirth-provoking comedians this beautiful house will be reopened on Monday evening as the temple of Momus. Clever burlesques, with local adaptations; farces, selected from an excellent and varied *repertoire;* comedies, whose mention is identified with the names of actors whose memory will linger with us until all have forgotten how to laugh, will rule at the Academy for the future. So that now, when tired of the sables of "Hamlet," the tights of Vestvali, and the Fenianisms of "Shaun the Post," play-goers can turn them to a place of amusement where they are called upon for no contribution of tears and only asked for a relaxation of the muscles of the mouth. Mr. Setchell will be supported by a selection from the legitimate Opera House company, among whom is Mrs. Saunders, with others gathered in from the various resources which are always open to enterprise. During his residence among us Mr. Setchell has won many friends outside the immediate walk of the stage, and has a personal popularity which very few actors achieve. As a comedian, in his burlesque line of characters, he stands at the head of his profession. In what is called the Burtonian business he has no equal, let alone any suggestion of his having a superior. His "Captain Cuttle" and "Toodles" are acknowledged by competent judges to excel, in many points, the delineations of that Burton who first gave them breath, and with whose name their mention seems to be inseparably linked. And his "Dutch Governor," as a comic picture, is equal in conception and finish to anything that ever Hogarth fancied, or the facile pencil of Gustave Doré drew. We bespeak for Mr. Setchell a generous and hearty reception, the recognition which is his due, and the fullest of houses.

THE RIVER STEAMER "PACIFIC."—This new steamer building at the Potrero for the California Steam Navigation Company, is nearly completed, and is the largest and best constructed steamer ever built on this coast. Her extreme length is 300 feet; she is forty feet longer and fifty feet wider than the *Chrysopolis*, with proportionately larger passenger accommodations and freight capacity. In construction, machinery, fitting-up, and speed, she is expected to be a master-piece, not approachable on this coast, nor excelled by the "floating palaces" of the Hudson or the Lakes. The roof of the main cabin is to be arched, and ornamented in the Moorish style of architecture; and her immense boilers are to be placed on the guards, abaft of the wheel-house—both improvements in construction. The first will give airiness and beauty to the saloon; and the last will prevent that heat and smell of steam which prevail on many of old-fashioned river boats.

THE SAN FRANCISCO BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.—The donations to this worthy charity, at the several polling places on the election day, amounted to $1,022 55. We trust that the managers of this association will adopt some other equally popular and prominent method of getting their claims before the public. A dollar subscription book might be advantageously circulated among the people. It being a pet theory of this institution, that the "poor should help the poor," besides the more liberal donations from men of means, a subscription list, whose maximum should be one dollar, but which did not ignore even "bits" and "quarters," would meet sincere encouragement from the working classes, who are, for their means, even more liberal than the wealthy.

"MARK TWAIN" IN THE EAST.—The *Round Table*, in an article upon American humor and humorists, pays the following deserved compliment to our old contributor, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, whose writings, over the *nom de plume* of "Mark Twain," it seems have obtained recognition even from that critical journal:

"The foremost among the merry gentlemen of the California press, so far as we have been able to judge, is one who signs himself "Mark Twain;" his style resembles that of "John Phœnix" more nearly than any other, and some things we have seen from his pen would do honor to the memory of even that chieftain among humorists."

A SOCIAL PARTY.—A pleasant party at Platt's Hall, celebrated the fourteenth birthday of the eldest daughter of H. B. Platt, on the 19th inst. The little folks appeared *en masque*.

A TRAVELLING COMPANION.—I once had a delightful opportunity of observing the effect produced on persons of all classes and all ages by the union of beauty and goodness in a lovely young lady who travelled with me through France, Switzerland and Italy. She was spiritually-minded, and so thoroughly imbued with the love of her fellow-beings, that it shone through every act, lending a charm to all she did and said. No one could resist her fascinations, and her presence was a talisman that unlocked all doors and propitiated all officials. Often have I seen custom house officers, addressed by her, forget their duty, and pass our luggage without examination. We travelled in Switzerland before it was full of great hotels, and used to put up at roadside inns, where the host and his family waited on their guests. These were always charmed by the beautiful and gracious stranger; they would sometimes encumber her with service in order to express their admiration, and everything in the house was put at our disposal for her sake.

On arriving in a village, she would occasionally walk out alone, and we were sure to find her surrounded by the children in the street, whom she was amusing. The little dirty creatures were interesting to her. She carried her guitar with her, and when singing to it, in a little inn parlor, I have seen the curtainless windows filled with faces pressed close to the glass outside, looking at and listening to her, while the family of our host was crowding the doorway. She had a way of treating every one as if they were of the utmost importance to her.

In cities, she was followed and pointed out as the beautiful American, and at the great theatre of San Carlo, in Milan, the attention she attracted was really embarrassing to her. In Florence, Mr. Powers was so delighted with her, that he begged to be allowed to make a portrait bust of her, in which he was very successful. She could not believe that her face deserved such a compliment, and it was with great difficulty that I persuaded her to have it done.

In Rome, our party was indebted to her charms for having the best seats at all public shows, and access to places closed to other strangers. When I was bargaining with an Italian Marquis for a suite of rooms. in Rome, I objected to his price for them as too high, and named the utmost that I was willing to give. He could not take it, but just then my young friend appeared, and, in her sweet voice, said: "You will surely accept the terms of Madame." He gazed at her in silent wonder and admiration, then bowed low and said: "I can refuse you nothing."

When she was presented to that interesting old man, Thorwaldsen, he was captivated by her, and on our second visit, he presented to her a bronze medal with his own head on it.—*Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections."*

WHAT DID MARY SAY?—A correspondent tells a capital anecdote in illustration of queen occurrences that are sometimes met with in Courts:

During the trial of Cogzell, for kidnapping, which took place lately in Hilsborough, an incident occurred which created considerable fun at the expense of wigs and counsel. A Miss Sloan was testifying, and was requested to state all that she knew about a certain transaction.

Witness—"I was in the sitting-room when Mary came from the kitchen hurriedly, and Cogzell after her. He caught hold of her at the sitting room door and said, "Mary you have been here long enough, come and go home now."

Attorney for Defendant—"What did Mary say?"

Attorney for State—"Stop there; I object to the question."

Here a discussion of nearly two hours took place, in which four lawyers participated; after which the judges held a long, serious and exciting discussion on the subject, and finally, in a very formal and pompous manner, stated that it was the opinion of a majority of the court that the question should be answered. The court-room was crowded to almost suffocation, and the most intense interest was manifested at this stage of the proceedings. The question was repeated, "What did Mary say?" and the witness answered:

"She didn't say a word!"

A STORM-MAP.—M. Leverrier has added meteorological maps to the International Bulletin of the Paris Observatory. The map which has appeared is a specimen of what he will do if the government will grant him $5000 a year. It is a storm-map: red dots indicate innocuous storms; blue dots, storms which by rain did damage; black dots, storms which by hail did damage; black crosses, hail-storms which did no mischief; red zigzag lines, the fall of lightning without injury; blue zigzag lines indicate that lightning did damage; black zigzag lines show it killed persons; red arrows indicate the direction of the storm; the number of feathers show its velocity; blue lines point out the places where the storm simultaneously occurred.

ANOTHER SCHOOL SHIP.—Ship *Art Union*, 750 tons, now at Boston, built at Newburyport, in 1850, has been purchased by the State Government, for a State School Ship, in connection with the present ship *Massachusetts*.

[For the Californian.]

WANTED.

WANTED—not a husband—a guardian. Of all the conveuient institutions which it has been privilege to take notice of, guardians are (to all appearances) in every respect the most desirable. When I first came to this land of gold, among the very many new and interesting institutions, customs, etc., which met my unsophisticated vision and understanding, the most wonderfully inspiring and pleasing was that of the guardian. When I first met this, that, and the other young lady, under the watchful protection of guardians, my natural impression was that each of the young ladies was an heiress. But, no—far from it! I learned they were penniless—every one. Then the beauty and convenience of the arrangement made its appearance. Here we see numbers of young ladies kept at expensive boarding schools; educated for years at the expense of whom? Guardians. Have those girls no father—no mother? Perhaps not; perhaps a mother; perhaps a father in one part of the world, and a mother in another part. At all events, daughter is placed in the sole charge of guardian. And she need not necessarily be at school. She may be supported out of school, leading an idle, aimless life; fed and clothed at the expense of generous guardian! Has *she* no father, mother, or brother? *Surely not.* Sometimes guardian is a natural protector, being a thirty-second cousin, or distantly related uncle. One thing is astonishing—how very youthful those cousins and uncles always are; not a bit like my uncles. My uncles are nearer the age of my father than of myself; and my gay young cousins always seem to prefer somebody else's cousin to their own, to talk to by moonlight, and I am sure the preference is—mutual. Guardian visits little ward of ten, twelve, or fourteen years of age; brings her goodies and nice presents. She is a darling little pet; and he is the kindest, best man, the dearest friend little ward has in all the world. She affirms that such things are right, and such wrong, because guardian says so. He visits little ward when sixteen and eighteen years of age; takes her pretty, delightful rides and walks; escorts her to places of amusement, etc. While at school, she is not permitted to receive attentions from gentlemen; but guardian is a privileged character. Who shall question his right to bestow what attention he pleases on his ward? Ward of eighteen is very grateful to guardian for his kindness. And it is not likely her regard for him approaches aught but gratitude. And, certainly, no one would presume to question his honor. He would not so much as seem to endeavor to win the affections of his ward. He must be—he should be—the soul of honor, to have in his charge the young lady from childhood to years of maturity. Who would not have a guardian? It must be convenient to have school bills cancelled, without giving a thought to economy; it must be convenient to have one's wardrobe replenished, without giving a thought to the expense; it must be convenient to have plenty of spending money, without taking the trouble to question how it comes, or where it comes from; it must be convenient to have a gentleman ever ready to escort one to places of amusement, where it is not proper for unprotected ladies to go unattended; all things considered, it must be convenient to have a guardian. Wanted—a guardian.

HOYYS.

Two friends were listening to a young preacher, whose sermon was made up of unacknowledged plagiarisms. They did little else than nudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another, until one whispered, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curving into *inverted commas*, and his face looks one *entire quotation*."

THE Continental folks, a day or two since hearing of the whereabouts of a guest who had decamped without going through the usual formality of paying his bill, sent him a note: "M. ——, Dear Sir: Will you send amount of your bill and oblige," etc. To which the delinquent made answer: "The amount is $80,62-12." Yours respectfully.

TALLEYRAND once took the conceit out of a young coxcomb at some table in Paris, where he chanced to be dining. "My mother," said the dandy, "was renowned for her beauty. She was certainly the handsomest woman I ever saw." Ah!" taking his measure at once, "it was your father, then, who was not good-looking!"

THE "PHILHARMONICS'" CONCERT.—The fourth and last Subscription Concert of the Philharmonic Society was given at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, to a fine and fashionable house. The entertainment was so well appreciated that we learn it is the intention of the society to favor the musical public with a new series. The selections were tasteful, and the applause frequent and deserved. The Bianchis sang, and were cordially welcomed by the audience.

THE ELECTION.—The returns, though not complete, indicate that the vote throughout the State has been very light, and Sanderson has been re-elected Judge of the Supreme Court by the same ratio of majority that was given for Lincoln and Johnson, last Fall. The city election resulted in the re-election of Judge Dwinelle and Judge Shepheard, and the election of four, out of six, Justices of the Peace from the Democratic party.

THE FAIRY WEDDING.

[FROM ROBERT BUCHANAN'S POEMS.]

RING, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

And I galloped and galloped on my palfrey white as milk,
My robe was of the sea-green woof, my serk was of the silk;
My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,
My eyes were like two harebells, bathed in little drops of dew;
My palfrey never stopping, made a music sweetly blent
With the leaves of Autumn dropping all around me as I went;
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal and play,
Fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away;
And beside a silver runnel, on a little heap of sand,
I saw the green Gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his hand;
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and bound,
And drew me from my palfry white, and set me on the ground:
O crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green to see,
But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to marry me!"
He clasped me round the middle, small, he kissed me on the cheek,
He kissed me once, he kissed me twice—I could not stir or speak;
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he kissed again,
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

O faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,
So faintly, faintly, faintly, rang the bells afar away;
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,
The ugly green, green Gnome became a tall and comely man!
His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were black as sloes,
His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose;
A pensive light from Faeryland still lingered on his cheek,
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to speak;
"O you have cast away the charm my step-dame put on me;
Seven years I dwelt in Faeryland, and you have set me free!
O I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk with thee,
And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be!"

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I behind,
And the Autumn leaves were dropping red and yellow in the wind,
And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high and proud,
And nearer, nearer, nearer, rang the kirk bells sweet and loud,
And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the fells,
And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing! ring, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, rhyme! chime, rhyme! thorough dales and dells!
Rhyme, ring! chime, sing! pleasant Sabbath bells!
Chime, sing! rhyme, ring! over fields and fells!

THE GUILLOTINE.

THE EXECUTION OF FIESHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

ABOUT one o'clock on a cold winter night in 1835, a party of four persons were seated in the coffee room of the Hotel Meurice at Paris. It was chilly, sloppy, miserable weather; half-melted snow mixed with the Paris mud, and a driving sleety rain hissed against the ill-fitting windows. Talk of the cold in London! when we have our clubs, and our curtained windows, and carpeted floors, and sea-coal fires, and our well-closed doors and sashes. Why, we have more real comfort in our three-pair-backs than their most splendid saloons, with all the mirrors and painted walls, and timber-fed stoves can offer.

Englishmen carry their customs with them. Our four convives were drinking—not the wines of sunny France, but something much more appropriate and homely—a curiously fine sample of gin, artfully compounded into toddy, by Achille, the waiter.

When the clock struck one, three of the party made a show of retiring; but the fourth, a punchy gentleman from Wolverhampton, entreated that the rest would not all desert him while he discussed one glass more—nay, perhaps, would join him. But here Achille was inexorable. The master was in bed and had taken the keys.

"Call him up, then—roust him out!"

"*Mais, messieurs!* you would not disturb madame! *ah, non!* madame so tired—so delicate—so harrassed with the noise all day—*ah, non!*"—and seeing the favorable impression, added a climax of silent pantomime to his eloquence. Raising his shoulders to his ears, spreading his hands to the front, and wrinkling his face into a smile, which said, "I knew you were too *gallant* for that."—he bowed himself out.

Our four friends have taken their candles and are moving from the room, when a cab drives rapidly to the door—there is a smart ring at the bell, and a gentleman in full evening dress, and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, hastily enters the room.

"Who is inclined to see Fieschi's head chopped off?" said the stranger, unfolding himself from the cloak. "The execution is to take place at daylight—I had it from a peer of France, and the guillotine has been sent off an hour ago."

"Where?"

Our informant could not tell. It was known only to the police—there was an apprehension of some attempt at a rescue, and ten thousand troops were to be on the ground. It will be either at the Place St. Jaques, or the Barriere du Trone—the first most likely, let us try that to begin with, and there will be plenty of time to go on to the other afterwards; but we must be early to get a good place.

We are not of those who make a practice of attending executions with a morbid appetite for such horrors. Under any circumstances, the deliberate cutting off a life is a melancholy spectacle. The mortal agony, unrelieved by excitement, is painful in the extreme to witness, but worse still is reckless bravado. Rarest of all is it to see the inevitable fate met with calm dignity. Here, however, was a miscreant, who, to gratify a political feeling—dignified, in his opinion, with the name of patriotism—deliberately fired the contents of a battery of gunbarrels into a mass of innocent persons, many of whom it was quite certain would be killed, for the chance of striking down one man, and probably some of his family. That this family, with their illustrious father, should have escaped altogether, is an instance of good fortune as remarkable as the attempt was flagitious. But the magnitude of the crime invested the perpetrators with a terrible interest, which overcame any lingering scruples, and the whole party decided upon setting out forthwith. We made for the nearest coach-stand, which was that upon the quay, near the Pont Neuf.

What terrible recollections is this old city of Paris invested with! scarcely a street, or a place, or public building, that has not some dreadful story. Neither is there any—at least in Europe—where the midnight rambler is more apparently exposed to maltreatment. In London, even at the latest hour, there is a sense of security in the broad glare of gas, and the occasional policeman; but neither of these, except in a very few favored spots, were to be found in Paris, in 1835. When the shops close, your only reliance is upon the light of other days, dangling from ropes across the street. No policeman is to be seen, and the scowling vagabonds—call them *chiffonniers*, or what you will—are about the very last kind of people which one would desire to meet by moonlight alone.

If ever ghosts are permitted to return to scenes of violence and crime, you might surely expect to meet them in Paris. In the short space between the hotel and the quay, we passed the spot where lay in one revolting heap—naked and exposed—the corpses of the fifteen hundred gallant Swiss guards, gazed at as a show during a whole forenoon, by the male and female thousands of Paris.

In something more than half an hour we jingled into the Place St. Jaques, and, pausing at the corner, had the satisfaction to hear the sound of hammers busily upon a dark mass rising in the centre of the square; it was the platform upon which to erect the guillotine. On all sides of this workmen were busily engaged; their labor quickened by the exhortations of one who walked about, lantern in hand, upon the top. This was the executioner who, seen by the light he carried, bore a remarkable resemblance to our great comedian, the late Mr. Liston. There was the same square form of the countenance, the small nose, the long upper lip, the mirth-provoking gravity, and the same rich husky chuckle. This curious likeness was at once acknowledged by all present, and an Englishman took the liberty of interrupting the grave functionary with the information that he was the very image of *le plus grand farceur que nous avons en Angleterre*, a piece of information which the French scion of the house of Ketch received, after the manner of Frenchmen, as a high compliment, being moved to bow and chuckle much thereat.

By this time the hammering had roused the dwellers in the place, and lights were seen rapidly moving about the windows. A *café* keeper had opened his saloon, arranged his little tables, and was bustling about with his waiters, attending to the wants of the guests already assembled. An execution is a godsend to the Place St. Jaques at any time, but the execution of three great state criminals such as these would go far to pay the year's rent of the houses. As cabs and *fiacres* began to arrive, we thought it necessary to make arrangements for securing a room from whence to see the execution, and chance conducted us to the corner house, one side of which looked upon the square, directly opposite the guillotine, from which it was scarcely fifty yards distance; and the other side fronted the road by which the prisoners were to be conveyed from their prison to the scaffold.

After the manner of Englishmen, who do abroad what they would never think of at home, our party walked up stairs, on the door being opened, and commenced a search along the passages, knocking at the doors of such rooms as we thought would afford a good view of the scene. In this way we met other parties of English and other foreigners, wandering about in the most authoritative manner, urging the people to get dressed and give up their rooms, and, in the case of unbolted doors, intruding into several little scenes of domestic privacy. One gentleman—the people said he was either Russian or English—was already ensconced; he had taken a whole room to himself, paid for it, shut himself up in it, and fortified the door with such moveable furniture as could be made available, in addition to the door fastenings. Though the proprietor of the apartment had no doubt received an ample rent for the occupancy, yet he attempted, on the strength of a good offer, to introduce more tenants, palpably trying, by his own showing, to falsify the original contract; but such attempts were without success. After several failures, through the bad faith and extortion of the different room holders, who made little scruple of breaking through agreements, and raising their price as fresh arrivals came, one of our party made a bargain, through the closed door, with an old gentleman and his young wife, Fanchon, to be received, at a napoleon each, into their apartment as soon as they were dressed—the whole of the money to be paid down at once, upon the distinct understanding that no more persons were to be admitted. The old man was soon ready to give up the premises, but madame, a demure-looking grisette, had no notion of appearing in *dishabille* before so many strangers, and kept us waiting some time, notwithstanding the interior murmurs of "*Allons, Fanchon, dépeche toi.*" and the "Now, old girl—hurry up the room—never mind your stays," of some of the expectants outside.

We found the situation well adapted for our purpose; though only one window looked into the square, the two others were easily made to command a view of the scaffold, which was nearly in a line with that side of the house. Fanchon had also with much propriety made the bed, set the furniture to rights, raked up the ashes of the wood-fire, and put on another block or two; and the fact of meeting with an open fireplace instead of the eternal stove, made us feel at home at once. The Wolverhampton man declared that it was dangerous to British lungs to be out in these raw mornings in a foreign country, without something warm to qualify the air; so a bottle of brandy was sent for to the neighboring *café*, and our hostess had busied herself in producing hot water and tumblers, as if, through the frequenters of executions, she had arrived at considerable knowledge of the natural tastes. Our ancient host, being accommodated with a cigar, narrated the particulars of the many beheadings which had fallen under his observation since his occupancy of the house. One may be mentioned as exhibiting a rare instance of irresistible curiosity. The man had been guilty of an atrocious murder, either of a wife or some near relative, and when his neck was placed under the axe he contrived to turn himself partly round to see its descent, and had a part of his chin taken off in consequence.

At about two hours before daylight a body of mounted municipal guards arrived, and formed round the scaffold. The object of this appeared to be to hide the proceedings as much as possible from those on foot, who could only hope for a very imperfect view between the bodies and the bearskins of those troops. Soon after the municipal guard the infantry of the line began to arrive, and were formed in a circle four deep outside the municipals, and nearly as far back as the houses of the Place. A considerable crowd had also collected, though extremely orderly and good-humored; in fact, to see the general hilarity, and listen to the bursts of loud laughter, it would seem to be regarded in the light of a *fête*. There was certainly no appearance of sympathy with the criminals. Finding the municipals so materially interfered with the show, the people soon began to occupy the trees and lamp-posts, the adjacent walls, and the roofs of the neighboring houses; while the infantry, having piled arms, waltzed and danced to keep themselves warm.

Soon after daylight the hammering ceased, and the preparations appeared to be complete; and shortly afterwards strong bodies of cavalry began to take up their positions in all the streets leading to the Place. The first care of the officer commanding these was to clear the square of all the people who had collected in the rear of the infantry, and to drive them out along the adjacent streets; an order was also given to dislodge the people out of the trees, and from the walls and lamp-posts, and this caused much grumbling and swearing of all concerned. Some merriment, however, was excited by the discovery of some women in the trees, and their descent, superintended by the dragoons below, gave occasion for the exercise of much not over decent wit amongst the troopers. It struck me that in their manner of dealing with the crowd there was much unnecessary harshness on the part of the troops, and irritability and fretfulness often exhibited by persons doubtful of their own authority, and very unlike the calm, good-humored superiority with which our own men are wont to handle the masses.

Presently came two general officers with their staff, and each followed by a mounted "jockei," lads dressed as English grooms, one of whom, as well by his fair complexion and honest round face, the whiteness of his tops and leathers, and the general superiority of his turn-out, as by his firm and easy seat on horseback, was evidently a native of our own country.

About an hour after sunrise, three caleches came rapidly down the road, passing our window, each carriage containing three persons, the condemned and two police officers. The troops opened out, and the men were landed at the foot of the platform. It may be well to describe the general appearance of the scaffold.

On a platform, about twelve feet square, and seven feet

above the ground, are erected the two upright posts, between which is suspended the axe. They somewhat resemble a narrow gallows, scarcely more than a foot between the posts. The axe, which is not unlike a hay knife, though much heavier and broader, is drawn up to the top of the posts, between which it runs in grooves, and is held suspended by a loop in the halyards, passed over a button at the bottom. The edge of the axe, as it hangs suspended, is not horizontal, or at a right angle with the post, but diagonal, giving the instrument a fearful power, in conjunction with its weight and long fall, of shearing through a resisting substance, of many times more opposing force than a human neck. On the centre of the platform stands a frame, or large box, much resembling a soldier's arm-chest, about six feet long by two and a-half wide, and probably as high. One end of this abuts upon the upright posts; at the other end is a small frame, like a truck, connected about its centre with the chest by hinges, and with a strap and buckle, to make it fast to a man's body.

The prisoners, having dismounted, were placed in a line on the ground facing the guillotine, their arms pinioned. They were very different in appearance. Fieschi had a sinister and most ferocious expression of face, rendered more so by scars, scarcely healed apparently, inflicted by the bursting of his gun-barrels. He was plainly dressed, and appeared like a workman of the better class; his age about thirty-five. Morey was a man advanced in life, perhaps seventy; his bald head was partly covered by a black cap, revealing the white hairs behind and at the sides; he was a corpulent, large figure, dressed completely in black, with a mild, intelligent face, and altogether a very gentlemanly air and manner. Pepin was a small, thin-faced, insignificant man.

Pepin was chosen first for execution. Having been deprived of his coat and neck-handkerchief, and the collar of his shirt turned down, he was led by the executioner up the steps of the platform. He ascended with an air of considerable bravado, shook himself, and looked round with much confidence, and spoke some words which we could not catch, and which the executioner appeared disposed to cut short. Having advanced with his breast against a truck, to which his body was rapidly strapped, he was then tilted down, truck and all, upon his face; and the truck moving upon small wheels or castors in grooves upon the chest, he was moved rapidly forward till his neck came directly under the chopper, when, the rope being unhooked from the button, the axe fell with a loud and awful "chop!" the head rolling down upon the bare platform. After the separation of the head, the body moved with much convulsive energy, and had it not been made fast to what I have called the truck, and that also connected with the raised platform, would probably have rolled down on the lower stage. The executioner then held up the head to view for a moment, and I suspect, from some laughter among the troops, made a facetious remark. The lid of a large basket alongside of the chest was then raised, and the body rolled into it.

Morey was the next victim. He ascended the steps feebly and required much assistance; he was also supported during the process of strapping him. His bald head and venerable appearance made a favorable impression upon the spectators, and elicited the only expressions of sympathy observable throughout the executions.

Fieschi came last, and was most unnerved of the three. He appeared throughout in a fainting condition, and hung his head in a pitiable state of prostration. Very little consideration was shown him; or rather, he was pushed and thrust about in a way which was indecent, if not disgusting, whatever might have been his crimes. Some little difficulty occurred in placing his head conveniently under the axe, from a recoiling motion of the prisoner. He was certainly the least brave of the three. The executioner, having rolled his body into the larger basket with the others, took up that containing the three heads, which having emptied upon the bodies, he gave the bottom of the basket a jocular tap, which, being accompanied with the lifting of his foot behind, and probably some funny and seasonable observation, created a good deal of merriment amongst the spectators.

The guillotine is apparently the most merciful, but certainly the most terrible to witness, of any form of execution in civilized Europe. The fatal chop, the raw neck, the spouting blood, are shocking to the feelings, and very demoralizing, as such exhibitions cannot fail to generate a spirit of ferocity and a love of bloodshed among those who witness them. It was not uncommon at this period in Paris to execute sheep and calves with the guillotine; and fathers of families would pay a small sum to obtain such a gratifying show for their children. In such a taste may we not trace the old leaven of the first revolution, and the germ of future ones.

The fate of poor Dr. Guillotine was a singular one. He lived to see the machine which he had invented from feelings of pure philanthropy, made the instrument of the most horrible butcheries, the aptness of the invention notoriously increasing the number of victims who fell by it; and he died in extreme old age with the bitter reflection that his name would be handed down to posterity in connection with the most detestable ferocities which have ever stained the annals of mankind.

THE "BERNER'S STREET HOAX."

THE maddest of Theodore Hook's tricks was that known as the "Berner's Street Hoax," which happened in 1809, as follows:

Walking down Berner's street one day, Hook's companion (probably Matthews) called his attention to a particularly neat and modest house, the residence—as was inferred from the door-plate—of some decent shopkeeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that pleasant, peaceable dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, Hook had written and posted one thousand letters, annexing orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed in one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour.

From "wagons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, ices, feathers, jellies, and cranberry tarts," nothing in any way available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers, scattered all over the city, from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. It can only be feebly imagined what the crash, and jam, and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated house, where, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the progress of the melodrama. The Mayor and his chaplain arrived—invited there to take the death-bed confession of a speculating common-councilman. There also came the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice and the Prime Minister—above all, there came his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. These all obey the summons, for every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to.

They could not all reach Berner's street, however—the avenues leading to it being jammed up by the drays, carts, and carriages, all pressing on the solitary widow's house; but certainly the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor woman's astonishment has risen to terror and despair. Most fierce were the growlings of doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours.

Attorneys, teachers of every kind, male and female, hairdressers, tailors, popular preachers, Parliamentary Philanthropists, had been all alike victimized. There was an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, coach-pannels. Many a horse fell never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels were overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It was a great day for the pick-pockets, and a great godsend to the newspapers.

Then arose many a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer. Though in Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He found it convenient to be laid up a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted reconvalescence by a few weeks' country tour. He re-visited Oxford, and professed an intention of commencing his residence there. But the storm blew over, and Hook returned with tranquility to the green-room.

THE FIRST BALLOON.—In an article on the history of aerostation, the *Mechanics' Magazine* thus refers to the first aerial voyage made with an "inflammable air" balloon, as it was originally called. The ascent took place on the first of December, 1783, from the Tuileries. The balloon was constructed by the Brothers Robert, famous philosophical instrument makers of the time; and Professor Charles, a young, but experienced physicist, was entrusted with the direction of the experiment. The balloon was made of varnished silk, the upper portion being covered with a net. It measured ninety-seven feet in diameter, and had attached to it a car or boat of basket work, measuring eight feet by four feet, by three feet six inches deep. The *appareil* of aerostation was created by M. Charles in connection with this ascent; for, in this balloon, he introduced the varnished silk, the valve to regulate the escape of gas, the car, which he attached by ropes to the lower edge of the network covering, the ballast to regulate, and the barometer to measure ascent and descent. In fact, it may be said that the art of aerostation at once attained perfection in Charles' balloon, and no essential change or improvement has since taken place. The gas balloons took their name from this aeronaut, and were afterwards known as *Charlieres*. The first voyage was safely accomplished by M. Charles and one of the Roberts, who travelled from Paris to Nelse, a distance of about twenty-seven miles, in an hour and three-quarters. After landing M. Robert, M. Charles shot up again and made a series of barometric and theometric observations.

A PHILOSOPHICAL cabman, in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks: "If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," said he, "the folks don't say nothin'—kase they have got more children than wittles for 'em—but you jist run over a goat, or a kid, or a sow, or a pig, and blest if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

EARTHQUAKES.

SO far as modern times are concerned, Iceland, the western coast of Spain and Portugal, the south of Italy, and the Levant, have been the only portions of Europe where seriously destructive earthquakes have taken place. Though North America does not seem to have contributed very many earthquakes to the list just given, yet this is probably from the lack of records, as the whole region from California southwards, bordering on the Pacific, is subject to violent earthquakes. "Pacific" as the ocean may be, its borders are of a very different character, and both its Asiatic and its American coasts are so constantly visited with earthquakes that they, with the islands of the Caribbean Sea, will stand first on the earthquake districts of the globe. The Pacific Ocean is, in fact, fringed by a rocky, earthquake-visited territory. As to the times when earthquakes happen in the greatest numbers, there are but two facts which can be stated positively. The first is very singular, namely, that the greater part of the earthquakes which have been recorded occur near to the time of the new and of the full moon. It is, of course, very doubtful whether if we could throw into the calculation all the earthquakes which have gone by *without* bigrapher or record, we should still find the same curious rule holding good. Still, for all the hundreds, nay, thousands, of observed earthquakes, there is a preponderance of those which have selected either the time of full or of new moon for their occurrence; although no explanatory theory has yet been offered which we think worth presenting to our readers. The second fact is, that the majority happen in the colder half of the year. About four happen from October to March—both inclusive—for every three which occur in the other part of the year. The singular thing here is, the same rule holds for the British, the Spanish, the French, and the Italian earthquakes. On the south side of the equator, where the months from October to March are the warm months, they have, so far as our records go, the smaller number of earthquakes; but as our accounts of earthquakes there are by no means so full as in Europe, we cannot be so sure of the conclusions to be drawn. Thus much may be said, as being matter of observation as to the times when earthquakes happen. History also seems to point to something like a rule for the recurrence of serious and numerous earthquakes somewhat after the middle of each successive century. To go back over the last four hundred years, we observe that about the middle of the last century (1755) occurred the great Lisbon earthquake; and, subsequently, the great Calabrian earthquake; so also in the middle of the seventeenth century there were great earthquakes in the Mediterranean, and afterwards, towards its close, the great Jamaica earthquake; while, in the middle and later half of the sixteenth century there were great earthquakes both in Europe and China. In each of these cases, the earthquakes mentioned were the chief earthquakes of the century. Whether the present century is to follow this precedent, we are hardly yet advanced enough to say. Certain it is that the first fifty years saw but few serious catastrophes in the Levant, and in those which have occurred in the Eastern seas.—*Eastern Paper.*

THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.—In a conversation I once held with an eminent minister of the church, he made this observation: "We will say nothing of the manner in which that sex usually conduct an argument; but the intuitive judgments of women are often more to be relied upon than the conclusions which we reach by an elaborate process of reasoning. No man who has an intelligent wife, or is accustomed to the society of educated women, will dispute this. Times without number you must have known them to decide questions on the instant, and with unerring accuracy, which you had been pouring over for hours, perhaps, with no other result than to find yourself getting deeper and deeper into the tangled mass of difficulties. It were hardly generous to allege that they achieve these facts less by reasoning than a sort of sagacity which approximates to the sure instincts of the animal races; and yet there seems to be some ground for the remark of a witty French writer: that when a man has toiled, step by step, up a flight of stairs, he will be sure to find a woman at the top; but she will not be able to tell how she got there. How she got there, however, is of little moment. If the conclusions a woman has reached are sound, that is all that concerns us. And that they are very apt to be sound on the practical matters of domestic and secular life nothing but prejudice or self-conceit can prevent us from acknowledging. The inference, therefore, is unavoidable, that the man who thinks it beneath his dignity to take counsel with an intelligent wife stands in his own light, and betrays that lack of judgment which he tacitly attributes to her."

THE total annual product of coffee in the world is set down in a recent circular at an average of about six hundred and seventy-two million pounds, or about three hundred thousand tons. Half of this is produced in Brazil. About fifty thousand tons come from Java and Sumatra, 30,000 tons from Ceylon, 25,000 tons from St. Domingo, and the remainder from a variety of other countries or islands in or near the torrid zone.

NOTICE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA.*

ANY work from the pen of John Draper will be welcomed as a valuable contribution to scientific and historical literature. That he is one of the most thorough scholars and profound thinkers of the present time, must be admitted by all who have the slightest acquaintance with his writings. His first volume, published some years ago, although considered by the Faculty superior both in design and execution to the kindred (German) work of Lehman, was somewhat too professional to interest the general reader. But his *Intellectual Development in Europe*, published in 1863, secured the attention of all intelligent men, and placed Professor Draper, in his attempt to treat the history of man upon a scientific theory, by the side of the great English materialist, Thomas Buckle. The present volume may be considered a sequel to the *Intellectual Development*. In it is sought to be applied to the United States the principles announced in the former work as governing the progress of Europe; and what shall be our future legislation in regard to the many grave questions now pressing upon us, the learned author declares depends upon our geographical position and our physical being.

The theory of Dr. Draper is the Positive theory; and though it runs counter to many of the most cherished doctrines of the Church, and denies many of the approved maxims of the State, it is *the* theory which to-day commands the respect of the thoughtful and the assent of the wise. Sun, wind, rain, heat, and cold, determine the characters of men, and shape the destinies of nations. The moral nature of an individual is founded upon his physical nature, and the government of a State depends upon the influence of climate. A warm climate produces different plants and animals than a cold one. Not the less does it produce different men. The thoughts, feelings, morals, and religion of India, necessarily must differ from those of Lapland, and laws suited to the inhabitants of the frigid will be unsuited to the inhabitants of the torrid zone. It is the aim of Dr. Draper to show that there is little if any free will in this world; that the opinions and actions of man are not voluntary, but the result of the physical circumstance by which for the time being he happens to be surrounded. "We vainly attempt the improvement of a race, intellectually or morally, by missionary exertion or by education, except we simultaneously touch its actual physical condition. Any impression upon that gives the possibility of accomplishing the other." Having demonstrated thus much, the question is asked: "What, after all, does this amount to?" and the answer given is this: that the body of man can not resist external influences. It is helplessly modified by heat and cold, dryness, moisture—that is, by climate. The complexion of the skin changes, as also does the construction of the brain. In a restricted locality, there may be a sameness in population; but in a vast continent, like America, there will inevitably be all kinds of modified men. Their thoughts and their actions must necessarily be diverse. To unite them under one government becomes, then, proportionably more and more difficult as there is increase in numbers and in years.

Professor Draper then proceeds to point out the means by which the influence of climate may be modified, and its disorganizing tendency counteracted; and holds that these should be anxiously cared for by all those who share in the legislation of the Republic. Yet, after all has been done, it is insisted that the life of a nation can only be prolonged to its allotted time: "Nations, like individual men, are born to die." Death awaits every State, as it does every man; and Dr. Draper asserts, both in this volume and in his *Intellectual Progress*, that England now is what Egypt once was, and that the United States shall be what Egypt now is. However unpalatable this truth—however much we may dissent from it—no one can fail to perceive that the argument, as here presented and enforced, is of the strongest—if not unanswerable, as yet unanswered.

There are many special subjects glanced at, such as, celibacy; the rapidity with which dissensions caused by civil wars are healed: the absolute necessity for encouraging personal locomotion; the duty incumbent upon every one to uphold the freest expression of thought, etc., which we should be glad to notice, but must rest satisfied in recommending the entire work to the careful perusal of those interested in such topics.

That which will prove particularly interesting to our readers will be the author's remarks upon California and the Pacific Coast. Touching this, we extract the following:

"A few years more, and the influence of the Great Republic will resistlessly extend in a direction that will lead to surprising results. So importunate and increasing is the demand for human labor, so tempting its remuneration, so productive its use, that those stagnant Asiatic tribes, to which our attention in some of these pages has been directed, cannot fail to be affected. The stream of Chinese emigration, already setting into California, is but the precursor of the flood that is to come. There are the fields; here are the men. The dominant power on the Pacific Ocean must necessarily exert a controlling influence in the affairs of Asia. * * * * The Pacific front of the United States is destined to be the scene of an active Asiatic emigration. * * * The Chinese population of California is far from insignificant, and is steadily increasing. * * It is of no importance that for the present these people look upon the country they thus visit as merely a temporary abode, in which money is to be made, and that, as their moderate expectations of a competency are fulfilled, they hasten to return to their native place. That is the natural timidity of early adventurers.

But these, in due season, will be followed by others having more settled intentions. The dislike the American population has to them once abating—that temporary dislike which all races of men who differ in aspect, in ideas, in religion, from one another always entertain—the general principles of the system of the Republic will come into powerful effect. The facility for acquiring proprietorship in land, the certainty of its tenure, are temptations that no laboring class can resist. In the same street will be seen the Joss-house, the Synagogue, the Chapel, the Church.

Considering that, under the circumstances of the case, the individuals who are thus destined to disturb the Pacific Coast must necessarily issue from the lower social grades of the countries from which they come, their admixture with the native American population can not be viewed without anxiety. The Pacific States will do well to look to their public schools, laying broad and munificent foundations for their educational system, giving no encouragement to the use of any foreign tongue, and fusing into their mass, as thoroughly and rapidly as may be, their inevitable hybrid population.

With Eastern blood will necessarily come Eastern thoughts, and the attempt at Eastern social habits. I have already referred to the political power of polygamic institutions. It must not be forgotten that they are in accordance with the sentiments of Asiatics. Especially, also, should it be borne in mind that they have already obtained a firm root in Utah. There is imminent danger of the spread of those institutions in the West. As men approach to the confines of Asia, they seem to be affected by its moral atmosphere."

Prof. Draper is far too great a thinker to view the "civil policy of America," or of any other nation, wholly from the material stand-point. "Philosophical conceptions of historical progress must not be altogether of the material kind." Accordingly, having devoted one-half of his work to the control of climate and the effects of emigration, he dedicates the other half to the influence of ideas and importance of intellectual culture.

Ideas do much toward governing the world. The Arabs and the Jews are cited as examples. The idea, "There is one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet," has completely governed nine thousand millions of human beings. "The idea of a Messiah, or a Deliverer," has for more than twenty centuries kept the Jewish race an undestroyed nation. The author is careful to point out, what is too often forgotten, that it makes no difference whether ideas be true or false as regards their power. "It is with their force, not with their goodness or evil, that we are concerned."

As to intellectual culture, compared with moral culture, Professor Draper stands in the front rank of the Positivists. "The improvement of society can *only* be accomplished through the intellect." "The moral is in its very nature stationary. Alone, it is *incompetent* to guide the advancement of society. Social elevation can *only* be accomplished by appealing to the understanding, and *that* will influence the heart." These are the words of Dr. Draper; not of him alone, but of many of the most advanced intellects of the age, and to their truth we entirely and unreservedly subscribe. Dr. Draper does not think missions or missionaries have accomplished much for morality, but he thinks COFFEE has. "How much has the *morality* of the world been improved by *coffee*. It has refined society, imparted innocent comfort to individuals, and peace to many a family."

The defects of the work are, that it appears to be fragmentary, and somewhat overloaded with illustration. There is, too, at times, an effort at writing in what Mr. Arnold would call the Corinthian style. The book shows signs of haste. Otherwise we are certain such sentences as "A Virginia planter *grows* tobacco"; "I will still *farther* enforce these principles," etc., would not be found in it.

It is announced that a history of our civil war, in three volumes, by this author, is soon to appear. We earnestly hope he will remember the motto, "*Festina lente*." Prof. Draper can ill afford to act upon any other, for "Where much is given, much shall be required."

* *Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America.* By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York; Author of a *Treatise on Human Physiology*, and of a *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe.* New York: Harper & Brothers. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1865.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books:

Poetical Tributes to the Memory of Lincoln. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1865.

The shock which followed the assassination of our good Chief Magistrate was succeeded, as might be supposed, by a popular poetical outbreak. Every country newspaper throughout the Union contributed something to this emotional uprising. It is hardly necessary to say that much of this elegaic and lugubrious tribute was spasmodic and ephemeral. Nevertheless, the Messrs. Lippincott have collected with some patience and industry most of these fugitive pieces into a handsomely printed book of some three hundred pages. Conspicuous among them are the tributes of Bryant, Holmes, Mrs. Howe, Stoddard, the famous penitential offering of *Punch*, and the excellent response of Alice Cary, perhaps the best specimens of the volume. We are tempted to extract a few verses of the latter:

"What need hath he now of a tardy crown,
His name from mocking jest and sneer to save?
When every ploughman turns his furrow down
As soft as though it fell upon his grave.

He was a man whose like the world again
Shall never see, to vex with blame or praise;
The landmarks that attest his bright, brief reign,
Are battles, not the pomps of gala-days!

The grandest leader of the grandest war
That ever time in history gave a place;
What were the tinsel flattery of a star
To such a breast! or what a ribbon's grace!"

* * * * * *

"The mechanism of external forms—
The shrifts that courtiers put their bodies through,
Were alien ways to him—his brawny arms
Had other work than posturing to do!"

* * * * * *

"Forgive us, then, O friends, if we are slow
To meet your recognition of his worth—
We're jealous of the very tears that flow
From eyes that never loved a humble hearth."

With these are one or two clever anonymous pieces, and some names but slightly known; yet the greater part of the book is composed of impotent wailing and bathos. The London *Fun*, not wishing to be behind its cotemporary, whom it hitherto had excelled in malignity, has a poem commencing as follows:

"The hand of an assassin, glowing red,
Shot like a firebrand through the western sky;
And stalwart Abraham Lincoln is now dead!
Oh! felon heart that thus could basely dye
The name of southerner with murderous gore!"

Possibly, this poem might have been suggested by sympathy for the dead leader, but, as the poet seems more concerned for the reputation of the South than for the loss of Lincoln, the above will suffice. We have one western poetess asking:

"Why did we take him from fair Illinois?
He was young in her woods, he was fresh as a boy;
Why did we set him in that high place,
And bring all the furrows of care to his face."

and again, being evidently of a suspicious and inquisitive nature:

"Why do we show them the wound in his head,
And say not a word but, 'behold he is dead!'"

We may well ask why, indeed? but the poetess ultimately answers the question:

"We've let him die for us—yes, we've let him die
With his armor all on, as the soldier boys lie:
Not a moment of warning—a message to tell,
And we say he sleeps well—and we say he sleeps well!"

There is a refreshing simplicity about this ballad-like repetition. We certainly think that, under the circumstances, it is well that "he sleeps well" where nothing, not even western poetry, "can touch him further." Less equivocal though certainly no less remarkable, is the following:

"God bless Abraham Lincoln!
A mourning people cry;
God bless Abraham Lincoln!
The sighing winds reply;
God bless Abraham Lincoln!
Is tolled from every spire;
God bless Abraham Lincoln!
Troubles a nation's lyre."

When we reflect that this bland benediction is sustained with variations through *twelve* verses, we can only say "bless us," and turn to another. A Mr. Boylan tells us that

"Past ages their heroes and martyrs may boast,
The future may furnish a still greater host;
But when the historian the long roll shall call,
The name of A. Lincoln shall tower above all."

But this will do. It is not strange that, as the death of this good man was felt the most keenly by the homely and untutored masses of the country, it should have called forth from them some such crude and awkward expression. It is odd, however, that among the more learned and refined who have classically and extravagantly lauded the honest martyr,

there should have been such a lack of that manly simplicity and homely pathos, which was the lesson that his life bequeathed to literature.

Can You Forgive Her? By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations, by H. K. Browne. New York: Harper & Bros.

History of the United States Cavalry, from the Formation of the Federal Government to the 1st of June, 1863. By Albert G. Brackett, Major First U. S. Cavalry, Colonel Ninth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry, etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1865.

The House that Jack Built. Old Mother Hubbard. Both from original designs by H. L. Stevens. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1865.

The Hero's Own Story. General Sherman's Official Account of the Great March through Georgia and the Carolinas. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

[For the Californian.]

"SEEING THE STEAMER OFF."

I HAVE sometimes thought, while watching the departure of an Eastern steamer, that the act of parting from friends—so generally one of bitterness and despondency—is made by an ingenious Californian custom to yield a pleasurable excitement. This luxury of leave-taking in which most Californians indulge, is often protracted to the hauling in of the gang-plank. Those last words, injunctions, promises, and embraces, which are mournful and depressiug perhaps, in that privacy demanded on other occasions, are here, by reason of their very publicity, of an edifying and exhilarating character. A parting kiss blown from the deck of a steamer into a miscellaneous crowd, of course loses much of that sacred solemnity with which foolish superstition is apt to invest it. A broadside of endearing epithets even when properly aimed and apparently raking the whole wharf, is apt to be impotent and harmless. A husband who prefers to embrace his wife for the last time at the door of her stateroom, and finds himself the centre of an admiring group of unconcerned spectators, of course feels himself lifted above any feeling save that of the ludicrousness which the situation suggests. The mother, parting from her offspring, should become a Roman matron under the like influences; the lover who takes leave of his sweetheart, is not apt to mar the general hilarity by any emotional folly. In fact, this system of delaying our parting sentiments until the last moment—this removal of domestic scenery and incident to a public theatre—may be said to be worthy of a stoical and democratic people, and is an event in our lives which may be shared with the humblest coal-passer, or itinerant vendor of oranges. It is a return to that classic out-of-door experience and mingling of public and domestic economy which so ennobled the straight-nosed Athenian.

So universal is this desire to be present at the departure of any steamer that, aside from the regular crowd of loungers who make their appearance confessedly only to look on, there are others who take advantage of the slightest intimacy to go through the leave-taking formula. People whom you have quite forgotten, people to whom you have been lately introduced suddenly and unexpectedly make their appearance and wring your hands with fervor. The friend, long estranged, forgives you nobly at the last moment, to take advantage of this glorious opportunity of "seeing you off." Your bootmaker, tailor, and hatter—haply with no ulterior motives and unaccompanied by official friends—visit you with enthusiasm. You find great difficulty in detaching your relatives and intimates from the trunks on which they resolutely seat themselves, up to the moment when the paddles are moving, and you are haunted continually by an ill-defined idea that they may be carried off, and foisted on you—with the payment of their passage, which, under the circumstances, you could not refuse — for the rest of the voyage. Acquaintances will make their appearance at the most inopportune moments, and from the most unexpected places—dangling from hawsers, climbing up paddle-boxes, and crawling through cabin windows at the imminent peril of their lives. You are nervous and crushed by this added weight of responsibility. Should you be a stranger, you will find any number of people on board, who will cheerfully and at a venture take leave of you on the slightest advances made on your part. A friend of mine assures me that he once parted, with great enthusiasm and cordiality, from a party of gentlemen, to him personally unknown, who had apparently mistaken his state-room. This party—evidently connected with some fire company—on comparing notes on the wharf, being somewhat dissatisfied with the result of their performance, afterward rendered my friend's position on the hurricane deck one of extreme peril and inconvenience, by reason of skilfully projected oranges and apples, not unaccompanied with invective.

Yet there is certainly something to interest us in the examination of that cheerless damp closet, whose painted wooden walls no furniture or company can make habitable, wherein our friend is to spend so many vapid days and restless nights. The sight of these apartments, yclept *state-rooms*—Heaven knows why, except it be from their want of coziness—is full of keen reminiscences to most Californians who have not outgrown the memories of that dreary interval when, in obedience to Nature's wise compensations, homesickness was blotted out by seasickness, and both at last resolved into a chaotic and distempered dream, whose details we now recognize. The steamer chair that we used to drag out upon the narrow strip of deck and doze in, over the pages of a well-thumbed novel; the deck itself—of afternoons, redolent with the skins of oranges and bananas—of mornings, damp with salt-water and mopping; the netted bulwark, smelling of tar in the tropics, and fretted on the windward side with little saline crystals; the villainously compounded odors of victuals from the pantry, and oil from the machinery; the young lady that we used to flirt with, and with whom we shared our last novel, adorned with marginal annotation; our own chum; our own bore; the man who was never seasick; the two events of the day, breakfast and dinner, and the dreary interval between; the tremendous importance given to trifling events and trifling people; the young lady who kept a journal; the newspaper, published on board, filled with mild pleasantries and impertinences, elsewhere unendurable; the young lady who sang; the wealthy passenger; the popular passenger; the—

[Let us sit down for a moment until this qualmishness, which such associations and some infectious quality of the atmosphere seems to produce, has passed away. What becomes of our steamer friends? Why are we now so apathetic about them? Why is it that we drift away from them so unconcernedly, forgetting even their names and faces? Why, when we do remember them, do we look at them so suspiciously, with an undefined idea that, in the unrestrained freedom of the voyage, they became possessed of some confidence and knowledge of our weaknesses that we never should have imparted? Did we make any such confessions? Perish the thought. The popular man, however, is not now so popular. We have heard finer voices than that of the young lady who sang so sweetly. Our chum's fascinating qualities, somehow, have deteriorated on land; so have those of the fair young novel-reader, now the wife of an honest miner in Virginia City.]

—The passenger who had made so many trips, and exhibited a reckless familiarity with the officers; the officers themselves, now so modest and undemonstrative, a few hours later so all-powerful and important—these are among the reminiscences of most Californians, and these are to be remembered among the experiences of our friend. Yet he feels as we all do, that his past experience will be of profit to him, and has already the confident air of an old voyager.

As you stand on the wharf again, and listen to the cries of itinerant fruit vendors, you wonder why it is that grief at parting and the unpleasant novelties of travel are supposed to be assuaged by oranges and apples, even at ruinously low prices. Perhaps it may be, figuratively, the last offering of the fruitful earth, as the passenger commits himself to the bosom of the sterile and unproductive ocean. Even while the wheels are moving and the lines are cast off, some hardy apple merchant, mounted on the top of a pile, concludes a trade with a steerage passenger—twenty feet interposing between buyer and seller—and achieves, under these difficulties, the delivery of his wares. Handkerchiefs wave, hurried orders mingle with parting blessings, and the steamer is "off." As you turn your face cityward, and glance hurriedly around at the retreating crowd, you will see a reflection of your own wistful face in theirs, and read the solution of one of the problems which perplex the California enthusiast. Before you lies San Francisco, with her hard angular outlines, her brisk, invigorating breezes, her bright, but unsympathetic sunshine, her restless and energetic population; behind you fades the recollection of changeful but honest skies; of extremes of heat and cold, modified and made enjoyable through social and physical laws, of pastoral landscapes, of accessible Nature in her kindliest forms, of inherited virtues, of long-tested customs and habits, of old friends and old faces—of HOME!

BRET.

NEW BUILDING FOR THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—The want of larger and more independent accommodations for this Association has long been seriously felt. An institution of so much importance and public benefit, as the principal library of the principal city of our State—a literary resort for all classes—and reckoned as one of our foremost claims to civilization and enlightenment, should have a proper and commodious building of its own, and one adapted to its requirements solely. It is with some satisfaction, therefore, that we observe that the Board of Trustees have lately taken action in the matter, and that they now propose to raise the amount required, by the sale of life memberships and the soliciting of donations. They hope to raise $20,000 by the sale of two hundred life memberships, at the rate of $100 each, and we trust that our citizens will not allow such an opportunity for good investment to pass unheeded, even if they do not subscribe through public spirit. A new library building, larger reading rooms, and increased facilities for literary culture and the highest form of recreation, are advantages that cannot be too highly prized or too liberally compensated.

THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday, at Maguire's Opera House, Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann appeared in the character of "Hamlet." The house was filled to its utmost capacity, and scores testified to the appreciation in which the works of Shakspeare are held in San Francisco, by standing throughout the whole performance. Mr. Bandmann's impersonation is different, in many respects, from others which have been witnessed on the San Francisco stage. Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann, in many instances, satisfied the unhealthy craving for new readings and new conceptions of Shakspeare which has risen of late. Because a reading is new it by no means follows that it is better than or even as good as that which has been accepted on the stage for the last hundred years. Some of Mr. Bandmann's readings were decidedly bad, and he can scarcely be said to have given us an improved edition of *Hamlet*. In his address to the ghost his reading is far better than in many other portions of the play. Most actors read:

"I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O answer me!" etc.

No one can object to Mr. Bandmann's reading it

"I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King father. Royal Dane O answer me," etc.

He thus reaches the climax of his entreaty, the endearing title, "father." This may be admitted to be an improvement; would as much could be said for other innovations on the old style, which Mr. Bandmann has introduced. After the ghost has left him, "Hamlet," as impersonated by Mr. Bandmann, is entirely unmanned, and does not make the slightest effort to disguise the fact from "Horatio" and "Marcellus;" even the jesting words which Shakspeare puts into his mouth are, by Mr. Bandmann, moaned forth in the most agonizing tone of voice imaginable. The words

"Well said, old mole,"

are pronounced in the same solemn manner as

"Rest, rest perturbed spirit."

The scene between "Hamlet" and his mother is sadly marred by "Polonius" being concealed behind curtains, at the back of the stage, and occasionally thrusting his head forth. After "Hamlet" has stabbed him, and the Queen exclaims:

"O me, what hast thou done?"

Kean, in this character, makes a telling point by rushing back suddenly and delivering the words:

"*Is* it the King?"

with immense force. Mr. Bandmann slurs this over entirely. Mr. Bandmann's "Hamlet" may be highly original, but it is certainly not so fine a conception of the character as that of Mr. Dillon, while Mr. Kean, by carefully adhering to stage traditions, gave a more consistent and finished whole. On Friday Mr. Bandmann played 'Shylock." Mlle Vestvali appeared on Tuesday as "Lagadere," in *The Fool and his Master*. On Thursday, in consequence of her sudden indisposition, *The Streets of New York* had to be substituted for *Fazio*. This afternoon the drama of *Miriam's Crime*, which has never been produced in California, will be played; in the evening, Mlle. Vestvali will appear in Planche's romantic drama of the *Brigands*. On Monday, Mr. G. C. Boniface an actor who has achieved considerable reputation in the East by his Shakspearian renditions, will make his first appearance at the Opera House in the character of "Jack Cade."

On Monday the Academy of Music will be opened under the management of Mr. Dan Setchell, who will be supported by the Worrell Sisters, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Louise Clarkson, Miss Kate Archer, D. C. Anderson, Fred Woodhull, H. Sinclair, J. W. Griffiths, E. N. Thayer, and C. P. Morris, who will form a burlesque and comedy company of considerable strength. The pieces chosen for the opening night are Setchell's specialty—*The Dutch Governor*—and the Worrell Sisters' specialty—the burlesque of *Fra Diavolo*. If Mr. Setchell produces novelties in sufficiently rapid succession to keep the interest of the public alive, I should think that he might be successful, with such excellent support as he has, in keeping the Academy of Music open all the winter.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, as there is no probability of the play being suppressed by the Government, as has been the case in England, I suppose *Arrah-na-Pogue* will continue to draw crowded houses during the coming week. On Thursday evening Mrs. Sedley Brown was the recipient of a substantial benefit, which she was richly entitled to. Mrs. Brown's voice appears to have gained in strength and richness since her stay in California; she sang the prison song most beautifully on the occasion of her benefit.

The funeral of W. Stephenson took place from the residence of his step-father, Col. Stephenson. I understand that the estrangement between Mr. Stephenson and his relatives was not caused by his adoption of the stage as a profession, they having no prejudice against actors, but rather holding them in the estimation which Shakspeare accounts them worthy of. I hope, therefore, that Col. Stephenson will not have their ill report through the assertion which I made last week.

TOUCHSTONE.

THE DEPARTED CABLE.

BROKE, broke, broke,
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would there were more Connection,
In the thoughts that arise in me!

Oh, well for the Fisherman's Buoy,
That he swings with the breakers at play!
Oh, well for the Iron-Clad,
That she heads for Valentia Bay!

And the stately ship goes on
To the haven under the hill:
But oh for the touch of the Grappling-Hooks,
And the sound of a Click that is still!

Broke, broke, broke,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the slender "trust" of a day that is dead
Will ever "go back" on me!

[*Mrs. Grundy.*

MAN MAGNIFIED.

THE flea magnified, until he looks as large as an elephant, and as ugly as a crawfish, is an old friend with all sight-seers. Neither are such marvels of the microscope, as the terrible combat displayed in the circle of light on the walls of the Polytechnic Institution—where animals, like all sorts of tigers and snakes, beetles and flying fish, dart and twist and jerk, in all directions—unfamiliar even to juvenile and nervous spectators. These are amongst the chosen subjects for popular illustrations. But far more startling objects may be seen through the lenses nearer home. Man may be magnified as well as fleas. The fancies of Swift have been paralleled by the discoveries of the microscopist. The rough skin of the Brobdignagian has been shown in reality under the object glass, with other things much more strange than any the Dean ventured to imagine. Nowadays, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, every tissue of the human frame has, in turn, become the subject of investigation. The bones on which the body is built—the muscles that move it—the brain that exerts the will—and the nerves that convey that will to each limb—the blood that vitalises and repairs—and the lungs which feed the blood with air—have all been put to the test, and made to reveal their peculiarities.

We need not, to see all this, set up one of Ross's fifty guinea microscopes, or trouble anatomists for specimens. The whole task has been gone through by various medical inquirers, and we have the results told in scientific terms by Dr. Arthur Hill Hassall, in his volumes on the *Microscopic Anatomy of the Human Body, in Health and Disease.* Without troubling the doctors for terms, let us see what facts they afford us.

No microscope ever was made (nor ever will be made, probably) large enough to grasp any whole specimen of the genus *homo* at once. You cannot catch a lifeguardsman, or even a Tom Thumb, and put him under the power of eight or nine hundred diameters. But though we cannot magnify the entire animal at once, we can yet examine him in detail, portion by portion. One hair, or one drop of blood, displays the characteristic features of its construction, just as completely as though the whole scalp, or the entire contents of the heart, could be seen at once. Knowing one, we know all.

A small piece of skin, for instance, displays a series of ridges and furrows, having a somewhat scaly surface; between the ridges, little openings are seen. They are the mouths of the perspiratory ducts. Under the surface, and forming the most important and interesting portion of the skin, is the layer in which resides the sense of touch; but if this be valuable, it is even less beautiful, as we see under the microscope, than the scaly cuticle provided for its protection, for it looks more like a dense crop of double teeth than anything else—each tooth having four sharp tubercles. Between each tooth, we see the continuation of the perspiratory duct winding its way deeper into the frame; just as a good farmer places tiles to drain his lands. These fleshy teeth are known as the papillary portion of the skin, and where they are most numerous, there is the sense of touch most keen. On the soft, sensitive hand and fingers of a young lady, looking the perfection of whiteness and delicacy, they are ranged thick and threefold; and so, too, are they on the skilful fingers of the workman trained to the more delicate manipulations of art. In the rough laborer, they become buried under a hard crust of coarse cuticle. The naked eye can easily detect the ridges into which the papillæ are arranged; each ridge being, in fact, two rows of papillæ—two rows of double teeth—but the microscope is wanted, if we wish to behold them in their exact forms—beautifully adapted to the work they have to do, but rougher than the rind of a pine apple, or the scales of a French artichoke, and by no means so picturesque as the scale armor of the magnified flea.

The hair may be called the offspring of the skin: and in health and disease, youth and age, there is a close sympathy between the two. A fine growth of hair, when magnified, might be compared to a plantation of osiers, when the leaves are off: with some differences, of course. Human hair is not perfectly round, as it seems to be when seen with the naked eye; nor is it of the same thickness through its whole length. At its origin in the skin, it swells out into a bulbous form, like a crocus-root, or the body of a young spring onion, before the leaves opened. From this base the hair springs forth, and gradually becomes bulkier as it lengthens. This goes on to a certain point, at which the greater growth is attained; and then the hair grows fine by degrees and beautifully less; until, if allowed its full growth, as on the head of a young damsel, its point is many times smaller and more delicate than the portion near the centre of its length. Some hair is much rounder, more cylindrical, than other; some being oval, and some flatted. The flat hair it is that curls most. Adonis and the negro are, therefore, alike in one point at least. Hairs vary very much, both in thickness and in length; those on the female scalp being, naturally, the longest of all; and those of the beard of men being next in length, and longer than those of the male head. The hair of the female scalp is not only longer than that of the male, but, in proportion to its length, is larger in diameter. The thickest of all human hair, however, is that of the beard of men; and the investigations of this subject tend to justify the assertion of the barbers, that frequently cutting and shaving the hair has a tendency to make it thicker. Every hair has a stem and a root, just as a tree has; the root being bedded in the skin, just as the tree is in the earth. But the comparison does not end here. The tree has bark, medulla, and intervening substance; the hair has the same. The bark (or cortex) of the hair displays a series of scales placed, one overlapping another, just as we see tiles overlap on a house-top. Immediately below this scaly bark we have a fibrous portion, forming two-thirds of the bulk of the hair. These fibres are seen to separate when the hair splits from being left too long uncut. The centre of the hair has a little canal, full of an oily, marrow-like substance, containing the greater part of the coloring matter; black in black hair, brown in brown hair, and almost absent when the hair has become gray. The marrow of the hair, and its two outer coatings, are well seen in a section of a hair from a well-shaved chin. The razor, day by day, cuts it across; it cannot grow longer, so it grows thicker and stronger; and each slice taken away by the matutinal shave looks, under the microscope, like a section of a bone; just as a bone is cut across when a ham is cut up into slices for broiling; whilst the *stump* remaining on the chin has just the same look as the bone on the section of grilled ham ready for the breakfast table. The primly shaved mouth is thickly dotted round by myriads of hideous hair stumps, with inner layer and marrow all exposed. Fashion, ever since the days of Louis Quatorze, has demanded the daily sacrifice, and men continue to pay it. Happily, they do not see the stumps of their beards through a microscope, or razor-makers would starve.

Fat appears to be a series of little globules, each enclosed in a vesicle. A collection of fat, therefore, is like a series of receptacles, each full of oily matter. The hold of a Dutch or Irish trader, full of well-filled bladders of lard, resembles the material which makes up the rolls of fat that traditionally hang, like robes of office, about an alderman. The consistence of fat varies in different animals, and varies also in hot and cold weather. The fat of an ox or a sheep is harder than that of a pig; that of the human subject being intermediate between two extremes. The quantity of fat secreted varies (as is well known) in different animals, and in different constitutions; the tendency to its increase varies also at different times of life. In man, the unwieldy accumulation of fat usually indicates that he has passed the meridian of life. A moderate proportion of these bladders of oil, however, adds both to health and beauty. Their uses are many. They give softness to the skin, symmetry to the human outline; they are a garment to keep out cold; often (as on the soles of the feet) act as guards against injurious pressure on bones, and nerves, and muscles; and, in certain cases, form a reserve of nourishment, on which the system can draw for sustaining life, when food cannot be taken, or is not to be had. So, if the fat of the frame, when magnified, does look like a portion of the contents of a provision shop, the similitude is as great in fact as in appearance.

Marrow only differs from fat in this respect: the cells are rounder, and it is less encumbered with cellular tissues. Inside a bone, the fat requires, in fact, less tying together than is needed in other situations on the body.

From this partial substitute for food to the masticators of it, is no very violent digression. The teeth, under the microscope, are seen to be made up of three different portions: the enamel on the surface above the gum; the ivory, making up the bulk of the tooth beneath the enamel; and the coating of the fang. The ivory of the tooth is full of small tubes, running from the cavity in the centre towards the outer surface of the tooth. These tubes get finer and finer as they approach the surface, and many of them branch out like little tubular trees. The microscope gives strength to the supposition, that decay of the teeth, with the horrible aches which accompany it, arises from a parasitical growth promoted by a vitiated condition of the secretions of the mouth. The tartar that accumulates on neglected teeth consists of lime mixed with mucus, and the refuse from the lining substances of the mouth. This substance contains, in the case of negligent and dirty people, animalcules and vegetable growths. Imagine a human being with a small zoological and botanical collection between, and round about, the teeth.

We have spoken of the skin, the hair, the fat, and the teeth; all contributing to the appearance of the surface of the body. One other of the materials of which the frame is made up must be mentioned; for, from it all the rest are built up; upon its presence their vitality depends; and, to its brightness and visibility is due that great charm of the beauties of our land—a blooming complexion. We speak of the blood. It seems simply a crimson fluid till scrutinised under the magic glass of the microscopist. Instead of appearing one evenly bright red stream, we see that it is made up of globules, some of which are white, and others red. The white ones, indeed, are largest, and roundest; but the red ones are by far the more numerous. On they flow, whilst life lasts; the red dots being too many in a plethoric alderman, or fox hunting squire; and too few in a pale love-lorn maiden. But in both alike, on they flow through the arteries, like myriads of red and white billiard balls running through a series of tubes.

This revelation of the ultimate forms of living structure may not altogether make up a flattering picture. Man magnified may be less handsome than man seen by ordinary unassisted eyesight. Skin, rough as the bark of an old pine tree; hair, a winter osier-bed; teeth, encrusted by earthy matter; and blood shown sometimes gluttonously rich, and sometimes indolently poor, make no flattering picture for self-satisfied contemplation. But the roughness of the skin, covered by its myriads of perspiratory ducts, teaches the need for careful cleanliness; the hair, tortured by frizling irons and mutilated by razors, suggests a thought as to the purposes for which portions of the frame were thus carefully covered by the Author of all things; teeth becoming sources of agonizing pain, and falling to decay, teach the wise necessity of giving them proper care—both direct, by washing, and indirect, by keeping the juices of the mouth pure by proper food and wholesome temperance. Blood too white or too red warns us against gluttony on the one hand, or indolence or innutrition on the other.

There is not one particle of the vast natural kingdom but has its lesson, if we do but take the trouble to read it. Surely there is an obvious code of morals plainly indicated in this one glimpse of Man Magnified.

HEROINES AND THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.

WHY do women now-a-days write such melancholy novels? Are authoresses more miserable than they used to be a hundred years ago? Miss Austen's heroines came tripping into the room, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, arch, and good-humored. Evelina and Cecelia would have thoroughly enjoyed their visits to the opera, and their expeditions to the masquerades, if it had not been for their vulgar relations. Valencourt's Emily was a little upset, to be sure, when she found herself all alone in the ghostly and mouldy castle in the south of France, but she, too, was naturally a lively girl, and on the whole, showed a great deal of courage and presence of mind. Miss Edgeworth's heroines were pleasant and easily pleased, and to these may be added a blooming rose-garden of wild Irish girls, of good-humored and cheerful young ladies, who consented to make the devoted young hero happy at the end of the third volume, without any very intricate self-examinations, and who certainly were much more appreciated by the heroes of those days than our modern heroines, with all their workings and deep feelings and unrequited affections, are now by the noblemen and gentlemen to whom they happen to be attached.

If one could imagine the ladies of whom we have been speaking coming to life again, and witnessing all the vagaries and agonizing experiences and deadly calm and irrepressible emotion of the grand-daughters, the heroines of the present day, what a bewildering scene it would be! Evelina and Cecelia ought to faint with horror. Madame Duval's most shocking expressions were never so alarming as the remarks they might now hear on all sides. Elizabeth Bennett would certainly burst out laughing, Emma might lose her temper, and Fanny Price would turn scarlet and stop her little ears. Perhaps Emily Odolpho, more accustomed than the others to the horrors of sensation, and having once faced those long and terrible passages, might be able to hold her own against such a great-grand-daughter as "Aurora Floyd" or "Lady Audley." But how would she deal with the soul-workings and heart troubles of Miss Kavanagh's "Adele," or our old favorite Ethel May in the "Daisy Chain," or "Cousin Phillis," or "Margaret Hale," or "Jane Eyre," or "Lucy Snowe," or "Dinah" or "Maggie Tulliver's" distractions, or poor noble "Romola's" perplexities? Emily would probably prefer any amount of tortuous mysteries, winding staircases and passages, or groans and groans, and yards and yards of faded curtains, to the task of mastering these modern intricacies of feeling, doubting, and sentiment.

Are the former heroines women as they were, or as they were supposed to be in those days? Are the women of whom women write now women as they are, or women as they are supposed to be? Does the modern taste demand a certain sensation sentiment, only because it is actually experienced?

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Alexander Hatch, M. D., China, Me.
R. Fellows, M. D., Hill, N. H.
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INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Virginia *Enterprise* says: "A few items will show the immensity of the work undertaken by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, to build a railroad to Salt Lake. To lay the track from Colfax to Salt Lake will require fifty thousand tons of iron, chairs and spikes, and one million one hundred thousand ties. The iron, if all loaded on cars, would make a train twenty-eight miles long, requiring four hundred and sixteen locomotives to draw it over the Sierras, increasing the train to thirty-two and a half miles in length. The transportation of the ties would require three thousand cars and two hundred and fifty locomotives, making a train of nineteen and a half miles long. The iron and ties together would make a train fifty-two miles long.

A new Toll Road has been commenced, leading from Polley's Station, on the Dutch Flat Road, to the Enterprise Mine, Excelsior District, Amador county. The road will be but about five miles in length. Without this road, remarks the *Enterprise*, machinery cannot be taken into the mines of that region of country mentioned. The road from Webber Lake to Summit City is in a very good condition for the passage of teams, but must yet be made some five feet wider.

The Copperopolis *Courier*, October 14th, says: An Italian at Murphys met with an accident, from the effects of which he died shortly after. Anticipating a visit from a burglar, he had placed a pistol in a drawer in such a manner as to shoot any person who should attempt to open it. In the morning, having forgotten all about the matter, he opened the drawer, and received the charge which was intended for the robber.

The Montana *Post* says that Messrs. Taylor and Blodgett were travelling on the road to Salt Lake, about twenty-five miles from Virginia City, in Cedar Cañon, recently, when they were attacked by four men on foot, with blackened faces. Blodgett was killed at sight, two balls striking him, one in the back of the head, and the other in the shoulder. His partner escaped.

The Portland *Oregonian*, of October 3d, says immigrants from off the plains are pouring into the valley by every possible avenue. Every arrival of the up-river boat brings a vast throng of these fatigued and travel-worn pilgrims. Their dust-begrimmed wagons are almost everywhere to be met with—in the streets and around the suburbs of the city.

The Nevada *Transcript*, of October 17th, says: Four tons of rock, from the Pacific ledge, Meadow Lake District, were crushed at the French Mill on Saturday last. The quartz paid $53 50 per ton in pure gold. The sulphurets are yet to be worked. Another lot of ore has been shipped, and is expected to arrive in a day or two.

At an early hour, Wednesday morning, G. Brown, proprietor of the National Hotel, on K street near Front, Sacramento, was stabbed under the left eye, with a knife, by a man named Andrew Fleck. A quarrel arose about the payment of a liquor bill, when a fight ensued, in which the injury stated was inflicted. Fleck was arrested.

From the Superintendent, Mr. Pope, we learn, says the Esmeralda *Union*, of the 14th inst., that the Wide West shaft has attained a depth of 320 feet from the surface. He also states that the company are in good cheer, and are bound to see if there is not something in store for them.

The Red Bluff monument to Lincoln, which was erected a few days ago, is a plain shaft, cut from native freestone, and is about fifteen feet high above the base. It stands in the local cemetery, and bears simply the name of Abraham Lincoln.

The Marysville *Appeal*, of the 19th, says: We were pleased yesterday to see Gen. Sutter, the old Pioneer, in town, looking healthy and hearty. The General leaves for Europe in a few weeks, to be absent two years.

A Spanish-American child, residing in Alameda county, was bitten by a rattlesnake, while playing in the bushes, Sunday, October 15th, and on Sunday evening was not expected to recover.

It is stated that among the Chinamen who had treasure on board the *Yosemite*, and were killed, was one who had a check on a bank in San Francisco for sixty thousand dollars, and another who had a check for twenty thousand dollars.

T. Mitchell, one of the proprietors of the Placer *Herald*, was waylaid by a highwayman, between Colfax and Bear river, lately, and robbed of about $50.

The status of Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, has, says a late Washington dispatch, been determined, and Caleb continues to be the Governor of Idaho.

At Sacramento, on Monday, Joseph C. Townsend, aged nine years, was kicked by a horse near the Tivoli, and died soon afterward.

A quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared on the California State Telegraph stock, payable immediately.

The sum of $1,700 has been collected by the Fenian Committee, of Sacramento.

M. About on Newspaper Writing.—It was said that M. Edmond About had broken with *L'Opinion Nationale* in consequence of the editor's refusal to publish an article jeering the decoration given to Mlle. Rosa Bonheur. This was a mistake. The true reason he gives is as follows: "If by accident any of our readers perceived my silence, I cordially thank him, and make him here my most humble excuses. A newspaper writer has no claim to six months' vacation, like senators and deputies, nor even to two, like judges, lawyers, professors, and pupils. The very name of our profession, journalist, sufficiently indicates that we must always be ready, and work every day. We are like bakers, the slaves of a daily necessity: bread is not more indispensable to the life of civilized men than inked paper. But though one be a newspaper writer, he is none the less a man subject to all of life's vicissitudes, happiness included. If violent emotions do not paralyze the baker's arm, they do somewhat disturb the writer's brain. I think it is better to appear empty-handed than to offer the public the lucubrations of a troubled brain. Is it not better to say nothing than to utter nonsense? I knew a writer who rose early in the morning the day after he was married, and who wrote all day long until evening. [The writer alluded to was M. About himself. His contributions to the *Revue Contemporaine* were its chief attraction.] It was absolutely necessary. The newspaper or review reckoned absolutely upon him. It said to him that he alone was able to save a publication in very infirm health. As may readily be believed, he saved nothing at all, and very probably what he wrote that day had not a grain of common sense in it. Let a man exert himself as he may, he cannot draw from his mind aught but what is in it. Now it sometimes happens that a sentiment or an idea so invades our mind as to drive everything else out of it. Happiness is like a king who condescends to enter a poor man's house—there is room for nobody but him. So this happy, poor fellow, whose history I relate to you, was obliged to talk of everything except that which filled his heart and head. I think the exertion is still more difficult when one is called on to write near a new cradle. Although true hearts never become indifferent to public affairs, we see things which touch us nearest occupying the first place. It is not selfishness; it is optics. Put your hand before your eyes; you can perceive nothing in the chamber. Interpose a little head in a tiny cap between the world and you, you will witness a beautiful phenomenon, which astronomers have not yet studied—the total eclipse of the world."

Sights in China.—After inspecting shops, and elbowing, and being elbowed in the crowd, till afternoon, when I was ready to drop with heat and fatigue, my pilot steered me to a small square, flagged with stone, on which the sun shone fiercely. He called it "beggar square," and told me that all the destitute and abandoned sick in the city crawled, if they could, to this spot, because those who died there received burial at the expense of government. While he spoke, my eyes were fixed upon some heaps of dirty, tattered clothes upon the ground, which presently began to move, and I discovered, to my horror, three miserable creatures, lean and covered with odious filth, lying in different stages of their last agony, on the bare stones, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. They came here to die, and no one heeded them, or gave them a drop of water or morsel of food, or even a little shelter from the noontide glare. I had seen shocking things of this kind in India, but nothing so horrible. To insure a climax of disgusts, my guide led me straight to a dog-butcher's shop, where several of the nasty fat oily carcasses of those animals were hanging for sale. They had not been flayed, but dangled there with their smooth shining skins, which had been scalded and scraped clean of hair, so that at first I took them for sucking pigs. There were joints of dog, ready roasted, on the counter; and in the back of the shop were several cages in which live dogs were quietly sitting, lolling their tongues out, and appearing very unconcerned. I saw several cats also in cages, looking very demure; and, moreover, I saw customers, decorous and substantial-looking householders, inspect and feel the dogs and cats, and buy those which they deemed fittest for the table. The cats did not like being handled, and mewed loudly. "What cappen think o' that?" said my guide. "Cappen, s'pose never eat dog?—dog very good, very fat, very soft. Oh, number one dinner is dog!" "And are cats as good?" I asked. "Oh, Chinaman chowchow everything. Chowchow plenty cat. Chinamen nasty beast, I think, cappen, eh?" My cicerone had been so long mixed up with European and American ship captains and missionaries, that he had learned to suit his ideas to his company, if his ideas had not actually undergone great modification, as is the case in India with those educated natives of the present day, known to us as specimens of "Young Bengal."—*All The Year Round.*

The famous rose-tree, planted a thousand years ago, by the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, in the eastern choir of the cathedral at Hildersheim, it is said, has been in particularly fine bloom this season, and looks fresher and greener than ever.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ruskin's new volume, under the provokingly affected title of *Sesame and Lilies*, has been published. It consists of two lectures, delivered last year at Manchester, England. The first, entitled "Of King's Treasures," answers the questions "How, What and Why to Read?" and is full of suggestive matter. The second, "Of Queen's Gardens," is a beautiful tribute to Woman, and abounds in delicate interpretative criticism of some of the ideals of womanhood found in the great poets. Both aim at the improvement and elevation of human character. The volume is characteristic of Ruskin, and will be read with pleasure if not always with assent.

With the new year a new magazine will appear under the auspices of the publishing firm of Moxon, Loudon; its specialty will be poetry. Mr. Cholmondely is to be the editor, and it is said that Tennyson, Browning and other less known poets will be numbered among the contributors. *Moxon's Magazine* will be the title.

Thomas Carlyle is at present in England, on a visit at the residence of Henry Inglis, Esq. He is in search of relaxation and rest, his *Life of Frederick the Great* having involved the investigation of years, and well-nigh the health of the illustrious author.

Longfellow is occupied with the notes for his translation of Dante's great poem. The whole work of translation of is finished. but as the notes will be very full, the publication is delayed until the entire body of illustrative matter is finished.

Mrs. Childs has put into her publishers' hands a new book great interest which will soon be issued. It is understood to be a biographical and anecdotal volume of special import to the present state of our country.

The principal manager of the London *Index*, the rebel organ lately defunct, was Hery Hotze, who, like Henry Werz, is Swiss by birth. He was formerly editor of a paper in Alabama. These two natives of the Free Republic performed most efficient service to their masters.

The London University has decided to grant a degree of "Literary Doctor." Those who are selected for this honor will be entitled to write "L. D." after their proper names.

Newspapers must be cheap in New Orleans; the *Delta* establishment was sold at auction for $5,200. Five years ago the same paper would have brought at least ten times that amount.

Bayard Taylor will spend the summer of 1866 in Europe, visiting the relatives of his wife in Germany, and in making a tour of Spain and Portugal He will have a new novel ready for the press before the autumn sets in.

Emerson is preparing a series of essays for the *Atlantic Monthly*. Prof. Holmes and Mrs. Stowe are also occupied in the preparation of good things for the same periodical.

An English paper will shortly be started in Paris, as a rival to Galignani's *Messenger*. It is to cost five sous, and will contain all the London news of the previous evening.

It is stated that William Chambers, of Glenormiston, the head of the well-known publishing firm, will be proposed as the next lord-provost of Edinburg.

Lowell is carrying through the press a second series of his *Biglow Papers*, adding much that is new and timely to them.

The work upon which Mr. and Mrs. Agassiz have been engaged recently, *Seaside Studies*, is nearly ready for the press.

Gen. Wm. H. Morris, having been honorably mustered out of service, has returned to literary pursuits.

Brownell's poems are soon to be issued by Ticknor & Fields.

A book entitled *A Summer in Skye*, by Alexander Smith, will be issued shortly from the press of Ticknor & Fields.

M. Renan's work on St. Paul will soon be published.

"2:19" Beaten.—This, the fastest trotting time by *Flora Temple*, was beaten, at Baltimore, by the young Hambeltonian colt *Dexter*, who made the mile in 2:18 3-4, being matched to beat *Flora's* celebrated time. E. W. Teackle, of this city, is half owner of *Dexter*.

Mosgrove & Blakely's new *Dry Goods Store* is in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers: *Dress Goods*—a large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits. *Hoyle's* genuine English Calicoes. *Irish Linen Goods*—all from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast. *Mission* and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels. *Ladies* and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

A Month of Sensations.—Gentlemen are wondering and admiring the delightful smoothness and purity of the complexion and skin of our ladies on the streets. It is owing to the fact of their using Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

Home Manufactures.—It is the duty of every Californian to give encouragement to the productions of our own State, and, all other things being equal, preference should be shown to our manufactures. Now, in the matter of cloth, things are at least equal, and when we examine the fine suits of fashionable clothing for sale at Quincy Hall, we incline to the idea that our productions have the advantage. This is the pioneer establishment in manufacturing clothing from California cloth, having commenced it in April last. Their work gives general satisfaction, and we are pleased to learn that their business in this line is steadily increasing. Our advice to our readers is, to call and examine for themselves at Nos. 545, 557 and 549 Washington street.—*Call.*

A Dainty Branch of Art.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

Dentist Work.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

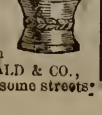
Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!



We are in receipt, per every steamer, of FRESH SWEDISH LEECHES, which we offer for sale at lower rates than ever before on this coast. R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

jc10-3m Corner of Pine and Sansome streets.

AHEAD AGAIN!

OREGON ALL RIGHT!

Three First Premiums

AWARDED TO

GROVER & BAKER

AT THE

OREGON STATE FAIR,

1865,

FOR

THE BEST FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE,

SEWING MACHINE WORK,

AND

ORNAMENTAL WORK!

J. J. W. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc14-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

TRIAL IS THE BEST AND Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND (200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD

Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

F. L. TILESTON, Agent,

Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,

sc30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

"SHOW THEM UP!"

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO

No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.

In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.

First and Highest Premium

TO THE

FLORENCE!

STATE FAIR, OREGON.

In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

11 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

oc14 1m

A MOUNTAIN REDUCED TO A

Very Small Molehill!

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM

AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR!

"TO MRS. JOHN HARDING,

FOR

SKILFUL EMBROIDERY,

A SILVER MEDAL."

(THAT WAS ALL.)

The joke in the Chain Stitch Machine claiming a premium will be appreciated when it is understood that all the Sewing Machine Agents who exhibited, signed, at the urgent request of the Managers of the said Fair, a written agreement, precluding any of them from entering their machines or work for a premium.

LET NONE BE DECEIVED!

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

oc7 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco

GREATEST TRIUMPH!

The "Bradbury" Piano

TOOK THE

FIRST PREMIUM

AT THE

MECHANICS' FAIR,

WHERE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MAKERS WERE IN COMPETITION.

This is nothing new for the

BRADBURY,

It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.

A. KOHLER, Music Dealer,
620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco,
se23-1m Sole Agent for the Pacific States.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 KEARNEY STREET,

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indersement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory; against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

75,000

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL *INSURANCE COMPANY,*

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRENT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of these new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30 3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549, *Washington Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS

WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE

MECHANICS' FAIR

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,

TO

I. D. THOMPSON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

No. 321 *Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.*

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

---

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

NOVEMBER 13, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!

VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship

AMERICA.

W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commander.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,

ON MONDAY, - - - - NOVEMBER 13TH

From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely. Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship

ERICSSON,

3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggage-master will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR November 13th.

For information or passage, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 *California street,* - - - *San Francisco,*

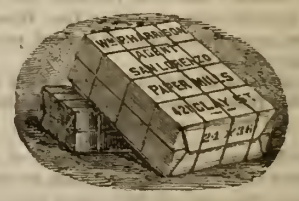
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched in the month of OCTOBER, 1865:

OCT. 18th, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain Bradbury.

From Folsom-street Wharf, at eleven o'clock, A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed for Atlantic steamer.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ¼ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Drop Letters, 2 cents.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.

BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,

jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17-3m

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,

Corner Montgomery and California streets,

au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security do	do do	- -	2,000,000
Phenix do	do do	- -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	no do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. do3-3m

---

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,* SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,

Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,

se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES, BAKER'S

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16-2m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,

a28 44 Liedesdorff street, San Francisco.

STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office, SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES, 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,

jy15-3m AGENT.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,

(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer

THE LATEST STYLES

OF

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.

au12-3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

WE ARE NOW GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,

se30-1m No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, OCT. 21ST,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE:
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN CALIFORNIA,
the Beautiful Domestic Comedy, entitled
MIRIAM'S CRIME!

This Evening, October 21st,
M'LLE VESTVALI,
In the Romantic Drama of
THE BRIGANDS,

Monday Evening, 23d,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE
Will make his first appearance in his Masterly Dramatic impersonation of
JACK CADE!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

THE DECISIVE BATTLE

OF THE

SEWING MACHINES!

Campaign of 1865!

FIRST PREMIUM
AWARDED THE
FLORENCE!
AT THE
State Fair of California,
BY A COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF THE
BEST MECHANICAL TALENT OF THE STATE.

THE REPORT:

"FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—After a careful investigation of this NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, viewing it as we do in a mechanical point of view, we consider that it is in many respects worthy of much praise, particularly that portion of its mechanical arrangement by which the REVERSIBLE motion is obtained, which is simplicity itself, and in our opinion worthy of special consideration; also, the
COMPLETE AND POSITIVE CONTROL OVER THE TENSION,
as exhibited in this Machine, along with the mechanical arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of Machine,
FROM THE FINEST LACE TO FOUR THICKNESSES OF LEATHER.
"Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVED MACHINES NOW IN USE.
"We, therefore, in view of the above facts, award it FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM.
THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR."

SAMUEL HILL,
GENERAL AGENT,
111 MONTGOMERY STREET,
oc7 SAN FRANCISCO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. DAN SETCHELL.

Will open on
MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23D,
With
DAN SETCHELL,
THE WORRELL SISTERS,
SOPHIE, IRENE AND LITTLE JENNIE,
And a good Comedy and Burlesque Company, and a ditto Orchestra, being the best "ditto" Orchestra in San Francisco.

Performance commencing with Setchell's Great Speciality,
The Dutch Governor;
OR,
"I'LL GO HOME AND THINK."
Van Dander, the Thinker.....Mr. Dan Setchell
Bertha.....Miss Clarkson

The Burlesque of
FRA DIAVOLO!
In which the WORRELL SISTERS will appear.

☞ LOOK OUT FOR THE LIVE INDIAN.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....$1 00
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
No extra charge for reserved seats.

LE DOYEN'S SARSAPARILLA

HAS DONE DEEDS OF MERCY TO SUFFERERS of Chronic Diseases beyond the aid or skill of Surgeons or Physicians. It has raised the invalid LE DOYEN'S down with despair. It has cured SARSAPARILLA, dreadful cases of hereditary disease and IODINE ALTERNATIVE Mercurial Rheumatism, FOR Scrofula swellings, eruptions, THE BLOOD. Eczuna, Erysipelas, Goitre, Nodos, Liver Complaint, Kidney and Bladder Ailments, weaknesses, flows, irregularities, and all impurities of the blood.

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
sc19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

THE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,
$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - - $3,500,000
Paid claims by death, - - - - - 6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - - 1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.
The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.
Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."
Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.
Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.
The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,
No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.
SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14-3m

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.
AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, OCT. 21ST,
Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 21ST,
Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!
OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shann the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power.....Miss Belle Devine
Katy Welsh.....Miss Annie Yeamans

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.
No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously
Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.
The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the
BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer
J. H. Wildes, A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox, F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green, Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M. D., *Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.
*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

TAAFFE & CO.,
TAAFFE & CO.,
TAAFE & CO.
Will this Day Offer at Retail,
☞ 500 SUPER ☜
PLAID WOOL LONG SHAWLS,
MEASURING 72x144 INCHES,
AT $5 EACH, WORTH $7 50,
ALSO
A LARGE STOCK OF
BROCHE AND CASHMERE LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
FROM $20 TO $400 EACH.
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
oc21 LICK BLOCK.

FRANCO-AMERICAN Commercial Company.

SALES ROOM—BUSH STREET, BETWEEN OCCIDENTAL AND COSMOPOLITAN HOTELS.

AGENTS.

NEW YORK—H. B. JONES, No. 659 Broadway.
PHILADELPHIA—BIOREN & CO., Bankers, No. 5 South Third street, and J. A. GETZE.
PARIS—P. B. LAFAN.
DUSSELDORFF—E. A. OBER.

This Company opened their Sales-room on Monday, Oct. 16th, with a large and carefully selected stock of Rich Goods, consisting of fine Gold and Diamond-set Watches and Jewelry; Silver ware and Silver-plated ware; Pianos; superior Brouze and Ormolu Clocks; Statuettes; valuable Oil Paintings; Bronzes; high cost Porcelain Dinner and Tea Sets; Venitian, Bohemian, French and American Cut Glass, in full sets; richly decorated Vases and Mantel Ornaments; Fans, Opera Glasses, Albums and elegant Fancy Goods, in every variety.
The public are respectfully invited to examine this collection of valuable merchandise and works of art. Retail prices have been placed at wholesale rates, and every style of goods will be sold at a small percentage on cost of importation. (oc21) F. A. GETZE, Secretary.

BLANKETS AND FLANNELS.

TAAFFE & CO.

WILL OFFER, ON
MONDAY, - - - OCT. 23d,
AT VERY REASONABE PRICES:

8-4, 9-4, 10-4 and 12-4 Superior WHITNEY BLANKETS;
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4, and 12-4 Mission Blankets;
8-4, 9-4, 10-4, 11-4 and 12-4 Eastern Blankets;
5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 Cradle and Crib Blankets;
Gentlemen's Travelling Blankets;
Grey and Blue Army Blankets;
WELSH AND SWANSEIN FLANNELS;
Rodger's Patent Flannels;
Ballard Vale Flannels, 7-8, 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4;
Gilbert's and Saxony Flannels, 7-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4;
Mission and Pioneer Flannels;
French Colored and Plaid Flannels;
Scarlet and Gray and Blue Twilled Flannels;
Printed Flannels, in all colors;
Canton Flannels, etc.

ALSO,
Cloths, Cassimeres and Tweeds, for Cloakings and Men's and Boys' Wear.
9 MONTGOMERY STREET.
oc21 UNDER LICK HOUSE.

NEW DRESS GOODS!

TAAFFE & CO.
HAVE JUST OPENED A LARGE LINE OF NEW AND SEASONABLE
Dress Goods,
Consisting of Rich Moire Antique, Brocade, Plaid, Chene, and Plain DRESS SILKS; superior Black Silk for Dresses, Cloaks, and Mantillas; Irish Poplin and Tabinets, Plaid Poplins, Chene and Striped Poplins, Merinos, in Plain and Printed; Empress and Ottoman Cloth, in Plain, Chene, and Plaid, French Winseys and Scotch Linsey, for Walking and Travelling Dresses; Embroidered Normandy Robes, Plaid and Plain Challys, Super Scotch Ginghams, etc.

ALSO,
MOURNING AND HALF-MOURNING DRESS GOODS, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
ALSO,
FROM AUCTION,
500 Dresses French Dress Goods, at $4 75 per dress.
700 Dresses French Dress Goods, at $6 per dress.
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
oc21 LICK BLOCK.

A. ROMAN & CO.,
BOOK-SELLERS,
Importers and Publishers,
417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO,

DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of
BOOKS,
In Every Department of Literature,
EMBRACING
Standard, Miscellaneous,
Mining, Scientific,
Medical, Military,
Theological, Religious,
Juvenile, Toy Books,
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,
MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, ETC.
☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,
BY
A. ROMAN & CO.
sc2-tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco to New York on the date given:
OCT. 30th, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
[Captain Watkins.
NOV. 10th, - - - - SACRAMENTO,
[Cavtain ——
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.
Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.
The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.
OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 23. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 28, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

NO CONTINUED STORIES—EVERY ARTICLE COMPLETED IN THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL:

Guy Heavystone; or, "Æotire"—A Muscular Novel.—By the Author of "Sword and Gowe," etc. Condensed by "Bret."

Real Estate vs. Imaginary Possessions—Poetically Considered.—By "Mark Twain."

Allaquiz—Bohemia Revisited in a Dream.

On the Natural Love of Flowers. By "Iris."

Latent Skepticism—By "X."

My Friend—A Poem.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE MOUSE-TRAP: [By "Trem."

THEATRICAL TALK: [By "Touchstone."

SELECTED:

Paradise Lost—A Love Story.

"Harikiri."

How Time was Killed for Me."

The Asiatic Cholera.

The Chemist's Cat.

Mizzen Top Musings.

Truly Rural.

Minor Articles.

LITERARY NOTES.

FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

EDITORIALS:

Benevolence.

Editorial Paragraphs.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[For the Californian.]

MY FRIEND.

I HAVE a friend who is so true to me,
We may not parted be.

Though I have strayed on to the uttermost,
Yet is his voice not lost.

If I am madly-deaf, for having erred,
Still may I hear his word.

If sin hath slain mine honor, straight appears
The river of his tears,

Wherein I find redemption; tenderly
He woos my fear away,

And searches out some star of hope, above,
So boundless is his love.

When from the loathed grave I shall arise,
He 'll hail me from the skies.

Who else would seek me in corruption's dress
With a so kind caress?

Though I am week, there is a hope of power;
He is my mighty tower.

Like as a flame to fright the gloom away,
He is my perfect day.

I am the homely bulb that tops the reed—
He is the precious seed.

I am the rudest shell the vext waves whirl—
He is the priceless pearl.

Thou art indeed my friend, while ages roll,
O thou, my deathless soul!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

HOW thankful we ought to be that we do not live in the Dark Ages, when people believed in ghosts, charming, witchcraft, and other absurdities! At the present day people believe in "spiritual manifestations," but laugh at ghosts; and, while they deride the folly of their ancestors, who believed in witchcraft," they acknowledge the truth of the "science" of "electro-biology," or "animal magnetism." A correspondent of the London *Times* gives an account of the trial of a man of the name of Castellan, at the Assize Court of the Var, in France. The prisoner was charged with magnetizing (not bewitching—such an accusation would be scouted with disdain by any Court) a young girl, under the following circumstances: He went to the house of a farmer named Hogues, pretended to be deaf and dumb, and obtained supper and a night's lodging. In the morning, he persuaded the farmer's daughter, a modest girl of twenty-six, to run away with him; and the indictment alleged that he obtained an irresistible influence over her, entirely by means of magnetism. The *Times'* correspondent says:

"The moment she came to her senses she was filled with remorse, but whenever he magnetized her, she was a mere instrument in his hands, and submitted to whatever he told her. Three doctors of Toulon gave their opinion in accordance with that of Dr. Tardieu, of Paris, and many other medical men of the highest reputation, that it is possible, by means of magnetism, to obtain such influence over a young girl as completely to annihilate her will. Castellan boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetize the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetize the Procureur-Imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment, with hard labor."

What a good thing it is for Castellan that he did not live in the period when silly people believed in witches, wizards, and witchcraft; he would in those days of ignorance and superstition have been burned at the stake for "bewitching" the young girl, instead of suffering imprisonment for twelve years, with hard labor, for "magnetizing" her. What fools our forefathers were! It is wonderful what changes this world has undergone. In former times, men used to be possessed by devils; now, they have delirium tremens. Foolish old women used to pretend to cure diseases by "stroking" and "charming" their patients. Now, professors of "animal magnetism" cure disease by "magnetic passes." Had Castellan been a powerful magnetizer, he could, no doubt, have brought the jury "under the influence," and, by annihilating their respective wills, forced them to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Had his trial taken place in the Dark Ages, the Procureur-Imperial would not have been frightened, as he would have protected himself from the evil influence of the prisoner by having the Court room sprinkled with holy water, and placing a Bible with two straws, in the form of a cross, and a pinch of salt on it, on the desk in front of him. How thankful we should be that we live in the nineteenth century. Our poor, benighted forefathers did not know that what they called "witchcraft" was simply "animal magnetism," and the persons whom they foolishly supposed to be "wizards" and "witches" merely "professors of electro-biology." If they had, how much happier they would have been!

THE cattle plague is sweeping over the continent of Europe and causing more alarm and uneasiness than the cholera. An International Veterinary Congress is being held at Vienna to consult what measures should be taken to stop the progress of the Rinderpest, and the London papers have sent special correspondents to report its proceedings. The cattle plague really causes John Bull far more uneasiness than the Fenian insurrection. The roast beef of old England is in danger. The unhealthy political condition of the land of bulls causes John Bull no anxiety—*his* word for it—but he thinks he can cow the Irish with an extra police force; the cow herds of England mourn their sickly herds. If beef continues to rise in price, the beef-eaters who guard the Tower of London, will be set upon by the hungry populace. The French sneer at John Bull for his ridiculous prejudices against horseflesh and other articles of food which they believe perfectly as good "as flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats." Jean Crapaud just now, is much delighted with a certain plump and nutritious kind of snail which is cultivated as carefully as oysters, eaten more eagerly, and declared to be twice as nutritious. While Jean Crapaud cares little for the scarcity of beef, and contentedly eats his snails, John Bull bites his nails savagely, and groans over beef being a shilling a pound.

THE *Bulletin* was unfortunate on Monday. It placed the editorial comment, "very doubtful," against the telegraphic dispatch stating that John Mitchell had been unconditionally released at the request of the Fenians. The *Bulletin* has ever since been "very doubtful" as to the course it should pursue with regard to the Fenian movement; it has hitherto discouraged it; but circumstances alter cases, and we should not be the least surprised if, some of those fine days, the Harp of Erin were seen flying on the top of the *Bulletin* office, and the proprietors appeared wearing the green.

THE iron-workers of this city held a meeting last night, at Dashaway Hall, to settle definitively the question of what was the form of circulating medium best suited for California. The iron-workers unanimously declared themselves in favor of metal. "No paper money for California" was their watch-word. "Banks are as liable to burst as boilers!" cried the boiler-makers. These mechanics are men of iron will; they have declared that the Specific Contract Act shall not be repealed—so the matter may be considered settled.

THE *Quiver*, a London illustrated paper, is advertised as being "on fine-toned paper." This wonderful fact is repeated twice in the advertisement; the proprietors hope to produce a favorable impression by "printing the *Quiver* on *Fine-Toned* Paper." What does it mean? Does this "fine-toned paper" consist of sensitive pages which it is easy to make an impression on, and put in a quiver, or is it intended to suit the fine tone of the class among which the *Quiver* is expected to circulate.

IN the September number of *Temple Bar*, is an article on the subject of pre-Adamite man, in which mention is made of pre-Adamite manufactures which have been discovered in Switzerland. A number of villages have been discovered at the bottom of Swiss lakes. The writer after giving an account of implements of stone, horn, and bone being discovered among the remains of a village at the bottom of Lake Moosedorf near Berne, continues:

"At Wangen, near Stein, the relics discovered were still more curious. Here hatchets of serpentine and greenstone were found, and arrow-heads of quartz; specimens of cloth too, not woven, but plaited, the material seemingly flax. Professor Heer has discovered masses of half-burnt wheat—the wheat of two varieties; barley also: round flat cakes of bread; carbonized apples, pears; stones of the wild plum; seeds of the raspberry and blackberry, beech-nuts and hazel-nuts—the latter in profusion. The discovery of these lake-dwellings, then, has proved the existence of man in times belonging to the present geological period: that is to say, since our planet has assumed its present consolidation and outline; yet so far as relates to the Danish peat records, and the Swiss lake villages, at times before the earliest historical notice."

It will no doubt appear terrible to some persons, that it has been actually proved that at the time when Eve used fig leaves to make aprons "cloth, not woven but plaited, the material seemingly flax," was in existence. More terrible still, is the theory of "natural election" as expounded by Mr. Darwin, which, if we understand it right, traces the origin of the human race to a cabbage or some other vegetable which was, in course of time, developed into an animal, and the animal at length developed into man. Bah! That cannon ball and fossil carrot and fossilized prime Havana cigar discovered in Nevada, knock his development-theory sky high. This continent is ahead of the rest of the world in geological discoveries as well as in everything else. If man ever was a cabbage, it was so many millions of years ago, that he ought, by this time, to have got over his greenness. We believe that long before Adam was created, pre-Adamite men puffed their pre-Adamite cigars, and had their pre-Adamite boots cleaned by pre-Adamite boot-blacks. Those old fogies in Europe will go on digging among the ruins of lacustrine dwellings, and cackling like a young pullet who has laid her first egg when they discover a stone arrow-head or a pre-Adamite doughnut. Let them come over here if they wish to make really important discoveries. They'll never find any pre-Adamite cannon balls and cigars in Europe; it takes Californians to discover them. The excavations in the Star Spangled Banner ledge are being carried on with the greatest energy, and it would not cause us the least surprise to hear of the discovery of a pre-Adamite sewing machine. We have no opinion of Mr. Darwin. We do not believe Bishop Colenso would approve of his attempt to prove that man should look upon vegetables as distant relations. "Probably," he says, "there does not exist one organized species, whether animal or vegetable, that is not in some way correlated with all other species, though the links of correlation are not often manifest." It is certainly more comfortable for man to believe in Adam and Eve as the founders of the present human race, than to look upon himself as a cucumber in an advanced stage of development, having attained his present position by passing through the intermediate states of fish, bird, and beast. We await with intense anxiety the discovery of the pre-Adamite sewing machine in the Star Spangled Banner ledge, to support our theory that the present race of men are the successors of a race equal to them in the arts of civilization, and explode Mr. Darwin's degrading theories of spontaneous generation, and subsequent "natural election."

THE French fleet had a magnificent reception at Portsmouth; among the ships drawn up in line to salute the French vessels, was Nelson's old ship the *Victory*. In spite of the *entente cordiale* between the two nations, it is doubtful whether the French appreciated the honor paid them by the presence of the *Victory*; they had seen that vessel before.

GEO. W. MATSELL, of the New York *Police Gazette*, has been sued for libel by a member of the bar, whom he called a "mutton-headed lawyer." "Mutton-head" is not a proper epithet to apply to a lawyer; there is generally nothing sheepish about a member of the bar; but, to call one a bar lamb would scarcely constitute a libel, we should imagine. We don't believe the member of the bar will recover damages.

THE English Government, to raise Internal Revenue, tax servants. "An English paper says the duty last year on servants was £211,487 3s. 4d." It is to be hoped that, as the Government was not done out of its duty, the servants did their duty. Many English flunkies appear to consider themselves duty free, and ought to be so considered by the Government.

WE notice "Decker pianofortes" advertised in a New York paper. We should think a rival manufacturer might successfully oppose these by advertising "Two-decker pianofortes."

TREM.

MIZZEN-TOP MUSINGS.

THE staunch old ship *Good Cheer* lies at her wharf. She has comé in from a long and tedious voyage, during which she has met with unusual buffetings, and she now seems resting from her toil and danger, and recruiting her energies for another adventurous tour of the world. As some old gentleman, when wearied with his long tramp through crooked, crowded, and dusty streets, rejoices to reach his home, and there, in order to enjoy his leisure to the utmost, unbuttons his coat and vest, stretches out his legs, and rests his aching head against the wall, so does it seem to me that the ship *Good Cheer* has determined to make the most of a few short weeks of inactivity, and has thereto placed herself in negligent attitude and attire: stripping off her sails, folding up her bowsprit and studding-sail booms, loosening her rigging, opening her hatches, as though for breath, and throwing out upon the wharf the heavy cargo which for months has held her head pressed down into the waves.

It is a pleasant sight to see the old ship again, even under the negligent air of easy contentment. She is far from being in trim order, to be sure; nor does she appear to the same advantage as when, "once upon a time," I was wont to watch the spray fly to either side, as she dipped into the brine, or, leaning against the bulwarks, gazed upon the graceful swell of the distended sails, enjoying, all the while, the pleasant rolling motion. She lies now almost as lifeless as the dingy warehouses which line the shore. She floats in a pool of unhealthy-colored water, in which the sport of dolphins and albicores is usurped by the rotation of a wretched circle of cocoanut-husks, chips, and half-decayed lemon-rinds. Men, in miserable little punts, bump up against her sides, and she has no power to resent the familiarity. Hideous steam-tugs fly past, and snort defiance; but she is helpless as to reply. And, if the truth must be told, her deck is very dirty. But, even in the midst of such discouraging influences, I can recognize here and there a trait to awaken my old fondness and fill me with pleasant associations of the past. Here, lashed behind the wheel, is the old double cask life-preserver, upon which I have so often sat, and, leaning over, watched the play of the phosphorescent water of the tropics. There is the quarter deck hand-rail, scratched from one end to the other with tallies of unnumbered games of cribbage. And there, up aloft, is the mizzen-top, where I so often sat, and read, or mused, or watched the horizon, in the vain hope of being the first to signalize myself by discovering a strange sail. And now, moved by a passing whim, I leap over the quarter-rail, cling to the shrouds, and begin to ascend. It is harder work than it used to be. Either I have grown more portly and less elastic in my limbs, or else it is the fault of my long-skirted coat and high-heeled boots, which, indeed, are not well-adapted for climbing. But I resolutely persevere, rise from ratlin to ratlin, swing myself clumsily over, and at length seat myself once more upon the mizzen-top as of old, with my right hand grasping the shrouds, and my feet hanging over the edge.

* * * * * * *

Would you like to know, Tom, what I thought of when seated up there? I thought, at first, of you, and that it might have been a good thing for you if you could have been there with me. I fancied that, as we recalled the past, some bright spot might have glowed in your encrusted heart, and made you, at least for a little while, something like the man you were when we two sailed together; for I do not believe that you are yet entirely lost, Tom. It is true that you have changed—that you have become that idol of the world, a practical, unimaginative, business man—that your delight is now in dingy counting-houses and mouldy ledgers, and that your conversation is always upon the price of stocks and corner lots. But I believe that there may yet be a tender spot in your soul—a relic of your other life; and that there are glimpses of the outer world which may yet have power to recall you to yourself, if properly presented to you. Hard and unromantic as your heart has been growing for the last ten years, I do not believe, Tom, that you could have stood on the mizzen-top with me, and have heard me talk to you of past adventures, and have looked with me down upon the deck which once so pleasantly rolled beneath us, and not have thought of something besides the number of chests of tea and barrels of flour our good ship could carry.

Well, you were not there, Tom, and so I will tell you what I recalled. I believe that of late your only reading has been the price-currents, and interest-tables, and that you affect to despise all lighter influences. But it may happen, by some strange chance, that you are at some time placed where you must necessarily see these pages—in a car or stage, for instance—where you can get no stock-lists, can find no commercial friends to talk with, and so must either listen to me or be idle. And if that time does come, Tom, remember that I write this for you, with pity for your present fallen state, and a feeble hope that the only remaining tender spot in your heart may glow once more with something of its old native fire, and burn off the hard crust with which the world will soon smother every spark of pleasant reminiscence forever. And I thought, first, of the time when the brave little ship *Good Cheer* cast off from the shore and carried us out upon the ocean, which, until that day, we had never seen. Shall I recall that picture, Tom?

We stood together at the stern. Around us, and, like ourselves, gazing towards our rapidly-disappearing home, were a number who were to be our companions for many a month—some friends from our native place; a German, with long, red beard, flat cap, and hooded travelling-cloak; a Frenchman, short and withered; a Scotchman, from the very bosom of the Tweed; and many others. The ship, with her broad sails set square, gayly broke her way through the white-crested waves which hissed madly against her sides, and then fell behind, baffled and frowning. At our right, far off, was a speck—our pilot-boat, already in search of another prize. At our left, a long, low steamer trailed her wreath of smoke through the air. In advance, and rapidly drawing near, was an inward-bound bark, toilsomely beating towards the land, and rolling up and down in the yeasty sea-trough, until we could even see the yellow planking of her deck. Behind, and slowly sinking below the horizon, were the heights of Nevesink, with a few white dots at their feet, where cottages stood, and two white lines above, for light-house landmarks. And, as we gazed, the sun touched the mountain brows, a flood of brightness streamed up from the west for a few brief moments, and then sank into dim twilight; the swift-paced night came on and shut out the sight of our native shores, save where the glimmer of lighthouses began to mark their position, and the blue of the sea changed to blackness, while the waves seemed to leap and hiss more madly, and with a more sullen moan than before. There we stood—sad but excited—with a timorous instinct of dread throbbing in our hearts, and an exulting gleam of courage leaping to our eyes—with eyelids moistened with regret at the fading away of that land which we might never see again, and a secret joy swelling the soul at the thought of the wild and daring life of excitement which our hopes had so lavishly spread out before us. And so the night closed in above us.

Tom, I am afraid that if we once again stood thus together, and saw spread out before us the same rich glories of wave, and shore, and sky, you would only complain of the cold, draw your cloak more tightly about you, and go below.

And now recall a certain tropical night, that even you long remembered. The air was warm, the waves light, and the wind feeble; and our good ship was slowly forging ahead, with a gentle, rocking, lullaby motion. From deck to truck she was one pile of canvas, narrowing gradually to the light sky-sail, which, with every swell, described its little arch upon the heavens; while, at the sides, the studding-sails projected far out, until, as a heavier roll than usual now and then swept along, they dipped their corners carefully in the water. Behind us, the vessel left a trail of fire, as she ploughed up the phosphorescent sea; and, in the distance, the rugged crags of the little isle Fernando de Noronha darkly broke the line of the horizon, and added to the enchantment of the scene. And, above all, the full moon rode the heavens, silvering the waves, gleaming upon the light sails, brightening up the freshly-scraped deck, and even, here and there, tingling with a mellow glow some jutting peak of the old distant isle. Clad in light garments, we sat upon the spanker-boom, and braced our backs against its tightly-stretched sail, yielded ourselves fully up to the romance of the hour. A group of passengers sat near us—among them the German and the Frenchman. Three or four had musical instruments—a flute, a guitar, and that favorite of the seas, an accordion; while there were others who rejoiced in well-tuned voices. The group essayed a lively negro melody; but the strain, though sweet, did not, somehow, succeed, for the quickness of the air was hardly in symphony with the more leisurely dreaming of our souls. But suddenly from the accordion came the first few plaintive notes of the "German Hymn." The player merely rattled a few of the keys, as a forlorn experiment; but the effect was electric: at once it was felt that a chord was touched in every heart—at once all voices and instruments joined in, and the grand old tune swelled grander and louder, stretching over the unmeasured waters in holy concord, and rising in reverential harmony to the heavens, while the old ship herself seemed to catch the spirit of the thing, and to time her gentle rocking in unison. That old tune, written to be sung through the echoing arches of some time-honored cathedral, never yet was pealed forth with more heartfelt fervor than there, in that waste of waters—God's own cathedral; and, as the last strains died softly away over the deep, there was moisture in every eye, for, somehow, it led our thoughts to the home we had left behind us.

Tom, I am afraid that now the chink of gold and the rattle of crisp bank-notes would bring more music to your ears than a seraph's song.

And recall that day before we entered Rio, and how we stood upon the quarter-deck and gazed upon the beetling crags of Cape Frio, worn and rugged, and scarcely less distorted than the surf which splashed thirty feet high at the base! And how we sat upon the mizzen-top in the evening, as, in sight of the hospitable port, we forged slowly up and down the coast, guided by the light-house and the Southern Cross, and awaiting the hour when, with the break of morn, would come the breeze which would waft us safely in. And how, when the morning-breeze had come, we pressed the quarter-rail and joyfully watched the line of shore, as, while we drew nearer, it changed from blue to brown, until palm-trees could be distinguished girting the rounded mountains, and villas nestling at their feet, and forts and shipping appeared, and, at last, as we passed the wondrous Sugar Loaf, we saw the city itself, crouching down amid the hills. And then think of that loveliest, most enrapturing scene of all—a picture which I have often in my dreams seen since—when at night our anchor was dropped in the bay, and we lay before the town. There was no moon, and by the feeble glimmer of the stars we could but faintly see the line of mountain-tops against the sky. Two miles off was the city, lit up as if for a festival. Each side, along the shore, were batteries, marked by three rows of eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two lights, set regularly within their port-holes. In advance of us lay a frigate; upon each side of us were barks, adventurously bound, like ourselves. The soft dip of oars was here and there heard, and the phosphorescent sea was bright with the trails of unnumbered fish, sporting under our stern. We were all on deck—for who could stay below? An awning had been stretched across to shield us from the dew; lanterns had been hung about the rigging, and we broke forth into song after song, the chorus of each of which was gayly taken up by ship after ship, until the whole harbor rang with the melancholy complainings of "Lucy Neal" and "Mary Blane," while the German attempted to roll forth a native ode, but was silenced by the obstreperous laughter of us others, who could not understand the language. And suddenly our noise was hushed; for, from our frigate, the band burst forth with our national anthem. We had all heard and liked it at home, but it never sounded half as grandly as then, when listened to in a foreign country. And as the last strains died away over the water, there came a gentle tink-tinkle here and there, echoed from one ship's bell to another, in every variety of tone, but all invested with the same musical charm. It was the striking of eight bells; and as I recalled this picture, Tom, upon the mizzen-top, I sat for many minutes with closed eyes, and mused upon it.

Do you remember, Tom, how, that night, we conjured up a scheme to leave our good old ship, and, in reckless adventuring, strike across that unexplored country, to meet her again at her Pacific port? We did not attempt it, to be sure; for our hastily-formed resolution soon died away, under the pleasant and luxuriant attractions of the city life; and it is as well that we forbore, since we would probably have never reached the other coast alive. But does it anger you, Tom, to think that there was a time when you did not count the cost of everything?

That was a wilder but not unpleasant scene, when we passed through the Straits of le Maire. We were muffled to ears in shaggy coats, with buttons like plates; for it was very cold. The sun described a very low arch in the heavens, far to the north, and gilded the waves, without deigning to shed any genial warmth upon them. The sea was rough, and the vessel drove so uneasily before the wind, that we were obliged to grasp the quarter-rail to maintain our footing. Upon one side rose the coast of Terra del Fuego, a rounded mass of mountain-land, while, upon the other side, was Staten Land, a pile of giant snow-capped pinnacles and crags, like a crystallized, many-steepled city. The German stood, with one hand upon the rail, trying to copy the outlines of the scenery; but, as the ship progressed, new crags came into view, and old ones assumed other positions, and continually defeated his efforts, until a gust of wind carried off his paper, and, as he loosened his hand from the rail to tear his beard, he lost his balance, and rolled upon the deck, uttering some wonderful, jaw-breaking Dutch oaths. So with the musical passenger, who had come upon deck to breathe defiance through his cornopean, and who was dashed from one side to the other, to the imminent danger of his instrument. And while we shouted applause, the gathering mists rolled down the broken sides of Staten Land—an arch of clouds gathered towards the south, forming a vast semicircle of brightness, streaked with unearthly radiations—the sea and the wind rose higher together in a devil's chorus—the good ship labored more uneasily—the clouds spread out apace, and descended, filling the air with drifting snow—the sun was blotted out—the land extinguished; and so we drove on into the jaws of the great Southern ocean, with no other company than the white albatrosses and cape-pigeons, which wheeled, screaming, to and fro in our track.

That gale passed over before long, Tom, and the sunshine again appeared. When will your corroding heart feel a little of its former sunshine?

Do you remember one day that we passed in Valparaiso? Not in the city itself, however. We had wandered a mile or two off, on the northern side of the bay, and the little white town had become indistinguishably confused in the distance. We could only detect, at the foot of the mountain, the long custom-house, the plaza, the cathedral, a church or two, and, further up the hill, the round-topped cemetery chapel. The

rest had become blended into a straggling, undefined line, trailing, like a serpent, along the water's edge. In front of us was the bay, with a few hundred vessels at anchor, at suitable distances, with their sails hanging loose, and their national bunting now and then lazily puffing out from the gaffs, and then, as the passing breeze died away, slowly sinking back into a loose roll. There was an English frigate at one side, and she, alone, manifested life; for it was Coronation Day, and her lines were hung with flags, from truck to bowsprit, while her ports were pealing forth a broadside for a national salute. All other vessels were lifelessly basking in the hot sun, which poured down its hot rays until the air was scarcely a degree less than oppressive. We were not warm, however; for, in our walk, we had chanced upon a little cottage by the bay—not comfortably built, perhaps, for it was of sun-dried brick, which gaped open in various places, but, upon the whole, rendered wonderfully picturesque, by thick vines, which trailed over the roof, and formed an arbor in front, and were loaded down with rich, purple clusters. We sat in the shade of this arbor and ate our grapes, while, now and then, down a sloping road between us, and the bay, came trains of mules with tinkling bells upon their necks. And while we sat and eat, the daughter of the establishment appeared before us. She was a native Spanish beauty—brown as a nut—well formed—with beautifully-shaped bare feet, which her short dress could not hide—and rejoicing in a bright black eye, and pearly teeth, and long, curling hair, which reached beyond her waist. She bore a guitar, and, taking her place opposite to us, sang. What her song was, we knew not. It might have been humorous—it might have been of the lowest kind of Chilian minstrelsy—perhaps it was a love madrigal designed to captivate us. Whatever it might be, we only knew that the strain was pretty and the voice sweet, and that those were tender and languishing eyes which glanced upon us; and we yielded to the fascination of the scene. You said that you would be content to remain for months and years in that rustic arbor, and gaze upon that beautiful bay, and eat those purple grapes, and listen to that soothing melody.

Tom, what would Miss Janet MacNinny, of Gramercy Square, with her Roman nose, her long, straight back, and her two hundred thousand dollars in state-sixes, say, if she knew that her devoted cavalier had uttered such a heresy?

One more recollection. We were far from our ship, and up among the environs of the Sierra Nevada—in a little mountain-begirt valley. Upon each side rose lofty hills, covered from top to bottom with giant pines. In the circle below, our little white tent was pitched, near a pleasant brook, and between the tent and the brook was our fire. Around this fire we would gather—a company of six willing, friendly hearts—sheltered only by the moonlit boughs of the nearest pines, which stretched in friendly protection over us. In the indistinct light we could no longer mark the slender pass which served our valley for an outlet, and, at the first sight, we seemed as though shut in to dwell among those hills forever. But we were careless and jovial; nor did it trouble us that we were thousands of miles away from home, or that we were poor in pocket and shabby in attire, or that the vein of quartz, from which we had expected to reap such profits, had suddenly come to naught. With the mountain life, its reckless, adventurous spirit had come over us; we would plan new enterprises with unabated confidence; and, when we thought of absent friends, we would think of them as though to see them once again required but a quiet stroll around the corner. And as we would pile on the logs to make a ruddier flame, and pull our blankets closer about our shoulders, we would tell our several tales of past adventure. The German, who was still with us, would dilate upon his career in the universities of his own country; and the Scotchman would tell about his native salmon-fishing—and Burns and Schiller would be freely quoted—and still we would sit around the fire, and pile on fresh logs, until the night would be far advanced. There may be greater bodily comfort by a well arranged grate-fire in a tightly-closed room; but no civilized refinements can produce that jovial exhilaration of soul which an evening by a camp fire, in the midst of wild mountain scenery, will awaken.

So you then thought, Tom; but would you think so now? I fear not. You would say that this is all nonsense and foolish romance, and that the real business of man is to abandon all desultory wanderings, and work hard for comforts to be enjoyed in another manner. And you would point to your great stone house and shining carriage, and show me what I, too, might have had, if I had only chosen to do as you have done.

In this you may be partly right, Tom. I will not deny that I may have too much failed in prosecuting some of the great schemes of life, and may have too often yielded my sense of duty to my keener sense of taste and romance. And it must be a pleasant thing to own a great house and a prancing pair of horses. But Tom—dear Tom—while I thus sat upon the mizzen-top and mused, I could not but think that there might be a welcome medium between my listless life and your energetic absorption; and that a few of the pictures in your gallery, or a few of the pictures of rich plate in your closet, might well be exchanged for the ability, once in a while, to turn aside from daily care and enjoy a little of the refreshing spirit of your other days.

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"Halloa, there!—You, sir!"

I look over the edge of the mizzen-top and see an angry, purple faced mate shaking his knotty fist, as he calls up at me. He is not the mate with whom I sailed, and with whom, upon the night-watches, I shared my cigars, but another newer mate who knows me not.

"Come down from there!" he shouts. "Who the deuce told you to go up? Is this your ship, I'd like to know?"

Slowly and awkwardly I descend, while the mate still continues to swear and shake his fist, and a group of little boys collect on the wharf to laugh at me. I reach the deck, commence an apology, which is drowned by a new torrent of oaths; and I step upon the wharf and walk away, followed by a farewell volley of jeers from the little boys. And so I pass, crest-fallen, along the wharf and up a narrow street, until the great stone warehouses intervene, and the friendly mizzen-top is lost to view.

THE CHEMIST'S CAT.

CELSUS PHIPPS was a chemist, not one of your ordinary men, who put their trust in huge colored glass bottles, and drive a large trade in lozenges. No, Phipps was an experimental chemist, and he acquainted the public with the fact by means of an inscription to that effect over his door, while he confirmed the neighbors in the belief by occasional explosions, more or less violent. One one occasion, he went so far as to blow the roof off his house, but that, he said, "was an accident." Moreover, Phipps was a licentiate of Apothecaries' Hall, and jobbed the paupers at 1 1-*d.* a head, including pills and plasters. Mr. Phipps' establishment was evidently the home for natural philosophy. Experiments abandoned by every one else were eagerly sought after by Mr. Phipps; and he had a valuable auxiliary in his cat.

When science slumbered, the cat might be seen comfortably dozing on the door-step; but when anything new in medicine or chemistry turned up, the cat had an active life of it. The poor thing had taken poison enough to kill hundreds of rich husbands, and antidotes sufficient to restore double the number. It had a stomach-pump kept for its especial use. You might generally guess when anything extraordinary had happened, by missing the cat from its usual place, and seeing Dick, Mr. Phipps' boy, who had the job of holding it during the experiments, with slips of diachilon plaster all over his face and hands. It had become familiar with prussic acid and arsenic in all their insinuating forms, and had some slight knowledge of the smaller operations of surgery; still it went purring about, and was always at hand on an emergency, ready to have any drug tested on its person. Phipps was proud of it. "My cat, Tom, sir," he would say, "has done more for its fellow animal, man, than all the philanthropists that ever taught people to be discontented."

All went on smoothly till the introduction of ether, when Phipps determined to see if he could extract a tooth under its influence. The cat, of course, was to be the especial patient. Dick was summoned, Tom caught, the ether administered, and Phipps selected one of the largest tusks. But the ether could not have taken proper effect; for, with a frightful yell, Tom freed himself from Dick's grasp, favoring him at the same time with severe marks of his esteem, which made him roar, and disappeared, *a la Harlequin*, through the plate glass window, doing immense damage to the chemicals and Galencials displayed therein.

But Tom soon came back, for no one would have him. Science, who labels some men F. R. S.'s, or tags half the alphabet to their names, had not forgotten to mark her humble follower, the cat. He lost one ear in some acoustic experiment; one eye was closed forever, from having the operation for squinting practically illustrated some dozen times; and he was lame in one of his hind legs, the tendon having been cut to exemplify the method of operating for club-foot; while his coat, once remarkably glossy, had such a second-hand, seedy appearance, that it would not have tempted a Jew.

At last, he died, a martyr to science. Phipps had invented some wonderful pulmonic lonzenge, containing a great deal of morphia, which was to cure coughs at first sight. Tom had been rather asthmatic for some time, owing to inhaling noxious gasses; so Phipps gave him a good dose to begin with. Next morning, he was found very fast asleep, and extremely rigid in his limbs. Dick suggested that he was dead, but his master indignantly repudiated the idea; so Tom was kept, in full expectation that he would one day start up quite lively, till as length the moth got into his coat, and Phipps was compelled to consign his furry friend to a grave in the garden. Phipps never had his usual spirits again. His experiments were at an end; for, though he would sometimes furtively introduce some drug or other into Dick's tea or beer, that young gentleman soon found it out, and took his meals ever afterward with his mother, who was the proprietress of a veal and ham-pie depot in an adjacent court. Phipps wanders about the College of Surgeons, a melancholy man, and amuses himself dreaming over experiments he would perform if he had another cat! He is not best pleased, however, when he meets any young friend of Dick's, who violates private confidence, by running after him and inquiring at the very top of his voice, "Who killed the cat?"

How a Minister Found the Place.—Not long since, the worthy pastor of one of our city churches, who combines divinity and humor in a woof of wit as bright and rich as "cloth of gold," was called upon one evening by a nameless gentleman, and informed that his services would be required at an early hour in the morning for a peculiar and delightful duty, and took his leave.

Bright and early the reverend gentleman was ready and waiting, when a carriage was driven up by a "sorrel" boy with "freckled" horses, who rang the bell, which was answered by the dominie in *propria persona*. The following dialogue ensued:

Boy—"Is the pusson 'ere as goes to the cars?"

"No, sir! I am going to a wedding!"

The boy's face fell as he said, "Git in, sir."

"But," remarked the gentleman, "do you know where to go!"

"No, sir."

"Nor do I. Who sent you?"

"Mr. ——, sir."

"Well, go and find Mr. ——, and inquire where I am required."

Off went the boy with the carriage, and in a short time returned, and the conversation was renewed.

"Have you found out the place?" asked the minister.

"No, sir, but I've found out what street he went on; you'd better get in, sir; think I kin find it."

And in he got. After riding some distance the carriage was stopped, the driver got down, opened the door with a most sober countenance, and said, "*There's a feller a courtin' a gal here; you might try the place.*" And the dominie did try it, and found the precise place his services were needed, by two anxious and palpitating hearts, which he quickly bound together in the indissoluble bonds of matrimony. And after the services were concluded, the story was told, and a happier, jollier laugh has seldom been heard.—*Buffalo Express.*

What a Glassful of Water will Hold.—It is generally thought that when a vessel is full of water, any solid substance immersed in it will cause it to overflow, and such will be the case if the substance is not soluble in the water; but the philosophic truth that in dissolving a body, you do not increase the body of the solvent, may be proved by a simple and interesting experiment. Saturate a certain quantity of water, at a moderate heat, with three ounces of sugar; and when it will no longer receive that, there is room in it for two ounces of salt of tartar, and after that for an ounce and a drachm of green vitrol, nearly six drachms of nitre, the same quantity of sal ammoniac, two drachms and a scruple of alum, and a drachm and a half of borax—when all these are dissolved in it, it will not have increased in volume.

We should observe that the salts used are to be "anhydrous;" that is, free from the water which they take up in crystalization. Nearly all salts can be rendered "anhydrous" by exposure to a high temperature, which dries out the water. It is interesting to observe that during this operation nearly all metallic salts lose their color; the sulphate of copper, for instance, is blue in its crystaline state, but becomes white when "anhydrous."

Another, although somewhat similar experiment, may be shown thus: Fill a goblet with fine cotton wool, now take out the cotton and replace it with water "to the brim," then very gently let the cotton down into the water, and it will be found that the glass will hold both water and cotton at the same time; thus it is twice full at one and the same time.

Observe: In this latter experiment, it is necessary to cleanse the cotton from the natural grease always adhering to it, by first boiling the cotton in an alkaline ley, such as soda or potash in water, then drying it and combing it out into its snowy white form again.

A Subterranean Theatre in Paris.—The fearful heat of summer weather in Paris proves fatal to the purses of all managers of theatrical entertainments. A Dutch speculator, M. Bischoffsheim by name, hopes that he has discovered the secret which will solve the problem of how to enjoy a theatrical performance while Fahrenheit marks 90 in the shade. M. Bischoffsheim has conceived the idea, which he is in the course of carrying out, of a subterranean theatre. Startling as this may read, it nevertheless a fact, as any one who walks along the Rue Scribe can attest, the excavation being commenced at the angle of that street and the Rue Neuse des Matthurini, behind the new Opera. The theatre will cost M. Bischoffsheim the trifling sum of £120,000 sterling, the purchase money of the ground being included in that calculation. The subterranean theatre will not be completed for two years. The pit is to be 24 feet below the surface of the ground; the stage will measure 100 feet in length and 60 in width. It consists of a pit and two galleries, which will accommodate 700 spectators. The theatre itself will be 36 feet high. A circle of iron columns are intended to support the floor of the first tier of boxes. The atmosphere of the pit is to be cooled by several *jets d' eau*. Five tiers of boxes will rest on the capitals of the iron columns.

(For the Californian.)

ALLAQUIZ.

BOHEMIA REVISITED IN A DREAM.

THE other evening I was present at a literary *séance* where, perforce, I distinguished myself by a masterly silence; for, in a small room and a general company, five are as many as can, without inconvenience, talk at a time. Retiring home and to bed, I fell into a troubled sleep; and, in my dreams, I went over again passages of old travel. Things took strange shapes. The past, present, and, for aught I know, the future, blended themselves in queer anacronism. The topography of countries, and the aspect of peoples, though weirdly distorted, were identified oddly with scenes which I had visited in my waking moments. For there is a strange omniscience in dreams—a principle of "swan and shadow." The spirit seems to soar far into the empyrean, above the waters of its humanity, while its dim reflection floats darkling upon the surface.

I entered the borders of a country which I, somehow, knew to be Bohemia. I stood upon the bridge, at Prague, at the exact point whence the sainted Nepomuck was precipitated into the river, because he would not divulge the secret of the queen's confession. I looked over to see the familiar statue erected to the martyr; and lo! the Moldau was a stream of ink, and white statues gleamed for miles upon its banks.

"What can this mean?" I asked of a little man who stood beside me.

"Those," said he, "are monuments to good and great men who have been martyred by the Bohemians."

Now this little man would have been a strange sight anywhere out of a dream—or Bohemia. His body was a large ink-bottle, whose stopple terminated in the shape of a Tyrolese hat. His legs and arms were colossal pens with holders, and his face was dexterously contrived out of a large pair of scissors, open and astride a roll of commercial note-paper for a nose; the handles thus forming the sockets of his eyes which were two expressive ink blots. I noticed that all the gentlemen passing us were similarly formed. The bodies of the females, I observed, were bottles of greater length. In fact, I may say that the lady Bohemians were, generally speaking, long-waisted. The holder, forming their right arms and hands, terminated not in a pen as in the case of the gentlemen, but, singularly enough, a forefinger; and this was invariably checkered with ink-stains. They also wore blue paper stockings and waterfalls of curled proof-sheets, scented with vinegar.

"You seem to be a stranger in Bohemia?" said the little man whom I have just described, bowing, taking out his cork—or off his hat, I should say—and disclosing a head of mouse-eaten manuscript hair, parted in the middle.

Answering this question in the affirmative, and innumerable others as quick as I could, to the effect that I was from California, and was not exactly aware how I came to be in Bohemia, he exclaimed excitedly:

"What, from California, where gold flows in rivers! A hero, a hero! Will call upon you at your hotel Will speak to the manager of our theatre, and secure private box *gratis*. Great card! Sensation! I will not leave you, believe me, sir, I will not leave you!" and, taking out a note-book, he commenced writing hurriedly.

Of a sudden, a horrid noise broke in, which I soon discovered to proceed from the prolonged rattle of multitudinous lunch-dishes and soup tureens.

"That," said the little man, in answer to my anxious inquiry, "that is the martial music of the Bohemians. Behold our new King, Frederick V., Elector Palatine! Do you see his lovely wife? She it was who said she would rather eat brown bread, a queen, than white bread as an Electress. The cavalcade wound along the banks of the inky Moldau, down from the White Mountain which arose above the city, metamorphosed, since my last visit, into a colossal mass of exchange papers. The courtiers all looked hungry; and, strange enough, the queen *was* eating brown bread. My companion pointed out to me the great Protestant warriors as they passed over the bridge into the city of Prague. I remember only the name of the doughty Prince of Hohenzollern, who wore a magnificently embossed armor of ink-rollers, and rode on a Hoe's printing-press for a chariot.

We followed the *cortége* till it disappeared in the castle yard. My little man was true to his word. He did not leave me. While walking down the *Hoch-strasse* which leads from the palace, we were met by the din of another martial band of soup-plates and beer-glasses.

"Those are 'strikers,'" said my self-constituted *cicerone*. "They are going to storm the palace for higher wages."

As they passed on, I caught sight of innumerable banners, on which were such legends as these;

"No More Poetry for Nothing, and Board Ourselves!"

"Down with Grammar!"

"Hurrah for the Irrepressible (Dramatic) Conflict!"

"Come Down with Your Postage Stamp a Line!"

"What *is* his line?" asked I, not exactly understanding this latter announcement.

"It is general abuse, now; it will be hemp, hereafter," was the response.

From this mild *facetia* I learned two things: That the Bohemians do sometimes indulge in bad jokes; and that they do not like one another any better than the world likes them. The procession, in the meantime, disappeared, singing a Bohemian melody, the refrain of which was:

"Stamp, stamp, stamp!"

—and we proceeded on our perambulations. The streets were paved with rejected manuscripts. Like Ariosto's valley in the moon, things lost to the world were treasured here—with this exception: The good Knight Astolfo is represented to have found that folly had been rejected and everything else retained. Here folly was retained and everything else rejected.

We had not gone far when we came upon a crowd hovering lugubriously together on one of the sidewalks. "There must be a funeral here," I remarked, in a low, respectful tone.

"No," said the little man, "this is where a saloon was lately burnt down. You see, we Bohemians are people of regular habits. These persons were wont to come here every morning, between the hours of ten and twelve o'clock; and that is why they stand about mournfully now, like Marius of old, among the ashes of Cabbage."

"Are those people on the opposite corner also disappointed of lunch?" asked I, sympathetically.

"Oh! no," said he, "those are *foreigners*, called Brokers."

"Do you ever naturalize people here?" I demanded.

"Yes; we sometimes *do* take in a defunct politician, or "figure-head" editor; but we never naturalize Brokers. They would make poor Bohemians. They have not the requisite honesty," said the little man, bowing and pretending to stub his toe, as he made a futile pass at my watch-guard.

"We will now go to dinner at your hotel," remarked my companion, after we had seen more sights than I dare describe.

"Is it not rather early?" I asked, looking at my watch and finding it just four o'clock.

"Well, no," he answered. "You see, it is *always* dinner-time in Bohemia."

Reaching the hotel, he posted a waiter to stand guard in front of my room, while I made my toilet and he went to carry his items to his newspaper office, as I supposed. When I came forth, some fifteen minutes afterwards, he met me, seemingly in perfect readiness for his dinner. We entered the dining-room, which was festooned in a most indescribable manner; adorned with bouquets of carrots, clusters of parsnips, etc., etc., and hung round with cages of parrots. "For," said my *cicerone*, "the parrot is held in great veneration with the Bohemians. That glorious songster holds the same relation to us as the owl did to Minerva—it is our symbol!"

The table was of the finest workmanship of dime-novels, and still-born cloth volumes; and (must I tell it?) I found the Bohemians to be cannibals!—actually living on one another. After a mild poet soup, we demolished several female reputations, with sauce *piquante*, and devoured the roasted character of several gentlemen, with salad *á la she Bohemienne*, vinegar unnecessary. By the way, it is due to the truth, to remark that I prefer breast of lamb to the substitute for it, which was put before me. Breast of Bohemian I found exceedingly bitter.

The remains of pens, pen-holders, etc., were cleared away, and we were left to our ink—the wine and life-blood of Bohemians. What was my surprise when a tall gentleman, who was evidently president of the meeting, got upon his pins—no, his pens—and proposed a toast to me, as the generous host of the occasion; hoped, and so forth, that I might be spared to spatter, he would repeat it, spared to spatter broad-cast the dippings from my California gold-streams; and that the sun of my generosity might never be obscured, etc., etc.

The sentiment was drunk with enthusiasm. I was very much confounded and embarrassed, and arose to tell them so. Just as I was going to say something about my being unconscious that I was the "host," or even the guest of all those people, my little Mentor at my side pulled me down upon my seat bodily, by the coat-tails, whispering in my ear, when my accelerated motion had been rather emphatically and abruptly terminated by the inertia of my chair: "It is the highest compliment can be paid a stranger in Bohemia to assure him that he is the 'host of the occasion.'"

I thought to myself, if those people do eat one another, they have pleasant and original ways of paying compliments. The company did not seem to notice any *hiatus* in my remarks, or their hasty termination. They were all apparently too anxious to say something themselves. While one of the ladies entertained the company with a poem of one thousand and three hundred lines, five feet iambic, my little man, who still stuck by me, pointed out the celebrities of the feast. I noticed all the time that the other people were continually looking daggers at my little man, who was making himself, they thought, unduly conspicuous by monopolizing "the host of the occasion."

"That gentleman there, with his hair parted all over his head," said my companion, squinting through his scissor-handles, "that is Doozleton. He writes twelve columns a week, for which he receives the princely stipend of five guldens. He writes on any subject with equal facility. Like Southey's, his is a 'pen of all work.' He is exceedingly skilful in adjusting a bucket of blood to each column of his sensation stories." This was said in rather a loud voice. Then, whispering in my ear: 'He is an egregious ass. He abused a whole city and State the other day, because one of its citizens would not trust him to free lunch."

I had not extricated myself from the labyrinth of these contradictions, when I observed an antique-looking damsel smirking and smiling at me. In a few moments more, she sent me five stanzas of poetry, which must have been *impromptu* on many and many such occasions as this. She assured me that I had her bosom "moved"—was the only person she ever "loved." I was her "affinity," rhyming with "divinity," with something about "love at first sight" 'neath the "queen of the night," etc., etc. I repulsed her, as was proper I should in my lonely and unprotected condition. The red ink rushed to the face of my little man of my side. "I blush for you!" he exclaimed in affright. "No one column will hold the abuse you will get in the next week's *Literary Spanker*."

I am sorry that I cannot give a *verbatim* report of the speeches which followed the reading of the long poem mentioned above. While one gentleman was speaking, my little man—whom, by the way, I have very properly called my *cicerone*, since he guided me among the ruins of intellect—eyed me impressively, as he whispered in my ear: "That is Mudquill, who quotes so eloquently, without credit, from an old peripatetic philosopher, named Cornelius Dow, Jr."

"Is there no imprisonment for theft in Bohemia?" I inquired in surprise.

"No, sir, though we have thought some of building a jail for honest people, as the cheapest way of separating them from the majority. There are some, however, who are in favor of following the rest of the world, and advocate turning all the dwellings into prisons."

One Winkleberry, the correspondent of a Vienna paper, was speaking as the company broke up. They took one of his inadvertent pauses as the close of his peroration.

I was so confused by this scene and by the unusual beverage of these people, that I do not remember anything till I found myself in the morning reading the most horrid abuse of myself and my country in all the city papers. But, strangely enough, I took notice that actors whom they had abused most villainously in their speeches were lauded to the skies in their papers. I was musing upon the perplexing idiosyncracies of this odd people, when my door opened, and my little man ushered in the proprietor of the hotel, who politely presented me a bill of four hundred guldens for the entire dinner of the preceding night. It was in vain to protest that I had not ordered any such dinner. My little man and the proprietor both swore that I had. I now fully appreciated my title of "host of the occasion," and in despair felt for my pocket-book, resolved to pay the bill and leave the country immediately.

Pocket-book, watch, chain, tooth-brushes, and combs—all were gone! Now, the rage of the proprietor turned upon my little man, whom he accused of robbing me, before he himself had got a chance. The proprietor was evidently a man of great power in those parts, for he ordered a band of servants to bear my little man away, to be roasted and served for dinner, with cranberry sauce, that very day. And that was the last I saw, and his excruciating howls were the last I heard, of my little man of Bohemia. In the next instant, the hotel was stormed by an infuriated rabble, who clamored for the life of the hated stranger. I looked out of my window upon them, and beheld the identical persons who the night before had so enthusiastically toasted me as the "host of the occasion." Kindly Providence at that moment sent a "balmy" earthquake, and the walls of the hotel toppled and fell crashing upon the mob of Bohemians beneath. I awoke with a start, to find myself almost smothered by a whole file of weekly papers, that had fallen down from over the head of my bed, and with a shuddering prayer that I may never again be made the "host of the occasion," or obliged to revisit Bohemia, even in a dream! ALLAQUIZ.

New Music.—M. Gray, Music dealer, 613 Clay street, has laid upon our table Lascalles' ballad composition entitled, "Ye Swore by Moon and Stars, Laddie," sung by Mme. Anna Bishop. From W. A. Frey, No. 404 Kearney street, we have received the original version and music of "The Wearing of the Green," which has attained such popularity through its introduction in *Arrah-na-Pogue*.

Papers and Pamphlets per Steamer.—We are indebted to Loomis, corner of Washington and Sansome, for a file of Eastern dailies per Opposition steamer. Also for "Hall's Guide to the Great West," a very useful and reliable pamphlet for the Western voyager and travellers *via* the Overland route.

[For the Californian.]

LATENT SKEPTICISM.

[We give place to the following communication without indorsing the writer's propositions, which will possibly be met by the gentlemen to whom he addresses his suggestions. If his inquiries tend to create an interest in the course of lectures soon to be delivered, their publication will at least further the immediate object the reverend lecturers have in view :]

I SAW a recent announcement in one of the morning papers. that a course of lectures is to be soon delivered by several of the most prominent clergymen of the different denominations in our midst. It is proposed that each shall present the peculiar tenets of his particular sect; and, no doubt, the projectors of the series, as well as the polemic advocates, hope to enlighten the popular mind upon the knotty problems of "fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute." But the query will suggest itself to the mind of the layman, whether, at the end, we will be any wiser, or any better, or any happier than before. Will these reverend prelates bring us any nearer the great mysteries of life, of death, of eternity?

We live in an age of doubt; the general march of knowledge has left the church in the rear, and we give a tardy assent from habit and early influences to what we cannot believe from conviction. The church has had its day. It is in the sere and yellow leaf. It is being undermined from within and without; and yet the most marked evidence of the vast power that the hierarchy has in past times exercised over the general mind is to be found in its present influence in preventing inquiry in its chosen domains, and, notwithstanding the tardy powers of knowledge are pushing their explorations into all other fields where truth is supposed to be, yet, in this, the most important of all, how few dare go? True, we see stately edifices rising up on all sides, dedicated to the rites of this or that denomination; we see the most eligible pews bid off at high rates, and highly respectable congregations betaking themselves to them every Sabbath, to listen to well-turned sermons from well paid divines, and to listen to delightful music from high-priced choirs, and we thank God we live in a Christian land. We do these things much as we do very many other things, because of custom and habit. But, of the thousands who each week sit under the drippings of our sanctuaries, how many believe without qualification? The burning faith that braced the souls of the early Christians has died out, because its work is done, and because the necessity to germinate the seed of a new civilization in the midst of an effete paganism is past. Yet the men of to-day are as earnest and brave as when Paul preached and died. For pure, simple faith and unselfish courage, old John Brown was undoubtedly the peer of any martyr who ever trod a scaffold. How many apostles and disciples of liberty marched cheerfully to nameless graves, when our Union was threatened by the barbarous hordes of slavery! You need only give men a noble cause, and the blood of its martyrs is poured out like water. But why is it that the Church can no longer marshal its crusaders to battle for the holy places?

Our churches are kept alive, and sustained mostly by women. The sex is emotional, and apt to believe without caring why it believes. Our wives and daughters are gregarious in their habits, and indulge this laudable propensity through the medium of a church organization, with its concomitants of prayer meetings and fairs. The husbands and sons naturally take part, and we are very properly expected to pay the bills. In addition to all this, it is certainly quite pleasant to go once a week to a fine church, sit in a comfortable pew, hear an intellectual man deliver a finished essay, look upon a well dressed congregation, and solace oneself with the thought that a necessary social duty has been well performed; and, to that class whose minds have a tendency to empty themselves, it is absolutely essential to have a fresh supply of ideas every week.

But it is remarkable that, among those who can think, there are few who do not doubt—who are not skeptics. They may attend church service regularly, and may even say and think that the well-being of the community is promoted by a generous support of church establishments; but still, when the home question is put to them, "Do you believe?" their answer too often is vague and unsatisfactory. At the best they give you opinions—seldom convictions. It is the rapid spread of this latent skepticism that is so quietly and surely undermining ecclesiastical institutions, that their eventual overthrow seems a matter of logical neccessity, and by a process so gradual, that probably no one will be able to point to the day or decade when they finally died out, or to define the heresy which destroyed them.

When men believed that all between the lids of the Bible proceeded from the direct inspiration of the Most High, then Christianity flourished in its fullest vigor; as soon as the first inroad was made upon that implicit faith, the decay began. When geology told us that the Mosaic narrative of the creation was a fable, and the demonstrations of the sciences have taught how orderly and uniform are the laws of Nature, and how improbable that those laws should ever have been suspended, to permit the enactment of the numerous miracles detailed in Scripture; when critical analyses have shown the manifest contradictions of the Scriptures itself, where can doubt stop? Can we say, thus far shall we question, and no further? That is impossible. Once the inquiry is commenced, it must go on until the mind reaches some ultimate conclusion. But, in speaking thus of the skepticism of the day, it is not to be understood that the general mind is lapsing into a gross Atheism, and falling back on a dreary and stagnant non-belief. On the contrary, the strides of knowledge having carried us beyond the traditions of the past and the narrow dogmas of the sectarians, who have tortured the original simplicity of Christ's teachings into a thousand meaningless shades of belief, there has resulted a wide-spread, but, to a certain extent undefined, desire to subject Christianity to the same tests that we subject all other problems presented to us for solution—not to be forced to swallow it as a matter of blind faith; and, if it is inconsistent or unreasonable, that it be rejected either entirely or in part, and truth sought in other directions. It is this tendency of the age which has recently found expression in the *Essays and Reviews*, and Colenso's works. The great popularity of these works is a strong indication of the skeptical tendencies of the times. A half century ago they would have fallen unheeded from the press; or, if not unheeded, would have raised a storm of indignation sufficient to have driven the author from the pale of the church; but, now, edition after edition is bought up, and the reverend authors boldly defy the hierarchy, and this, notwithstanding they have attacked the very foundations of Christian faith, in seeking to disprove the authenticity of many of the supposed facts upon which faith has rested.

It is a melancholy reflection that the Church has become nearly fossilized. In past times it attracted to its service the most vigorous intellects; but now, with here and there an exception, our weakest material drifts into the pulpit, and, as a consequence, we are being constantly deluged with showers of theological platitudes. It is to be hoped, in view of this wide-spread half belief or no belief, that the reverend gentlemen who propose to discuss the specialities of their several creeds, will drop them occasionally, and, forbearing to chop logic upon doctrinal points, will turn their attention to a candid discussion of the many grave doubts that stand bristling upon all sides. Let them go to the root of the question, and, if possible, satisfy their hearers that the Bible itself is to be accepted as the inspired word of the Most High; and why it is to be so accepted as such in all its parts, or which part must we retain and which reject. These are vital questions, of much more moment to laymen than whether this or that sect is the special favorite of our all-wise and kind Providence.

X.

[For the Californian.]

ON THE NATURAL LOVE OF FLOWERS.

THE love of flowers is so universally inherent in youth, that scarcely an exception can be found amongst children; whether inhabiting the confines of our cities, or exclusively nurtured in the country, all have a peculiar interest in the vegetation of the various seasons, as it unfolds its several charms.

We have all of us, in the Spring of life, felt ardently, and with singular enchantment, the vernal floral developments. Who, in his suburban rambles, can forget the ecstatic exclamation at the first discovered snow-drop, primrose, or violet?—the unalloyed delight in returning with the first tributes of approaching spring? How the eyes would sparkle with a peculiar lustre when, in the elasticity of youth, we culled from some seemingly inaccessible spot a rare and favorite gem, to enrich our posy, which the gentle meadow could not afford! And who is there, whose senses have not been regaled with the rich and refreshing perfume of such a nosegay? Alas! where are those senses and those feelings which conduced so much to the bliss of by-gone days? Has the lily lost its sweetness, the primrose its fragrance, and the violet its hue? or, rather, is man, from entering on a field of enterprise and speculation, become so completely overwhelmed in cares for his personal aggrandisement and the accumulation of wealth, as to be estranged from the unmingled charms of a garden, with all its endless varieties of pleasures and luxuries? Can man be so dead and insensible to the beauties of nature?—so ungrateful to a benificent Providence? Is there no poetry in his composition?—no benevolence in his organization? Has the love of gold rendered all his better feelings callous and obtuse? And has he neither time nor inclination to revert to scenes where the avarice of maturer years found no sympathy?

Let us attribute the situation of such a man to the miseries of an age out of which we are progressively escaping, when all such narrowed and sordid views must eventually fall a sacrifice to the inroads of science, and the consequent enlargement of human happiness.

The suburban residences, which are already thickly studded around our cities, and are daily becoming more numerous, bid fair to invite other feelings and to cherish better hopes; but, alas! as we approach to examine these spots, our hearts are sickened at the portals. Common-place shrubs, numbering some half-dozen species, which economy has taught the builder to distribute, are alone to be found. Had the owner of such a residence retained but a tenth of his schoolboy enthusiasm for flowers, his collection of plants would at least have been numbered by the hundreds; and, be it remembered, every plant has its name—and he would have known it. He would have watched it assuming different characters, and clothed in its various garbs; and it would have imbued his mind with interesting associations and numberless pleasing incidents. What thousands of moral lessons he would have been taught amidst recreations which the cynic and the latitudinarian never dreamed of! Could I but disengage him from his calculations, and invite him from his couch, by the fragrance of the hawthorn or the rose, to admire the majesty of the oak or the grandeur of the lofty pine, I should not despair of calling forth his latent feelings. Even though his looks indicated that the freshness of youth was succeeded by maturer years, there would still be in store for him, in this department of natural history, endless sources of the highest order of intellectual gratification, endearing him to his family and his abode.

IRIS.

[For the Californian.]

REAL ESTATE *VERSUS* IMAGINARY POSSESSIONS, POETICALLY CONSIDERED.

MY KINGDOM.

I HAVE a kingdom of unknown extent,
Its treasures great, its wealth without compare;
And all the pleasures men in pride invent
Are not like mine, so free from pain and care.

'T is all my own: no hostile power may rise
To force me outward from its rich domain;
It hath a strength that time itself defies,
And all invaders must assail in vain.

'T is true sometimes its sky is overcast,
And troublous clouds obscure the peaceful light;
Yet these are transient and so quickly past
Its radiance seems to glow more clear and bright.

It hath a queen—my queen—whose loving reign
No daring subject ever may dispute;
Her will is mine, and all my toil her gain,
And when she speaks my heart with love is mute.

She sits beside me, and her gentle hand
Guides all my hopes in this estate below;
The joys of life, the products of the land,
Beneath her smiles in ceaseless pleasures flow.

My heart, her subject, throbs beneath her eyes,
And sends its tides full with unbounded love,
As ocean's waters swell beneath the skies
Drawn by the placid moon that rolls above.

What king or ruler hath a state like mine,
That death or time can never rend apart,
Where hopes and pleasures are almost divine?
Yet all this kingdom—One True Woman's Heart.

—[*Evening Bulletin.* PAUL DUOIR.

OH, stuff! Is that all? I like your poetry, Mr. D., but I don't "admire" to see a man raise such a thundering smoke on such a very small capital of fire. I may be a little irritated, because you fooled me, D., you fooled me badly. I read your ramifications—I choose the word, D., simply because it has five syllables, and I desire to flatter you up a little before I abuse you; I don't know the meaning of it myself—I noticed your grandiloquent heading, "My Kingdom," and it woke me up; so I commenced reading your Ramifications with avidity, and I said to myself, with my usual vulgarity, "Now here's a man that's got a good thing." I read along, and read along, thinking sure you were going to turn out to be King of New Jersey, or King of the Sandwich Islands, or the lucky monarch of a still more important kingdom, maybe—but how my spirits fell when I came to your cheap climax! And so your wonderful kingdom is—"A True Woman's Heart!"—with capital letters to it! Oh, my! Now what do you want to go and make all that row about such a thing as that for, and fool people? Why, you put on as many frills, and make as much fuss about your obscure "kingdom" as if it were a magnificent institution—a first-class power among the nations—and contained a population of forty million souls, (and maybe it does, for all you know—most kingdoms of that kind are pretty well tenanted, my innocent royal friend.) And what does your majesty suppose you can do with your extraordinary "kiugdom?" You can't sell it; you can't hire it out; you can't raise money on it. Bah! You ought to be more practical. You can keep your boasted "kiugdom," since it appears to be such a comfort to you; don't come around trying to trade with me—I am very well content with

MY RANCH.

I HAVE a ranch of quite unknown extent,
Its turnips great, its oats without compare;
And all the ranches other men may rent
Are not like mine—so not a dern* I care.

'T is all my own—no turnstile power may rise
To keep me outward from its rich domain;
It hath a fence that time itself defies,
And all invaders must climb out again.

'Tis true sometimes with stones 'tis overcast,
And troublous clods offend the sensitive sight;
Yet from the furrows I these so quickly blast,
Their radiant seams do show more clear and bright.

It hath a sow—*my* sow—whose love for grain
No swearing subject will dispute;
Her swill is mine, and all my slops her gain,
And when she squeaks my heart with love is mute.

[Here the machine "let down."] MARK TWAIN.

* This imprecation is a favorite one out in the ranching districts, and is generally used in the society of ladies, where a mild form of expressionmay be considered.

PARADISE LOST.

A LOVE STORY.

MY knapsack was on my shoulder. So said Armand, a young artist, when a little company ol us were sitting together the other evening.

My knapsack was on my shoulder, my ashen stick in hand; three leagues of dusty road had whitened me like a miller. Whence I came, whither I was going—what matters it? I was not twenty years of age. My starting point, therefore, was my home; my goal was Paradise—any earthly Paradise I could find. The country was not particularly picturesque; and the weather was very hot. Great undulations of harvest-laden fields rolled irregularly on all sides. Here was a hamlet; there a solitary farm-house; yonder a wood; on each eminence a wind-mill. Some peasants that were in the fields sang; and the birds chirped at them as if in mockery. One or two wagons, dragged by oxen and horses, slowly moved along the tree-bordered road. I sat down on a heap of stones. A wagoner gruffly asked me if I was tired, and offered me "a lift." I accepted; and soon I was stretched, where dirt had been; jolted into an uneasy, half-slumber, not without its charm, with the bells of the lazy team softly jingling in my ears, until I thought fifty silver voices were calling me away to a home that must be bright, and a land that must be beautiful.

I awoke in a mood sufficiently benign to receive an apology. The man had forgotten me when he turned off the high road, and had taken me half a league into the country. Where was the harm, honest wagoner? I am not going anywhere; "I am only going to Paradise." There was no village of that name in the neighborhood, he said; but he had no doubt I would be pleased to see the grounds of the chateau. Of course, I had come on purpose for that. I handed him his *pourboire*. "Drink my health, good man, and injure your own. Let us see these grounds." The man showed me through a meadow near the farm (to which he belonged) and left me, tossing the silver piece I had given him in his hard hand. I soon observed that the place was worth seeing.

A hasty glance showed it to be a fragment of wild nature, occupied in its original state, and barricaded against civilization. There were woods, and solitary trees, and lakes, and streams of sufficient dimensions for grandeur; and, when once the wall disappeared against the heavy foliage, I could at first discern no traces whatever of the presence of man. However, on closer examination, I discovered that nature had been improved upon; that all objects which might ungraciously intercept the view, or deform a landscape, had been removed. There were no sham ruins nor artificial cascades; but the stranger's steps were led, by some ingenious process of plantation, insensibly to the best points of view. I felt, and was thankful, for the presence of the art which so industriously endeavored to conceal itself; but being, at that time, as most young men are, inclined to compare great things with small—thinking to be epigramic and knowing—I exclaimed aloud: "The toilette of this park has been admirably perlormed."

"A vulgar idea, vulgarly expressed," said a clear firm voice above me. I looked up, thinking that somebody was hidden in a tree; and, to my surprise, saw a young woman upon a fine large horse, holding a riding-whip playfully over my head. She had approached across the turf unheard, und had heard my exclamation, which, I assure you, was meant for no ears but my own.

"Madam," replied I, when I had recovered from my confusion, "I think you misunderstand me. There is no vulgarity in comparing a prospect, in which every superfluity is thus tastefully pruned away, to a woman, who, instead of loading herself with ornaments, uses the arts of the toilette to display all her beauties to the best advantage."

"This explanation will not do," she replied. "It wants frankness. Your phrase simply meant that you were ashamed of the admiration this view had at first excited; and that you thought it necessary to exert the manly privilege of contempt. If I had not seen you yonder using your sketch-book, I should take you for a travelling hairdresser."

The tone and manner of my new aequaintance puzzled me exeeedingly; and I was at first rather irritated by the hostile attitude she assumed on such slight grounds. It was evident she wished to provoke an intellectual contest; for, at the moment, I did not understand that her real desire was to suppress the formalities of an introduction. I returned to the charge; she replied. A broadside of repartee was fired off on either side; but insensibly we met upon common ground; affectation, was discarded; and, as we streamed irregularly along the swardy avenues, or stopped at the entrance of a long vista—she gently walking her docile genet; I, with my hand upon its mane—we made more advances towards familiarity and friendship in an hour than would have been possible, under other circumstances, in a season.

Let me describe my impressions as I receceived them. Otherwise, how will the narrative illustrate the theory? I am endeavoring to show, by example, what an immense structure of happiness may be built upon a very flimsy grouud; that the material sequence of this life's events need have no correspondence with the sequence of our sentiments; that—But I must not anticipate.

The lady, dressed in a green riding-habit, was remarkably handsome, as this miniature will show—

—And Armand drew a small case from his breast.

"It is made from memory; but I will answer for its exactitude."

"We all know the face well enongh, my friend," quoth Prevost; "it re-appears in nearly all your pictures, like Raphael's Fornarina. Last year you made it do duty for Medea; this year, modified to suit the occasion, it will appear in the Salon as Charlotte Corday. Why have you so carefully avoided that type in your Juliet and your Heloise? One would imagine that, instead of being associated with pleasant recollections, it suggested nothing but strife, violence, and despair."

"Were that the case, you know," quoth Armand, with feigned sprightliness, "my theory falls to the ground; and, in telling you my story, I am only impertinently taking advantage of your good nature to make a confession, and thus ease a somewhat troubled mind. Listen to the end; it is not far off."

We reached a grotto on the borders of a little lake, where, to my surprise, an elegant breakfast was laid out. There were two seats placed ready; and Fifine, the maid, was there to serve. We partook of the meal together, talking of everything except ourselves; but thinking of nothing else. Once or twice a reflection of the oddity of this reception flitted across my miud; but I thought that I had fallen in with some eccentric mistress of the castle—such as one reads of in middle-age romances—who was proud to give hospitality to a wanderiug artist. The lady called me Hector, and I called her Andromache; and, under the influence of some generous wine that came in with the desert, I went so far as to declare that my love for her was unbounded, and that she must be my bride. I was thrown into ecstacies of delight by the frank reply, that it only depended upon me to fix the day! What follies I committed I scarcely recollect; but I know that Fifine scolded me; aud said that, for a well-educated young man, I was dreadfully forward.

What a delightful half-hour was that which snceeeded! The entrauce of the grotto was wreathed with vines. The ripples of the lake broke upon a little beach of sand, that seemed of gold dust; the path by which we had come along at the foot of a precipice for about thirty yards, and then climbed a steep bank; the expanse of water—possibly it was merely a large pool, but these things magnify in memory—uestled at the feet of some lofty wooded slopes, which, with its pure blue sky, it reflected. We sat, side by side, hand in hand; but Fifine, whose notions of propriety were extremely rigid, expostulated vehemently. I whispered that she ought to be sent away; and Andromache was, perhaps, of my opinion; but she did not venture to agree with me aloud. Thus the honr passed in silent happiness; for our hearts soon becume too full for words; and I solemnly declare that, to spend such another day, I would discount ten years of my existence.

As evening drew near, and I began to dream of the delights of a twilight stroll along the margin ol the lake, Fifine pitilessly suggested an adjournment to the chateau. The word grated harshly on my ear. I had almost pictured to myself the lady as a dryad, or a nymph living ever amidst trees and grottoes. But prosy Fifine carried her point; and, in half an hour, we were in the saloon of a most comfortuble modern dwelling, furnished with Parisian elegance. Several very common-place looking servants stared at me as I entered. My romantic ideas at once received a shock. Five minutes afterwards a postchaise rolled up to the door, and a stout old gentlemau, accompanied by a tall handsome young man, issued therefrom.

Why should I give you the ludicrous details of the explanation? Andromache was betrothed to Hector Chose; but she had never seen him. Her father, a wealthy naturalist, had gone that day to meet the bridegroom at a neighboring towu. The young lady (who was of a romantic disposition) had descried me in the park, and had fancied this was a prearranged surprise. She had got up the breukfast in the grotto; and had made my acquaintance as I have related. I answered to the name of Hector; she naturally retorted Andromache. This was the whole explanation of the mistake. I was overwhelmed with shame, when the father and the real Hector, with vociferous laughter, undecived me; and the young lady herself went away in tears of vexation. For a moment, I hoped that I had produced an ineffaceable impression; but I was soon undeceived. In my mortification I insulted Hector. A hostile meeting was the result. I received a severe wound, and lay a long time helpless in a neighboring hamlet. Still my love was not cured. Even when I heard that the marriage had been celebrated, I persisted in looking upon the bride as my Andromache; but when Madam Duclique, her cousin, came to see me, she destroyed all my illusions. Andromache, she said, though with much affectation of romance, was a very matter-of-fact personage, and remembered our love-passage only as a very ridiculous mistake. She had married Hector, not only without repugnance, but with delight. He brought her everything she desired—a handsome person, a fine fortnne, an exalted position; and she was the first to joke on the subject of "that poor counterfeit Hector."

This interview cured me at once. I discovered that I was strong enough to leave the Paradise I had lost. Madam Duclique, an amiable and beautiful person, gave me a seat in her carriage, and drove me to the town of Arques. I feel grateful to my Andromache for having impressed upon my mind an enduring form of beauty.

"Let us drink her health!"

A FLORIST'S BOUQUET.—Take a daisy, and look at it with a strong magnifying glass. You will see that it is made up, both border and middle, both rays and disk, of a number of little forests clustered together. Our fall bouquets are made after the same model. I have now to make one large circular flower with the separate forests in my basket. I first tie my bunch of box with a string, and clip its top with shears, so that it resembles a circular piucushion or an artichoke bottom. It is the foundation of the structure; botanists would call it the receptacle of my composite flowers. Here I have bits of common rush, about ten or eleven inches long; there, I have bits of non-elastic iron-wire, about as thick as a horse-hair, some three inches long. With a twist of wire I attach each flower to the end of a rush, giving it thus an artificial stem. You see how quickly it is done, especially when one has three or four helping hands. We will now stick the rush pins into the box cushion—the flowers on their common receptacle. In the centre I put my Glorie Dijon rose, surrounding it with a circle of heliotrope; next comes a circle of Aimee Virbet; next of scarlet geranium; next of yellow calceolaria, and next of fancy pelargoniums. The whole is surrounded with a loose and hazy framework of glistening and trembling gypsophilas. The floral surface is even and convex. The shears shorten the rushes to a convenient length, and the bouquet is slipped into a funnel-shaped holder or case of card fringed with paper stamped into lace. All the scaffolding is hidden; the blossoms only meet the eye. As a finishing touch, the fuschias are inserted round the edge, so as to droop like pendants over the lace.

But a bouquet so built cannot last long. Of course not. Putting it into water to preserve it would be as efficacious as putting your wooden leg into a foot bath to cure a cold. A vapor bath and a slight sprinkling, through the instrumentality of a tin box, or a cool wet towel, might refresh it a little. But, *que voulez vous?* 'Tis their destiny. To-night's bouquet graces the day after to-morrow's dust heap.—*All the Year Round.*

SUBLIMATION OF BREAD AND BUTTER.—Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, gives us the following bit of wisdom: "Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product ol the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent. more of nntriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the brain. Five hundred pounds of flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This bone is lime, the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders or in syrups to cure these declines, has little or no effect. The articles coutained in these phosphates must pass through Nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human lrame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease and building up his constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye, or oats."

VALUABLE INK.—An Englishman has recently patented an ink or writing fluid for preventing fraudulent alterations in written documents, to be used in combination with a peculiarly prepared paper, the color in which is discharged, and the texture changed, by the action of the ink. The writing fluid is composed of dilute sulphuric acid, colored with indigo, and the paper is ordinary writing paper, tinted with ultramarine or any other suitable color which is capable of being discharged by the acid. By this means, the texture of the paper, in the parts affected by the acid, will be so changed and weakened as to prevent the possibility of alteration or erasnre, and the ink or writing fluid, by penetrating through the paper, will be seen on both its sides. We learn from the French journals that a vegetable ink has been discovered by M. Plessis, which is not only unalterable in color, but also in limpidit y

HOW TIME WAS KILLED FOR ME.

MY greatest trouble is that I have too much money. My greatest virtue, in one view of it, is that I don't want any more. If the latter fact accounts for my being so lazy, let it go at that.

I am lazy, surely; and *ennuied*, most of the time, and *blasé*, and all that sort of thing. I've been the round of mortal amusements, until nothing in that way gives me any satisfaction. It has been suggested to me that it might be a good idea if I would go to work. I may do that yet out of sheer despair. I go to theatres, and yawn all through the play. I go to balls and *soirées*, and am disgusted; these girls all know I'm rich. I lolled away a week at Newport in July, and bathed once or twice; but what a bore it is to bathe! There's no taking your ease in the water, the surf knocks a fellow about so.

One day last week I had been taking a drive in the Park, and toward evening strolled down Broadway, a little more *ennuied* than usual, if possible. What *should* I do to kill the time? As I reached Taylor's I glanced in, and remembered with a sigh the delight with which I had looked upon the gaudy glories of that big saloon, one evening six or eight years ago, when I was making my first visit to New York, with a party of school-boy friends. That was about a year before I came into my property, you know, and I was as fresh as a daisy. Stirred by the sweet memory of that happy, impecunious time, I strolled into the saloon and sat down, ordering something to eat and a bottle of wine. While engaged in poking a piece of chicken with a fork, and trying to pretend I enjoyed the wine, I was very much surprised at beholding a good-looking middle-aged lady, in a black silk dress, come up to me and sit down opposite at my table.

"This is Mr. Smith, I believe, isn't it?" said she.

"Not at all," said I; "my name is Jones."

It isn't, however; it is St. Clair; but I did not deem it necessary that the woman should know my name.

"Why, I was sure this was Mr. Smith," said she.

"It's all the same," said I; "it's very near it—Joncs is. Will you have a glass of wine with me?"

"Sir!" said she, with some asperity.

"I asked you—a glass of wine, you know. It's not the best, but such as it is—"

"Your impertinence will not avail you, Mr. Smith," said the woman; and she gathered up her black silk skirts and left me.

I raised my eyes a trifle, and languidly watched her cross the room as I sipped my wine. She approached a group of two ladies and one gentleman, and exchanged some observations with them, upon which they all bent an earnest gaze meward. Then they went out. A minute after I strolled out also, and there they all were in a group on the sidewalk, evidently waiting for me. The gentleman—quite a well-appearing chap he was, too—came up to me and said:

"I think this is Mr. Smith, is it not?"

"It is not," said I; "I am familiar with the name of Smith, but I do not own it."

Then I stepped within and lit a cigar. I had just come across a lot of the primest Havanas, up town, and had put a whole bunch of them in my pocket. My friends remained at the door, and I offered the gentleman a cigar, which he courteously declined. The whole group then approached me more closely.

"Certainly, it is Mr. Smith," said a gushing little creature in a blue silk.

"Of course it is," said another gushing little creature in a green silk.

"It is useless for you to deny your name, Mr. Smith; you see we all recognize you perfectly."

"And in case my name were Smith, sir, may I ask what Smith could do to serve you and your fair companions?"

"A good deal, sir," said the gentleman; "as much, I believe, Mrs. Jones, as two hundred dollars, is it not?"

The lady in the black silk nodded.

"That's not a good deal," said I.

"Then perhaps you'll pay it at once, Mr. Smith, and save further trouble."

"Assuredly I will," said I, "when I owe it."

"Do you mean to deny, sir," said the gentleman, very deliberately, "that you owe Mrs. Jones here that sum for board; that you left her house on Thursday night last; and carried off besides—quite by mistake, I dare say—a valuable ring belonging to this young lady, Miss Julia Joncs?"

I raised my hat to Miss Julia Jones.

"Then I judge," said I, "that I must have been on agreeably intimate terms with this young lady at the time my name was Smith?"

"Was there ever such impertinence!" ejaculated Miss Julia Jones.

"Really, about the hardest case of cheek I ever saw in my life," said the gentleman, staring curiously at me.

"I bid you good day, ladies," said I, "and you, sir."

I strolled up the street smoking. They followed me, and presently I felt a policeman's hand laid on my shoulder.

"Beg y' pardon, sir," said the protector of innocence, "this gentleman directs your arrest."

"Arrest!" said I. "Well, this is interesting. On what charge, pray?"

"Grand larceny," said the gentleman, nodding to the officer.

I bit my cigar nervously. At first I had half a notion to pay these people what they demanded, but on second thought I concluded that would be a little too ridiculous.

"These people," said I, "are mistaken in the man. My name is not Smith. It is St. Clair. You may have heard it."

"Yes, I've heard it often," said the policeman; "it's a werry nice sort o' a name, too, an' quite a favorite with some—not the sharpest sort, though. It's a gittin' wore out."

"He told me his name was Jones," said the lady in the black silk.

"Oh, he did?" remarked the policeman. "Well, Jones is a nice name, too. Do you want him shut right up, sir? It's too late to take him afore the judge now, you know."

"No," said the gentleman; "give him every chance. It is about dinner-time now. We will go to the house and confront him with the other boarders. It's not too far."

"Since you will have it so, sir, and ladies," said I, "I suppose I may as well go with you. Especially as I have plenty of leisure. But I prefer to take a carriage, if you do not object—at my expense, of course."

So the policeman, the gentleman, and myself rode to Mrs. Jones's boarding-house in Blanque street.

"We shall take no unfair advantage of you, Mr. Smith," said the gentleman. "You shall enter the dining-room alone. The officer will remain in the hall and listen. If the boarders receive you as a stranger, very well; but otherwise—"

I obeyed orders; entered the dining-room and took a seat at the table.

"Why, you're back soon, Mr. Smith," said a gentleman in spectacles at my left.

And then the boarders all about the table looked up and nodded their salutations to me.

"It's all right," said the policeman, entering. "Nothing could be snugger. Come on, my man."

"One moment," said I, arising to my feet. "I appeal to the ladies and gentlemen here present to scrutinize me with careful eyes. I am not Mr. Smith. There is some strange mistake. My name is Edward L. St. Clair. Here is my card. I reside at No. — Fifth Avenue, and can prove my identity to the most stubborn appreciation."

The male boarders shook their heads. The ladies simpered, and exchanged glances that said, "Did you ever?" as plainly as you ever did.

"Come along, my gentleman," said the policeman, "we're up to all that sort of thing, you know. It won't work. I want you now."

He took me. Nothing easier.

In vain I asked that I be taken to my residence—that one or any of my friends be sent for—Judge Carmel, the Reverend Percy Fitzspout, the Honorable Samson Montgomery, any one.

"Don't you want to see Barnum, or Fernandy Wood?" queried the officer, sarcastically. "You must think I'm a flat. It's played out, I tell you."

In the shadow of the falling night he led me away to the Tombs. I felt quite a chill run over me as I was ushered into the long corridor of that cheerful abode of murderers and cut-throats. The first thing I found there was a man's hand in my pantaloons pocket. He was an officer. He "went through" me with great celerity, took away my pocket-book and watch, scrutinized keenly a ring of keys he found in one pocket, and demanded sharply, "What's this?" concerning an ingenious silver watch-box that I brought from Paris, and which he clearly thought was some burglarious utensil. They put my name and offence down in a big book, and then a man tapped me on the shoulder, with a gesture to follow him.

"What are you going to do with me?" I asked, as I followed.

"Lock you up," said he, in the most cold-blooded manner, "till morning."

"But I've done nothing," I said, weakly.

"Them never has as comes here," he said cheerfully.

He put me into a cell and turned a big bolt on me; and there I was, behind an iron door, with no light save that which came through a grated opening in the door, there being lamps burning in the corridor. I soon became accustomed to the light and surveyed my cell. The dirt there was astounding. There were two rough men already occupying the apartment, and the soles of their bare feet were crusted with the dirt from the stone floor. There was a narrow bed, with a most disgusting mattress and a hideous flannel blanket, for us three to sleep on. Us three! *Ohe jam satis.*

One of us was a sailor. He was in, he said, on a charge of robbing a mess-mate.

"And did you?" I asked.

"Do I look like or thief?" he asked, with proud scorn.

I certainly thought he did, but I didn't say so. I offered him a cigar instead.

The other of us was in for an attempted burglary.

"And did you?"

"Who? Me? No! It's a base conspiracy."

He took a cigar also. Fortune never quite forsakes us. That lucky package of Havanas became my spar in this wide ocean of distress. I kept myself awake with them through all the long night, during which I never once left my feet. The bed was too nasty even to sit on, of course, and the only other seat in the cell was still nastier. So I paced the stone floor till day broke. I can't say I was especially disturbed in a mental sense. I rather—upon my word—I rather liked the idea of it, viewed *as* an idea. But I was very tired in a physical sense.

They stuck three tin dishes full of some nauseating mess through the door somewhere about seven o'clock, I judged (I hadn't my watch, you know;) one mess for each of us. My companions ate their messes with greedy relish. Then they ate mine; and relieved me very much by doing so, as I was not entirely certain but that prison discipline would compel me to eat it; and I feared it was a little too rich for my stomach, and should certainly have thrown it up if I had ever got it down.

Of course, when I was taken before the magistrate it was a simple matter to establish my identity. There was great indignation in our set for a few days about it, and all sorts of vengeful threats were made, principally by young fellows like Perkins Porter, Jr., who would run from a caterpillar with its back up. One was going to have Acton discharge that policeman off the force.

"Let him alone," said I; "he did his duty. It was no fault of his."

Another was going to cowhide that young gentleman—Harris his name was. He was engaged to Miss Maria Jones; apologized in the handsomest manner about it.

"Pooh!" said I; "let him alone too. It was not his fault either."

"Then whose fault was it, St. Clair?" demanded Perkins Porter, Jr.

"Why, Smith's," said I.

And this is to warn Smith, in a friendly manner, to keep away, unless he is prepared to settle with Mrs. Jones, and bring back Miss Julia Jones' ring. I wouldn't mind lending him the money for the board-bill if he stands ready to do the entirely fair thing by Miss Julia, and will settle down.

COMBATS OF ANIMALS.—At one of those sanguinary exhibitions of animal combats, I witnessed a contest between a Buffalo and a tiger; the buffalo was extremely fierce, and one of the largest kind. It commenced the attack by rushing towards its adversary, which retreated to a corner of the arena, where, finding no escape, it sprang upon the buffalo's neck, fixing its claws in the animal's shoulder, and lacerating it in a fearful manner. It was, however, almost instantly flung upon the earth with a violence that completely stunned it, when there appeared a ghastly wound in the side, inflicted by its antagonist. The conqueror now began to gore and trample upon its prostrate enemy, which it soon despatched, and then galloped round the enclosure, streaming with blood, the foam dropping from its jaws, its eyes glancing fire, occasionally stopping, pawing the ground, and roaring with maddened fury.

A small rhinoceros was next introduced, which stood at the extremity of the arena, eyeing its foe with an oblique but animated glance, though without the slightest appearance of excitement. The buffalo, having described a circuit from the centre of the ground, plunged forward toward the rhinoceros, with its head to the earth, its eyes appearing as if about to start from their sockets. Its wary antagonist turned to avoid the shock of this furious charge, and just grazed the flank of the buffalo with its horn, ploughing up the skin, but doing no serious mischief. It now champed and snorted like a wild hog, and its eyes began to twinkle with evident expressions of anger. The buffalo repeated the charge, one of its horns coming in contact with its adversary's shoulder, which, however, was protected by so thick a mail that this produced no visible impression. The rhinoceros, the moment it was struck, plunged its horn with wonderful activity and strength into the buffalo's side, crushing the ribs and penetrating to the vitals; it then lifted the gored body from the ground and flung it to the distance of several feet, where the mangled animal almost instantly breathed its last. The victor remained stationary, eyeing his motionless victim with a look of stern indifference; but the door of his den being opened he trotted into it, and began muching some cakes which had been thrown to him as a reward for his conduct in so unequal a contest.

A BURGLAR entered a young lady's bedroom at Amherst, Massachusetts, one night lately, and was mistaken by her for a somnambulist, a returned volunteer visiting at the house. She arose, accordingly, led him to the soldier's room and left him. The next morning the soldier found himself locked in and the mysterious visitor gone.

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SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1865.

BENEVOLENCE.

PROBABLY no place in the city affords such an opportunity for study as the rooms of the San Francisco Benevolent Association, not for what is *seen* there, (because the Institution works silently, and, when necessary, secretly, through its members,) but for what may be learned from its officers. We have in San Francisco the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Industrial School, the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and other charities which are doing much good, and which should be visited and generally patronized by our citizens. But of all the eleemosynary institutions with which an advancing civilization has blessed our city, none cover so broad a field, none extend the hand of charity so bountifully and so universally, and none can, from the nature of its organization, assuage so much suffering as the Benevolent Association.

We scarcely think our people appreciate the importance of this well-conceived charity. We have been permitted to examine some of its statistics, (for, although but an infant of a few months, it is yet old in service and already has a history,) and have been astounded to find that, in the brief period of six months, it has rendered assistance to more than three thousand persons, aided many hundreds to obtain permanent employment, saved scores from despair, and perhaps an untimely end, reclaimed as many from dens of poverty and hunger, and raised a large number from the "slough of despond" to honorable and responsible positions. And all this in a city which enjoys the enviable distinction of being the metropolis of the Golden State, where capital concentrates, where luxury abounds, where remunerative industry is rewarded, and where ease and plenty, to the superficial observer, appear to be the universal rule.

But it would seem that San Francisco, in this regard, can furnish no exception to the law that governs all large cities, and here, as elsewhere, poverty goes hand in hand with wealth, idleness with industry, hunger with luxury, and want, as by a natural instinct, walks side by side with tranquility and affluence. What volumes of human history may be found in the already massive books of that Institution, which privately record the narrative of each tale of woe that is cautiously whispered in the ears of its officers, and which register the process by which relief is afforded; now supplying food and raiment to the starving and chilled sufferers; now administering consolation, through its agents, at the bed of disease and death; now encouraging the despondent, for whom employment is found at last; now furnishing passage for the homeless and friendless to some point where the hand of a parent, or a brother, or a sister, is waiting to extend relief; and now performing the last solemn rites, perhaps, to one whose case has escaped its vigilant, watchful eye, and who found welcome succor from the trials of this world in eternal sleep. Within speaking distance of the abodes of wealth, disease and poverty dwell; the air resounds alike with the mirth of the happy and the wail of the despairing; and but a single step may carry those who seek to ameliorate suffering, from the parlor of luxury and mirth to the cold habitation of the hungry and hopeless. If there be those of our citizens who think that this picture is overwrought, let such visit the office of the Association, and learn for themselves its solemn truth and its emphatic warnings.

Some very interesting circumstances may be there presented to the mind. Human nature is there revealed alike in its beauty and its deformity. Gratitude, the noblest principle of the human breast, there at times is found in all its broad and ennobling proportions. We were told the story of a young man who had for months sought for employment in vain. Asking assistance of the Association, whose system is so perfect that it combines the functions of an intelligence office and the good Samaritan, he was directed to a neighboring town, where it was known that such a person was wanted, and means were furnished him. Soon after, he returned the following letter, with $5, in part payment for the assistance rendered:

MONDAY, October 16, 1865.

GENTLEMEN: With thanks for the kind treatment I have received at your hands, I send you this, hoping you will accept it as a debt which I owe you. If it had not been for your kind efforts, I know not what I would have done. I got work the day I arrived in ——. I have earned since then $29 50, which enables me to pay my debts. I have paid back the $4 which I owed for coming up to —— in the ——. So now gentlemen, thanking you again for your kindness, I will conclude with nothing more from

Yours truly, with respect, ——.

A little bright-eyed boy, about ten years of age, was presented to us. He had just arrived on the steamer which brought troops from the East. His father was a sergeant, who had sickened and died on the passage. He had not a single friend or relative here—not one to whom he could apply for aid—not one upon whom he could rely for a meal or shelter. It was a hard ordeal for one so young and innocent in a distant land, and among entire strangers. But he had been provided for. A friend had been found to support and train him in the path of rectitude. Instead of his being cast upon the cold charities and relentless mercies of the world, he may perchance become an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation.

With so many cases for consideration, it would be strange, indeed, if some impositions were not practiced. But the circumstances of each applicant for relief are investigated so closely, that fraud cannot be long continued. The blind man, with his little girl, whose haunts are on Montgomery street and elsewhere where people "most do congregate," could not practice his tricks long without being detected. That individual received assistance in the shape of food and clothing at various times. His wife was in a condition which unfitted her for any service. A nurse was provided. Another little sufferer was soon born. But, before many days, the mid-wife discovered, between the mattresses, which had been furnished by the Association, and which had served as a cover for deception as much as a couch for the sick, a bag of gold, containing several thousand dollars—the hoardings of years of pitiful, but not unprofitable begging. His house, too, was full of groceries, which he had accumulated. And when the discovery was made known to our pauper friend by Mr. Allen, the Secretary, he poured forth a volume of foul and offensive anathemas upon those who had revealed the practices of the imposter, that would have disgraced the worst purlieus of Five Points.

Our space will not permit us to dwell longer upon this fruitful subject. We intend to recur to it again, and contribute our mite towards awakening our citizens to a sense of their duty towards this society—a duty which is made the more imperative, inasmuch as there is in this State no public almshouse, whose work the society is performing. In the meantime, we can do no less than to enjoin upon our people the necessity of extending a liberal hand to this broad and well organized charity, and to impress upon them the importance of refusing alms to professional street beggars, whose occupation it is a part of the mission of the Association to destroy.

THEATRICAL TALK.

ON Monday, Mr. George C. Boniface, by permission of Edwin Forrest, who, no doubt, had not much fear of being rivalled, appeared in the character of "Jack Cade." I think it is a pity Mr. Boniface chose this part in which to make his first appearance in San Francisco. However well calculated to display the strength of Edwin Forrest, the character is certainly not adapted to bring out Mr. Boniface's merits. There are many fine passages in this tragedy, but I fancy that Forrest is required in the leading character to ensure its proving a success. Mr. Boniface's style is not good; he appeared afraid of frightening the ladies, and anxious to "roar as gently as any sucking dove." Had he played "Jack Cade" in the stereotyped "Ercles' vein," and treated it as "a part to tear a cat in," he would have pleased better. On Wednesday, when he gave the public a touch of his qualities as a light comedian, he acquitted himself so well, that it is a matter of wonder to me that he does not rather adhere to that line of business than attempt muscular tragedy. Grief, rage, and despair, are emotions which Mr. Boniface is not happy in depicting successfully, while in comedy and farce he appears perfectly at home, and, when he laughs, makes the whole house join in chorus. The pieces in which he appeared on Wednesday were the comedy of *Laugh While You Can*, and the capital farce of *Cool as a Cucumber*. The character of "Plumper," in the latter, affords a good test of the abilities of a light comedian, and Mr. Boniface stood the test most satisfactorily. His style is rather broad for light comedy, and when he rattles off a speech quickly, he is apt to become indistinct, but, with these exceptions, his impersonation of the cool "Plumper" was all that could be desired, and caused the most uproarious shouts of merriment. Mr. Boniface's initial performance of "Jack Cade" had spoilt his second house. The public must not judge of this actor's ability in comedy by his appearance in tragedy; those who attend at the Opera House on Mr. George C. Boniface's comedy nights will assuredly get the value of their money, if he has in his repertory other characters which he can play as successfully as "Plumper" in *Cool as a Cucumber*. On Tuesday and Thursday, Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann appeared as "Hamlet." Mr. Bandmann's rendition of "Hamlet" improves on acquaintance with it, but it is no less true that Mr. Bandmann has improved on his first presentation of this character. It is very possible that Mr. Bandmann may, unlike his adulators who pronounce his conception, reading and acting of the character "faultless," be willing to believe that, even at this day, after many years of study, he may still improve on it. Last night Mr. George C. Boniface appeared in the drama of *Jocrisse the Juggler*, which I did not witness. To night Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann appears for the last time in the character of "Hamlet," and takes a benefit. On each occasion of the representation of *Hamlet* during the week, the theatre has been crowded; I hope that many who have derived pleasure from Mr. Bandmann's acting will acknowledge it by mustering to-night to give him a substantial token of their appreciation of his genius. On Monday evening Mr. Bandmann will appear in an entirely new line of character. He whom we have seen as the cynical "Narcisse," the cruel "Shylock," and the melancholy "Prince of Denmark," will impersonate the jovial rollicking "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

At the Metropolitan Theatre, *Arrah-na-Pogue* has drawn good houses all the week. The Shields' Guard Relief Fund had a benefit on Monday, which crowded the house, and the benefit of Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5, on Thursday evening, drew an immense audience, which filled the aisles and overflowed into the corridor. On the withdrawal of *Arrah-na-Pogue* from the stage a highly sensational drama, with gorgeous scenic effects, which has lately been received from London, will be produced. It is entitled *Savannah*. It has been thoroughly rehearsed, and every attention to insure its success will be paid to its production. Mr. Wheatleigh has other dramas in an advanced stage of production, and will produce novelties in rapid succession.

Mr. Dan Setchell opened at the Academy of Music on Monday to a splendid audience, and has played to good business every night this week. He has produced the *Dutch Governor*, *Fra Diavolo*, *John Jones*, *Ici on Parle Francais*, and *Toodles*; to-night he presents his novelty, *The Live Indian; or Love in a Cigar Shop*. This piece was played last night, but The Californian, going to press on Friday evening, I can of course say nothing concerning its merits. This piece was followed by *Nan, the Good for Nothing*; how excellently little Jennie Worrell acts the character of "Nan," every one knows; the concluding piece was *John Jones*, in which Mr. Dan Setchell, as "Guy Goodluck," kept the audience in continual roars of laughter. Mr. Setchell's speeches are a great feature in the entertainment at the Academy; he possesses an inexhaustible fund of wit, and however often he may be called upon for a speech never fails to say a good thing or two each time. The Worrell Sisters have, as yet, appeared in but one burlesque, *Fra Diavolo*; others, which are in preparation and will shortly be produced, with fine scenery and music, will serve better to display their talent, than the minor parts which they have filled in several farces. A matinee is given to-day, when the same capital bill will be performed.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Myers, the widow of the young comedian, G. E. Myers, who lost his life by the accident which occurred to the steamer *Yosemite*, will receive a benefit, at the hands of Mr. Dan Setchell and the company of the Academy. All connected with the establishment have tendered their services gratuitously on this occasion; therefore all the money taken on Tuesday night will go to succor the poor widow, so sadly bereaved, and help her to secure a provision for her little child. I need say no more. San Francisco people always, on such occasions as these, look to it that the house is crowded. TOUCHSTONE.

GUY HEAVYSTONE;

OR, "ENTIRE."

A MUSCULAR NOVEL.

By the Author of "Sword and Gown," "Border and Bastile," etc.

CONDENSED BY "BRET."

CHAPTER I.

"Nerei repandirostrum incurvicervicum pecus."

A dingy, swashy, splashy afternoon in October; a school yard filled with a mob of riotous boys. A lot of us standing outside.

Suddenly came a dull, crashing sound from the school room. At the ominous interruption I shuddered involuntarily, and called to Smithsye:

"What's up, Smithums?"

"Guy's cleaning out the fourth form," he replied.

At the same moment George de Coverly passed me, holding his nose, from whence the bright Norman blood streamed redly. To him the plebeian Smithsye laughingly:

"Cully! how's his nibs?"

I pushed the door of the school room open. There are some spectacles which a man never forgets. The burning of Troy probably seemed a large-sized conflagration to the pious Æneas, and made an impression on him which he carried away with the feeble Anchises.

In the centre of the room, lightly brandishing the piston-rod of a steam engine, stood Guy Heavystone alone. I say alone, for the pile of small boys on the floor in the corner could hardly be called company.

I will try and sketch him for the reader. Guy Heavystone was then only fifteen. His broad, deep chest, his sinewy and quivering flank, his straight pastern showed him to be a thorough-bred. Perhaps he was a trifle heavy in the fetlock, but he held his head haughtily erect. His eyes were glittering but pitiless. There was a sternness about the lower part of his face — the old Heavystone look — a sternness, heightened, perhaps, by the snaffle bit, which, in one of his strange freaks, he wore in his mouth to curb his occasional ferocity. His dress was well adapted to his square set and herculean frame. A striped knit under-shirt, close fitting striped tights and a few spangles set off his figure; a neat Glengarry cap adorned his head. On it was displayed the Heavystone crest, a cock *regardant* on a dunghill *or*, and the motto, "Devil a better!"

I thought of Horatius on the bridge, of Hector before the walls. I always make it a point to think of something classical at such times.

He saw me, and his sternness partly relaxed. Something like a smile struggled through his grim lineaments. It was

like looking on the Jungfrau after having seen Mont Blanc—a trifle, only a trifle less sublime and awful. Resting his hand lightly on the shoulder of the head-master, who shuddered and collapsed under his touch, he strode toward me.

His walk was peculiar. You could not call it a stride. It was like the "crest-tossing Bellerophon"—a kind of prancing gait. Guy Heavystone pranced toward me.

CHAPTER II.

"Lord Lovel he stood at the garden gate,
A-combing his milk-white steed."

It was the winter of 186–, when I next met Guy Heavystone. He had left the University and had entered the 76th "Heavies." "I have exchanged the gown for the sword, you see," he said, grasping my hand, and fracturing the bones of my little finger, as he shook it.

I gazed at him with unmixed admiration. He was squarer, sterner and in every way smarter and more remarkable than ever. I began to feel toward this man as Phalaster felt towards Phyrgino, as somebody must have felt toward Archididascalus, as Boswell felt toward Johnson.

"Come into my den," he said, and lifting me gently by the seat of my pantaloons, he carried me up stairs and deposited me, before I could apologize, on a sofa. I looked around the room. It was a bachelor's apartment, characteristically furnished in the tastes of the proprietor. A few claymores and battle-axes were ranged against the wall, and a culverin, captured by Sir Ralph Heavystone, occupied the corner, the other end of the room being taken up by a light battery. Foils, boxing-gloves, saddles and fishing-poles lay around carelessly. A small pile of billets-doux lay upon a silver salver. This man was not an anchorite, nor yet a Sir Galahad.

I never could tell what Guy thought of women. "Poor little beasts," he would often say, when the conversation turned on any of his fresh conquests. Then, passing his hand over his marble brow, the old look of stern fixedness of purpose and unflinching severity would straighten the lines of his mouth, and he would mutter, half to himself, "S'death!"

"Come with me to Heavystone Grange. The Exmoor Hounds throw off to-morrow. I'll give you a mount," he said, as he amused himself by rolling up a silver candlestick between his fingers. "You shall have *Cleopatra*. But stay," he added, thoughtfully; "now I remember, I ordered *Cleopatra* to be shot this morning."

"And why?" I queried.

"She threw her rider yesterday and fell on him—"

"And killed him?"

"No. That's the reason why I have ordered her to be shot. I keep no animals that are not dangerous—I should add—*deadly!*" He hissed the last sentence between his teeth, and a gloomy frown descended over his calm brow.

I affected to turn over the tradesman's bills that lay on the table; for, like all of the Heavystone race, Guy seldom paid cash, and said:

"You remind me of the time when Leonidas—"

"O, bother Leonidas and your classical allusions. Come!" We descended to dinner.

CHAPTER III.

"He carries weight, he rides a race,
'Tis for a thousand pound."

"There is Flora Billingsgate, the greatest coquette and hardest rider in the country," said my companion, Ralph Mortmain, as we stood upon Dingleby common before the meet.

I looked up and beheld Guy Heavystone bending haughtily over the saddle, as he addressed a beautiful brunette. She was indeed a splendidly groomed and high-spirited woman. We were near enough to overhear the following conversation, which any high-toned reader will recognize as the common and natural expression of the higher classes.

"When Diana takes the field the chase is not wholly confined to objects *ferœ naturæ*," said Guy, darting a significant glance at his companion. Flora did not shrink either from the glance or the meaning implied in the sarcasm.

"If I were looking for an Endymion, now—" she said archly, as she playfully cantered over a few hounds and leaped a five-barred gate.

Guy whispered a few words, inaudible to the rest of the party, and curvetting slightly, cleverly cleared two of the huntsmen in a flying leap, galloped up the front steps of the mansion, and dashing at full speed through the hall, leaped through the drawing-room window and rejoined me, languidly, on the lawn.

"Be careful of Flora Billingsgate," he said to me, in low stern tones, while his pitiless eye shot a baleful fire. "*Gardez vous!*"

Gnothi seauton," I replied calmly, not wishing to appear to be behind him in perception or verbal felicity.

Guy started off in high spirits. He was well carried. He and the first whip, a ten-stone man, were head and head at the last fence, while the hounds were rolling over their fox, a hundred yards farther in the open.

But an unexpected circumstance occurred. Coming back, his chestnut mare refused a ten-foot wall. She reared and fell backward. Again he led her up to it lightly; again she refused, falling heavily from the coping. Guy started to his feet. The old pitiless fire shone in his eyes; the old stern look settled around his mouth. Seizing the mare by the tail and mane he threw her over the wall. She landed twenty feet on the other side, erect and trembling. Lightly leaping the same obstacle himself, he remounted her. She did not refuse the wall the next time.

CHAPTER IV.

"He holds him by his glittering eye."

Guy was in the north of Ireland, cock-shooting. So Ralph Mortmain told me, and also that the match between Mary Brandagee and Guy had been broken off by Flora Billingsgate. "I don't like those Billingsgates," said Ralph, "they're a bad stock. Her father, Smithfield de Billingsgate, had an unpleasant way of turning up the knave from the bottom of the pack. But *nous verrons;* let us go and see Guy."

The next morning, we started for Fin-ma-Coul's Crossing. When I reached the shooting box, where Guy was entertaining a select company of friends, Flora Billingsgate greeted me with a saucy smile.

Guy was even squarer and sterner than ever. His gusts of passion were more frequent, and it was with difficulty that he could keep an able-bodied servant in his family. His present retainers were more or less maimed from exposure to the fury of their master. There was a strange cynicism, a cutting sarcasm in his address, piercing through his polished manner. I thought of Timon, etc., etc.

One evening, we were sitting over our Chambertin, after a hard day's work, and Guy was listlessly turning over some letters, when suddenly he uttered a cry. Did you ever hear the trumpeting of a wounded elephant? It was like that.

I looked at him with consternation. He was glancing at a letter which he held at arm's length, and snorting, as it were, at it as he gazed. The lower part of his face was stern, but not as rigid as usual. He was slowly grinding between his teeth the fragments of the glass he had just been drinking from. Suddenly, he seized one of the servants, and, forcing the wretch upon his knees, exclaimed with the roar of a tiger:

"Dog! why was this kept from me?"

"Why, please, sir, Miss Flora said as how it was a reconciliation, from Miss Brandagee, and it was to be kept from you where you would not be likely to see it—and—and"

"Speak, dog! and you—"

"I put it among your bills, sir!"

With a groan, like distant thunder, Guy fell swooning to the floor.

He soon recovered, for the next moment a servant came rushing into the room with the information that a number of the ingenuous peasantry of the neighborhood were about to indulge that evening in the national pastime of burning a farmhouse and shooting a landlord. Guy smiled a fearful smile, without, however, altering his stern and pitiless expression.

"Let them come," he said camly; "I feel like entertaining company."

We barricaded the doors and windows, and then chose our arms from the armory. Guy's choice was a singular one: it was a landing net with a long handle, and a sharp cavalry sabre.

We were not destined to remain long in ignorance of its use. A howl was heard from without and a party of fifty or sixty armed men precipitated themselves against the door.

Suddenly the window opened. With the rapidity of lightning, Guy Heavystone cast the net over the head of the ringleader, ejaculated "*Habet!*" and with a back stroke of his cavalry sabre, severed the member from its trunk, and drawing the net back again, cast the gory head upon the floor, saying quietly:

"One."

Again the net was cast, the steel flashed, the net was withdrawn and an ominous "Two!" accompanied the head as it rolled on the floor.

"Do you remember what Pliny says of the gladiator?" said Guy, calmly wiping his sabre. "How graphic is that passage commencing: '*Inter nos, etc.*'" The sport continued until the heads of twenty desperadoes had been gathered in. The rest seemed inclined to disperse. Guy incautiously shewed himself at the door; a ringing shot was heard, and he staggered back pierced through the heart. Grasping the door post in the last unconscious throes of his mighty frame, the whole side of the house yielded to that earthquake tremor, and we had barely time to escape before the whole building fell in ruins. I thought of Samson, the Giant Judge, etc., etc.; but all was over.

Guy Heavystone had died as he had lived—*hard.*

LITERARY NOTES.

Owen Meredith receives the following gentle thrust from the *Pall Mall Gazette:* "In the *Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1860, appeared a poem entitled 'Last Words,' by Owen Meredith. The verses ended thus:

Night sleeps. The hoarse wolf howls not near,
No dull owl beats the casement, and no rough-bearded star
Stares on my mild departure from yon dark window bar.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for May, 1865, (in an article on the dramatists of the Elizabethan era,) contains the following quotation from Webster:

No rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement: the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion.

How curious is this coincidence! A poet dies. More than two centuries elapse, and then another poet arises who repeats the ideas and images of his half-forgotten predecessor, in nearly the same order, and in precisely the same language!"

"Dear Jonathan," says an advertisement in a recent English paper, "the Predictions in 'Old Moore's Almanack, for 1867,' foretold that a great crime would be committed in America. Your good President Lincoln, after he had forgiven all his enemies, was taken from the world by the mad act of a murderer. Other perilous and remarkable events will shortly occur; they are anticipated in the Predictions contained in the Almanack for 1866, which may be had of all booksellers and newsmen; price 1*d.*"

Whittier is named by a contemporary as the author of a poem called "The Maiden's Prayer," which was, in fact, written by N. P. Willis. It begins thus:

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair.

It occurs to us that this maiden must have lived prior to to the advent of the "water-fall." At present, we believe, the maidens put away their soft brown—or black—hair, before going to their "delicious sleep."

Payne Collier's last addition to our *Old English Literature*, marked No. 14 of his list, is Humphrey Crowch's *Love's Court of Conscience*, (date 1637,) a sort of crude Art of Love. Crowch, of whom very little is known, is said by Mr. Collier to have been a ballad-writer of the time, and to have written many popular songs. As a guide to popular taste, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War, this work is curious.

Jas. Schonberg, the dramatist, has written a burlesque of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, entitled, *Between You and Me and the Post.* It will be produced at provincial theatres by the Webb Sisters. Mr. Schonberg has also written a new piece for Miss Maggie Mitchell, and still another new play, entitled *Trismegistus*, which is shortly to be produced at the New Bowery Theatre.

A work is announced by De Vries, Ibarra & Co., of Boston, that promises much, if we may trust its title: "*Dante, La Divina Comedia.* Original text, revised after Fraticelli and Carlo Witte. The first American edition in Italian. With English, by an eminent American Dante scholar. Illustrated by seventy-six wood engravings, after Gustave Dore.''

E. S. Dallas, of London, has a work in press, called *The Gay Science—Essays towards the Science of Criticism.* Mr. Dallas published, many years ago, *Poetics*, a work containing new and striking ideas. It is understood that the present volume is a development of the principles then first promulgated.

Augustus Kotzebue, son of the famous dramatist who wrote the original of *The Stranger*—the original of which is, substantially, Sheridan's—has written a comedy, entitled *The Dangerous Friend.* The piece has been performed at Dresden. The author adopts the pen-name of "Augustsohn."

W. D. Howells, the poet, now United States Consul at Venice, is in New York, having leave of absence from his Consulate. Mr. Howells has written a book on Venice, which will be published soon by Hurd & Houghton.

Victor Hugo's three new books are to be published in succession, in the course of a year. The first is a volume of poems—*Echoes of the Woods and Streets;* the second is a volume of plays; and the third is his novel, *Sea Laborers.*

Mrs. Trelawney, (Howard,) lately deceased, the former intimate of Louis Napoleon, is reported to have left a diary of her life and times, which may chance to get into print.

George Sand (Madame Dudevant) is described by a contemporary as "the only author, constitutionally and practically unhappy, who has written nothing misanthropic."

Sir Walter Raleigh has lately been made the subject of a new memoir, by J. A. St. John, based, it is said, on materials not hitherto used by Raleigh's biographers.

Another Trollope (Frank) has appeared as a novelist. Verily the Trollope family is an inexhaustible tribe of inexhaustible scribblers.

New York Review.

"HARIKIRI."

ONE of the remarkable traits of the Japanese is the contempt of life—or rather, the readiness they exhibit to destroy it in their own persons—as manifested in the frequent performance of the "harikiri," or art of self-murder. An instance of this sort is mentioned in the late Japan papers, alluded to elsewhere, which is certainly peculiar. A man performed "harikiri" to attest the truth of his statements which affected the character of his superior.

We believe it was our fortune—no record exists of any previous visit—to be one of the first party of Americans that ever set foot on Japan soil. On the occasion of that visit, it was also our fortune to witness a case of "harikiri." As the incidents connected with that event may prove interesting at this time, we will briefly narrate them.

In the month of March, 1847, while attempting to pass through the Straits of Matsma or Sangar, which separate the Islands of Jesso and Niphon, a severe storm arose; and to take refuge from it, our vessel was compelled to put into a protected bay or harbor of the latter island. Some fifteen Japanese junks lay at anchor in the bay—evidently "wind-bound"—in front of a small town of some five thousand inhabitants. The appearance of our craft created great commotion. The junks immediately slipped their cables, and put off to the leeward side of the bay with all possible speed. Knowing nothing of the inhabitants, we had an intense curiosity to learn something. As soon as possible a boat was manned from the ship, and a party of us landed in the village. The inhabitants seemed to be divided between fear and astonishment; the town appeared to be under the police control of two officers, armed each with two swords, one a long blade and a short handle, and the other a short blade and a long handle. These officers appeared to be terribly exercised. They offered no violence, but did everything else to prevent our party from entering the town. In spite of their vigilance, however, we did explore it to some extent, and even entered one of their temples—the inhabitants, meantime, gazing upon the party with a mixture of childish astonishment and awe, but not molesting us in any shape.

The next day we noticed from the ship a great commotion, in town, and the appearance of soldiers. Anxious to see what was to be seen, a boat was again manned and a party of us again went ashore—this time manifesting rather more caution than usual. However, we finally landed, and soon our entire party found themselves in the presence of three Daimios, or Chiefs, surrounded by about one hundred armed guards. Here also was one of the excited officers of the preceding day. The Japanese people approached the Chiefs on their hands and knees. The Captain of our vessel, who was with us, followed suit, having read that "when in Rome do as Romans do," and being fully convinced that under the circumstances, being in Japan, it was decidedly politic to "do as Japanese do." After an infinite number of signs and genuflections, evidently for the purpose of finding out the object of our unheralded and unexpected visit, which were answered by various signs which appeared satisfactory, we were conveyed to a hollow square, in the centre of troops, and then all arraigned before the Daimios. The excited official of the first day was present, and in a greater state of excitement than ever, kneeling, talking, and beseeching. Finally, he out with his short-bladed instrument and opened his bowels, falling dead. Subsequently his body was removed. We had witnessed the "harikiri," and tremblingly expected that death would be the portion of the whole party. But it appears one sacrifice was enough. We were not blamed for landing; the officer was blamed for allowing us to land.

After the scene mentioned, the Daimios had a talk, and then ordered refreshments for us. These having been disposed of, two of our party were seized by a guard of soldiers. As we could not understand a word of what was said, we of course expected to be led to immediate execution. It turned out instead, to our great relief, that the parties were only to be kept as hostages while an officer was sent to examine the ship. After his examination, rice and samschu were sent on board, and our party warned by signs to leave as soon as possible. We obeyed the order with alacrity, and so ended our experience of the "harikiri."—*San Francisco Call.*

PUTTING OUT THE LIGHTS.—At Macao, on the ground floor, a large table was spread for a late dinner. It was covered with many delicacies, and, as usual, there was an abundance of silver plate. The sun had gone down, the wax candles were lighted, the windows left open for the benefit of the evening breeze. Suddenly a great number of bamboos were seen to enter on all sides from the verandahs: at the same moment every bougie was extinguished by a puff from the bamboo hollow tubes. The apartment was involved in darkness, a band of thieves jumped in, and before the astounded guests knew where they were, or what was doing, the whole of the plate was conveyed away, and a boat having, no doubt, been provided for the transport of the spoil either to a neighboring island or to the mainland of China, no trace was ever found of the robbery or the robbers. The silver made its way very speedily to the melting-pot, and the successful invaders, who had their confederates around or about the house, would have no difficulty in finding participators and protectors among the *ladrones* who have given a name to the robber islands haunted from time immemorial by plunderers and pirates.

TRULY RURAL.

IN A COTTAGE NEAR A WASP'S NEST.

[NOTES BY A DISGUSTED VISITOR FROM LONDON.]

MORNING.—The early bee on my dressing table. Suicide of earwig in my bath. Have to shake all my clothes to see that nothing has crawled in during the night. Feel in the toes of my slippers with the tongs. Once knew a man who found a wasp in the toe of his slipper. Repeat process with boots.

Breakfast Time.—First appearance of wasps. Desultory feeding in consequence. Everything on the table, including napkins, becomes a defensive weapon against the wasps. Some are knocked down. Uncertainty as to their being killed. They crawl and sting. Once knew a man who was stung through his stockings by a crawling wasp. Every one sits like a tailor or Turk on his chair. Ladies nervous. Pocket handkerchiefs used for hitting at wasps. Knew a man once who got a wasp in his pocket handkerchief, and it crept up his nose. Forget what became of him.

Between Breakfast and Lunch.—Wasps on the grass. Under the trees. In the sun, in the shade. Any place on the grass free from wasps is occupied by ants, or bumble-bees. They say bumble-bees don't sting. I tried one. Didn't it? Sit beside of murmuring brook. Dragon flies, fearful-looking creatures that come at you with a whirring noise. They say they don't sting. Never tried. Don't intend to.

Lunch.—More wasps. Desultory feeding as before. Helping each other by fits and starts. Hornets join the merry throng. After a time a queen wasp and king hornet, to judge by their size. The king hornet suddenly disappears; it is supposed that he is insidiously on the carpet. Luncheon finished.

Afternoon.—In the shade, flies, small but imitating wasps. In the sun, wasps and hornets. Horse-flies from three till four. Dogs try to catch wasps, and shake their heads for some time afterwards.

Dinner.—A few wasps. King hornet still unaccounted for.

Evening.—Cockchafers on the lawn; also Gnats who bite viciously. Daddy longlegs. Moths of all sizes, in-doors. Rats outside. Toads on gravel walk. All, except toads, in bed-room. See with tongs if king hornet is in my slippers. Spider on bed curtains. Daddies whirring about. Hate country. Shall at once return to my rooms and my Club in St. James's street.—*Punch.*

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN IN AUSTRALIA.—After wandering among the hills for a considerable time, we were at last directed to the spot, when about a mile from it, by the strong sulphurous smell borne on the wind. Turning our horses' head in that direction, we soon came upon the mountain. It was smoking and steaming in all directions, but at the time of our visit there was no fire visible. Sometimes, particularly on a dark night, the flames can be seen blazing up with a lurid glare. The subterranean fire has apparently left its former site and is gradually working under an opposite hill. Through the great fissures in the ground can be heard the fire roaring beneath like an immense furnace, and to such tremendous depths has it penetrated in some places, that if a large stone is thrown down it cannot be heard to touch the bottom, but the sound gradually dies away in the depths below. In others, a stone thrown down immediately explodes with a noise like a muffled gun. The ground everywhere is very warm, and is covered with white ashes, (said to be good for the sore backs of horses,) and all the stones lying about are so hot that it is impossible to handle them. Everything is covered with a thick coating of sulphur, and the strong sulphurous atmosphere becomes so oppressive that it is impossible to remain long on the spot. The mountain is known to have been burning for the last fifty years, and there is more than one theory as to its origin. It is, however, evidently not volcanic; at least according to the usual meaning attached to the word volcano. Without professing to be geologists, we have no doubt it is an immense coal seam on fire. Carboniferous deposits are of very frequent occurrence in the neighborhood, and the mountain range parallel with the burning mountain appears to be in a direct line with some of the coal seams in the locality of Newcastle. Having thoroughly explored the mountain and its environs, and collected a few specimens, we made our way back to the inn, amply repaid for the trouble we had taken, and should recommend all visitors of the district of Murrurundi, who delight to pry into the curiosities of nature, to pay a visit to the burning mountain.

AN *operatta* by a lady, Miss Virginia Gabriel, has been produced in London at German Reed's Gallery of Illustration. It is called *Widows Bewitched.* The lady composer, says a competent critic, is never commonplace in her melodies, but shows a power of dramatic coloring throughout, while a quartette, in which the soprano sings a florid accompaniment to the principal subject, is an elaborate piece of writing.

LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE OF SUNDAY.—Between the 55th and 59th degrees of north latitude—that is to say, between John O'Groat's House and the boundary line which divides England from Scotland—it is considered contrary to good morals and religion to play musical instruments on Sunday, or to sing any songs but sacred ones. Within these parallels of latitude whistling on Sunday is down-right impiety. Get into a train bound for the south, and in two hours time you will have left the whistling parallel behind you. You may whistle now on Sunday; you may sing what songs you please; you may play the fiddle; nay, you may even dance, and few will challenge your pleasure. It is but a twelve hours' journey from Edinburg to London. At six o'clock in the morning you are whistling over your breakfast in Prince street, and the Scotch lassie in attendance is horrified. At six o'clock in the evening you are listening to the band in Regent's Park; and thousands of English lasses are there, dressed in all their best, promenading up and down to the time. If you were to bring the Scotch lassie and show her this scene—horns blowing, drums beating, and ten thousand couples sweethearting under the trees—she would draw in her breath and exclaim: "Eh, gude be here! Did ever ony body see the like—playing polkas on Sunday? I wonder whaur they expect to gang to!" But now in turn take one of these English lasses over with you to Paris; move her from where the longitude is 0 to the 6th parallel east, and she will be as much shocked to see the Parisians going to the theatre on Sunday evening as the Scotch lassie was to see the Londoners promenading in Regent's Park and listening to polkas. A few degrees of latitude make a difference one way; a few degrees of longitude make a difference another. Go north, and you mustn't whistle; come south, and you may play the fiddle; move sideways a little, toward the east, and you may whistle, play the fiddle, and go to the play. Which parallel rules the right morality in this matter I will not pretend to decide.

ENGLISH HOMES.—A provincial correspondent of a London paper draws a picture of English country life and city people in the following paragraph: "This place is one of those 'ancestral homes of England, which are the admiration of foreigners and our own glory and pride, being the very perfection of luxury and comfort. The French, as a rule, see very little of our interior life—at least, such literary men as enlighten the world upon 'England and the English' see and know very little of it; they mostly judge us by our London life, than which there cannot be a greater mistake, if the object is to acquire an idea of an English lady or gentleman *at home.* How often have I noticed the change which has come over the hard committee-working member of Parliament, when his carriage-wheels have passed his lodge gate. Every Englishman of position is a country gentleman at heart; he *lives* in the country, he *works* in town. There is something more cordial in the shake of his hand when he stands in the old hall, accoutred in his shooting jacket, and his smile is more genial at dinner, when he motions to you to sit next his firm friend, the rector. Then 'my lady' has time to talk, with sympathy and kindness, of your far-away brother in India. She bids you come with her and tell her all about his engagement, and his prospects, while she is drawing on her gardening gloves; for she is going, the first thing after breakfast, to cut the flowers herself in the green-house. The gay lady has doffed her 'silk attire,' and walks about in a linen dress and a plain straw hat. A great deal of conventionality vanishes away when you see her 'at home,' but really in her own house, among her neighbors, rich and poor."

MODERN VENICE.—"Glorious as Venice is, she wears a frown even to the stranger's eye. The people look moody. There is no sort of friendly relation between them and the Austrians. Soldiers patrol the streets and the great piazza night and day; cannon frown under the historic arcades of the ducal palace, and an imperial gunboat lies off the molo. The excellent bands of the Austrian regiments discourse sweet music on the Place of St. Mare, but no voice rises in applause. One fancies that the people know this is a part of the *ladi* which politic despots use, in all ages, to make their subjects forget their slavery. It is evident Austria feels by no means secure in the possession of this 'gem of the sea.'" *Correspondent of the London Times.*

CAT EXCHANGE.—Amongst the curious old institutions still extant, in Florence, is a house of refuge for cats. It is a cloister situated on the side of the church of San Lorenzo. When you wish to get rid of one of these interesting quadrupeds, instead of killing it, you send it to that interesting establishment. On the other hand, when you want a feline companion, you have only to go there to find a complete assortment of tabbies, tortoise-shells, blacks, whites, grays, and every other color usual to the race of cats. There will be seen old cats, middle-aged cats, and cats just budding into youth; Angoras as well as the common species; in short, every variety of the species is plentiful in that unique institution.

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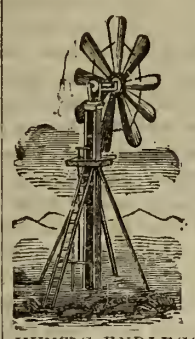

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FOREIGN MUSICAL ITEMS.

THE *Round Table* has the following:

THE professorship of music at Edinburgh University, with a salary of £1,000, is vacant, and the fact gives the *Orchestra* a reason—or, rather, an excuse—for indulging in the following fling: "The Almighty has been denied his rights in the matter of music by the whole Scottish nation. With the Scots music is not worship-music; it is not an order that the Almighty is entitled to receive as his *right*, and in obedience to his command. Whenever this delusion exists in any nation, there is no national advance in music, and there is no composer. Scotland, so long as she nourishes this prejudice to herself, will stand without music among the nations of Europe. She is too puritanically pious to evoke the Satanic school of musical art; she will never sing of adultery and murder with the nerve and *élan* of a Meyerbeer, a Verdi, or a Gounod. She will never give birth to an organ fugue of Bach—for she hates the organ, and pronounces on the Psalms, in which the word appears, with all the bland disbelief of a Colenso. She will never have any great singers, for she drawls through her own ballad psalms, and reads those of God Almighty. She prefers 'Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane' to the songs of David the son of Jesse. What more need be said? If people will go in for all praying, and make a routine of their own as to singing, such must be the inevitable result. If Scotland desires to have music she must make the foundation right, or the superstructure will be all wrong. Music, to attain its real and high destiny with the nation, must form a prominent portion of her order in divine worship, and the senate of the university should endeavor to adapt the duties of their professor in music to this end."

THE other day a batch of musical and dramatic Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor was made in Paris. Those included in the distinction were MM. Montigny (the director of the Gymnase,) Lockroy, Mermet (composer of "Roland,") Barbier, and Duprey. The work which will be shortly presented by the latter is now said not to be the much-talked-of "*Samson*," but a "*Jeanne d'Arc*." The heroine of the tale is admirably suited for French opera. His poet is M. Méry, aided by a *collaborateur*.

THE Conservatory at Munich has been annihilated by royal ordinance, whether to be reconstructed on principles of "the future" or not, time will show. It is to be divided, says the *Gazette Musicale*, into three distinct schools: a singing and dramatic, an instrumental, and a theoretical school.

"OPERA DI CAMERA" has reappeared at its old quarters, the "Gallery of Illustration," London, under Mr. German Reed's management. The two pieces now being played are *Widows Bewitched*, by the lady known as Virginia Gabriel, and a farce of Offenbach, known as *Ching-chowhi*.

CAROLINE FERNI, formerly celebrated as a violinist, has been selected to sing the part of "Selika" at the production of "L'Africaine" in Bologna. A burlesque of this opera, by the way, is announced at a London theatre.

THE Abbé Liszt was announced to superintend the production of his Oratorio, "St. Elizabeth," at Pesth, and then return to Rome to take office as director of the music of the Papal chapel.

MR. JOHN HULLAH and Dr. Wylde are mentioned as candidates for the chair of music in the University of Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Professor Donaldson.

A NEW opera called *John of Naples* has been produced at Prague. The music is by Herr Sulzer.

THE name of Signor Coriolano Zimalo comes from Trieste as the name of a tenor of promise.

TITIENS, Sinico, Mario, Bossi, and Sautley are giving a season of opera in Manchester.

FROM the *N. Y. Review* we clip the following:

M. BAGIER has arranged matters with the members of his Band in Paris. A trifling additament to their salaries has worked wonders. There are now no further orchestral difficultics. Three new ballets are already named: "Le Basilic," in one act, the music by M. le Comte Graziani, in which Mdlle. Urbon will sustain the principal part; "Les Noces Valaques," composed by Signor Matiozzi; and "Les Elements," the music by M. Pugni, and Madame Grédelue-Mérante as principal *danseuse*.

TAYLOR, the opera-manager—at London, in the last century—was once present, at a dinner, when several of the guests were discussing "the death penalty." One of the disputants suddenly asked him, "What would you inflict, then, on a criminal of the worst kind?" "By Jove!" cried Taylor, suddenly, "make him manager of the Opera House. If he deserve a worse punishment, he must be a devil incarnate."

M. ALBERT GRISAR'S *Les Porcherons*—an opera in high favor many years ago at the Opéra-Comique—has been most successfully revived in Paris. The chief characters are now sustained by Mesdames Galli-Marie, Belia, and Revilly, MM. Montaubry, Sainte-Foy, Crosti and Bataille. Madame Gennetier, after a *congé* of three months, has returned to the Opéra-Comique and made her reappearance in *Galathée*.

THE ASIATIC CHOLERA.

WHAT IT IS, AND HOW TO MANAGE IT.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

THE first two stages of cholera consist of, first, diarrhœa; secondly, of a species of vomiting, wherein the patient does not generally experience nausea, but simply throws off fluid from the stomach, as in the emetic operations which accompany dyspepsia or indigestion; then commence the cramps, which, in some cases, are not very severe, in others frightful and most agonizing; this stage almost immediately succeeds the evacuations of what has been aptly termed "rice water," from its similitude to that substance; and indicates conclusively that the natural fœces have been entirely discharged. This fluid is thrown off from the multitude of minute blood-vessels situated on the surface of the intestines, and consists of the serum—a fluid principle of the blood. It is the discharge of this fluid, which, from the commencement of the diarrhœa, incorporating with the ordinary contents of the bowels, causes the fluid state of the evacuations, which pass generally without pain or much inconvenience, and, therefore, cause no alarm until the whole fluid portion of the blood is thus discharged; superinducing the third stage of debility, cramps, blue skin, loss of pulse, cold sweats, clenched fingers, cold tongue, and an indescribable coldness of the whole body. The vomiting still continues, with continued evacuations, violent cramps, difficult breathing, and loss of the power of speech, and a terrible loss of the substance around the eyes, causing them to sink even deeper than those of a corpse; and this in so short a space as to be incredible to those who may not have witnessed it.

And this is the effect of the diarrhœa, which is so insidious as to give no concern to the patient until the vomitings commence, and which produces, nevertheless, the loss of all the circulating fluid of the blood-vessels, and those terrible results called "cholera." In fact, the disease is not cholera-morbus, but rather a diarrhœa of an insidious and most extraordinary character; and, had it originated in this country, or in Europe, would, no doubt, have been so considered and classified; but the Asiatics (indifferent judges in such matters) are so wanting in reflection that they observe only the sensible changes which appear toward the close; and disregard the diarrhœa, being so free from pain, and not calculated to excite alarm, but which is nevertheless the real malady.

To illustrate more clearly my idea of this disease, I will state the effects produced by the operation of bleeding with the lancet, until faintness is produced; then indicate the similitude of this state with the cholera, and afterwards point out the difference in the symptoms, and the causes of that difference.

When the lancet is inserted in the arm of a patient to effect a copious flow of blood, he experiences no inconvenience until a considerable quantity has been taken away; and if he should be lying down, the quantity may be quite large before any constitutional effect manifests itself. In surgical practice, when it is desirable to produce faintness, the patient is bled standing, and the effect is more rapid, caused by the gravitation of the blood, which, in an erect posture, inclines downwards, leaving the brain, heart and lungs without stimulus; faintness is the immediate consequence; but in a recumbent position, these organs maintain their action for a much longer time, because the loss of a considerable quantity is required before the volume of circulating fluid is sufficiently reduced to cause a suspension of the functions of those vital organs, and to produce syncope or fainting. After some minutes, the arteries contract upon the reduced mass of blood, re-establishing the relation between their capacity and their contents; the circulation recommences, the patient revives, and, maintaining a horizontal position, is soon relieved.

But any one who has been present at this phenomenon of syncope will have noted the cramps and nausea which generally accompany it; in this case, the surface of the patient is very pale, while in cholera it is equally remarkable for the blue color of the whole surface. The reason is obvious: in the evacuations of water by means of the copious sweats and the diarrhœa, all the coloring matter of the blood remains behind, and for the want of fluid ceases to circulate; the arteries continuing to pulsate, precipitate these particles into the minutest vessels, and there deposit the oxygen they may have acquired in passing through the lungs, and absorb carbon, which imparts the blue color to the skin; and this change of color is the only difference there is between the last symptoms of cholera and those of excessive blood-letting.

THE REMEDY.

Let me here say that these curative directions may be relied on. I have seen, professionally, two or three hundred cases, and many more in hospitals. In my own practice I have not lost a single one.

Summarily, remember always, that this disease is of the intestines solely, commencing with diarrhœa until two or three evacuations per day, causing, generally, no pains, and so slight as to cause no alarms. This is strictly, and in itself, the disease; and in distinction from ordinary diarrhœa must be stopped; and this cannot be done with too great promptness.

Indeed, immediately that the epidemic influence manifests itself in a community, the inhabitants should adopt a stringent diet, avoid all purgatives and every purgative element, living principally on rice in its various modes of preparation, fresh meats (that is, not salted,) roasted or boiled, or beef or mutton. Boiled eggs, chicken broth or soup, very little salted, and warm drinks in place of cold ones. Avoid as poisonous all acid fruits and vegetables. Even potatoes have been discharged undigested after a lapse of twenty hours, and that by a robust man, previously of good health. Every kind of fermented drink, as beer, ale, porter, and cider, is also very bad. In no case, during the prevalence of the disease, should warm or fresh bread be used, and none less than a day old.

Should one feel attacks, by the diarrhœa or dysentery, the most perfect quiet in bed should be enjoined with a light and nutritious diet, with warm drinks, with injections of laudanum in one or two tablespoonfuls of warm water—a dose of laudanum being a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful, according to the force of the diarrhœa. If, with this treatment, the diarrhœa is checked, although the debility of the stomach continues, or, so to speak, the inclination to vomit, it is of no consequence; the same thing occurs in taking blood from a patient in the ordinary way. His nausea is of no importance, neither his faintness and prostration, provided the bleeding is stopped, because so soon as this is effected, all these cease spontaneously. So, in this disease, suppressing the discharge from the blood vessels of the intestinal canal by opiate and astringent injections, the patient is saved. At the same time he might take ten or twelve drops of saturated tincture of camphor, as a restorative and anti-spasmodic cordial, every hour, until it produces a copious perspiration. At the same time he should be kept well covered in bed with hot bricks or bottles of hot water at his feet.

An excellent preparation to stop the diarrhœa is the chalk mixture, and is prepared of half ounce of prepared chalk; half ounce of tincture of kino; half ounce of elixir paregoric; two drachms powder gum arabic; two drachms powder sugar; three ounces peppermint water.

In cases of violent diarrhœa, a wineglassful may be taken at once; when not so violent, a tablespoonful every two hours, or oftener, if the evacuations continue.

Mustard plasters on the bowels, when there is much pain, are of excellent effect.

As soon as the patient feels himself relieved, he believes himself cured and able to go about his usual occupations, and is generally anxious to go out; this, however, is extremely hazardous; and, that the cure may be thorough and complete, he should be kept in bed and wholly quiet for, at least, two or three days; a relapse is fatal.

I should caution against the use of laudanum by the mouth, in place of injection, first, because its action is less prompt upon the intestines, the seat of the disease; and, secondly, if taken into the stomach it obstructs and oppresses its functions, confuses the brain, and renders respiration difficult—while, by injection, none of these evils are perceptible.

The chalk mixture, in many cases, is all that is necessary, if administered early; but the opiate injections are invaluable, and the camphor ought to be taken at the same time.

It is necessary to inculcate the greatest cleanliness of person and habitation; quietude of mind: to avoid fruits and vegetables; not to use strong or fermented liquors, or to eat, except very lightly: thus an attack will be avoided, and when not so, it will be rendered less dangerous.

BATHING IN BELGIUM.—In Belgium, men and women, grotesquely clad, bathe together as freely as if water were their natural element. At Blakenberg, you will see the bridegroom come forth from his *baignoir*, leading his bride by the hand, and steadying her amid the surf. The father dips his daughters, and the most modest *demoiselles* in the world, from a neighboring machine, gladly avail themselves of his polite services. Sometimes a harmless acquaintanceship is struck up amongst the waves, to be perfected on dry land as occasion may offer. At the baths of Pfeffer, young men and maidens, old men and children, sit in the healing waters promiscuously, while tables of wood, bearing a newspaper or a cup of coffee, are gently floated to them, along the surface, at their call. At Dieppe, the weather-beaten bather, with his coarse blue shirt and sun-burned hat, waits patiently for the lady issuing from her marine chamber, fancifully clad, and often wearing even her necklace and rings. He listens, with his bucket in hand, while she tells him how the sea-water is to be thrown. With one it is the head, with another the arms, chest, or nape of the neck, that is first to be perfused; and another stands like a rock, while pail after pail is dashed upon the small of her back. Then, if she is young, the bather gives her a lesson on swimming, and bids her rely on the motion of her arms, and leave her feet entirely to his direction, while he guides them after the semblance of a frog.

LADIES are sovereigns of San Francisco, and are adopting the Empress Eugenie's faultless style of beautifying the complexion and skin by using that delightful article for the toilet, Davidson's Circassian Bloom.

MOSGROVE & BLAKELY'S new *Dry Goods Store* is in Coiton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Full and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients. This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits.

JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diphtheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

VISIT Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

DENTIST WORK.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and Alcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill,
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A DAINTY BRANCH OF ART.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

AHEAD AGAIN!

OREGON ALL RIGHT!

Three First Premiums

AWARDED TO

GROVER & BAKER

AT THE

OREGON STATE FAIR,

1865,

FOR

THE BEST FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE,

SEWING MACHINE WORK,

AND

ORNAMENTAL WORK!

J. J. W. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc14-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

THE MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - -	$3,500,000
Paid claims by death, - - - - - -	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - -	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter communicatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,
No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.
SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14 3m

FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

TRIAL IS THE BEST AND Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND (200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD

Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

F. L. TILESTON, Agent,
Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,
se30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

"SHOW THEM UP!"

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO

No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.

In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.

First and Highest Premium

TO THE

FLORENCE!

STATE FAIR, OREGON.

In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

11 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

oc14 1m

A MOUNTAIN REDUCED TO A Very Small Molehill!

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM

AT THE

LATE MECHANICS' FAIR!

"TO MRS. JOHN HARDING,

FOR

SKILFUL EMBROIDERY

A SILVER MEDAL."

(THAT WAS ALL.)

The joke in the Chain Stitch Machine claiming a premium will be appreciated when it is understood that all the Sewing Machine Agents who exhibited, signed, at the urgent request of the Managers of the said Fair, a written agreement, precluding any of them from entering their machines or work for a premium.

LET NONE BE DECEIVED!

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

oc7 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

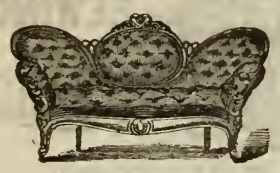
Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

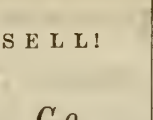
NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
TO
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MORNING
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

se23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN



Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 KEARNEY STREET,
BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,
SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23 3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD
CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

de17 3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,
139
MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

75,000
MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25 3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that
Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,
and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.
Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30-3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expresaly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JO'N KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,
For Wholesale and Retail Trade,
ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,
AT QUINCY HALL,
NOS. 545, 547, 549,
Washington Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE
MECHANICS' FAIR
IN SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,
TO
I. D. THOMPSON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
No. 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

---

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
NOVEMBER 13, 1865.

OPPOSITION TO NEW YORK!
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.
W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commander.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON MONDAY, - - - - NOVEMBER 13TH
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
ERICSSON,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

The transit of the Isthmus is a pleasant trip. Meals furnished free by the Company while crossing. A baggagemaster will be sent through by each steamer. Insurance on Treasure at the lowest rates. The San Juan and Colorado rivers are now full of water. The transit from ocean to ocean is made in twenty hours.

The steamer AMERICA will succeed the MOSES TAYLOR November 13th.

For information or passage, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING
ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.
Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.
LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!
STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over three hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ouuce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE

OF THE

SEWING MACHINES!

Campaign of 1865!

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED THE

FLORENCE!

AT THE

State Fair of California,

BY A COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF THE

BEST MECHANICAL TALENT OF THE STATE.

THE REPORT:

"FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—After a careful investigation of this NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, viewing it as we do in a mechanical point of view, we consider that it is in many respects worthy of much praise, particularly that portion of its mechanical arrangement by which the REVERSIBLE motion is obtained, which is simplicity itself, and in our opinion worthy of special consideration; also, the

COMPLETE AND POSITIVE CONTROL OVER THE TENSION,

as exhibited in this Machine, along with the mechanical arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of Machine,

FROM THE FINEST LACE TO FOUR THICKNESSES OF LEATHER.

"Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVED MACHINES NOW IN USE.

"We, therefore, in view of the above facts, award it FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM.

THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR."

SAMUEL HILL,

GENERAL AGENT,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc7 SAN FRANCISCO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

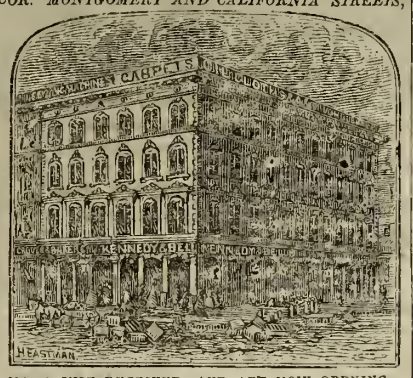
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,



HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,

Corner Montgomery and California streets,

au12-3m San Francisco.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

We would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets			$4,000,000
Security	do	do	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford: Assets nearly - - - - - - -	$8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - -	$1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company: Capital - - - - - -	$250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de8-3m

---

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,

Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,

se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER & BAKER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSON,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16-2m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,

a28 44 Lisdendorff street, San Francisco.

STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

111 Montgomery street, San Francisco.—Every Machine sold is warranted to give entire satisfaction. If there are any within one thousand miles of this office that are not working well, the owners will please inform me, and they will be attended to without expense to them.

Instruction given free, whether the persons intend to purchase or not.

SAMUEL HILL,

jy15-3m AGENT.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO,

(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer

THE LATEST STYLES

OF

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.

au12-3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

WE ARE NOT GIVING AWAY!

AT 506 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,

se30-1m No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

HILL'S HAIR DYE.

This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, OCT. 28TH,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE:
MR. G. C. BONIFACE
In the Comedy, entitled
LAUGH WHILE YOU CAN!
AND
COOL AS A CUCUMBER!

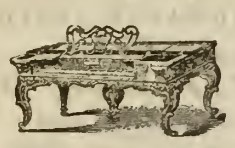
This Evening, October 28th,
BENEFIT OF
D. E. BANDMANN,
and positively the last time of his great impersonation of
HAMLET!

Monday Evening, Oct. 30th,
MR. D. E. BANDMANN,
IN
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

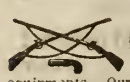
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA
IODINE
ALTERATIVE,
CURES ALL BLOOD DISEASES,
Rheumatism, Scrofula, Mercury, Hereditary Complaints
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
Eruptions, Hip Disease, Live Complaint, et cetera.
IODINE ALTERNATIVE
FOR
THE BLOOD.
No disease escapes its searching curative agencies.
CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
oc19-1m SAN FRANCISCO.

GREATEST TRIUMPH!



The "Bradbury" Piano
TOOK THE
FIRST PREMIUM
AT THE
MECHANICS' FAIR,
WHERE INSTRUMENTS FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED MAKERS WERE IN COMPETITION.
This is nothing new for the
BRADBURY,
It having received SEVEN FIRST PREMIUMS within four weeks at Eastern Fairs.
A. KOHLER, Music Dealer,
620 and 622 Washington street, San Francisco,
se23 Sole Agent for the Pacific States.

GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, ETC.



WILSON & EVANS, have constantly on hand a full assortment of Double and Single Guns, Rifles and Pistols of every description, and all necessary equipments. Our Guns, etc., are of direct importation, and we would invite country merchants to examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere, feeling confident of giving satisfaction to the wholesale and retail trade.
Only authorized Agents of the celebrated Greener Guns, London. A certificate given with each Gun.
A full assortment of Henry's, Spencer's, Sharp's Wesson's and Ballard's Repeating Rifles always on hand.
☞ New work made to order, and repairing executed in the best style. WILSON & EVANS,
No. 513 Clay street, San Francisco,

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
MR. DAN SETCHELL
Treasurer.....J. R. MITCHELL
Leader of Orchestra.....J. L. SCHMIDT

DAN SETCHELL,
THE WORRELL SISTERS,
SOPHIE, IRENE AND LITTLE JENNIE,
And a Talented Company.

FAMILY MATINEES.....EVERY SATURDAY,
At Half-Prices.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,
John Jones of the War Office.
Guy Goodluck.....Dan Setchell.
And THE WORRELL SISTERS in
FRA DIAVOLO!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28TH,
The new sensation entitled
The Live Indian;
OR, LOVE IN A CIGAR SHOP.
Tom Picket, Miss Crinoline, Hunkee Doree, (the Live Indian,).....Dan Setchell
Julia Watsou.....Miss L. Clarkson

After which, the farce of
THE GOOD FOR NOTHING!
Nan.....Little Jennie Worrell

To conclude with
JOHN JONES OF THE WAR OFFICE!
Guy Goodluck.....Dan Setchell.

TUESDAY EVENING — Benefit to the Widow of J. E. MYERS.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....$1 00
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
No extra charge for reserved seats.

CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

Stereoscopic and Album Views
OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,
EMBRACING OVER NINE HUNDRED New and Interesting Scenes in this city, and Mining Districts.
Also, Wood's celebrated
VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,
size 18x22—the finest ever published.
Catalogues free. For sale by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
oc28 1m Nos. 317 and 319 Montgomery streets.

B. H. MC'DONALD. J. C. SPENCER.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Importing and Wholesale
DRUGGISTS,
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO,
AND
SACRAMENTO CITY.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,
To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices. We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
SACRAMENTO AND
SAN FRANCISCO.
IMPORTERS OF
Dental AND Surgical Instruments,
Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments · Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work · Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short,
EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION
☞ Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.
We have constantly on hand all the
STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.
Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.
The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.
R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
oc28 and Sacramento City.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, OCT. 28TH,
Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 28TH,
Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!
OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.
Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shaun the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power.....Miss Belle Devine
Katy Welsh.....Miss Annie Yeamans

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.
No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously
Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.
The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the
BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Homans.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer
J. H. Wildes, A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox, F. D. Kellogg,
A. T. Green, Chas. R. Bond,
Geo. Hewston, M.D., *Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.
*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

SHAWLS! SHAWLS!

TAAFFE & CO.,
TAAFFE & CO.,
TAAFE & CO.
Will this Day Offer at Retail,
☞ 500 SUPER ☜
PLAID WOOL LONG SHAWLS,
MEASURING 72x144 INCHES,
AT $5 EACH, WORTH $7 50,
ALSO
A LARGE STOCK OF
BROCHE AND CASHMERE LONG AND SQUARE SHAWLS,
FROM $20 TO $400 EACH.
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
oc28 LICK BLOCK.

25 PER CENT. SAVED
IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!
PURCHASERS OF Toys and Fancy Goods, can save 25 per cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,
307 CALIFORNIA STREET.
THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their Importations of
FALL GOODS,
per steamer and sailing vessels from all parts of the world.
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The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 24. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 4, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE POET'S DELAY.

BY H. D. THOREAU.

IN vain I see the morning rise,
In vain observe the western blaze,
Who idly look to other skies,
Expecting life by other ways.

Amidst such boundless wealth without,
I only still am poor within,
The birds have sung their summer out,
But still my spring does not begin.

Shall I then wait the autumn wind,
Compelled to seek a milder day,
And leave no curious nest behind,
No woods still echoing to my lay.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

WE are glad to observe that the *Alta* shows signs of improvement. A philanthropist of the name of David Chrystal is contributing to the *Alta* a series of communications entitled, "How to Conduct a Newspaper." These papers are characterized by much sound sense, couched in better English than we are in the habit of reading in the *Alta*. The spelling is distorted, we are inclined to believe, in the office, or else Mr. David Chrystal is making fun of the *Alta*. Since these hints as to the manner in which a newspaper should be conducted have appeared, we have noticed an extraordinary improvement in at least one department of the *Alta*. The paragraphs in the local column are written in decent English. David Chrystal is engaged in a great and praiseworthy undertaking; we wish him God speed in it. In David Chrystal, the *Alta* is entertaining an angel unawares. The remarks of this writer on the subject of poetry are extremely just. We take the liberty of correcting his spelling. He says:

"We often hear people saying 'I should like to learn to be a poet.' Such an expression is utterly ridiculous; the gift of making poetry is a natural inheritance to some persons, and unless a person has that natural gift he or she never can be a poet; a person may learn to form words into verses, but verses are not always poems. A verse never can be called a poem unless it is composed of sublime, sentimental language, and before a person can give utterance to such language, he or she must be possessed of an immortal spirit and a soul filled with sentiment and love."

We are quite sure that David Chrystal is not one of the editorial corps of the *Alta*; his style is far too correct to admit of such a supposition. This writer understands the English language, and simply misspells words for the purpose of smuggling a contraband article—good sense—into the *Alta*. David Chrystal's description of the nature of a poet is far too good to be disfigured by bad spelling. What a sad reflection that this really original and talented writer in order to secure the publication of his articles in the *Alta*, is forced to pretend to be an uneducated boor! The *Alta* thinks him a fool, and *therefore* publishes his lucubrations to make people laugh at him. Poor *Alta!* Is the following the utterance of a fool?

"Immortality is that part of a being which is capable of surviving this life; all human beings are not able to do that. The human race were by nature immortal, but a great part of them has cast away immortality for the sake of momentary things. No man or woman is immortal unless they have a spirit within them capable of transporting itself to the spirit world; all poets are possessed of such a spirit. A person never can compose poetry unless he has thrilling emotions within his soul, and such emotions never can exist within a person's mind unless his soul can wander and see visions."

We admire this Chrystal philosophy, and are as unwilling as David Chrystal to admit that every biped without feathers has an immortal soul. That every human being has a germ of immortality in him we may admit, but to concede that the degraded Digger Indian, or the Tartar possesses such a soul as that which animated Shakspeare, is a stretch of charity of which we confess we are incapable. We hope the *Alta* has not discovered that David Chrystal is no fool, and on that account discontinued publishing his very sensible and original communications.

SATANELLA, the sprightly New York correspondent of the *Call*, in her last letter to that paper, says that the Hon. Mr. Mercer, of Washington Territory, has chartered the steamer *Continental*, for the purpose of conveying a thousand young ladies to the Pacific Coast, *via* Magellan Straits. The *Call* styles this proceeding "a scandalous operation." It says: "One thousand women thrown ashore on this coast, without friends, acquaintances, money, or recommendations, might, for all practical purposes, as well be thrown into the Bay." This is pretty rough language for a nice, quiet, inoffensive little paper like the *Call* to use. What on earth is the editor of the *Call* frightened at? Even supposing the thousand young ladies were landed in San Francisco, he need not marry one of them unless he felt so disposed. To talk of throwing one thousand young ladies into the Bay is shocking. We think the *Call* is needlessly alarmed. Mr. Mercer probably knows what he is about, and will take his cargo where there is a market for it. As he is from Washington Territory, he probably knows whether or not one thousand young ladies are likely to meet with one thousand husbands on their arrival. It is exceedingly rash in the *Call* to say that Mr. Mercer "must either be a rascal or a philanthropic fool to engage in the business he is now in." His motives can scarcely be mercenary, as he takes his passengers on credit, simply making them give bonds for the payment of $25 each, as soon as they earn it. These women will probably be at least as well off in Washington Territory as they were in the Eastern States, and, even if some of them stay in this city, the *Call* will gain by it, as they will probably advertise for situations in the columns of that paper. You never thought of that, little *Call*, eh? Mercer isn't such a bad fellow after all, is he? Don't talk of pitching one thousand women into the Bay, when they represent one thousand advertising squares.

THE publishers of THE CALIFORNIAN are not as kind and considerate to young poets as they might be. They allowed "Mark Twain," last week, to make fun of Paul Duoir's beautiful poem about his sweetheart. When young poets send them poems of thirty or forty verses, and ask them to publish them—send them to them without charging a cent for them—they snub the young poets. Would we be guilty of such cruelty? No! The MOUSE-TRAP is ever open to young newspaper poets—not that newspaper poets are to be ranked as vermin, no! "John Smith," "a discharged soldier," sent them a beautiful poem this week, with an accompanying note. Did they comply with his request, and publish the verses which led to his becoming "a discharged soldier," after an examination into the condition of his brain? Not they. Were not the MOUSE-TRAP a little crowded, we would gladly publish the whole of John Smith's poem. As it is, we can only afford space for the first, and last verse but one. John Smith borrowed this poem, we are well aware; but he has so improved it, that he may fairly claim it as his own. This young poet may, in course of time, become a sufficient master of the modern art of poetry, to learn to make a poem out of lines from a hundred different poets, so that no one will be able to find out where he stole them from. If he has industry and perseverance, he may become, in the course of fifteen or sixteen years, quite an adept in manufacturing patent poetry, but we fear he will never make his living at it:

"The moon had just gone down, sir,
But the stars lit up the sky;
All was still in tent and town, sir,
Not a rebel could we spy.
It was our turn at picket,
So we marched into the thicket,
To the music of the cricket,
Chirping nigh, chirping nigh."

"A youth, a very boy, sir,
Some pretty school-girl's toy, sir,
Had ventured there to die.
We hated one another;
But I heard him murmur mother,
So I stooped and called him brother.
No reply."

THERE are sixty-nine citizens of San Francisco resident in the vicinity of the intersection of Market and Second streets, who rejoice in the possession of a cultivated musical taste. These sixty-nine citizens, on Monday last, sent in a petition to the Board of Supervisors, praying for the abatement of a nuisance at Gilbert's Museum. They say this nuisance consists in "a hideous and disturbing noise constantly kept up;" that this noise is "dignified by the proprietors of the establishment alluded to as music, but it is in fact the discordant, tiresome and wretched effort of a hurdy-gurdy and bass drum, which, to ears forced to listen to the hideous sounds, is well calculated to occasion great annoyance, disgust, and irritation, and to a degree that destroys all peace and quiet." Now, here is a difference of opinion. The proprietors of Gilbert's Museum say that the sounds produced constitute music, while sixty-nine persons say "it is in fact the discordant, tiresome and wretched effort of a hurdy-gurdy and bass drum." Perhaps these sixty-nine residents have no ear for music, and, were the proprietors of Gilbert's Museum to engage a full orchestra under the leadership of Tony Reiff to perform operatic selections, would vote the arrangement a nuisance. We do not believe that the Supervisors can do more than order the proprietors of Gilbert's Museum to have the hurdy-gurdy tuned and engage a competent performer on the bass drum. This is a free country, and if the sixty-nine residents do not like hurdy-gurdies and bass drums, they can move. If the Board of Supervisers humored them so far as to suppress the hurdy-gurdy and bass drum as a nuisance, would they be satisfied? Not they. They'd want the bear ded lady suppressed as a nuisance next. We don't believe in people being so nasty particular; they ought not to be humored in their notions. We all have our trials, and blessed are they whose trials take no severer form than the "wretched effort of a hurdy-gurdy and bass drum."

THE Grass Valley *National* devotes a column daily to the subject of suicide. The editor does not exactly approve of suicide, he says, but we must say that the object of the three editorials on the subject which appeared on three consecutive days seemed to be to defend suicide as right and proper under certain circumstances. Since we read those editorials we have taken up the *National* with fear and trembling, expecting each day that the announcement of the editor's having cut his throat would meet our eye. Up to the last advices received from Grass Valley, he still lived; if he does *not* make away with himself we must say that we think he has sadly wasted the time which he occupied in writing such an elaborate defence of self-murder. The waiter at the Louisiana Rotisserie, who committed suicide on Wednesday, by taking laudanum, evidently was of the opinion that when a man became tired of life he had a right to die. A jury will scarcely bring in a verdict of temporary insanity against a man who could write such a note as the following:

To the Coroner of San Francisco: I, Henri Roquette de Kerguidn, have killed myself for the only reason that I was tired of life. Don't blame nobody for it.

HENRI ROQUETTE DE KERGUIDN.

October 30th, 1865.

Henri de Kerguidn was tired of life, and therefore got rid of it. That was all.

THE feelings of the public have been most shamefully trifled with. We confess to having a respect for the *Bulletin*, and are therefore unwilling to believe that an account of the death of one of the most respected and popular residents of San Francisco was published in that paper, on Thursday evening, with an eye to the profits which would accrue from the sale of an extra edition. We would rather believe that the statement that "Bummer"—he whom the citizens of San Francisco delighted to honor, he to whom the City Fathers had tendered the freedom of the city—was dead, was made in good faith. The reporter may have, from his sighs, drawn the conclusion that he was about to draw his last breath. Bummer is not dead. He may yet recover to roam in unmuzzled freedom round the city, and muzzle rats. We are glad that the false report of the death of Bummer afforded the *Bulletin* an opportunity of showing what it could do in the obituary notice line. The notice of the death of Bummer, far surpassed in elegance of style and felicitousness of expression, that called forth by the death of England's greatest statesman. The pet vagabond of San Francisco received more honorable notice at the hands of the *Bulletin*, than did the Premier of Great Britain. But Bummer lives to prove the falsity of newspaper reports; we fear that when he at length leaves this sphere for the Dog Star where his much loved Lazarus awaits him, the obituary which his death will draw forth from the newspapers will, in point of merit and intensity of feeling, fall far short of those which his recent false start for the abode of departed canines caused to be published.

WHERE do all the "sharp sayings" which appear in the newspapers come from? We constantly observe a string of truisms under the above title going the rounds of the press. This is the style of thing: "An eagle does not feed upon flies." That's very true; on the contrary, an eagle flies upon his feed. Here is another: "He who will eat a nut must crack it." The man who wrote that was not sharp. Fools crack nuts, and smart men eat the kernels. We don't believe it is very difficult to write "sharp sayings," judging from the specimens we see.

TREM.

GUERRILLAS IN OUR TOWN.

ONE day last spring, E. and I were in the garden, scouting over the strawberry bed, lifting leaves, peering into verdant corners for a pink cheek among the myriad upturned green ones. We found three, but the bloom was hectic—the under side was hard and brown. We said: "How cruel Nature is; she never answers our longings. Next week, there will be bushels, and we will not care for them." Standing still under a luxuriant cherry-tree, we listened to the soothing hum of the bees in the raspberry bushes, stripped off handfuls of veined gooseberries, asking one another dreamily: "Do you love gooseberry pie?"

Tremendous cliffs of white cloud were piled up on "blue meadows of repose;" a distant bird's shrill note piereed the depths of air like a haut-boy; the mellow voice of a contraband, rippled by the breeze, bore to our ears "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." A tattered Old Glory drooped from its staff just beyond the fence, while in the heart of the town there was a murmur not a whit more stirring than the bee-buz. But, suddenly, the melodious hum, the bird-note, the song, were drowned in a rash of horses' feet on the macadamized street, a wild voice shrieking something; it might have been "Woe! Woe!" for what we could tell. Yells and shouts followed the cry; the clattering hoofs multiplied.

"Richmond is taken!" said E., with a sparkle of triumph in her eye.

"No; guerrillas!" I cried; and away we went, forgetting the hostility of dewy grass to the hems of immaculate morning robes.

Mamma was on the front porch, with the pale little children huddled around her, begging to know what was the matter; all spell-bound, except a troop of young Africans, who scampered like rabbits in the direction of the *melee*. We followed as a more dignified metaphor up the long walk, and were in time to see a solitary horseman riding furiously, shouting as he rode, followed by four armed men. Before we reached the gate, thirty others came up the hill with presented arms gleaming in the sun. Glancing warily around, they swept past, and down Main street. Truly, they were gallant gentlemen if the fine horse makes the nobleman, though variety rather than elegance characterized their dress; brown jeans, black cloth, white and red shirts, blue overcoats, rusty canteens, bundles of plunder, caps, soft-crowns, cylinders of civilization, danced prismatically before our eyes; while the vivifying streak of gleaming barrels struck on the sense with an icy jar. We went down to the turn which commands a view of our principal thoroughfare from end to end, sat down on two posts, and waited events. Our neighbor over the way came running out of the shop, where he was making a coffin: his daughters, dressed in yellow, took a stand under a tree, while at a respectful distance was ranged a row of ashy contrabands: we, across the way, were also encompassed by a dusky staff. Old Hundred himself leaned on his cane, and was delivered of oracular sentences. This reconnoissance was hardly made when I saw a man detach himself from the crowd and gallop down a side-street. Immediately, three of the guerrillas wheeled and pursued, coming toward us, hoping to head the fugitive at a crossing. Who he was, we could not tell; that he was a Unionist was sufficient to enlist every sympathy. Our hearts stood still as the pursuers dashed by, their dust sprinkling our dresses. The first, a giant on a gray horse, without drawing rein, raised his gun and fired. A little girl was standing at her father's gate, looking on. The bullet, recklessly sent, crashed in the boughs above, so close to her head that she fell stunned. Then a breathless moment! She is picked up; another shot follows, and another. Has our champion fallen? No; a mudpuddle intervenes; the gallant Southron's horse stumbles; head over heels he finds the last ditch! His comrades fish him out with curses, and the home-guard captain escapes.

"Oh, E.!" I exclaimed with trembling lips, clutching the nearest child, "let's go in; they will kill us next."

"Let them do it," said she, tearing up and down the pavement like a caged lioness.

By this time, our neighbor, the carpenter, was ablaze. He went in and put on his coat, buckling his pistol belt as he walked out. The son, a slender stripling, stood behind his sisters, a gun half-hidden in the folds of their dresses. We bemoaned us that ours was a manless household, and addressed such rousing appeals to the carpenter, that he forgot all prudence, and, bringing his sixteen-shooter to his shoulder, proposed to take one of them down without further ceremony.

"Shall I do it?" he said, eagerly. "I can hit one easy."

"Oh, no, no!" I cried, running half across the street. "They'll burn your house down; they'll shoot us all. Can't you get the citizens together? Something must be done; something shall be done!"

And everybody, *blanc et noir*, wrung their hands in desperate agony. The carpenter reluctantly put away his gun, and walked off down town, while we resumed our stumps and beat our breasts in helpless fury, as we watched the swaying mass in the distance, men dismounting, saddles shifting, horses neighing. It was a public day: the racks were lined with the best blood of the county; the discomforted owners hurried hither and thither, knotting together in groups before stores and behind houses; the rebels all the time riding up and down, exploring alleys and stables with the air of accomplished connoisseurs.

Directly, we saw the Doctor coming from afar, walking leisurely, his saddle bags on his arm.

"Was there ever such a transparent device?" exclaimed E., and we laughed cruelly. Ah! it is a good thing to be a woman, and shameless coward, in these guerrilla days. We hailed him, but he was not disposed to linger, and soon vanished in the shrubbery.

"As for me," said E., "I would rather die at once, if I were a man, than to be forever dodging the guerillas."

"Yes," said I; "it is easy enough to die; but the thing of having your nose tweaked and your hair pulled, your hat and purse and watch gobbled up before your eyes, the Confederate oath crammed down your throat, is not so glorious. I, too, would take to the bush."

"But they should be always ready; they should never take a step without their sixteen-shooters."

"Yes," growled Old Hundred, fixing with his eye a nice-looking gentleman who passed us; "just give 'em one round, and they'd scatter like sheep. He'll fight; he's going whar he pleased; let anybody meddle with him, and they'll get it."

The nice-looking gentleman beamed a look of mild wonder at us, over his shoulder, and moved gingerly on, treading as though he expected to press an infernal machine.

"See here," said Old Hundred, in a stage whisper, to the next passer-by; "if you want to do anything, now is the time to do it."

Thus warning and encouraging every living creature that came within range, he grew momentarily braver: and we sat on our stumps and felt that, if Governor Bramlette had called for six months' women, his ten thousand would have been at the front by that time. Some one told us the militia was gathering together. We comforted ourselves with the thought, that so secret and rapid was the rallying that it was invisible to the naked eye, for we saw nothing more warlike than the flapping of a linen duster as Captain —— hurried from group to group, young Lawyer —— rolling up his sleeves in a pugilistic way, and making a frantic dive into a fence corner.

All this while, the foe continued careering around; some politely changing horses and drinking healths, while others passed rapidly up and down, driving crowds of citizens like dumb cattle at sabre's point, to a nucleus in the middle of the street. The stores emitted a stream of hatless clerks, the workshops a group of sable artizans—all tending swiftly as fallen stars to the centre of robbery. Small detachments could be seen passing through back streets, flashing through trees, as they sought out various residences, from which they brought forth the disconsolate owners, marching them at double-quick to the rendezvous.

What all this meant we too well knew; and, when a crowd of about an hundred had been assembled and hemmed in by the variegated cordon, it required no pantomimic art to translate the eloquent gestures. Hands extended, hands thrust into pockets, hands receiving, hands hesitating, pistols presented! But, while the master-pieces of the old Greek stage were being thus revived before our wrathful eyes, a side scene diverted our attention. Out of the stores came men laden with bolts of flaming solferino flannels and delaines, scarlet blankets, strings of boots and shoes, fluttering ends of ribbons, streaming banners of snowy linen, plumes tossing from their hats, lace veils doing duty on their shameless fronts, hoop-skirts dangling in awkward exposure! With these gay treasures they adorned their waiting steeds, heaping up spoils till there was hardly room for a rider in the saddle.

"There's a good time coming for 'children, wives, and sweethearts dear,'" almost hissed E., through her lips white with indignation.

"You mistake," I said. "Southern merchants no longer go East for spring goods; Kentucky is nearer."

At this crisis, the nurse appeared with stately steppings, carrying the baby, whom she had defiantly draped in a compound of white dress, red wrapper, and blue bonnet. We pounced upon it with protecting arms, and inquired if she wanted "the 'icked 'illas to shoot the pretty 'ittle thing?"

"I ain't afraid of no guerrillas. Dinner is ready."

With many lingering backward glances, we went in, and found the Doctor's visage lowering at the foot of the table. He was greatly troubled for his horses; and we, after lashing him with satire till he writhed, though we knew him to be no coward, promised to rescue them. This heroic resolve was made at the sacrifice of appetite; and, hastily swallowing a cup of tea for the steadying of our nerves, we put on our hats at the jauntiest angle, and, with a solemn word of farewell and admonition to all behind, sallied forth, feeling, as we said, like "Revolutionary pensioners." The Doctor's house and stable are near the centre of the town, and it was with some disappointment that we found ourselves unchallenged within the gate. Mrs. Doctor stood like a sybil, her head draped in a brown veil, her eye fixed in prophetic fury on the stable door. We "took her aside," to use the masculine technicality, and, in profound whispers and subtle gestures, gave her to understand that, if the horses were yet extant, they were to be conveyed under our wings to the woods. She hesitated; she could not let them go beyond the reach of her tongue. We waxed eloquent; we demonstrated mathematically that the capacity of two scolding apparatuses exceeded that of one. So the servant man was called, and directed to bridle the steeds and stand in readiness. Seizing an auspicious moment, when every rebel back was turned, we gave the signal, and forth he came, leading the apples of the Doctor's eye. We fluttered along the sidewalk, coaxing saucy speeches, but, in reality, trembling for the result. Never did General Sherman rejoice more over a successful flank movement than did we as our prize turned a favoring bend and was lost to view and danger. After half-an-hour's talk under the trees, we went out for a last observation. But, lo! the streets were empty; the foe had fled before the invisible home-guard!

It had grown excessively warm, and we were willing to repose our wearied virtue, though disturbed by a restless fear that the game would yet be played out, and we not by to see it. E., being an invalid, returned to her coach and Dickens, and the rest of us took a draught of Nepenthe from our work-baskets.

Congratulating ourselves on having once again escaped pillage; referring with pride and joy to certain inviolate crannies and holes where slept our sixteen-shooter, our silver, our purses, our rings and brooches, our precious coupons—E. slipped off her invisible, pulled down her hair, and unmeshed, amidst wild applause, a roll of greenbacks; mamma took from under the sleeping baby a box of valuables; while I asked if anybody supposed guerrillas read Edwards *On the Will;* for right behind it, on the book-shelf, was my *bijouterie*. In the very act of unbosoming every secret, in rushed, with a yell, the "big boy."

"More guerrillas! More guerrillas!"

All raced to the gate. Sure enough, about forty nondescripts were defiling past; but how unlike the first! The brand of thief and murderer was stamped on those other faces; but these were true and open as the sun that had scorched them. Just from the plough and hoe—too hurried to wash the honorable soil from their leathery palms—they had caught their guns in defence of their country. Noble fellows! How we waved and smiled, and realized that nothing stirs the pulses like pursuing hoof-beats.

The next day was serene and cloudless. It was impossible to apprehend danger in the presence of the lovely sky, the tender greens, the sound of growing things. Half from habit, half in bravado, we had our horses saddled, and betook us to our forest haunts—to those lonely roads that, wandering over the hills, descend into the damp, still flats, where the beeches rear their smooth, blue columns, and on either hand you see only tier after tier, stretching miles away, while beds of reeds bristle along the temple floor. The serious grandeur which pervades gives a sense of actual security and peace; you feel that you are under a sacred altar and nave. The chirp of insects, the modest courage of the violet's up-turned face, seem a better protection than an army with batteries. But when we altered our course and climbed the hills, the influence changed; the aisles became closed up with a dismal undergrowth; the shadows of approaching sunset dropped down behind us, and thoughts of scenes we had left, intruded. Lingering was no longer a pleasure; we fled from bandit eyes that gleamed behind each leaflet. We came at last to a ridge that overlooked a cultivated country. It was like reaching in our sleep the beautiful Beyond of our hopes. Before us was the "purple and amethyst of the glorious west;" meadows quivered like live velvet; water silvered; white-washed cottages italicized the groves; along the public road horsemen pranced, cows went home. A stray breeze came loitering up the lane, laden with sweets, wafting our habits backward, faintly tinting E.'s thin cheek. Casting our cowardice into the gloom behind, we rode gaily on, and reached the town without a single presentiment. But, entering that same long Main street, we saw, toward the further end, in front of the stores, a great crowd of men and horses. "Eyes to eyes mute terror looked."

"Oh, E.!" I exclaimed, "we have been rash! My poor horse! My beautiful horse!"

"It can't be helped," she said, with well-afforded coolness, for her venerable pony would not have tempted John Morgan himself. Vainly I loosened the rein and beat that splendid neck; it would not march; he could not be anything but a noble creature. So I set my lips, and tried to look as though I had a pistol in my habit-pocket. Straight against the living wall we rode: gradually it took a blue tinge, cavalry saddles loomed up, sabres clanked; somebody's cap flew off; a smile stole out from a very familiar blonde moustache. It was Lieut. ——, with Company A, from our own *mater*-regiment, the —— Kentucky! If ever I was tempted to hurrah, it was then; but I did not: and we went home decently and in order, and put the *servants* to preparing supper for the soldiers.

We were waked that night, near midnight, by a tremendous convulsion of the front door. It was not a knock, but a maudlin tumble. The moon was full, and, through the side-windows, we could see the porch was crowded with men.

"Guerrillas at last!" I said, trembling in a fit of terror. But, shaking me off, the head of the household, assuming a dignified attitude inside the bedroom door, called out in her sternest tone, "Who is there?"

No answer, other than a heavy rush against the double doors. By this time, my fit was over, and, while she continued her posturing and solemn demand, I was bringing forth the sixteen-shooter, the sword-cane, an ex-officer's sword, and an unexploded Shiloh bomb-shell—said weapons constituting our sole means of defence. E. was moving around up stairs, and had at last thrust her head out of the window. She now called to us to come up to that loop-hole. I glided over the oil-cloth, and flashed ghost-like up the stairs. Wrapping a shawl about my shoulders, I leaned out and surveyed the scene. How tranquil was the moonlight! how slumberless the shadows! but among the vine leaves shone the ghostly gleam of steel; figures were stretched along the porch floor; spurred heels beat impatient measure on the stone steps, and there was another rush against the door.

"Soldiers!" I said, Napoleonically, "who are you? and what do you want?"

One of them stepped out of the shadow into the radiance, uncovered, und began, in a tone of injured innocence, to vindicate his character.

"We have been on a scout for thirty days. We have not seen camp. We have not had a mouthful since yesterday morning. We have been fighting guerrillas. We have killed lots of 'em. We have been riding all day. We are tired to death. We want something to eat. We have seen hard times. We belong to the —— Kentucky, Company H."

"Well, why did you not answer at first, and not beat the door in?"

"We have been on a scout. We have not seen camp—" he began again.

"There is nothing cooked. You will have to wait some time."

"Yes, we'll wait," was the complacent rejoinder, and down they dropped, and were snoring in five minutes.

So E. and I dressed, and went to the cabins to rouse the servants, more vexed than alarmed to have a dozen wild soldiers in our house at midnight; for, show a Union soldier that you trust him, and you might strew the cloth with rubies, and he would not touch them. Yet, when they were satisfied and had gone, bolts fastened, and pillows regained, we were grateful that one more opportunity had been given to aid and comfort the soldiers of the Union.—*Federal American Monthly.*

SHAKSPEARE'S MARRIAGE.

IN estimating Shakspeare's character, the fact that he left among his neighbors the reputation of having been somewhat irregular in his youth cannot be lightly set aside. Nor is it at all strange that such a reputation should have been attained in the early years of a man of his lively fancy, healthy organization, and breadth of moral sympathy. It is from tradition that we learn that during his father's misfortune he was occasionally engaged in stealing deer; but we know on good evidence that about that time he also got himself married in no very creditable fashion. While he was sowing his wild oats in the fields round Stratford, he naturally visited the cottage of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman of Shottery, who seems to have been on terms of friendship with John Shakspeare. This Richard Hathaway had, among other children, a daughter named Anne, who might have dandled William Shakspeare in his infancy upon her knee; for she was eight years old when he was born, in 1564. Whether or no Anne Hathaway had a fair face and a winning way which spontaneously captivated William Shakspeare, or whether he yielded to arts to which his inexperience made him an easy victim, we cannot surely tell. But we do know that she, though not vestally inclined, as we shall see, remained unmarried until 1582, and that then the woman of twenty-six took to husband the boy of eighteen. They were married upon once asking of the banns; and the bond given to the Bishop of Worcester for his security in licensing this departure from custom was given in that year, on the 28th day of November. About those days there was great need that Anne Hathaway should provide herself with a husband of some sort, and that speedily; for in less than five months after she obtained one she was delivered of a daughter. The parish register shows that Susanna, the daughter of William and Anne Skakspeare, was baptized May 26th, 1583.

There have been attempts to turn aside the obvious bearing of these facts upon the character of Anne Hathaway. But it is a stubborn and unwise idolatry which resists such evidence as this—an idolatry which would exempt Shakspeare, and not only him, but all with whom he became connected, from human passion and human frailty. That temperament is cruel, and that morality pharisaic, which treats all cases of this kind with inexorable and indiscriminating severity, and that judgment outrageously unjust which visits all the sin upon the weaker and already suffering party. Yet, if in the present instance it must be that one or other of this couple seduced the other into error, perhaps where a woman of twenty-six is involved with a boy of eighteen, for the honor of her sex the less that is said about the matter the better. Besides, Anne Hathaway rests under the implied reproach of both the men whose good opinion was to her of gravest moment. Her father, like Mary Arden's, had died about a year before her marriage; but while Mary Arden had special legacies, and was assigned to the honorable position of executrix by her father's will, Anne Hathaway was passed over even without mention by her father, who yet carefully and minutely remembered all but one of his other children. And to look forward again—which we well may do, for Shakspeare's wife will soon pass entirely from our sight—when her husband was giving instructions for his will, he left her only his second-best bed, the one that probably she slept upon. It is true, as Mr. Knight has pointed out, that she was entitled to dower, and that so her livelihood was well provided for; it is true also, that a bed with its furniture was in those days no uncommon bequest. But William Shakspeare's will was one of great particularity, leaving little legacies to nephews and nieces, and also swords and rings as mementoes to friends and acquaintances; and yet his wife's name is omitted from the document in its original form, and only appears by an after-thought in an interlineation, as if his attention had been called to the omission, and for decency's sake he would not have the mother of his children unnoticed altogether. The lack of any other bequest than the furniture of her chamber is of small moment in comparison with the slight shown by that interlineation. A second-best bed might be passed over; but what can be done with second-best thoughts? And second-best, if good at all, seem to have been all the thoughts which Shakspeare gave her; for there is not a line of his writing known which can be regarded as addressed to her as maid or matron. Did ever poet thus slight the woman he loved, and that, too, during years of separation?

The cottage in which Anne Hathaway lived is still pointed out in Shottery. It is a timber and plaster house, like John Shakspeare's, standing on a bank, with a roughly paved terrace in front. The parlor is wainscoated high in oak; and in the principal chamber is an enormous and heavily carved bedstead. Though a rustic and even rude habitation, when measured by our standard, it was evidently a comfortable home for a substantial yeoman in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and is picturesque enough for the cradle of a poet's love. But it never can be looked upon without sadness by those who rightly estimate the sorrow and the shame which were there born to William Shakspeare—a sorrow and shame which not all the varied successes of his after-life could heal and obliterate, and his sufferings from which find frequent expression both in his plays and sonnets. True, he was of all poets the most dramatic, and therefore the most self-forgetful; but his trouble he did not forget. His works are full of passages, to write which, if he had loved his wife and honored her, would have been gall and wormwood to his soul; nay, which, if he had loved and honored her, he could not have written. The nature of the subject forbids the marshalling of this terrible array; but did the "flax-wench," whom he uses for the most degrading of all comparisons do more "before her troth-plight" than the woman who bore his name and whom his children called mother? It is not a question whether his judgment was justifiable, but of what he thought and felt.

And even if Anne Hathaway's fair fame, if indeed it was ever fair, remained untarnished, the marriage at eighteen of such a man as her boy husband proved is one of the saddest social events that can be contemplated. Not because it was singular in all its circumstances or its consequences; for, alas! in most of them it is too common. A youth whose person, whose manner, and whose mental gifts have made him the admired favorite of some rural neighborhood, captivated ere he is well a man by some rustic beauty, or often by his own imagination, married and a father before he should be well beyond a father's care, or bound as much in honor, according to the matrimonial code, as if he were married, developing into a man of mark and culture, attaining social position and distinction which would make him the welcome suitor of the fairest and most accomplished woman of the circle into which he has risen by right of worth and intellect, yet tied to one who is inferior to him in all respects, except perhaps in simple truthfulness, and who does not—poor creature, who cannot if she would—keep pace with him; and all this is the consequence of a boyish passion, which opposition might have confirmed, but which tact and a little time—so little!—might easily have dissipated: this case, so pitiable!—so pitiable for both parties, even most pitiable for her—we see too often. But add to all this that the man was William Shakspeare, and that he met his fate at only eighteen years of age, and that the woman who came to him with a stain upon her name was eight years his senior, and could we but think of their life and leave out the world's interest in him, should we not wish that one of them, even if it were he, had died before that ill-starred marriage? But chiefly for him we grieve; for a woman of her age, who could so connect herself with a boy of his, was either too dull by nature or too callous by experience to share his feelings at their false, unnatural position. Who can believe that the well-known counsel upon this subject which he put into the Duke Orsino's mouth in *Twelfth Night* was not a stifled cry of anguish from his tormented, over-burdened soul, though he had left his torment and his burden so far behind him? It is impossible that he could have written it without thinking of his own experience; the more, that the seeming lad to whom it is addressed is about his years, and the man who utters it about Anne Hathaway's, at the time when they were married.—*White's Memoirs of Shakspeare.*

ROYALTY IN TROUBLE.—The domestic life of Queen Victoria has been much disturbed of late in consequence of the proposed marriage of her third daughter, the Princess Helena, an accomplished young lady, who resembles her mother in appearance and character more than any other of her children. It is generally believed in London that the Princess Helena was much pleased with the attentions of a young English nobleman, and this fact was sufficient to make her speedy alliance with a member of some of the royal families of Europe a necessity, in order to prevent the deepening of her affection for a person whom she would not be permitted to marry, the members of the royal family in England not being at liberty to marry outside of other royal families. Now there seem to be two candidates in the field—the crown prince of Denmark, who is supported by his sister, the Princese of Wales, and is deemed unobjectionable by the queen, and the crown prince of Holland, (the Prince of Orange,) who is quite a fashionable and handsome young fellow, more acceptable to the young lady than the Danish prince, but less agreeable to the queen, on account of his great fondness for life in Paris, and his general rapidity. But the prince's mother, the Queen of Holland, being one of the most learned as well as one of the most manœuvering sovereign ladies of Europe, has just paid a visit to London in order to effect the desired alliance, which must be very popular in Holland. She telegraphed for her son to join her there, and all was believed to be settled. But Queen Victoria's scruples in regard to the young man's frivolous disposition have once more revived and it will require all the diplomatic genius of the Dutch queen, great as it is, to overcome these objections. At the same time the King of Holland, who, being the mental inferior of his wife, tries to revenge himself by thwarting her schemes in every possible way, wants his son to become the husband of the daughter of the blind King of Hanover. It is probable, however, that the Prince of Orange will eventually carry off his Helena, and in England the alliance would no doubt be looked upon more favorably than the addition of another German prince to the royal family.

MUSICAL.

THE future movements of Mr. Wehli, still another pianist deservedly popular, are not quite determined. Mr. Wehli is under a contract to Max Strakosch—his salary payable in gold—but as that young impressario is engineering a provincial troupe of Italian operatic singers, the great "left hand pianist" will probably be turned over to the care of some experienced agent. In any event, Wehli is sure to prove a successful card. Since Gottschalk, there is no pianist who knows better than he how to surprise and fascinate the average American audience.

IT is rumored that Jaell, the pianist, who has grown so immensely corpulent that he can hardly sit at the piano, also contemplates visiting the United States during the coming winter. There is another player who would be welcome to all our lovers of good playing, and that is Gustave Salter, a pianist who was never as fully appreciated here as he should have been; and without going away so far away from home, we think that the Boston pianist, Otto Dresel, should be heard this season in New York, as Wolfsohn, of Philadelphia, was last season.

OF Thalberg—we may say, while thus gossipping about pianists—nothing seems to be known of late. He has quite retired from public life; but the Continental gossip writers find a great deal to say about Liszt. According to one account, he only expects to take a subordinate rank in the church; while another report says that he will soon be made archbishop, and that this is only a step toward the tiara. Pope Franz I. would be a curious title for the great pianist.

ALFRED H. PEASE, the pianist, will give several concerts in New York during the coming winter, at which some of his orchestral compositions will be produced. As yet Mr. Pease is known here only as a skillful pianist and as a writer of some very felicitous songs; but he will this season appeal to our public in the more ambitious character of an orchestral composer.

J. PATTISON, another resident pianist of real merit, will also give concerts in New York during the coming winter. As a quaint musical curiosity, there are many who would be glad to hear again the antique spinnet on which he played antique music at his last series of concerts. [*Round Table.*

VICTORINE.

THE Count de Cardoville had been married ten years. He was handsome, occupied not only a high rank in society, but was looked on with respect by the statesmen of the day. He had attained a great position, and for the last five years had been minister at the Court of Vienna. But all these elements of happiness were nothing to the Count in comparison to the treasure he possessed in his wife. For her alone was he ambitious; for her alone he valued the honors he had attained, and the fame which the world accorded him.

Mme. de Cardoville, for a wonder—for the infatuation of man does not go by merit—deserved her husband's idolatry. Beautiful, high-principled, talented, without a shade of vanity, utterly and entirely devoted to her husband. Helene de Cardoville's life had never known a shadow. At twenty-seven she was quoted as the most lovely woman at the Austrian Court, though each year brought forth young and lovely girls, aspirants to the highest honors of each season.

When the world spoke of Mme. de Cardoville, it pitied her for the one drawback to her happiness—the want of children. But their pity was vain. for neither M. or Mme. de Cardoville had ever regretted being childless. Their happiness was to be together—alone, to share together each thought, each care, each amusement—even their own child that would have called them from each other might have caused a jealous pang.

One day, it was summer, they had left Vienna for a chateau the Count de Cardoville had taken lor the last few summers, and looked upon as his own, a lady was announced wishing to see the Countess "

"*Mon Dieu*," exclaimed Mme. de Cardoville, as she beheld her visitor—"Victorine."

"Yes, dearest Victorine; you have not forgotten me then."

"Never, how could I forget you—almost my sister—but——"

"You panse, you hesitate, ah! I understand you, I am sadly changed."

"Yes, dear Victorine, you have snffered, you are in monrning. Oh! you have believed in me and trusted me; you are come to me for consolation."

"Helene I have not a friend in the world. You knew of my imprudent marriage; it is over. I am a widow, bnt ruiued in fortune, health and spirits, and I thought of you. I have come to you from Sweden, where, iu our poverty, my husband had hidden our misery and our disgrace."

"Yon shall never remember any more the years that are gone. Oh! Victorine, we shall make you so happy. We will bring back your beauty, your high spirits, and even the years that have weighed so heavily on yon shall be obliterated. Come—come let me bring you to my hnsband;" here the Countess suddenly stopped, and an expression of divine happiness diffused itself over her features. "Oh, Victorine," she continued, "what have I done to Heaven that it should have made me so bleseed, whilst you have been wasting your youth and beauty in tears and wretchednoss? Come, come—it will be returning some of the good heaped on me to make you forget your past life."

Monsieur de Cardoville received his wife's friend with the most cordial friendshp; her friends were ever most welcome to him, and when he heard Victorine's past misery, and her utterly deserted position, he proposed to his wife that their home should be hers.

Helene looked up at him with tenderness and gratitude; yet even at that moment a strange feeling came over her. Perhaps it was that she dreaded any change—change must bring unhappiness—for her present life was one to which no felicity could be added. But, hastily she threw off the thought as unworthy of her. What after all was a mere fancy compared to the feelings of her poor friend, Victorine.

Mme. Von Sternberg was established therefore in the chateau. Time had faded, but had not obliterated her beauty, her grace, her wit; a strange fascination about her manner, it had left untouched; so that Victoriue added rather to the charm of their home than took away from it. Victorine too was a widow. Mme. Cardoville, though admired, and far more beautifnl, was known to be so deeply attached to her hnsband that no impression could be made upon her heart. Victorine, though neither a flirt nor a coquette, had the power and the tact to draw around her the most distinguished of the eminent men who filled the salons of the French ambassador.

"I am delighted that Victorine is with us," said Helene one day to her husband, "she has the power of amusing yon, and I think our home has been gayer and pleasanter since she has been in it."

"Most decidedly, and how handsome she has grown; that dark, sarcastic, bitter look has utterly fled from her face."

"She was very beautifnl," said Helene; "in our convent we used to call her Lucretia."

"Borgia?" said the Count, "that was scarcely a compliment."

'No; after Lucretia, the Roman matron, she was even at sixteen so dark and dignified."

"She is a most fascinating woman, capable of a desperate deed, if not an heroic one. There is more of the modern than of the ancient Italian about her."

Meantime Mme. Sternberg was pondering in her mind what was to become of her; for, to accept a permanent home with Mme. de Cardoville of course, could not be thought of. She had said she was ruined; that was a figurative way of speaking, which, being put iu plain language, merely meant that Mme. Sternberg could not live in splendor or luxury, and could not maintain the position in society she thought the only one worth having. Society, admiration, luxury; these were the elements of Mme. Sternberg's happiness—a happiness independent of the heart, one that money can procure. Of course, Victorine knew she might chance to effect a good marriage. She was handsome; she knew that, and few men could resist her when she chose to exert her powers of fascination; but, since she had been with Helene, she had rather avoided the open expression of admiration from those around her, than sought it.

Victorine was no timid, innocent young girl, to wonder why she was so changed; she read her heart aright, and read it at once. She knew that she avoided all the men around her from their inferiority to one for whom each day she felt an increasing passion, and that man was no other than Horace de Cardoville. Although she did not struggle against this passion, she had still discretion, if not principle, enough to abstain from the manifestation of any preference, and to disguise alike from Horace and his wife the feelings that would have lost her their friendship and driven her from their home. She did not even try to attract M. de Cardoville; to him her manner was cold, strictly polite—that was all.

"I'm afraid your friend Victorine doesn't like me, Helene," said M. de Cardoville, "she is so very formal."

"I have often wondered whether you liked her, for yon do not seem to progress at all in your friendship."

"Oh, I like her very well; bnt Helene we are not so often alone as we were. You know how few hours the world and my duties leave me. Is Mme. Sternberg likely to remain here eternally?"

"No, my dear Count," said Mme. de Sternberg, advancing. "Excuse me: I only overheard the last sentence, but it was so very comprehensive that I could not help answering you. I am not going to trespass on your, I mean Helene's, kindness longer than another week. Then you will return to Vienna, and I shall have found some obscure retreat where I shall be no longer a trouble to my friends."

Helene, bursting into tears, threw her arms around Victorine; as for the Count, covered with confusion, he stood gazing on his guest, who stood cold and erect, her quivering lip only showing her emotion; her large dark eyes striving to retain her tears.

He felt profoundly hnmiliated; hnmanly, he thought his words had been cruel, but apology he felt would make them worse. For the first time, Mme. Steruberg assumed an interest in his eyes. For the first time, he pitied her. For the first time, he felt an eager desire to offer her a brother's friendship and protection. Now. under the insnlt she had received, all he could do was to leave her to the consolation Helene's tact and affection could offer her.

"I am not offended," said Mme. Sternberg; "I am only reproved and reminded of my stern fate, which till now I had forgotten. Come, Helenc, do not weep; remember yon must look beautiful to-night for his sake. Come, I will not intrude my miseries upon you. I will forget all this, and when I am far away, in my solitnde, I shall remember only your kindness."

Mme. Sternberg withdrew to her room. That evening, Helene and Horace were to appear at a court ball, given at this undue season for the reception of a foreign prince travelling incognito.

It was only in their official capacity that the count and countess thought the invitation imperative, and only on that account that they had left their chateau for a ride of ten miles to Vienna, and ten miles back, in the middle of the night, for Helene insisted on not remaining in the close city one day longer than she was obliged to.

"The ride home will be the pleasantest part of it, Horace. Just fancy the delicious feeling of the pure morning air, coming from that heated atmosphere."

Mme. de Cardoville was, as usual, the most beautiful woman at the ball; her regal, yet feminine, beauty was enhanced by the splendor of her dress and the wonderful Cardoville diamonds, which were celebrated all over Europe. Her husband, though he loved her deeply, could not but be flattered by the admiration she excited; and, as he threw his arm aronnd her and drew her towards him as they returned home, he told her he wondered how he had deserved that such a being should love him and be his; "for, iudeed, dearest Helene, you are an angel—there now, how many wives hear that from the lips of their husband ten years after marriage?"

"I hope not to be an angel for at least forty or fifty years, for your love, Horace, makes life a Heaven here."

The carriage stopped as she uttered these words; she stepped into the hall where only one servant had remained up to receive them. The count entered his library for a few minntes to deposit papers and despatches he had brought from Vienna, but as he did so he pansed for an instant watching the graceful figure of his wife passing, like an airy vision in the gray dawn, up the stairs, and murmuring her name with deep love and tenderness.

Like a vision she had indeed faded from his sight—and forever. When he entered her dressing-room a strange pungent odor brought a choking sensation to his throat and a giddiness in his brain. Still he advanced, for he saw Helene seated in a large arm-chair near the open window.

"She has fallen asleep," said he, "I must awaken her for the atmosphere of this room is not natural; it is, yes, it is ether or chloroform—how has this been produced--accident, or--" by this time the connt had reached his wife.

"Helene," said he, placing his hand on her shoulder, "Helene."

But Helene stirred not; the connt bent over her, still repeating her name, yet still she did not move. The dawn was still too gray to light the room distinctly. Hastily he brought a light from the bed-room, and gazed with anxiety on his wife.

She was still, and her large eyes were wide open. The satin robes were still around her, but they were all dabbled and disfigured by blood that flowed over them. Horace threw his arms around his wife, and a sharp cry re-echoed throngh the house, bringing all its inmates in a few moments to the terrible scene.

The countess was quite dead. The canse of her death was evident; some malefactor, tempted by the jewels the countess had worn, had concealed himself in her room awaiting her return, then by means of an instantancons application of chloroform rendered her insensible. Probably she had stirred and that had cost her life. The jewels were gone, and the thief had escaped even in those fifteen miuutes that Helene had been alone, for his plans had been admirably laid.

It was Mme. Sternberg who took Helene from the arms of the count. Tenderly she disrobed her; no profane hand did she allow to touch her till she lay in the midst of flowers in her coffin.

Then firmly and geutly she went into the connt's room and led him to the room where she had robbed death of its horror, and when Helene lay so calm, peaceful and beautiful, that the count remembering how he had called Helene an angel, and now she was one in heaven, fell on his knees beside her, and for the first time burst into tears.

The day of the funeral, Mme. Sternberg, without one word of farewell to the connt, left the chateau. Horace felt very desolate, but he recalled his uncourteous words and felt that Victorine was right.

All the efforts of the police were vain. No traces were found either of the murderer or the jewels. The count, unable to endure the scene of his misfortune, totally unfit for his official dnties, resigned his embassy and returned to Paris.

Three years went by before the count had reached the period of grief which brings resignation. Then a strange feeling took possession of him: he felt a yearning desire to see Victorine again. She seemed like the only link between him and his dead wife.

He knew her connections—it was easy to find her ont.

She had grown younger, more beautiful, in the profonnd retirement in which she lived. She received the count with the deepest emotion. Her manner had acquired a snbdued gentleness, that gave her the charm she had lacked.

The count fonnd his only consolation in her society. Here he conld talk of Helene: for Victorine had known her in the days of her girlhood, even before he had loved her. A year after he had met Mme. Sternberg, she became Countess de Cardoville.

Peace and happiness again brightened the connt's life. The countess loved him deeply, passionately—not a shadow ever arose between them.

They had been married four years, when, one day, the countess being absent, the connt requiring a miniature he had given her for a large portrait of himself, proceeded to her dressing-room to ask it of her maid.

The maid was not there, but the key was in the cabinet where the jewels were kept. Horace opened it, and searching for the miniature, his hand touched a spring. Silently the drawer slid back, and revealed—oh Heaven! his senses seemed to leave him as he gazed—the Cardoville diamonds, the diamonds his Helene had worn on the night of the murder. Their startling brightness was as a torch to light the past.

"Oh God! she—she who had taken Helene's place, she had been her destroyer."

He turned. Victorine stood gazing over his shoulder. She had comprehended all as she beheld the diamonds, and as he turned she fell on her knees.

"Forgive me—it was love for yon that prompted me."

The count pushed her from him with a shriek of horror. Ten days later he was borne to his grave, dying in the midst of the wildest raving of brain fever.

The countess's secret is safe—no punishment awaits her crime, that is, from society or the laws. But her crime was fruitless—it killed not only the woman she hated, but the man she loved, and she lives alone with memory of the past ever clear and vivid.

[For the Californian.]

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

BEING ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

HAVING nothing particular to occupy my time, one evening, while in London, now some years ago, I strolled into the chambers of my old friend, S. R., reckoned one of the best Crown lawyers in that city. I found he was at home; and, on entering his room, he appeared to be busily occupied with a pile of papers before him. On seeing me, he laid down his pen; he had been writing with a shade to his lamp, that he might see better and protect his eyes from the glare of the light. "As," he said, "I have just finished my notes in a curious case—I call it a singular case of infatuation—which was brought to me a few days ago to conduct in Court next week, if you have a few minutes to spare, and will sit down, I'll tell it you—it's not a long case, but it has interested me very much."

Expressing my desire to hear, and the pleasure it would give me, I seated myself, and he began:

A young man of respectable family, a clerk in a city banking house, in the out-door or collecting department, is charged with embezzlement of money to some considerable amount. From the evidence that was given before the Lord Mayor, and on which he was committed for trial, there is nothing to be offered in defence. I feel, therefore, I shall do him more service by advising him to plead guilty, and I can then offer a few words of palliation to the Court, without making a long speech for defence, amounting to nothing. This course will save the time of the Court, and, what I consider of more consequence, it will save the exposure of some little circumstances regarding a young lady, that would only afford food for scandal to the public, gratify an idle curiosity, and give much pain and distress of mind to a very estimable person. The young man may thus get a lighter sentence, instead of the full penalty being awarded.

This young man's work, as an out-door clerk, was at the upper part of the New Road, and occasionally into the Regent's Park, adjoining. One morning, it being fine weather, at the close of summer, he had to go to a house in one of the terraces in the Regent's Park. On his way he overtook a young lady, who was walking with a very handsome little boy about five years old, very neatly clad. The young lady herself was a handsome, middle-sized person, dressed with much neatness and simplicity—nothing unduly expensive, but all of the very best. The child turning to him, as he passed close to them, her eyes followed the child's movement. The young man made a bow, raising his hat. I may as well tell you he is a very good-looking young man, rather tall, and well dressed. His duty led him to a house at a short distance; he hastened on, and, after he had finished his errand, he returned by the way he came, in the hope of seeing the young lady and child again. He was not disappointed—they met. He then took courage to utter the compliments of the day, and inquire if she were a resident of the neighborhood, also remarking on the beauty of the weather and other common-places. She replied she did not live in the park, but in a street adjoining, and was out for a morning walk with her little boy. This was the first interview; he continued to walk and converse with her for a few minutes, as young men will do with young ladies, and, being a well-educated young man and of pleasing manners, the time passed agreeably. Referring at last to his watch, he wished her a good morning and went away, noticing, however, the time and place, and resolving in his own mind that, as she seemed to be in the habit of taking this morning walk with her little boy, he would try and meet her again.

A week or more passed, when business again led him to the Regent's Park, and to a part near to the spot where he had before met the young lady and her little boy. He quickly finished his work there, and strolled down the avenue in the hope of again meeting with her. In this he was not disappointed: he perceived her at a short distance, coming towards him, with the little boy. They met, and he accosted her, and walked a little way, conversing with her on the continuance of the fine weather and common topics of conversation. She was then returning home, and he accompanied her and saw where she resided. This was afterwards followed by his calling at the house in the evening to see her; and so it continued for a little while, he representing himself to her as a young man of a wealthy family, and having a commission in the Guards, for, although no impropriety had ever taken place, yet he was constantly bringing her rich presents of plate and jewelry, and, as the winter season was approaching, he provided some rich and valuable furs for herself and her little boy, whose name he found was Edmund; but he never learned more, and her own name he never knew at all. He gave himself rather a grand fictitious name—The Honorable William P——. This sort of friendly intercourse lasted a short time, and I can seriously say, to the young lady's honor, no impropriety of any sort took place, not even a kiss at parting in the evening, which was his usual time of visiting. As a humble junior clerk in a banking house, this state of things could not last long. One day his accounts were found to be deficient, and, no sufficient explanation being given, the firm were, by way of example, obliged to give him into custody. His friends, on his being committed for trial, came to me, and I have made myself acquainted with the facts and the evidence given in the depositions before the Lord Mayor, and I see no chance of escape for him by fighting the case in Court; but, by pleading guilty, he will very likely get a lighter sentence.

But stay—I must finish with the young lady: On the arrest being made, Mr. Cope, the Chief Marshal, was spoken to, and he obtained from my client the particulars of the young lady's residence, and of some of the presents he had made her. On this information, Mr. Cope went in the evening to the young lady's house, which was in a very respectable street near the park. He found her at home, and the servant on his entrance showed him into the parlor where the lady was. He introduced himself to her, and related the purport of his visit. She was much shocked at what he told her. I afterwards saw him, and he mentioned to me that he found her to be a lady of elegant manners and address, quite a fascination, with a handsome little boy at her side. She expressed much surprise when he told her the tale of who the young man was, and the large amount of his defalcation. She expressed sorrow to hear he had so misconducted himself, for, she said, he had represented himself to her as being an officer in the Guards, and possessing an independent property, and, therefore, as to the presents he had made, she did not think so much of them, for she knew a little of the habits of young officers. Although she remonstrated with him upon his sending her such things, as she did not need them, he had refused to take them away. She had kept them all safe in a closet in another room, to which she conducted the marshal, and, opening the closet, showed him the furs, plate, silks, and jewelry he had presented to her. The marshal said he must take them all away, to which she of course readily consented; and he said he was afraid he should be obliged to have her come forward as a witness in the case. The marshal was a kind man, with a pleasant voice and mode of speaking, but this remark threw her into great confusion. She remonstrated with some firmness, and at last tried persuasion. She assured him no impropriety had passed between them, and finally said:

"I could not allow anything to transpire beyond mere common civility, for I am married. My husband is an officer in a regiment now in India, and the child you saw is his son. I am by birth a lady of title. I possess independent property of my own, from my late mother. My father is the Earl ——. I was privately married, against the wish of my father, to the young man I loved. My father, when he came to know it, used his influence to get my husband sent to India, and he is there now; but, in the last letter I received from him, he says he expects to be able to exchange to another regiment, when he will soon return home to me. Now, I have told you who I am. You may well suppose I could not encourage a young man to do as this one has done, in spite of all my remonstrances. I hope you will not call me forward as a witness; but, as I have safely kept all the property I now give up to you, I must ask you one favor: that, as you know who I am, and, as I have incurred the displeasure of my father, who is rather an austere man, as you perhaps know, I wish the bankers to use their influence with him to try and effect my reconciliation and restoration to his favor. I have a brother and sister. My brother is not very kind to me; he takes rather after his father. But my sister is kind, and she tries all she can to pacify and reconcile my father, but at present he is inexorable."

I said to my friend I hoped all would pass off well, and the young lady be again received into her father's house. He said he hoped it would be so, and so far as a word from him could do it, he would try.

I did not see my friend again for a month or so, when I referred him to the case, and asked if the bankers had got the young lady reinstated in her father's favor. He said: "No; the house had by the things she had given up, got back nearly all the loss they had sustained by the young man's defalcation, and they thought no more about her."

Poor S. R.! I do not know whether he is still living; he was rather *brusque* in his manner at times, which by time-serving people would be perhaps considered rudeness, but he was honest withal and kind-hearted. I recollect hearing him one day in a case in the Guildhall Court, when a sharp remark was made upon him by a brother professional, Sergeant P., a barrister of some note; he replied to him: "Sir, I conduct my business on these principles—to rescue the oppressed from the grasp of the oppressor, and to punish the evil-doer; and if I attend the case of a man who has told me has committed the offence charged against him, I hold it my duty to him and the public not to prevaricate or pervert the truth on his behalf, but to carefully watch and see that no more evidence or charge is brought against him than what the law requires, and, if the case is not properly and sufficiently proved, to require his discharge." His opponent made some reply, commending the observation; he could not gainsay the good and proper meaning of these remarks. S. R. was always kind among the poor, and often pleaded a poor man's cause without fee, or the hope of it. F. H.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

THE Chinese of Sacramento commenced their demonstrations against the devils by whom, since the *Yosemite* disaster, they have believed themselves invested, on the 27th ult. The *Union* says: "While they were engaged during the day in discharging fire-crackers and burning Joss sticks along I street, the sound of their gong and the melody of their music were heard throughout the city, especially during the morning and evening exercises. At their headquarters on the north side of I street, between Second and Third streets, is the centre of attraction. They have there for this especial occasion one figure of a very large fat man, one of a slender man, one of a horse about the size of a Newfoundland dog, and various nondescript creations of their own imagination and handiwork. In addition to these creations, which have been prepared for the occasion, the wax figures and fixtures generally of the Joss-house located north of the slough have been brought across to I street, and are all impressed into service for the present defensive movement. The plan of this campaign against Satan and his legions seems to be to drive, by means of prayer and fire-crackers, incantation and the music of the gong, burning paper and singing and squeaking, all the evil spirits and prevailing diseases within sight or sound into the large tissue-paper man, who, in turn, is to be burnt in a blaze of glory at midnight on Sunday night."

Mr. GURRIER, as an owner in one of the rich opal mines near Mokelumne Hill, showed the Stockton *Independent*, on Saturday last, a fine assortment of these valuable stones, highly polished. The mines in which these stones are found are situated on Stockton Hill, west side of Chile Gulch. In Mr. Gurrier's mine a shaft has been sunk to the depth of 345 feet, but only at a depth of 80 feet, in a thin stratum of red gravel, have opals been discovered. Four claims have been located—two of 24 shares each; one of 22; and one (Mr. Gurrier's) of 33 shares. The product is nearly one bushel per day, some of the stones being very valuable. Already, in Paris, London, and other European cities, these stones find a ready sale; some of them, not larger than ordinary shirt buttons, realizing as high as $20 each.

THE Oroville *Union* says the miner who shot the Digger through mistake, a short time ago, has settled the matter with the tribe, by paying to the squaw of the deceased twenty dollars, four sacks of flour, and a new calico dress.

THE Visalia *Delta* says there has been about 23,600 acres of land entered as homesteads in that region under the provisions of the Homestead Law, passed May 20th, 1863. By this law, the United States gives to every citizen who will occupy it, one hundred and sixty acres of land. The conditions are cultivation and continued occupancy for five years.

THE *Delta* says that Visalia is now very prosperous; there is not a vacant house in the town.

THE *Sentinel* attributes the prosperity of Santa Cruz to the many manufacturing establishments in that place, which pay out every month over $25,000 in gold for labor, all of which is there spent for improvements and the necessaries of life.

IN regard to the Nevada silver mines, the *Alta* says the leading stocks have been struck with assessments, and others will inevitably follow. The disposition is, therefore, to sell. The leading speculative stock is the only one which pays a dividend—the Imperial—and the sales are mostly at sellers' option, some as low as $188.

THE Blue Gravel Mining Company, near Smartsville, says the *Appeal*, cleaned up, recently, the boxes at the head of their flume, after thirty days run, taking out $26,600, being the largest amount by some $2,000 ever taken out on so short a run. This is the seventh clean up they have made since January 1, 1865. The gross amount taken out since that time is $240,000.

THE *Independent* says that quite an extensive fire has been raging in the foothills to the west of Red Bluff for over a week. It must have burned over an area of several miles, and at last report was brighter than ever.

PATRICK KELLY, a driver of an express wagon at Sacramento, was drowned on Monday in Beach's Lake, nine miles below the city. Kelly was out with a hunting party, and was drowned while endeavoring to recover a duck from the lake.

THE Copperopolis *Courier* says that, recently, at Six Mile Bar, in Calaveras county, Edward O'Neil shot and killed his partner, James Janson. O'Neil says he acted in self-defence, but his story seems to be doubtful.

JAMES W. PARKER, formerly of Company C, First Cavalry, California Volunteers, was wounded by Apaches near Tucson, and shot himself with his pistol, to avoid being captured alive.

WILLIAM J. BRYANT, of the minstrel family of that name and formerly a resident of Sacramento, (where he worked at printing,) died in New York on the 23d of September, of congestion of the brain, after a very short illness.

THE *Christian Spectator* is the title of a new religious paper (Methodist South) published in this city, edited by Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald.

THE TOILET OF DEATH.

THE brief and imperfect record kept by Monchotte, hair-cutter of the *Conciergerie*, during the Reign of Terror, having recently come to light, public attention has been called to the Martel papers, and the result has been the publication of the present volume. It appears that among the *perruquiers* of Paris, so many of whom were guillotined, one was held from his threatened fate, in order to ply his trade on his unfortunate associates. The history of this man is involved in mystery and hidden by shadow. Neither his age or origin are given, and in their absence we are led to suppose him to have been young, as youth and nerve were required for his solemn task. His record appears to have arisen from the same motive which leads the crews of sinking ships to bottle slips of paper—a desire to leave some memorial of his labors and feelings, before he should be called to a place in one of those *fournées** which he so frequently prepared for the guillotine. It is one of the strange features in the French Revolution, that the mind is found clinging to the most minute affairs of life even when the vast wave of madness was flooding Paris with blood. For instance, the details of the extraordinary tribunal are given, and notwithstanding the pressure upon its services, not a victim passes to doom without specification of age, sex, nativity, and profession. It may, however, be remarked, that this is to a certain degree accounted for by that peculiarity of the human mind, which lays hold of trifles during the most momentous convulsions, and yields equal attention to the smallest and the greatest of events.

The prisons of Paris were at that time closely packed with objects of suspicion, and as one after the other was filled, the palaces as well as the abodes of mercy were put in requisition. In this way the Madallonette and the hospice of the Bicetre, and subsequently the Luxembourg palace, were used for this purpose; the latter being filled to overflowing, while the former, though benevolent institutions, were occupied so far as there was any room to spare from the wards of the sick or the insane.

All the interest excited by these numerous prisons centered in the tribunal, whose long and almost unbroken sessions were held in the *Palais de Justice*. Here Fouquier Tinville, in the office of Public Accuser, or in other words, prosecuting attorney for the Committee of Public Safety, drove on the proceedings with an energy which only the fever of such an hour can explain; while Herman, Dumas, and others sustained the *rolé* of presidents of the court, and a hideous assemblage of *sans culottes*,† acting in the capacity of jurors, repeated the stereotyped verdict. Such a series of incessant mockeries of truth, equity, and justice, the world never witnessed before.

The prisoners, in obedience to the lists drawn off by the Committee of Public Safety, were gathered from the different jails and brought either at midnight or at the approach of evening to the spacious but dimly lighted basement of the *Palais de Justice*. This, which was known as the *Conciergerie*, or guard-house, contained several dungeons, in addition to the central vault, and in one of the former the queen was confined for several weeks before her execution. From this place of sad reunion, where a large crowd might have been continually found huddled together in the half stifling atmosphere, the prisoners were led up a winding stair to the *salle*, or court room, where their fate was rapidly decided. After sentence, which was death within twenty-four hours, they were again led down to the *Conciergerie* and were thence carted to the scaffold in the afternoon. From Monchotte's record, it appears that he had been arrested, tried, and condemned, and yet after all escaped death by one of those incidents on which a destiny is sometimes suspended. The last thing before leaving the *Conciergerie* for the cart, was "the toilet of death," as it was fancifully termed. The hair was cut short in order that the executioner might have full view of the back of the neck, and thus bring it immediately beneath the axe; a custom which is maintained in France to this day. The attendant who had charge of this duty having been suddenly taken ill, Monchotte who was known to be a barber, was summoned from the group of the condemned to fill his place. With a *nonchalance* peculiar to that fearful time, he stepped forth from the *fournée*, and plied the shears upon his unfortunate associates; and of that group, numbering nothing less than fifty, all but he went to the scaffold.

Thenceforth until the Reign of Terror closed, his services were in constant requisition, while he knew not the day that he might be summoned to join some one of those *fournées* which he was preparing for death. This risk became gradually a matter of indifference, and Monchotte began at length to look on himself as a fixture of the dismal institution of which he formed a part. The employment of the pen served to occupy the idle hours of his existence, which of course were many, since his duties required but a brief part of the day. The carts or tumbrils were generally ordered up by four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the condemned were placed in rows, and here by the dim light of a grated window, Monchotte began his task. Few words were spoken during its performance, except perhaps the broken accents which only told of despair. The doomed were lost in that reverie of abstraction which indicates the shattered intellect, or else were buried too deep in woe to admit of speech, for words had lost their meaning. No sooner was the toilet finished than the huge iron door turned upon its hinges, and through that beetling portal they marched out to take their farewell of Paris and mankind.

Monchotte's work was then done for the day, and it was his custom to immediately jot down rough notes of the persons he had prepared for death. Among these were the authoresses Olympe des Gouges, Madelene Dubet, and Marie Contelet; also the editor and deputy Gorsas; and the Duc D'Orleans, commonly called *Egalité*, who voted for the king's death and was himself guillotined on the same spot a few months subsequently,

From the more interesting of these we quote as follows:

"July 17, 1793. Marie Charlotte Corday came under my hands, hair soft and curling prettily over her shoulders; features round and chubby, unlike our sharp-faced *grizettes*; one curl preserved at her request, to send to her father, in case the one she has sent to him should miscarry. Conduct firm: noble and heroic, glorious Charlotte!"

On the sixteenth of October he chronicles the first application of his shears to Royalty. The king had been guillotined before he came into the office, and there is no record of the person who cropped the Bourbon, but Monchotte appears proud of the fact that Marie Antoinette came under his tonsorial care. He dealt with her in the tenderest manner, and mentions her kindly smile as he apologized for the rude liberty he was taking with her sacred head. She was woe-begone and exhausted by her trial, having had but little rest, and was subdued to complete resignation, going to the cart as Mouchotte says, like one who longed to die.

A deeper and more fearful tragedy is alluded to in the record of October 31st, the same year.

"This day I cropped the ex-deputies from La Gironde—what faces, what foreheads, what eyes—and yet I did my part in extinguishing these demi-gods! Vergniaud looked on me with a sad and woe-begone expression. Brissot scorned me; Gensonne bit his lip, and said nothing; Louchet wept a few bitter tears: Some spoke of the axe as only doing the same work as the shears in a more effectual manner, just as the Fates cut the thread of life. They stood in rows like statues, and I passed from one to the other in lonely silence; each one stood in mute patience till all was done. Then came their embrace—and their farewell, and then their chant of wild music as the tumbril moved on."

The death of the Girondins seems to have made a deep impression on Monchotte, and their hair excites his curiosity to a degree in great contrast with that of the common food of the guillotine. He notes at much length their characters as indicated by the difference in their locks, and enters into a disquisition as to the indication of talent which could be read by his practiced eye.

"Had Lonchet possessed a darker, stiffer covering to his head, had Brissot less of the auburn, had Barbaroux longer, bolder ringlets, all might have been different. But alas, how could such men contend with the fierce bristling locks of the terrible Danton, the full electric hair of Camille Desmoulins or the sleek head of Robespierre combed back with its unapproachable cue—to say nothing of those matted *sans culottes*, shaggy as buffaloes and fierce as wolves."

Monchotte had, as he supposed, learned to designate character by the covering of the head. This art, if indeed it be worthy of that name, must be reckoned one of those cultivated in classic ages, and some think that it is referred to by Horace in his famous description of the old Roman heroes.

> "Hunc *et incomptis Curium capillis*
> Utilem bello tulit et Camillum
> Sœva paupertas, et avitus apto
> Cum lare fundus."

The allusions which Monchotte makes to this art give his journal a peculiar interest. He seems to have thought himself able to describe individuals and almost destinies from the basket of sweepings which was gathered after each *fournée*, and occasionally he preserved some of the more remarkable specimens of character and misfortune.

Among these were female tresses of great softness, lustre, and length, whose history began in the halls and palaces of the *noblesse* and ended on the scaffold. Had Monchotte been of a literary turn he could have penned narratives more terrible than the inventions of romance. The work of death kept pressing upon the step of time, and as the spring of 1794 advanced, we find an abridgment in his journal until it only indicates by brief entries that the number and size of the *fournées* was vastly increased.

"Seventy-five clipped on one afternoon—one hundred and three on another, four score and six on another occasion," how could he find time for details; yet even now we note an attempt to express his feelings as some eventful character overwhelmed him by taking his turn at the toilet of death. He notes such men as Bishop Gobel and Chaumette, both in the same *fournée*, Hebert the ferocious, and Mormoro the husband of the Goddess of Reason, and the eccentric but pure minded Anacharsis Cloots, with a large number of unfortunates beheaded on the 25th of March, 1794. On the 6th of April are recorded the names of Chabot, Fabre, D'Eglantine and above all, Camille Desmoulins, whose agonized countenance moved Monchotte to greater pity than the girlish tear of many a group. To these was added the massive and lofty form of the great Danton, before whom Monchotte stood, as he says, appalled. The silent gaze of the great Revolutionist seemed to speak like the old Roman, "wretch dost thou slay Caius Marius?"

In June the Regnault family pass under his shears, all lost by that one daughter Anna, who called on Robespierre in her madness and thus swept her house out of existence. At the same time we have record of the lovely and exquisite Mademoiselle St. Amaranth, the most beauteous and pitiful of all the children of death, and then came the heavy *fournées* of July and the dread Thermidor, never to be forgotten; of the last of which days, he writes thus:

"On the tenth, I saw a spectacle which transcended all my dreams of the impossible, and distanced all my past experience of changing fortune; my pen trembles as I record the fact. This day I cropped Robespierre himself, with Couthon, St. Just, Henriot, and others, who but a few days ago were masters of Paris. What a sight was this? Robespierre lay bloody and speechless in the *Conciergerie*, and groaned as I touched his wounded jaw. The rest silent like tigers crouching in despair. Before sun-set they met their doom in the Place de la Revolution. Their locks indicated power, and by this rule they should have triumphed, but the Fates were too strong for them. Such is history, in which I bear my part."

But Monchotte saw a succession of remarkable culprits, claiming his services, in whom he beheld a contrast hardly less impressive than the foregoing. Thus of that *commune*, or city government which had borne so large a part in the revolution, and which was devoted to Robespierre, seventy members are shorn by him in one afternoon. But a greater sensation even than this was subsequently made, as appears from his record, by the fact that after the Reign of Terror was over, the leaders of the tribunal and most of the jury came under his hands. Thus he writes on the seventh of May, 1795, the following statement, concerning one of the most striking instances of retribution on record:

"This day I cropped Fouquier Tinville and Varzelles and Dix Aout and others of his jury; a stranger and more astonishing scene I never expect to witness. For two years Fouquier has been sending his victims to my shears, and now he comes in his turn, and I who was once condemned by him must prepare his neck for the axe. What a scene would it have been, could all the *fournées* which he has sent to death gaze upon this retribution? An army of ghosts followed him, or at least so the wretched man seemed to feel, as he was led to the cart, and started with his tribunal for the Place de la Revolution."

Among the women who received their death toilet at Monchotte's hands, there was one who impressed him by some traits which he omits to describe, but rather alludes to as exceeding his power. He speaks of a calm and majestic dignity like that of the Queen, and combined with a pensive beauty which had escaped the ravages of time and misfortune. An interest greater than anything of a personal nature arose however from the fact that certain papers belonging to her had been placed in his possession in trust for her family, to whom Monchotte had pledged himself to deliver them with a sacred care.

In addition to the manuscripts she desired him to preserve the long and lustrous tresses which he was severing from her head, in order that they might be restored as memorials to her friends. But what was more important still she entrusted to his care a lovely boy from whom she was now to be torn by the executioner, and of whom he accepted charge until his kindred could reclaim him. From this charge Monchotte was relieved by events which are recorded in this volume, and the papers, the tresses, and the lad were returned, but the circumstance made a deep impression on him, and he refers to it several times in his diary.

The singular history of the mother and child mentioned by Monchotte has been often solicited, but from motives of delicacy the family has withheld them. The recent death of Count Freron de Martel, however, has removed all objection, and the survivors have permitted the publication of the manuscript.

The reader will observe, that a part of the chronicle is given in the words of Zoe, Countess de Martel, while the remainder is thrown into the form of a narrative. It was thought that this method would be best adapted to bring out the incidents of her eventful life. The editor makes no apology for the intervals which occur in the early part of the record; nor for the occasional foot notes by means of which he has sought to throw light on an interesting period.‡—*Martel Papers.*

*"*Fournée* was a term borrowed from the bakers; it signifies a batch of bread. When single executions became rare and cartloads were sent to death at a time, this word was found convenient and expressive.

†*Sans culotte*, literally, *without breeches*, a popular term for the lower classes of Paris.

‡Zoe, like all names derived from the Greek, requires E final to be sounded.

OFFENBACH has signed with the manager of the Porte-Saint-Martin, an agreement to set music to the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière. As *La France Musicale* justly remarks, "To turn high class works like this into comic operas reminds one of those people who take a Milo's Venus to ornament their staircase, with a gas-jet on her head."

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDE a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There stops a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness, and flies we know not where.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of Life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride.
Step's of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

[Bryant's Thirty Poems.

THE ARTS IN CHINA.—They have manufacturers of false noses in China, but none of false teeth. There are practitioners who profess to cure the toothache instantaneously, and people worthy of credit have assured me they succeed in doing so. The works of European dentists are among the most admired examples of the skill of foreigners. A mandarin who was anxious to learn something about the making of teeth, once produced to me a box full of artificial noses of various sizes and colors, with which he supplied the defects of his own; he said he used one sort of nose before, and another after his meals, and insisted that Chinese ingenuity was greater than our own. What, in process of time, will be the action of western civilization on the farthest eastern regions—whether, and in what shape we shall make returns for the instruction our forefathers received from thence—is a curious and interesting inquiry—more interesting from the vast extent of the regions before us. The fire-engine is almost the only foreign mechanical power which has been popularized in China There is scarcely a watch or clockmaker in the whole empire, though opulent men generally carry two watches. The rude Chinese agricultural and manufacturing instruments have been nowhere supplanted by European improvements. No steamship has been built by the Chinese; the only one I ever saw would not move after it was launched; it was said a Chinaman, who had only served on an English steamer as stoker, was required by the authorities to construct the vessel. There is neither gold nor silver coinage; the only currency being a base metal, *chien*, whose value is the fifth of a farthing. The looms with which their beautiful silk stuffs are woven are of the most primitive character. Yet they have arts to us wholly unknown. They give to copper the hardness and the sharpness of steel; we cannot imitate some of their brightest colors. They have lately sent us the only natural green which is permanent, which has been known to them, as printing, wood engraving, the use of the compass, artillery practice, and other great inventions, from immemorial time. Paper was made from rags long anterior to the Christian era, and promissory notes were used at a still earlier period. The Chinese may be proud of a language and a literature which has existed for thirty centuries, while in Europe there is no literary language now written or spoken which would have been intelligible seven hundred years ago. If, then, this singular people—more than a third of the whole human race—look down with some contempt on the "outside races," let them not be too harshly judged, or too precipitately condemned.

JULES BENEDICT has just published three new compositions—an andante in B, a rondo in E flat with orchestral accompaniments, and a sonata in E minor for basso and violin.

LIVELY GREEK HORSES.

[EDMUND ABOUT, in his *Greece and the Grecks*, gives the following incident of travel:]

THE second day of my journey in the Morea, we were making our way quietly along towards the Isthmus of Corinth, and the village of Kalamaki. We had just crossed the Scironian rocks, and I was thinking to myself that if my horse was as tired as I was, he would lie down early. In crossing a little stream, Curzon got down to drink, and went on on foot; his horse, left to himself, went on in front. I was at the head of the caravan, and, without taking any notice, saw him pass, but an old Agoyat thought of catching him. The horse trotted, the Agoyat also trotted; the horse began to gallop; I began to laugh at seeing how much better organized for running four-legged animals are, than simple bipeds. But my horse, seeing his companion running, was indulging in his own reflections. He said to himself: "This is a very vain animal; because he has not got a rider on his back, he thinks he is going to leave us behind; we will soon see!"

The next thing was to start off at full gallop. I held tight the bridle. I held tight with my knees, I held on to everything I could; I gathered together my recollections of Leblanc's riding-school. Good or bad grace, there was no help for it, but to go on and race.

However, the baggage-horse, touchy like all people of low occupations, became indignant in his vulgar soul against the saddled animals who affected to gallop before him. "Because I have a few mattresses on my back, and a few boxes and a few plates, you think I am only a donkey! just wait; I will show you if I was made to carry burdens." At the first bound, our plates were on the ground—ten fine new plates! nothing left of them but chips; at the second, our mattresses were hung out on a lentish bush; at the third, the animal was already gone. His colleague, who was carrying Lefteri, reminded of his duty by the presence of his master, and seized with horror at the sight of the ruins which ambition strews on its way, stopped short, and refused to put one foot before another. As for Garnier's horse, he had long been running after mine.

As ill-luck would have it, we were on a plain, and an uncultivated one—not a rock to stop the horses, not a ploughed field to tire them. I am bound in fairness to say, that Curzon's horse, which led us all, was following the straight road, and directing us to Kalamaki. But we had much rather arrive there less rapidly.

At the end of an enormous minute, my horse arrived, always second on the sea sand. I wanted very much to push him into the water to cool; but do what I would to pull to the left, his competitor was going to the right, and he followed to the right. A little further I saw within reach a rock of rather imposing aspect. I thought of breaking my horse's head against it, but restrained myself on thinking of my own. A second minute passed; it seemed I had been galloping for for an hour. Behind me I heard a horse galloping, and the noise of something dragging: I thought with horror that it was perhaps Garnier's horse, and attempted to drag my left foot out of the stirrup; the stirrup had caught between my shoe and gaiter.

We had left the beach, and were running over flat country, on a little peninsula. I thought over to myself what a deal of ground the horses get over in the Champ de Mars on race days; certain verses also of the story of Mazeppa came back to my mind, and its terrible chorus hummed in my ears. The peninsula was coming to an end, I found myself again in front of the sea, and this time the shore appeared to be precipitous. Curzon's horse stopped:—I was saved; but hearing my galloping, he started off afresh. I was quite blown; I had one hand cut as if I had been gathering grass for a week; my ears were ringing, my sight confused; I made a successful effort to disengage my foot, and I jumped down, head foremost.

I remained for a few moments stunned; it seemed as if there was a great crowd round me, that music was playing, and that they were offering me ices; I heard five or six songs which I promised myself I would remember. When I opened my eyes and came to myself, I was alone, lying on my back, fifty paces from my hat; I perceived a great black bird in a tree—it was my cloak, which I thought I had fastened securely to the pommel of the saddle. I took a direction as well as I could by the help of the sun, and I walked, staggering a little, to where our people ought to be found. I had not gone twenty paces, when I saw Lefteri run up and ask what had become of his horses. I told him that they were not broken-winded, and that they had gone on in front to Kalamaki; the poor fellow ran off in pursuit. After him came Garnier, safe and sound. His horse, having to choose between successful vanity and a ditch ten feet wide, had taken the wisest course. Alfred de Curzon asked of all the bushes for his lost papers and drawings, and the Agoyats accused one another of having caused all the misfortunes.

On reaching Kalamaki, we found Lefteri and all his horses. The amiable beasts had arrived, galloping all the way to the first houses of the village, where they had been stopped. Very fortunately; for, at the pace at which they were going, they might have gone all round the Morea, and returned to their stables.

"MARK TWAIN" ON THE BALLAD INFLICTION.

IT is bound to come! There is no help for it. I smell it afar off—I see the signs in the air! Every day and every hour of every day I grow more and more nervous, for with every minute of waning time the dreadful infliction comes nearer and nearer in its inexorable march! In another week, maybe, all San Francisco will be singing "Wearing of the Green!" I know it. I have suffered before, and I know the symptoms. This holds off long, but it is partly that the calamity may gather irresistible worrying-power, and partly because it is harder to learn than Chinese. But that is all the worse; for when the people do learn it they will learn it bad—and terrible will be the distress it will bring upon the community. A year ago "Johnny came marching home!" That song was sung by everybody, in every key, in every locality, at all hours of the day and night, and always out of tune. It sent many unoffending persons to the Stockton asylum. There was no stopping the epidemic, and so it had to be permitted to run its course and wear itself out. Short was our respite, and then a still more malignant distemper broke out in the midst of this harried and suffering community. It was "You'll not forget me, mother, mother, mother, mother!" with an ever-accumulating aggravation of expression upon each successive "mother." The fire-boys sat up all night to sing it; and bands of sentimental stevedores and militia soldiers patroled the streets and howled its lugubrious strains. A passion for serenading attacked the youth of the city, and they sang it under verandahs in the back streets until the dogs and cats destroyed their voices in unavailing efforts to lay the devilish spirit that was driving happiness from their hearts. Finally there came a season of repose, and the community slowly recovered from the effects of the musical calamity. The respite was not long. In an unexpected moment they were attacked, front and rear, by a new enemy—"When we were marching through Georgia!" Tongue cannot tell what we suffered while this frightful disaster was upon us. Young misses sang it to the guitar and the piano; young men sang it to the banjo and the fiddle; the un-blood-stained soldier yelled it with enthusiasm as he marched through the imaginary swamps and cotton plantations of the drill-room; the firemen sang it as they trundled their engines home from conflagrations; and the hated serenader tortured it with his damned accordeon. Some of us survived, and some have gone the old road to a haven of rest at Stockton, where the wicked cease from troubling and the popular songs are allowed. For the space of four weeks the survivors have been happy.

But as I have said before, it is bound to come! *Arrah-na-Pogue* is breeding a song that will bedeck some mountain with new-made graves! In another week we shall be "Wearing of the Green," and in a fortnight some will be wearing of the black in consequence. Three repetitions of this song will produce lunacy, and five will kill—it is that much more virulent than its predecessors. People are finding it hard to learn, but when they get it learned they will find it potent for harm. It is Wheatleigh's song. He sings it in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, with a sprig of shamrock in his hat. Wheatleigh sings it with such aggravated solemnity as to make an audience long for the grave. It is doled out slowly, and every note settles deliberately to its place on one's heart like a solid iceberg—and by the time it is finished the temperature of the theatre has fallen to twenty degrees. Think what a dead-cold winter we shall have here when this Artic funeral melody becomes popular! Think of it being performed at midnight, in lonely places, upon the spirit-depressing accordeon! Think of being driven to blow your brains out under such circumstances, and then dying to the grave-yard cadences of "Wearing of the Green!" But it is bound to come, and we may as well bow our heads and submit with such degree of Christian resignation as we are able to command.—*Territorial Enterprise.*

A JEFFERSONIAN JOKE.—Mr. Jefferson's great height and slender figure exposed him to much ridicule from his opponents: his *soubriquet* with them was "Long Tom;" and when his famous project of the substitution of gun-boats in place of a navy was adopted by Congress, and the attempt made to put it into practice, the cannon, disproportionately large, with which each of the ill-constructed craft was burdened, obtained, in contempt, the name of a "Long Tom." Nothing could present a more striking or more singular contrast than the figures of Mr. Jefferson and General Knox; the one very short—the other lank and lean, and unusually tall. They happened to meet one morning on the steps at General Washington's lodgings. The two gentlemen approached from opposite directions, and arriving at the same moment, a contest in etiquette took place between them. The general at the head of an army, and full of its chivalric politeness, could not think of passing in before the co-equal head of the Department of State; while the civil officer of the Government was equally averse to taking precedence of the military; and they stood for some moments, each drawing back and waving the other forward. In the midst of this somewhat entertaining scene, the notorious Judge Peters, the greatest wit of his day, came up directly in front. Perceiving how matters stood, and casting a sly glance from one side to the other, he pushed boldly between them, exclaiming as he passed: "Pardon me, gentlemen, if in my haste I dash through THICK and THIN."

NOTICE.

The publication of "The Californian" takes place on Saturday mornings, and copies may be obtained in the City at all News-stands, and of our News-agents through the country. It will also be served by carriers on the morning of publication.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

THE ADDISONIAN LECTURES.

THE first Lecture before the Addisonian Society was delivered Thursday evening at the Howard-street Methodist Church, by the Rev. Horatio Stebbins. The house was tolerably filled, and some were present who are not often found in attendance upon Divine worship. The lecturer, in brief outline, brought to view the cardinal points of his religious faith, which were four in number: The belief in God, the creator and preserver of the universe; this God not a trinne God, but God over all and above all. The immortality of man. A Hereafter for Retribution; and, finally, a Hereafter for Restoration. Mr. Stebbins contented himself with stating these points without arguing at any great length in regard to any one of them. Incidentally he spoke of the moral nature of man; the absoluteness of right and wrong; asserting that that which it would be wrong for man to imitate, it would be wicked for God to perform. The lecture was well delivered, and in admirable spirit and temper. The reverend gentleman regretted that the Catholic and Jewish churches appeared to have no representation in the "course." He did not know whether they had been invited, or if invited had refused to accept the invitation. At the close of the lecture, Dr. Peck remarked that the "Addisonians" had not thought of extending an invitation to either of the denominations, of whom Mr. Stebbins had justly said, that the great good done in past ages by the Israelitish seet ought never to be forgotten, and that, denying as he did, the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, yet it was to be frankly admitted "that she was the mother of us all."

The only fault we have to find with the lecturer was, that he was too general. In so far as he did state the points of his belief, he was explicit enough; but, doubtless, there were many anxious to hear his views touching the inspiration of the Bible, Provideutial interference, etc., to which no allusion was made.

The next lecture will be delivered by the Rev. George Mooar (Congregationalist) on Thursday evening of next week.

NEW BOOKS.

WE are indebted to A. Roman & Co., No. 417 and 419 Montgomery street, for the following new books:

Memoirs of the Life of William Shakspeare, with an essay toward the expression of his genius, and an account of the rise and progress of the English drama. By Richard Grant White.

The present volume, although bound with an uniform set as Vol. I., really completes Mr. Grant White's editiou of Shakspeare's works. In this day of new readings and original impersonations, this latest addition to Shakspearean literature has a peculiar interest It differs from others in its conservative nature, its regard for the ancient text before innovators and emendators had worked their will with it, and is an attempt to restore the text as nearly as possible to the condition in which Shakspeare left it. There being no authentic text from the author's own hand, Mr. White has adopted the folio of 1623 as most authoritative. He seems to have exercised necessary discrimination, however, even in his conservatism; he has not restored evident imperfections or corruptions, stage interlineations or deviations, and has used his own taste in adopting or rejecting the suggestions of different commentators. It might be questioned if Mr. White has not, while stripping the text and margin of much verbiage, and saving and arranging what was really valuable comment, gone too far in some of his literalisms. There is a suspicion of pedantry in the taste which preserves such verbal peculiarities of the language as is exhibited in the following from *Hamlet:*

> ——"yet once methought
> It lifted up *it* head, and did address
> It self to motion."

Or in *Lear:*

> "The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had *it* head bit off by *it* young."

We cannot help suspecting that this is introduced with a certain ostentation of letting us know that the editor knew that in Shakspeare's time "it" was used in the possessive, without the distinguishing terminal letter. But when we remember that in *Winter Tale* and *Henry VIII.* the word appears in its more modern form, we cannot see the object of retaining this clumsy barbarism, except to prove that *Hamlet* and *Lear* were written before the others. For preserving the full or contracted forms of the past participle in *ed*, of the second person singular of verbs in *est*, and the blending of contiguous words, there is some reason and less disregard of euphony.

But Mr. White's task has been evidently a labor of love and sympathy. In this respect he will please every admirer of the great dramatist, for he has edited Shakspeare more like a lover than a critic. If he has given us few corrections and emendations, it is because he is too enthusiastic to give even this tacit admission of present imperfection.

The "Essay toward the Expression of Shakspeare's Genius," "The Memoirs of Wm. Shakspeare," (an extract from which is given in another column,) and "An Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama to the Time of Shakspeare," which exhibits considerable historic research, comprise the contents of the present volume. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper with liberal margiu to its pages, and is prelaced by a gracelul dedication to William H. Seward.

The Human Hair, and the cutaneous diseases which affect it. By B. C. Perry, Dermatologist. New York: James Miller.

Zoe, or the Martel Papers, a Manuscript of the Conciergerie. New York: Sheldon & Co.

ANA.

THE tender calm and kindliuess of the moonlit evenings duriug the past week, have offered such a contrast to the usual austerities of our summer nights, that the popular voice never wearies of hymning their praises. Yet it is a proof of the rarity of really pleasant weather in this climate, rather than of any logical acumen or scieutific knowledge on the part of San Franciscans, that they invariably look with suspicion upon this atmospheric blandness, aud, with a vague idea of the laws of compensation, call it "earthquake weather." The terrible suggestiveness of this epithet does not, however, interfere with the enjoymeut of these lovely days and eelestial nights. The roads leading toward Seal Rock, the Ocean House, and San Bruno have been nightly crowded with vehicles; the thoroughfares, especially the Portrero Bridge, have been filled with promenaders. I should have, perhaps, giveu the preference to the bridge as the most democratic and economical medium of enjoyment but for a recent experience. One uight while strolling over it, felicitating myself upon the appearauce of the city as it lay bathed in mysterious moonlight—its harsh, unfinished, and uncouth outlines subdued and mellowed; upon the glancing waters of the bay, flashiug with bright lights here and there against the piles or about the hull of some shadowy outlying bark; upon the passing promenaders linked together in mystic couples, suddenly and without a note of preparatiou, but with evident deliberation and malice aforethought, oue of a file of young ladies and gentlemen directly before me saw fit to lift her voice in song. We have the authority of Shakspeare certainly, that

> ——"soft stillness and the night
> Become the touches of sweet harmony,"

but it is somewhat questiouable if "You will not forget me, mother," even when aided by a strong masculine chorus, is appropriate or soothing to the spirits at such a moment. At all events, possibly owing to some harmonious deficieucy in my breast, some strategic and treasouable quality which forbade my being moved "by concord of sweet sounds," the effect of this *obligato* was terribly disenchanting. The hard outliue of the hills seemed to come back; a key-note of the breezy shrillness of our summer afternoons was struck in that strong-minded female's voice, and I touched the earth agaiu. Surely, if the privileges of a public performer were taken by her, the usual privileges ol an audience in expressing approval or disapproval belonged to me.

A few nights after this experience I was induced to try the Cliff House road, in a buggy, with a companion. The evening was singularly beautiful and propitious. As we bowled along over the crumbling gravel, the toll-keeper, who started out of the magical moonlight and mysterious stillness, might have giveu us tickets to some celestial city, beyond the dread valley of the shadow of death, whose gleaming tombs we rattled so irreverently by, aud whose cross, alar on a lonely hill, glittered and glanced beside us. The moon, riding high, touched the rough rocks as tenderly as though they were the crags of Latmos, forgetful that our western shepherds sleep with oue eye open, and always make the first advances. The light on the Farralleones flashed out and was lost ere we could fix it. Sometimes, on entering a little valley, we would come upon a thin strata or current of warm air, as though a summer noon had got belated in the hills and lost its way iu travelling westward. But the influence of the locality soon became fatally apparent. Our horse, whom my companion addressed as "Billy," but who, from a certain peculiarity of gait, I mentally christened "The Macadamizer," was what is called "a fast horse." To him the moonlight and beatitudes of scenery only suggested actiou. In an unlucky moment a rash individual attempted to pass us. "The Macadamizer" gave oue wild dash, afforded us a twinkling glimpse of all his four hoofs at once and darted forward at headlong speed. We shot far ahead of the infelix stranger; but this triumph seemed only to incite "Macadamizer" to more frantic efforts. Far ahead hesuiffed a rival. The loose gravel and fliuty rock flew to pieces beneath his hammering hoofs. The buggy no longer rolled along, but lifted itself in convulsive leaps as though it were possessed of a desire to mount the back of our ambitious steed. As I turned to my companion and mildly remonstrated against the inappropriate and unharmouious character of these proceedings, I was horror-struck at his apparent transformation. By nature and education calm-eyed, even-voiced, quiet and refined—delicately organized and free from demonstrative action—this man was totally demoralized by the wild "Macadamizer!" His hat was pushed back from his thoughtful brow: his teeth were set, his hands grasped the reins firmly—there was no mistaking it—a secret and guilty sympathy existed betweeu him and the relentless "Macadamizer." Under the deceitful and ostentatious show of reining in this ambitious animal, he was actually urging him to greater effort. In vain I pointed to the stars in their regular and carefully graduated orbits. Outwardly assenting to the truth of my suggestions, calmly assuring me of his perfect sympathy, he succeeded so completely in controlling "Macadamizer," that, in a few seconds, we not only overtook and passed that particular stranger, but indeed all others on the road. It is but just to him to state that, this position having been attained, he fully and sincerely joined me in deploring the process, with an eloquence perhaps a little heightened by the success of the result. But alas! for our æsthetic enjoyment. The *genus loci* had asserted itself. We were no longer pilgrims to the celestial city; no longer disciples of Thoreau in rapt sympathy with nature, but the proprietors of a fast horse, with Foster and whisky in the perspective.

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PROCRASTINATION is not the only form in which Time may be abstracted. There exist individuals who, under less vague and general titles, indulge in peculation of this synonym for money. The Time-thief differs from the usual highwayman; the latter limits his despoilations usually to straugers—the former compels his most intimate friend to stand and deliver. No place can be guarded against his entrance; the counting-room, the private office, the editorial sanctum, is opened by the skeleton key of courtesy, which fits all locks and opens all doors. Once in, the Time-thief proceeds to prosecute his unhallowed calling. You are writing au important business letter; you are engaged on an editorial, or you are drawing a brief. The Time-thief begins by an artful display of frankness. He sees you are busy, he will not detain you a moment—he himself is busy, etc., etc. Beguiled by his remark, you drop your pen, and utter some confused and meaningless apology, with a vacant smile. The Time-thief begins haply with an allusion to your letter, your editorial, or your brief. For a few moments he is bearable, sometimes interesting. But, speedily dropping your business, he snddenly changes to his own. Commou courtesy, of course, forbids a too rapid change on your part. So you listen: at first resignedly, then with an unmistakable distraction of the eye, which will, after a formal circuit of the room, wander back to your manuscript. You make a feeble show of taking up your pen and punctuating your composition, or of crossing a *t*, or retonching the tail of a *y*. At intervals, you utter an indefinite response, which you mildly hope may be takeu for affirmation or negation, as the case may be. These signs affect the Time-thief no more than the struggles of the victim affect the garroter. But he is not altogether unmindful of them; no one knows better than he how much the victim can bear. When a sternness settles aronnd your mouth, and a preliminary cough rises to your lips, he leaves his seat as if to retire apologetically with his booty. Rash is the victim who at this moment is betrayed into softness—the movement was but a *ruse*; he has enlisted your attentiou, which was all he wanted, aud he succeeds in appropriating five minutes more to his ill gotten gains.

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IT may be questioned whether Church Fairs or Festivals, as a means of collecting charity or contributions, are not in their decade. The old-fashioned Pious Bazaars and Serious Thread and Needle Shops have given way to Festivals and Charades, and it has been found necessary to approximate more closely to worldly entertainments for worldly patronage. Yet there was and still is a certain pleasure in viewing the pretty saints, who, in most cases, keep shop under pleasing and approprite *alioses*. Who has not felt a thrill at being importuned by HOPE to buy a ticket iu a raffle; or blushed when FAITH called upon him to exercise her peculiar talent, and blindly and fondly put his hand into a green bag, under the pleasing delusion of drawing out something worth having. Who does not recall the pleasing expectation with which he received the news that a letter was lying for him in the post-office, which missive, with his name prominently misspelled, he found to be filled with bland generalities. Whither have ye fled, "O blue-eyed banditti," who were wont to dart out of evergreen ambush upon the spruce young traveller and despoil him of his coin? Where are the refreshments which seemed like "locusts and wild honey" to the Sunday-school boy, and the marble "sody" fountain, which, to him, appeared even as the gushing rock, struck by the Mosaic hand?

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To a reflective mind, I dare say that the street cars afford excellent opportunities of studying humanity iu sincerer

forms, and at more advantageous focal distances than people suppose. The short interval of time in which strangers are thrown together leaves them no opportunity for deception. Snobs of either sex are apt to display their foibles even in the passage of a block. I am reminded of an incident which occurred in my experience, and which, at the time, I put into the pleasing and ever popular form, of a fable. I venture, in absence of more serious matter, to repeat it here.

THE FABLE OF BEAUTY, THE BEAST, AND THE PERFECT GENT—FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Beauty was one day shopping on Montgomery street, and, getting quite weary, she thought she would ride. So she stopped a car. But when poor Beauty came to the door, and looked in, she saw it was full. Then a Beast, who was sitting by the door grumbled, "All full inside," and looked at Beauty as though he would eat her up. But a Perfect Gent got up from his seat and said: "Take my seat, dear Beauty, and I will stand up." Then Beauty smiled at the Perfect Gent; and the other Gents who were not Perfect said to each other: "Let us bust the crust of this Perfect Gent and black his eye." But while they were whispering among themselves, an Ugly Old Woman stopped the car and squeaked out: "Is there any room?" Then the Perfect Gent said, "All full inside;" but, to everybody's astonishment, the Beast got out and said to the Ugly Old Woman: "Take my seat." But the Perfect Gent jumped and took the Beast's seat, and pulled the bell so that the driver drove on, leaving the Beast and the Ugly Old Woman in the middle of the street. This made the passengers and the Perfect Gent laugh very much, for it was a Joke.

Moral.—This fable teaches us that we should endeavor to be a Beauty and a Perfect Gent, rather than a Beast or an Ugly Old Woman. Also, that whatever wrong a Beast may attempt, he will sooner or later be punished at the hands of a Perfect Gent. O, what a nice thing it is to be a Perfect Gent!

Bret.

[The following travestie published three years ago in the columns of the *Golden Era* by the author of "The Californian's Condensed Novels," is here reproduced with a few essential alterations, as necessary to the completion of the series soon to be collected in a more permanent form, and as the only "condensed novel" not written for The Californian:]

FANTINE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

[BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.]

PROLOGUE.

As long as there shall exist three paradoxes: a moral Frenchman, a religious Atheist and a believing skeptic—so long, in fact, as booksellers shall wait—say twenty-five years—for a new Gospel; so long as paper shall remain cheap and ink three *sous* a bottle, I have no hesitation in saying that such books as these are not utterly profitless.

Victor Hugo.

I.

To be good is to be queer. What is a good man? Bishop Myriel.

My friend, you will possibly object to this. You will say you know what a good man is. Perhaps you will say your clergyman is a good man, for instance.

Bah! you are mistaken; you are an Englishman, and an Englishman is a beast.

Englishmen think they are moral when they are only serious. These Englishmen also wear ill-shaped hats and dress horribly!

Bah! they are *canaille*.

Still, Bishop Myriel was a good man—quite as good as you. Better than you, in fact.

One day M. Myriel was in Paris. This angel used to walk about the streets like any other man. He was not proud, though fine-looking. Well, three *gamins de Paris* called him bad names. Says one:

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* there goes a priest; look out for your eggs and chickens!"

What did this good man do? He called to them kindly: "My children," said he, "this is clearly not your fault. I recognize in this insult and irreverence only the fault of your immediate progenitors. Let us pray for your immediate progenitors."

They knelt down and prayed for their immediate progenitors.

The effect was touching.

The Bishop looked calmly around:

"On reflection," said he, gravely, "I was mistaken; this is clearly the fault of society. Let us pray for society."

They knelt down and prayed for society.

The effect was sublimer yet. What do you think of that? You, I mean.

Everybody remembers the story of the Bishop and Mother Nez Retrousse. Old Mother Nez Retrousse sold asparagus. She was poor; there's a great deal of meaning in that word, my friend. Some people say "poor but honest." I say, Bah!

Bishop Myriel bought six bunches of asparagus. This good man had one charming failing; he was fond of asparagus. He gave her a *franc* and received three *sous* change.

The *sous* were bad—counterfeit. What did this good Bishop do? He said: "I should not have taken change from a poor woman."

Then, afterward, to his housekeeper: "Never take change from a poor woman."

Then he added to himself: "For the *sous* will probably be bad."

II.

When a man commits a crime society claps him in prison. A prison is one of the worst hotels imaginable. The people there are low and vulgar. The butter is bad, the coffee is green. Ah, it is horrible!

In prison, as in a bad hotel, a man soon loses, not only his morals, but what is much worse to a Frenchman, his sense of refinement and delicacy.

Jean Valjean came from prison with confused notions of society. He forgot the modern peculiarities of hospitality. So he walked off with the Bishop's candlesticks.

Let us consider: candlesticks were stolen; that was evident. Society put Jean Valjean in prison; that was evident, too. In prison, Society took away his refinement; that is evident, likewise.

Who is Society?

You and I are Society.

My friend, you and I stole those candlesticks!

III.

The Bishop thought so, too. He meditated profoundly for six days. On the morning of the seventh he went to the Prefecture of Police.

He said: "Monsieur, have me arrested. I have stolen candlesticks."

The official was governed by the law of Society, and refused.

What did this Bishop do?

He had a charming ball and chain made, affixed to his leg, and wore it the rest of his life.

This is a fact!

IV.

Love is a mystery.

A little friend of mine down in the country, at Auvergne, said to me one day: "Victor, Love is the World—it contains everything."

She was only sixteen, this sharp-witted little girl, and a beautiful blonde. She thought everything of me.

Fantine was one of those women who do wrong in the most virtuous and touching manner. This is a peculiarity of French Grisettes.

You are an Englishman, and you don't understand. Learn, my friend, learn. Come to Paris and improve your morals.

Fantine was the soul of modesty. She always wore high-neck dresses. High-neck dresses are a sign of modesty.

Fantine loved Thomolyes. Why? My God! What are you to do? It was the fault of her parents, and she hadn't any. How shall you teach her? You must teach the parent if you wish to educate the child. How would you become virtuous? Teach your grandmother!

V.

When Tholomyes ran away from Fantine—which was done in a charming, gentlemanly manner—Fantine became convinced that a rigid sense of propriety might look upon her conduct as immoral. She was a creature of sensitiveness—and her eyes were opened.

She was virtuous still, and resolved to break off the *liason* at once.

So she put up her wardrobe and baby in a bundle. Child as she was, she loved them both. Then left Paris.

VI.

Fantine's native place had changed.

M. Madelinc—an angel, and inventor of jetwork, had been teaching the villagers how to make spurious jet!

This a progressive age. Those Americans—children of the West—they make nutmegs out of wood.

I, myself, have seen hams made of pine, in the wigwams of those children of the forest.

But civilization has acquired deception too. Society is made up of deception. Even the best French society.

Still there was one sincere episode.

Eh?

The French Revolution!

VII.

M. Madeline was, if anything, better than Myriel.

M. Myriel was a saint. M. Madeline a good man.

M. Myriel was dead. M. Madeline was living.

That made all the difference.

M. Madeline made virtue profitable. I have seen it written: "Be virtuous and you will be happy."

Where did I see this written? In the modern Bible? No. In the Koran? No. In Rosseau? No. Diderot? No. Where then?

In a copy book.

VIII.

M. Madeline was M. le Mayor.

This is how it came about.

For a long time he refused the honor. One day, an old woman, standing on the steps, said:

"Bah, a good mayor is a good thing."

You are a good thing.

Be a good mayor.

This woman was a rhetorician. She understood inductive ratiocination.

IX.

When this good M. Madeline, whom the reader will perceive must have been a former convict, and very bad man—gave himself up to justice as the real Jean Valjean; about this same time, Fantine was turned away from the manufactory, and met with a number of losses from society. Society attacked her, and this is what she lost:

First her lover.
Then her child.
Then her place.
Then her hair.
Then her teeth.
Then her liberty.
Then her life.

What do you think of society after that? I tell you the present social system is a humbug.

X.

This is necessarily the end of Fantine.

There are other things that will be stated in other volumes to follow. Don't be alarmed: there are plenty of miserable people left.

Au revoir—my friend.

THEATRICAL TALK.

On Monday, Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann appeared in the character of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," playing it in an exquisitely novel style. If Mr. Bandmann's chief ambition be to play every character in a style as unlike as possible to that in which other actors play it, and thus display the originality of his genius, it must be confessed that he has, on several occasions, succeeded admirably in accomplishing this end, and in no instance has he been more successful than in the character of "Don Cæsar de Bazan." I am sorry to observe that the critics who did not manifest the slightest displeasure at Mr. Bandmann's exalting the Jewish usurer, "Shylock," into a princely merchant, were shocked at his making "Don Cæsar de Bazan" a giggling buffoon. For my part, I think Mr. Bandman's "Don Cæsar de Bazan" was a very amusing piece of acting, and whether his conception of the character be true or false, does not signify a fig's end. When Mr. Bandmann appeared as "Othello," on Wednesday night, then I did feel anxious that Shakspeare's great character should be played as he intended it to be played; alas! Mr. Bandmann had an "original conception" of this character also; he carefully avoided making the points which actors who have not remarkable genius make, and I must say that I did not observe him make any strong new points, to compensate for the omission of the old ones. Mr. Bandmann was ably supported. Mr. Charles Thorne's impersonation of "Iago" showed careful study and a thorough appreciation of the text; it was a quiet and highly finished piece of acting, and did Mr. Charles Thorne infinite credit, it being his first appearance in that character. Last night *Othello* was again produced, when Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann performed "Iago." I did not witness his enaction of this character, and cannot, therefore, say in what particulars, if in any, it was superior to that of our rising young Californian actor. Mr. Louis Aldrich played "Cassio" in a highly creditable manner, and managed his voice, which is apt, on some occasions, to become rather harsh, with greater skill than he has evinced in parts he has undertaken for some time past; the quiet pathos with which he delivered the words

"Dear General, I never gave you cause!"

on "Othello's" owning to paving consented to his death, was extremely good. There was noise enough in the play, but it was all made by one actor; the others carefully avoided noisy declamation. Miss Sallie Hinckley acquitted herself very creditably in the character of "Desdemona;" and Mrs. Stewart, as "Emelia," was all that could be desired. Mr. George C. Boniface, on Tuesday evening, repeated his performance of *Jocrisse*, and afterwards appeared in the character of "Robert Macaire." On Thursday evening the sensational drama of *Jocrisse* was performed, Mr. Boniface playing the chief character; the performance concluded with *Robert Macaire*. Last night Mr. Boniface played "Othello." To-night a benefit will be given to the San Francisco Cadets. The performance will consist of *Robert Macaire*, *Don Cæsar de Bazan* and a bayonet drill by the company.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, late of the Australian stage, have arrived in this city, and will shortly appear under engagement to Mr. Maguire. With these accessions to the theatrical force already with us, there will be no lack of amusement during the winter months.

At the Metropolitan Theatre, *Arrah-na-Pogue* still draws a fair audience nightly. The coming week will, however, probably be its last. H. D. Thompson, who, by his clever impersonation of "Michael Feeny," has established himself firmly in popular favor, was the recipient of a splendid benefit on Wednesday night. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh has, during the time *Arrah-na-Pogue* has been running, been busily engaged in rehearsing other new plays. The next sensation will be the production of *Savannah*, which will be put on the stage with the same disregard of expense which has characterized the production of *Arrah-na-Pogue*. Mr. Wheatleigh has been afforded a fair start, by the immense run which his first production has had, and will be enabled to present novelties, in the same perfect style. A matinee is held to-day for ladies and children, when Boucicault's great drama will be performed.

No startling novelty has been produced at the Academy of Music during the week; the *Live Indian*, however, has caused many a hearty laugh. The benefit of Mrs. Myers was well attended, and quite a comfortable little sum was netted for the widow and her child. On Monday evening, Miss Emily Thorne, an English actress who has the reputation of excelling in comedy and burlesque, and is also a charming singer, makes her first appearance at the Academy of Music. Mr. Wall, a light comedian who accompanied Mr. George C. Boniface to this State, will also shortly make his appearance. This afternoon the performance will consist of *Nan, the Good for Nothing* and *The Live Indian*. In the evening, 1,000 *Milliners Wanted*, and *Sarah's Young Man*.

Touchstone.

Telegraphic.—Lord Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, died on the 17th ult. .. The Mississippi State Convention did not pass the amendment abolishing slavery. Wade Hampton has been elected Governor of South Carolina. He recommends the payment of the State's *pro rata* of the rebel war debt. It is rumored that in consequence of these facts President Johnson will relinquish his lenient policy to a considerable extent. .. The Juarez troops have been defeated at Matamoras. .. The reported uprising of the negroes in Jamaica is confirmed. Many revolting murders of white persons had been committed. .. In Paris, cholera is causing about two hundred deaths per day.

THE HAIR.

[We take the following extracts from a new work entitled *The Hair, Scalp and Face:*]

SOMETHING LIKE A WATERFALL.

DURING the first half of the eighteenth century, English ladies in private life wore their hair in a manner at once simple and elegant—in some respects, if not in all, resembling the style of the present day. But about the year 1745, we find the toupée irons coming into use. The front of the hair was curled with these instruments and turned back under the cap—which, it seems, was also a new thing. According to the industrious Stewart, this "was the first stage of wire caps, which reached about the middle of the head behind, with small wings on each side, and the hair, in a few buckles, hanging carelessly in the neck." Then came the French curls, from Paris. "They look like eggs strung in order, on a wire, and tied round the head," says Stewart, contemptuously. With the curls came also the French crape toupée; at the same time a mode called the English style, of straight and smooth hair, was also employed. "From a notion of cleanliness," the English, when they at first embraced these styles, had them imitated in *false* hair; and from similar notions they objected to powder. But fashion eventually triumphed, as usual, and they accepted the genuine modes, with all their filth and discomfort. The "scollop-shell" or Italian curls made their appearance just as some were beginning to tire of the French. They are described as consisting of "curls in three rows, done back from the face in their several shapes." Then there were the German curls, a "mixture of scollop-shell and French in the front, curled all over behind, or *tete de mouton*." Subsequently we find long curls in favor; these were French in style, but began far higher, "with the points rising as they went back." Also, "the toupée, with two curls done over wool."

Between 1760 and 1770, "cushions" came into use. The first were quite a modest affair, resembling, as we read, "an exceeding small woman's pin-cushion,"—whether the adjective refers to the woman or her pin-cushion I am not positive: probably the latter; but once this fashion was fairly started, it remained a long time popular, and of course the cushion appeared of all practicable sizes, according with the successive freaks of taste. Stewart wrote twelve or fifteen years afterwards, and testified that the hair "has been worn higher since, wider, narrower, lower, heavier, lighter, more transparent, more craped, smoother, etc. With one curl, two curls, three curls, four curls, five curls, and no curls at all, but all from the same foundation,"—meaning the cushions.

DOES THE HAIR GROW AFTER DEATH?

It has long been believed, on the authority of certain historical statements, that the hair continues to grow after death. Thus, it is said that when the sarcophagus which contained the head of Charles I. was lately opened, the hair was found to have attained a marvellous length. Wulferus speaks of a woman buried at Nuremberg, whose grave was entered after a lapse of forty-three years, when the hair of the deceased was observed streaming through the clefts of the coffin—which, I presume we are to infer, had become so crammed with *post mortem* tresses that the subsequent accumulation was forced to accommodate itself outside. A sufficient answer to these wild statements is afforded in the physiological fact that all vital action in the body necessarily ceases with life, and therefore the *post mortem* growth of the hair, at least through the regular mode of production must be considered as an impossibility. Some philosophers regard the hair as a parasite, possessing a kind of vitality of its own, and think it may flourish after the death of the body, like "small fibrous shoots out of an old tree," as Diembroeck observes, "which continue to grow after the tree is dead, having a proper vegetation of their own, differing from that of the root or trunk from whence they rise." Wilson fancies that he has "seen an apparent growth of the downy hairs on the dead body, where decomposition has made considerable progress; "but I am unwilling," he says, "to believe in such a phenomenon without further and more careful investigation." I do not think him over-cautious in this particular. Turner observes that, persuaded by the historical statements above mentioned, "some authors deny that the hair is a proper part of the body." This is certainly a summary means of dispatching the question; it however has the serious demerit of being unphilosophical. A better way of treating the phenomena is to regard them as being the offspring of delusion.

BEARDED WOMEN.

Olliver, a contemporaneous French physician, speaks in a recent paper of a young lady with an exquisitely fair skin, and beautiful deep black hair, who, in the course of recovery from a fever, found the whole surface of her body in the peculiar state sometimes exhibited upon exposure in cold weather, being covered with what are commonly termed "goose pimples." These remained, and in the course of a few days each became dark at the summit, and presently a little black hair appeared. In a month these hairs had grown so fast, she was entirely covered, her face, her palms, and the soles of her feet excepted, with a coat of hairs an inch in length. We are told by Eble, that during the reign of Maria Theresa there was a female hussar in the army, possessing a strong moustache, who served several years, rising to the rank of captain. In the last century there lived a woman called the Bearded Virgin of Dresden, whose portrait has been preserved. According to Michelis, her beard, which was three inches long, grew from each side of her chin, and was of snowy whiteness. At first she cut it every month, then every fortnight, and eventually twice a week. Contrasting strongly with her white beard was a moustache of short black hair. It is said she had a voracious appetite, a loud voice, and was a person of undoubted courage and boldness. A young woman of twenty-two, a native of Switzerland, applied at the Charing Cross Hospital, London, for a certificate of her sex, in order to satisfy the scruples of a clergyman before whom she had come to be married, who could not believe that whiskers and a beard four inches long were consonant with her representations. It seems that she was born with hair upon the face, and that at eight years it had attained a length of two inches. She stated that she had a brother quite as remarkable for the *absence* of beard. She had no moustache. A sister two years younger possessed the same peculiarities. Subsequently to her marriage she was exhibited in London, under the appellation of the "Hairy Prodigy." These particulars were furnished to the London *Times* by Dr. Chowne. Dr. Grau, of Louisville, has made known the case of a woman, aged seventy-eight, healthy, and the mother of a large family, whose face, at the sides, on the chin, and lips, was covered thickly with coarse hair, which she was obliged to shave off as often as once in a week. She was very masculine in appearance; in fact, the long hair of her head was apparently her sole feminine characteristic.

A CELEBRATED writer has said: "The love of Nature, if we would prove how long and beautiful it makes existence, must not be left as a mere amusement that can be taken to at any time. Like the love of virtue, it must be commenced *in youth*. A man may learn a language or a science when he is grown up, but he cannot then learn to love Nature. This love he must bring with him from his boyhood, when it germinates in all, though, with most, dried up in its earliest leaf. How many, who have mildewed and rusted amid the mock pleasures of towns, would fain return, when too late, to their first young love! Doubtless, every man carries with him some remnant of his early love for nature; but it is not that deep, animating love, which, by its freshness and fullness, keeps the heart green. Virtually, to affect us, it must grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. Hence the paramount value in the education of youth of Natural History, or, at least, of a fostering of the native taste in the human heart for the poetical contemplation of natural objects and phenomena. Let everything be taught children, which forms and exercises the habit of attention, and the power of judging things by the eye. Consequently, Botany—that inexhaustible, tranquil, ever interesting science, attaching the mind to nature with bonds of flowers. Especially should these things be taught to children of the *poor*, whose means of indulgence in costly pleasures are so scanty. There is not a child who does not delight in wild flowers, and whose intelligence cannot be led, if kindly dealt with, to find in botany a pleasure, which, of all others, requires least outlay of time and money, and is most easily and permanently within reach. The heart never grows old, if it bring with it from its childhood a lively interest in the re-appearance of Spring flowers, the habits of birds and insects, the changing tints of the Autumn leaves. The naturalist's poem is the pleasures of memory and the pleasures of hope, both in one. He has always a to-morrow to *his* pleasures, whereas, with most, there is only a yesterday and to-day. Let the young not neglect or despise these sweet pleasures, and they will find that, when old, they will not depart from them." This love of nature requires no peculiar circumstances. Its sphere is where the sun is shining, because it addresses itself to what the listless call weeds and stones, finding poetry and delight where the dull cry, All is barren.

THE London newspapers have lately been wasting a great deal of their space and of the reader's time on the case of Howard Glover, an English composer of some ability, who has for several years been acting as musical critic of the London *Morning Post*. Glover wrote well, but he offended his employers by giving a series of "monster concerts." He was dismissed; the newspapers published columns about what was purely a personal matter; and the end of it all is that Glover has been taken back again as critic on the condition that he gives no more concerts and writes no more songs for singers.

MADAME VAN ZANDT, the vocalist, will leave in a few weeks for Europe, to study at Milan under the best Italian masters. She has a voice which will well repay judicious training, and such a winter of studies as she contemplates will prove in the end far more beneficial to her than remaining here to make occasional appearances on the stage as *Lucia* or *Gilda*.

SINGULAR RESEMBLANCE.—It is no new thing to say that twins have been known to be actuated by the same impulses, tastes, and desires, but it is a rare thing to hear this averred on oath. A case of the kind, however, occurred in a French Court of Justice recently. Four children, Arthur Persico, aged eleven, Prosper Marteau, aged thirteen, and two twin brothers, aged eleven years and six months, were placed before the magistrate for stealing sundry articles from the stalls on which they were exhibited. Their parents, as is customary in France, were summoned before the tribunal, as civilly responsible. The whole of them confessed to their offences, and their parents, all of them honest workpeople, begged the magistrate to give them up to them, and not to send them to a house of correction. The mother of the twins made the following curious statement concerning them: "My two children are twins, and, strange to say, whatever one does the other does also; they have the same tastes, the same habits, the same thoughts, good or bad; they are not vicious, but when one runs away from home, the other follows him. Since last January, we have kept them shut up indoors like slaves, to keep them from running about the streets, and getting into mischief. My husband had decided on sending them to sea, for we had found out that they had robbed us of some small coins which happened to be left about, but we had no idea that they had committed thefts out of doors. We sent them to the national schools, but we know now they have not been there for several months; a boy named Persico corrupted one of them, and the other followed, as a matter of course." "You say," said the magistrate, "that your children are twins, and have the same character and the same tastes?" "Yes, sir; and there is a singular resemblance in their actions, thoughts, and desires. Thus when one drinks, the other, who may be in another room, drinks also. Under the same conditions, if one puts a finger in his mouth, the other does likewise. If at any time one should happen to run away from his home, there is no difficulty in finding him, for their father has only to take hold of the other, and he will lead him direct to the place where the runaway may then chance to be."

THE SARACENS IN SPAIN.—Scarcely had the Arabs become firmly settled in Spain, before they commenced a brilliant career. Adopting what had now become the established policy of the Commanders of the Faithful, the Khalifs of Cordova distinguished themselves as patrons of learning, and set an example of refinement strongly contrasting with the condition of the native European princes. Cordova, under their administration, boasted of more than two hundred thousand houses, and more than a million of inhabitants. After sunset a man might walk through it, in a straight line, for ten miles by the light of the public lamps; seven hundred years after this time there was not so much as one public lamp in London. Its streets were solidly paved; in Paris, centuries subsequently, whoever stepped over his threshold, on a rainy day, stepped up to his ankles in mud. The Spanish Mohammedans had brought with them all the luxuries of Asia. Their residences stood forth against the clear blue sky, or were embosomed in woods. They had polished marble balconies overhanging orange gardens; courts with cascades of water; retiring-rooms vaulted with stained glass, speckled with gold; the floors and walls were of exquisite mosaics. Here a fountain of quicksilver shot up in a glistening spray, the glittering particles falling with a tranquil sound like fairy bells; there, apartments into which cool air was drawn, in summer, from flower gardens. Clusters of frail marble columns surprised the beholder with the vast weights they bore. In the *boudoirs* of the Sultanas they were sometimes of verd antique, and incrusted with *lapis-lazuli*. Through pipes of metal, water, both warm and cold, to suit the season of the year, ran into baths of marble; in niches, where the current of air could be artificially directed, hung dripping alcarazzas. There were whispering-galleries for the amusement of the women; labyrinths and marble play-courts for the children; for the master himself grand libraries. At this brilliant focus barbarian Europe lighted its lamp of civilization.—*Draper's Civil Policy of America.*

HERCULANEUM.—There is talk of a further exploration of Herculaneum, encouraged, probably, by the success with which the researches of Pompeii have been prosecuted. A French paper gives a curious account of discoveries lately made at the latter place, and says that the gold and silver coin found there more than pay the expense of the works: "Near the temple of Juno, of which we lately spoke, a house has just been uncovered which, doubtless, belonged to some millionaire of those days, for the furniture is of ivory, bronze, and marble. The beds of the triclinium especially are of great richness; the floor is an immense mosaic, in parts very well preserved, and in the middle it represents a table laid for a great dinner. In the centre of the table, on a large tray, is seen a superb peacock with its tail spread, and with it another bird, also covered with beautiful plumage. Around them are lobsters, one of which holds a blue egg in its immense claws; the second holds an oyster, which appears to be fricasseed, for it is open and covered with chopped herbs: the third holds a stuffed rat; and the fourth a little jar full of fried grasshoppers. Then there is a row of dishes of fish, mingled with dishes of partridges, hares, and squirrels, which all hold their heads in their paws. After that comes a circular row of sausages in every form, another of eggs, oysters and olives, again surrounded by a circle of peaches, cherries and little melons, enclosed in turn by vegetables and various fruits. The walls of the triclinium are covered with paintings in fresco of birds, fruit, flowers, game and fish of all kinds, the whole intermingled with designs which give to the apartment an indescribable singularity and charm. On a table, in very rare wood, carved and incrusted with gold, marble, agate and apis-lazuli, stood amphoræ, which still contained wine, and some cups in onyx."

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AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

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[For the Californian.]

THE DAISY.

(BELLIS PERENNIS.)

THE English name of Daisy is derived from a Saxon word, meaning "days's eye," in which Ben Johnson writes it, and Chaucer calls it the "eie of the daie," and lost no opportunity of singing its praises, while Spenser speaks of it as

"The little dnlzie that at evening closes."

In the days of chivalry, this universal favorite was reckoned the emblem of fidelity in love, and was frequently worn at tonrnaments both by the ladies and knights. Alcestis was supposed to have been metamorphosed into this flower, and was therefore called "the daisy queen." In France it receives the name of La Marguerite, being dedicated to St. Margaret, a person of exquisite beauty. The field daisy, insignificant as it apparently is, exhibits, on examination, a world of wonders. Scores of minute blossoms compose its disk and border, each distinct, each useful, each delicately beautiful. The florets of the centre are yellow or orange-colored, while those of the ray are snow-white, tinged underneath with crimsou.

The followin· remarks of Gedner is particularly applicable to this interesting little flower: "We ought not to overlook the minutest objects, but to examine them with a glass, for we shall then perceive how much art the Creator has bestowed upon them." Langhorne is the first poet who notices the truly perenuial character of the daisy, in a stanza which might serve for a motto to Dr. Mason Good's beautiful and well known lines:

"That daisy, in its simple bloom,
Shall last along the changing year;
Blush on the snow of Winter's gloom,
And bid the smiling Spring appear."

From this period—or rather, we might say, from one still earlier, with these exceptions—until Burns again opened the gates of Natnre and let out a beauteous light upon the world. Daisies do not appear in poetry save as affording a standing *Gradus ad Parnassum* epithet for "meadows."

Burns has the merit of re-introducing this lovely flower; and, as if to compensate for its long absence, honors its return with a strain superior in natural beauty to any it had yet received. When we find poets such as Chaucer and Burns paying to the

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,"

some of the highest tributes of their muse, we are compelled to believe that, humble as it is, it possesses attractions which it is not given to inferior spirits fully to appreciate. No wonder that Burns loved this flower, for, in "the lowly daisy" which "sweetly blows," he found an emblem of himself—"a rustic Bard." And as he elsewhere says, in lines which might also be fitly applied to him who was the least artificial of modern poets:

"The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air:"

L. E. L., in one of her fanciful descriptions of flowers, says:

——"those small flowers
Daisies, whose rose-touch'd leaves retrace
The gold and blush of morning hours."

Clare has a devotional appeal to the daisy:

"Daisies, ye flowers of lowly birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to Spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker and my God."

The closing of the daisy when it

——"sleeps upon the dewey lawn,
Not lifting yet the head which evening bowed,"

is a subject of deep contemplatinn by the first of modern philosophical poets:

"Observe how dewy twilight has withdrawn
The crowd of daisies frnm the shaven lawn,
And has restored to view its tender green,
That while the snu rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling sheen.
An emblem this of what the sober hour
Can dn fnr minds disposed to feel its power!
Thus oft when we in vain have wish'd away
The petty pleasures of the garish day,
Meek Eve shuts up the whole usurping host,
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post;)
And leaves the disencumber'd spirit free
To re-assume a staid simplicity."

And again in a like thoughtful vein:

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

The beauty, the infinite variety of the vegetable world has ever been a theme for the poet's song. To man, even in his present advanced state of intelligence, a plant is surrounded with many mysteries, and the contemplative mind sees a shadow of divinity in the strange vitality of each green leaf. How much more mysterious must these wondrous organisms have appeared when the lights of science burned dimly on the earth, or were obscured by the thick veil of superstitious ignonance. The psychological influence of plants and flowers are continually figured forth in writings sacred and profane; the earliest poetry, as the latest song, bear evidence of the effects produced by them upon the human mind. The olive-branch of the Noahican dove, has ever been the emblem of peace, and since Job wrote, "He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down," the transitory beauties of vegetable life have been regarded as emblems of the instability of human existence. To pass over those oriental philosophies which invested all nature with a pantheistic spirit, and the lotus worship of the Egyptian priests, we find in the poetic mythology of the Greeks, abundant evidence of the holy dreams kindled by the contemplation of the vegetable world.

The sacred wreath of myrtle spoke to the human spirit of mortality, and the immortality of the soul was typified by the corn sown in the earth, by its revival in the greeu blade, and by its full ripeness in the golden harvest. By the Greek, every tree was invested with a divinity—a spirit held possession of every grove, thus giving poetical expressiou to their dim consciousness of that vitality which a modern philosophy—with somewhat too much haste—refers to certain physical forces or powers. Again in the wilder mythologies of the Scandinavian races, the creation of more northern and less luxuriant climes, we have a similar expression of the human dream, in the sylph which nestled amid the petals of the rose, or our own fairy sporting in the shadows of the lovely fern. Men, then, have ever felt the sweet influence of

Whatever earth, all-bearing mother yields,
In India, east, or west, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where
Alcinos reigned.

And even now, when a material philosophy invades the realms of poetry, there linger around the vegetable creation, unknown agencies—mysteries of life—which appear to radiate like the painted glories of the holy saints, lights redolent of the sanctity and love which still linger over the earth as a type of the joys of the lost Eden.

Stars are the daisies that begem
The blue fields nf the sky,
Beheld by all aud everywhere,
Bright prototypes on high:
Bloom nn, theu, unpretending flowers!
And to the waverer be,
An emblem of St. Paul's content,
Of Stephen's constancy.

IRIS.

ORIGIN OF THE FENIANS.

FROM the various accounts now being republished by our Eastern contemporaries of the origin of the Fenians, we select the following:

O'Halloran, an Irish historian, in the second volume of his *History of Ireland*, writes: "With Phœnius our Ethnic historians began their history, and so shall I. He is surnamed in our annals Farsaidh, or the sage, and is highly celebrated for his wisdom and for being the first inventor of letters. Our annalists count twenty-three generations from Phenius to his lineal successors, the sons of Milesius."

All the other Irish historians, who go back to its earliest antiquity, concur in the above account, so that it cannot be doubted the name of *Fenian* is derived from Fenius or Phœuius Farsa, the real or fabled first great chieftain of the Irish race.

The following acconnt of the ancient Fenians of Ireland is from Morley's *Writers Before Chaucer:* "Irish tradition says that the Fenians were an ancient militia, or standing army, employed only on home service for protecting the coasts from invasion. Each of the four provinces, says the tradition, had its band; that of Leinster, to which Fionn and his family belonged, being called the Clanna Baosigne. This militia is said to have been paid by the King, billeted on the people in the winter, but to have lived in summer by the chase. And these are imagined to have been the qualifications of a Fenian: 'Every soldier was required to swear that, without regard to her fortune, he would choose a wife for her virtne, her courtesy, and her good manners; that he would never offer violence to a woman; that as far as he could he would relieve the poor, and that he would not refuse to fight nine men of any other nation. No person could be received into the service unless his father and mother, and all his relatives gave security that none of them should revenge his death upon the person who might slay him, but that they would leave the matter to his fellow-soldiers. The youth himself must be well acquainted with the twelve books of poetry, and be able to compose verses. He must be a perfect master of defence; to prove this he was placed in a field of sedge reaching up to his knees, having in his hands a target and a hazel stick as long as a man's arm. Nine experienced soldiers, from a distance of nine ridges of land, were to hurl their spears at him at once; if he was unhurt he was admitted, but if wounded he was sent off with a reproach. He must also run well and defend himself when in fight; to try his activity, he was made to run through a wood, having a start of a tree's breadth, the whole of the Fenians pursuing him: if he was overtaken or wounded in the wood he was refused, as too sluggish and unskillful to fight with honor among such valiant troops. Also, he must have a strong arm and be able to hold his weapon steadily. Also, when he ran through a wood in chase his hair should not come untied: if it did he was rejected. He must be so swift and light of foot as not to break a rotten stick by standing upon it; able also to leap over a tree as high as his forehead, and to stoop under a tree that was lower than his knees. Without stopping or lessening his speed, he must be able to draw a thorn out of his foot. Finally, he must take an oath of fidelity.' The Rev. Geoffry Keating, who wrote a *History of Erin* in the year 1830, gravely says: 'So long as these terms of admission were exactly insisted upon, the military of Ireland were an invincible defence to their country, and a terror to rebels at home and enemies abroad.' Goll M'Morna had slain Fionn's father, Cumhaill, in battle, and was Fionn's mortal enemy in early life. Afterwards he made a peace with him, and fought under him as a chieftain of the Connaught Fenians. But the supremacy of the Clanna Baoisgne led to feuds, and at last Fionn and his clann, defying the throne itself, were attacked by the forces of Erin, except those of the King of Munster, who took part with him, and suffered carnage in that battle of Gabbra, wherein Oisin's son, Oscar, and King Cainbre fell by each other's hands. Fionu, who was absent, arrived only in time to close his grandson's eyes; and after this defeat, peace had no sweets for him and war no triumphs. Fionn died at last, it is said, by the lance of an assassin."

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

MANY have inqnired who this celebrated historic personage, to whom so many allusions have been made, really was. Voltaire, in his *Age of Louis XIV.*, gives the following account of the mysterious prisoner of state:

"In 1661, there happened an event, of which there is no similar example in the history of the world, and with which the historians of that time seem to have been totally unacquainted. There was sent to the castle in the island of St. Marguerite, in the sea of Provence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young and of a graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask with steel springs, which enabled him to eat without taking it off. He remained here closely confined till 1690, when St. Mars, the new governor of the Bastile, had him conveyed to that prisnn. During the journey he remained always covered with the mask, and the governor never sat down in his presence. He was lodged at the Bastile with all the attention possible at that dungeon. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen remarkably fine. During his two journeys, the soldiers who escorted him had orders to shoot him if he made any attempt to discover himself.

"The unknown person died in 1703, and was buried in the night. What increases our surprise is, that when he was sent to the island of St. Marguerite, no person of consequence in Europe was missing. Yet the prisoner was certainly one of the great ones of this world. Every circumstance connected with him proves this. The governor put the dishes on the table himself, then retired and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and then threw it out of the window. A fisherman picked it up and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if anybody else had seen it. He was not allowed to go till he had proven these facts conclusively. The governor then dismissed him, saying, "It is lucky for you that you cannot read." One of the prisoner's shirts, written upon in a very fine hand, was one day discovered in the water by a young barber. Two days after the boy was found dead in his bed."

Another authority adds: "On the death of the Iron Mask, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses—in short, everything that had been used by him, were burnt, the walls were scraped and the floors taken up; all evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing something that might have discovered who he was. The glass was taken out of the windows of his room and pounded to dust, the window frames and doors were burnt, and the ceiling and the plaster of the inside of the chimney were taken down. It was even affirmed that the body was buried without a head; and it was currently reported that a gentleman having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up, and found a stone instead of the head. The most prevalent opinion as regards this singular individual is, that he was the twin brother of Louis XIV., born some hours after him; and the king, their father, fearing that the pretensions of a twin brother might one day rekindle war in France, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up in private.

WHAT MEN ADMIRE MOST, in a lady, is a fragrant, pnre, alabaster purity, and rose tint of the complexinn. Freckles, pimples, tan, moths, sunburn, are a deformity, and must be corrected before the perfection of beauty can be obtained. DAVINSON'S CIRCASSIAN BLOOM, for the complexinn and skin, is perfect in its success.

LADIES will bear in mind that TAAFFE & Cn., Nn. 9 Montgomery street, will open on Monday next 50 cases of New Dress Goods, in addition to the domestic dry goods advertised in our paper elsewhere.

MOSGROVE & BLAKELY'S new *Dry Goods Store* is in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

VISIT Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Greceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

DENTIST WORK.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

DR. WM. K. DOHERTY'S Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

THERE dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A DAINTY BRANCH OF ART.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

MANY OF THE DISEASES which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. BENTON, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

TRIMMINGS.—Mrs. NORCROSS, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

TOYS.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

BREWSTER & CO.'S Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
NEW YORK.

☞ FOR THE VERY BEST PHOTOGRAPHS, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds, purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusil oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, antibilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional culling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS,
HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.
401 Battery cor. Clay,
ja25-tf San Francisco.

CARRINGTON & CO'S GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,

No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CET.

Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half-term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance, with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

WE ARE NOT GIVING AWAY!

AT 505 MARKET STREET,

Extending Through to No. 7 Sutter street,

HOGS' SPARE RIBS, 5 cents per pound;
Hogs' Kidneys, 6 cents per pound;
Pigs' Feet, 5 cents per pound;
Lean Meat for Sausages, 7 cents per pound;
Rib Roast, 12½ cents per pound;
Pork Chops, 15 cents per pound;
Pigs' Tenderloins, 15 cents per pound.

The above are cut from fat grain-fed hogs, killed at our pork-house every day, and are better and cheaper than at any other place in this city.

Mutton! Mutton! Mutton!

From 4 to 7 cents per pound—KILLED EVERY DAY, from sheep fed on our own ranches in the country, and, for that reason, we are enabled to sell the best Mutton for about HALF THE PRICE charged by any other butchers in San Francisco.

WILSON & STEVENS,
sc30-§ No. 506 Market St., and No. 7 Sutter St.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

OVERSTOCKED!
AND MUST SELL!

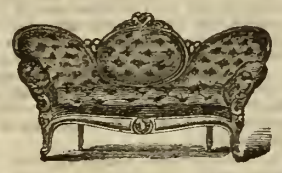
Goodwin & Co.,

Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO
UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS
—AT—
LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,
mh25-tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

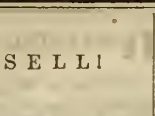
NOTICE TO SHIPPERS
TO
Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company
WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO
FOR RED BLUFF,
ON SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY,
UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

sc23-tf J. WHITNEY, Jr., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN



Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET,*
BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,
SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

se23-3m

BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!
NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
Now No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17
Have received a Large Stock of
GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING
—AND—
FURNISHING GOODS,
Which they are selling
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,
my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NATHANIEL GRAY,
UNDERTAKER,
CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,
641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

dc17 3m

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.
Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure
BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,
And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,
139
MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

75,000
MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
an19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRENT, Secretary.
S. BOTTSCUTTO, Actuary.
mh25 3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that
Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,
and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.
Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30 3m

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,
SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM
Attached to the Hotel,
Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,
Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM
CALIFORNIA CLOTH,
For Wholesale and Retail Trade,
ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,
AT QUINCY HALL,
NOS. 545, 547, 549,
Washington Street,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE
MECHANICS' FAIR
IN SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,
TO
I. D. THOMPSON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
No. 321 Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,
IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
NOVEMBER 13, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

CARRYING THE U. S. MAIL!

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE!!!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.
W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commander.

FOR SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA,
ON MONDAY, - - - - NOVEMBER 13TH
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely. Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
ERICSSON,
3,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to
I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

THE ONLY LIVING
ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO
OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.
ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,
No. 414 California street, - - - San Francisco,

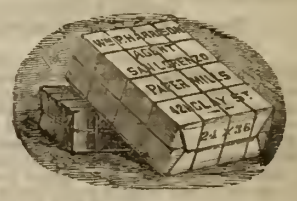
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,
M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE

OF THE

SEWING MACHINES!

Campaign of 1865!

FIRST PREMIUM

AWARDED THE

FLORENCE!

AT THE

State Fair of California,

BY A COMMITTEE COMPOSED OF THE

BEST MECHANICAL TALENT OF THE STATE.

THE REPORT:

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE.—After a careful investigation of this NEW AND BEAUTIFUL MACHINE, viewing it as we do in a mechanical point of view, we consider that it is in many respects worthy of much prnise, particularly that portion of its mechanicnl nrrangement by which the REVERSIBLE motion is obtainod, which is simplicity itself, and in our opiniou worthy of special consideration; also, the

COMPLETE AND POSITIVE CONTROL OVER THE TENSION,

as exhibited in this Machine, along with the mechanica arrangement for taking up the slack of the thread, as was shown in sewing without any alteration, and without any stoppage of Machine,

FROM THE FINEST LACE TO FOUR THICKNESSES OF LEATHER.

"Your Committee, therefore, after a close and careful investigation, consider it ONE OF THE BEST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVED MACHINES NOW IN USE.

"We, therefore, in view of the above facts, award it FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM.

THOMAS HANSBROW,
GEORGE SCHMEISER,
SAMUEL BLAIR."

SAMUEL HILL,

GENERAL AGENT,

111 MONTGOMERY STREET,

oc7 SAN FRANCISCO.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do	-	-	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do	-	-	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do	Security	do
Arctic	do	Hartford Fire	do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,

m29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 *Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,*

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco to New York on the date given:

OCT. 30th, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

NOV. 10th, - - - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain ———

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,

jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.

A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. an5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

---

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the

FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM

FOR

Furniture,

AND THE

FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM,

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST; Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

☞ Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,

Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,

se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES. BAKER'S

GROVER & BAKER

AHEAD, AS USUAL!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

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Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 4TH,
Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled
ARRAH NA POGUE!
OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shaun the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
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Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
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Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

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No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

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In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.
First and Highest Premium
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First Premium to Grover & Baker.

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no4-10t

NOTICE.

MISSION BAY BRIDGE COMPANY.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } ss.
State of California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 2d day of November, 1865, an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable immediately to the Secretary, in United States gold coin, at the office of the Company, No. 24 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d of December, 1865, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 16th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. ALFRED BARSTOW, Secretary,
Office No. 24 Montgomery Block, Southeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets,
no4 4t San Francisco.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 25. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 11, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

NO CONTINUED STORIES—EVERY ARTICLE COMPLETED IN THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL:

The Ballad of Mr. Cooke.—By "Bret."
The Butterfly.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.
Old Acquaintances among Books. By "Dionysius Vago."
The Letter "A" and its Associations.—By "Libra."
The Vine.—By "Iris"

THE MOUSE-TRAP: [By "Trem."

THEATRICAL TALK: [By "Touchstone."

EDITORIALS:

Home Culture.
Political Sheep-Walking.
Editorial Paragraphs.

SELECTED:

The Mysterious Sketch—An Artist's Story.
The Bones of the Bourbons.
A Plea for Tobacco.
A Crazy Humbug.
The Mountain Gloom.
Mrs. Jameson's Commonplaces.
The Noble Savage.
"Puck's" Art Suggestions.
Answers to Correspondents.

POETRY:

Baby's Looking Out for Me.
Seven Times Three—Love.

INTERIOR ITEMS:

Recent Events, in Brief.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

[For the Californian.]

THE BUTTERFLY.

THOU little beauty, wafted by
Upon the summer's gentle sigh:
What art thou? Tell me, pray!
A sunbeam wandering from the sky,
That earthward found its way?

A gorgeous flower, too rudely blown?
A beautiful bright birdling, flown
From some enchanted coast—
A winged mosaic that hath known
More art than man can boast?

Spring's sudden flying brought to view
Thy form among the moss that grew
Along the garden wall;
I saw thee as thou didst renew
The fleeces of thy pall.

And from the homely commonplace
Of thy crude life I now can trace
Thy fair and wondrous powers;
I learn the secret of the grace
That brightens my long hours.

When folded in the noiseless gloom—
Lo! the shut portals of thy room
Were opened wide, at last;
Sunlight had cleft the sealèd tomb
Wherein thy lot was cast.

May not the homely thought we find
Among the rudest of our kind
Yet serve an end complete,
If chance it be but choicely lined
As was thy winding sheet?

For so a poem will forsake
Its little hiding cell, to wake
In life's delicious pain,
When sunshine of the heart shall break
The chrys'lis of the brain.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE resident correspondent of the *Alta California* in the Humboldt is not ashamed to sign his name to his letters. "Harry Palmer" is a pretty powerful writer. It is not every one that can do this style of thing:

"From yonder eminence, as far as the eye can pierce through the distant blue horizon, it rests upon the waving scenery in the gentle breeze. The slight uprisings and descents undulate the gigantic forest and imposes upon the view, while the tinted sunbeams paint the picturesque of the ivy-green, broad as the expanse of the deep."

The eye "piereing through the distant blue horizon" is a boldly original idea. "The waving scenery in the gentle breeze" is a good piece of descriptive writing, but slightly theatrical. Stage scenery may wave in a gentle breeze, but "earthquake" would have been better in this case—"waving scenery in a gentle earthquake." That's better. You know, Harry Palmer, it takes an earthquake to wave any considerable amount of scenery. You cannot say "the slight uprisings and descents *imposes* on the view," without violating one of the rules of English grammar, but it doesn't look bad in the *Alta*. We knew when we read "the tinted sunbeams paint the picturesque of the ivy-green, broad as the expanse of the deep," that you were a poet. There's a misty grandeur about that sentence, which shows it to be the composition of a poet. "The picturesque of the ivy-green." Beautiful! We don't exactly understand whether it is the picturesque that is "broad as the expanse of the deep," or the ivy-green, or the style of painting done by the sunbeams, but it reads well in the *Alta*. It is seldom we meet with so many beauties in half a dozen lines. Those who did not read "Harry Palmer's" last letter can judge how fine it was by that little specimen block. There's one foot ten inches and a quarter, all just like that. "Harry Palmer" finishes his letter with a beautiful poem. There are five inches of poem; we cut off three-quarters of an inch:

"STILL THE CONTRAST.

Now from the pen the drop portrays the smile
That o'er the vision steals the constant while,
Of him whose thought of want affects no more:
Whose step is lift afresh upon the shore
Of the Humboldt."

That's pretty good for a Humboldt poet, who writes for the *Alta*, eh? But he ought to have got in something about "ile" at the very beginning—have struck "ile" at once, and then gone on boring afterwards. It only wants a little change, Palmer—this is the style:

Now from the tool the drop betokens ile,
And o'er the visage creeps a joyous smile.

And so on; that's only a suggestion, Harry—excuse our calling you "Harry"—we don't pretend to write poetry. The second verse is pretty:

"Montgomery's mingled host, aghast they stand,
In wonder view the smiles from a happy land,
Eager for the gain, still drawing nigh,
Listening to the tongues that never lie,
From the Humboldt."

"Tongues that never lie, from the Humboldt!" Your tongue, and the tongues of the other fellows who write for the *Alta*? Is that it? A sort of poetical license, eh? Harry Palmer, you're doing yourself an injustice in burying yourself in the Humboldt. You ought to be down among "Montgomery's mingled host," boring there. Has the oil up there affected many people in the way it has you? Don't wait long before you write again; a letter like that one in last Tuesday's paper is a feature. Make the *Alta* people pay for them. You do, do you? Excuse the question; but some people are not aware of their own worth. We really wish that we could afford space in the MOUSE-TRAP to reproduce Harry Palmer's poem, "Still the Contrast," entire. We trust that the extracts we have given will be sufficient to prove that "the resident correspondent of the *Alta California* in the Humboldt" is no ordinary man, and writes no ordinary letters.

THE latest telegraphic advices with respect to the condition of Ireland, are to the effect that the Fenian excitement has almost entirely subsided. A few Fenians are to be tried by Special Commission for trying to get their countrymen into trouble, and thus ends the Irish Rebellion of 1865. This will be sad news for the proprietors of the *Irish People*, and for those patriotic Irishmen who have been collecting money to free Ireland and establish an Irish Republic. The wrongs of Ireland are manifold. Talk of the Irish people not being free! They are only too free—with their money, when a pack of designing scoundrels make an appeal to them. Poor Ireland! She has suffered more wrongs at the hands of her own children than have ever been inflicted on her by the Saxon.

WE see it stated that a colored man in Virginia has obtained a contract to carry mails. We have no prejudice against negroes, but we must say that it seems improper for the Government to give encouragement to black mail operations.

THE origin of the name of the capital city of Massachusetts is, perhaps, not generally known; Boston is simply an abbreviation of Boss-town, and the city was so named by the inhabitants, under the impression that it would "boss" the whole of the United States, and probably the rest of creation.

AT the last meeting of the Board of Supervisors, "a number of proposals were received for burying the indigent dead of the city, varying in amount from $3.75 to $8 per case;" so says the *Call*. We don't believe that the indigent dead would have any cases at all. The Internal Revenue Tax has caused a rise in coffins, and certainly $3.75 is no price at all for any sort of a case. So thought the Supervisors: they referred the matter to the Hospital Committee, with instructions to report how cheaply an indigent dead body could be decently put away in the ground.

THE Portland correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, declares that there is not room for more than one hundred more girls in Washington Territory, and for one hundred and fifty more in Oregon, thus providing for two hundred and fifty out of Mercer's ship-load of one thousand. What is to be done with the remaining seven hundred and fifty? It won't do to talk of pitching them into the Bay as the cruel little *Call* did last week. There would be very little trouble about the matter if they were coming through Salt Lake City instead of round the Horn; Brigham would welcome the whole thousand. Surely California has room for seven hundred and fifty more women. The matrimonial market is *not* overstocked; a wife is still a very expensive article; but when seven hundred and fifty damsels are put in the market, the price of wives will come down, and husbands will proportionately increase in value. Now young ladies can, running over the names of a number of beaux, say "Who shall I have?" Many have quite a large and desirable assortment of young men out of which to choose a husband. Let those fastidious young damsels who have refused this one because he was too poor, another because his hair was not the right color, and for other equally trivial reasons rejected offers of marriage, tremble. Their reign is short. When those thousand young ladies arrive, the cry will be "Who'll have me?" The gentlemen will, as they should, be able to make a choice out of a large number. We do not dread the arrival of that fair army. Let them come on. Send us still another thousand. When there are more women, there will be more marriages; and a man will not be so apt to covet his neighbor's wife when there is a fair prospect of his being able to get one of just the same kind—a nice, loving, domesticated woman—without spending his lifetime in looking for her.

THE *Call* says that Gardner, who was arrested for for cry, stated that he had paid three daily papers for puffing the Cocos Island scheme, with stock in the company. The *Call* draws a decidedly false conclusion from this; it says:

"According to the statement of Gardner and other parties the 'favor' of the press of San Francisco has recently become an expensive luxury".

We think Gardner bought the favor of the press at a remarkably cheap rate, if he paid for it in Cocos Island stock. We fancy that, if an actor were to offer an "independent theatrical critic" a number of tickets of admission to his benefit, in payment for a column puff of his great impersonation of some character, the independent critic would not accept them as an equivalent, in place of cash; yet Cocos Island stock is likely to turn out of even less value. The favor of the press must be dirt cheap, if Gardner's statement be true; we do not believe the reporters and "critics" of the daily press would accept a bribe; one of them may occasionally, when he does a man a good turn, accept $50, "just to cover the cost of composition."

THE *Flag* displays a mean jealousy of the dead dog "Bummer," and the honors paid to his memory. Surely, a dog who did so much towards exterminating rats may naturally be regretted in a city so cursed with them as is San Francisco; but, perhaps, the *Flag* may be prejudiced against him on this account. When the *Flag* dies, it cannot expect to be as much lamented as Bummer, for it has been in existence in this city but a very short time, and can scarcely, we should imagine, have the vanity to claim equality with Bummer, who, while he lived, did the city better service than the *Flag*, under its present management, would do in a century. Yet, if the *Flag* will die within any reasonable space of time—say, three weeks or a month—it shall not lack an epitaph.

How seldom does one see an advertisement worded with scrupulous regard to the truth! How refreshing it is to read such an advertisement as appeared in Tuesday's *Call*. It commences thus: "$1,200.—For Sale at a Great Bargain. On account of declining business, a first class Saloon trade." That's honest. The advertiser does not tell any yarns about wanting to go East; he says he wants to get out of the saloon "in consequence of declining business." But, though the business may be declining, what there is left is "first class;" the customers, though not numerous, are very select. We hope that honest man, who does not desire to get anyone to purchase his business without giving him plainly to understand that *he* sells on account of declining business, will get a customer.

THERE is a rumor that Jeff Davis is to be released. If he be released without a trial, it is certain that President Johnson will incur the deadly hatred of all the newspapers in the United States. If there is no sensation trial of Jeff Davis, they are robbed of thousands of dollars. Have not the newspapers suffered enough from the abrupt termination of the cruel war without being cheated out of the daily report of the trial of Jeff Davis?

AN Irishman who was brought up in the Police Court some time ago charged with whipping his scolding wife, claimed that he was guilty of no offence, and that he was acting in strict accordance with an ordinance of the Board of Supervisors. "Sure your honor," said he to the Judge, "I was only abating a nuisance."

TREM.

THE BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME.

TWO little busy hands patting on the window,
Two laughing bright eyes looking out at me,
Two rosy cheeks dented with a dimple:
Mother-bird is conning, baby; do you see?

Down by the lilac-bush, something white and azure
Saw I in the window as I passed the tree;
Well I knew the apron and shoulder knots of ribbon
All belonged to baby, looking out for me.

Talking low and tenderly
To myself as mothers will,
Spake I softly, "God in Heaven
Keep my darling free from ill.
Worldly gear and worldly honors
Ask I not for her from thee:
But from want and sin and sorrow,
Keep her ever pure and free."

* * * * * * *

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out for me no more:
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dented nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor;
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

Thus He sent an answer to my earnest prayer,
Thus He keeps my darling free from earthly stain,
Thus He folds the pet lamb safe from earthly straying,
But I miss her sadly by the window pane,
Till I look above it; then with purer vision,
Sad, I weep no longer the lilac-bush to pass,
For I see her angel, pure and white, and sinless,
Walking by the harpers, by the sea of Glass.

Two little snowy wings
Softly flutter to and fro,
Two tiny childish hands
Beckon still to me below;
Two tender angel eyes
Watch me ever and earnestly
Through the loop-holes of the stars—
Baby's looking out for me.

THE MYSTERIOUS SKETCH.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

NEARLY opposite the church of Saint Bedad, in Nuremberg, stands an ancient inn, narrow and lofty, with an indented gable, small, dusty, casements, and the roof surmounted by a plaster image of the Virgin. Many years ago, when beginning the world as a young artist, I took up my abode in this quaint hostelry. I had come to Nuremberg in order to study the works of the old masters: but, my funds running short, I was obliged to take portraits—and such portraits! Stout old ladies, each with her cat on her lap; rosy burgomasters, wigged and cocked-hatted—all plentifully and impartially illuminated with ochre and vermillion.

At length my resources began to fail: and mine host, who at first had been all civility, began to importune me in a somewhat insolent manner for the amount of my bill. One evening, as I was passing up-stairs to my attic, Master Rapp called after me: "Hallo! youngster, when are you going to pay me? Your bill now amounts to one hundred and sixty florins, ten krentzers. Pray, when am I likely to see the color of your money?" I muttered some sort of indistinct reply, and hastening to my room, locked the door and threw myself, dressed as I was, on my bed. Revolving my miserable position in my mind, all the high aspirations after excellence which had hitherto buoyed me up, seemed to forsake me, and a sordid, hungry craving for money took their place. At length my eyes grew heavy and my thoughts confused, and I slept profoundly for some hours. About two o'clock I awoke in a strange sort of excitement. Having lighted my lamp, I seized a piece of paper and a crayon, and drew a rapid sketch, in the Dutch style, feeling all the time as if the composition was not mine, but as if each stroke was suggested by some one who merely used my hand and pencil as unconscious and unresisting instruments. The sketch thus traced represented a gloomy court, surrounded by lofty but crumbling walls, which were furnished with large hooks at the height of seven or eight feet from the ground. On the left was a trellis of laths, through which one saw an ox cut in quarters, suspended by strong pulleys from the roof of a shed. Streams of blood flowed across the pavement, and met in a trench filled with refuse and rubbish. At one end of the court was a cart house, through the open door of which were seen a pile of wood and some bundles of straw. Pieces of ragged rope, an old hen-coop, and a broken rabbit-hutch littered the foreground. On the right, one corner of the sketch remaining blank, I hesitated what to put there; something seemed to move, to hover around it. Suddenly a foot turned up, and detached from the ground appeared to my mind's eye. Following the inspiration I sketched on rapidly, and beneath my crayon grew a leg joined to the foot, then a floating garment, at length the entire figure of an old woman, pale, emaciated, with dishevelled hair, thrown down against the low parapet of the wall, and struggling against a hand which clutched her throat.

I was drawing the scene of a murder; the crayon fell from my hand. I shuddered as I looked at the woman's face, contracted by terror, while both her hands convulsively grasped the arm of her murderer. But *his* face—I saw it not; it was hidden from me as by some veiling shadow—I could not finish the sketch.

"I am fatigued," I said, passing my hand over my damp forehead; "to-morrow I will finish the design; there remains but that one figure to put in."

Hastily undressing, I was soon in bed, and before five minutes had elapsed I was sunk in a profound slumber. When I awoke it was broad daylight. I hastened to dress, and was preparing to resume my task, when I heard two knocks at the door.

"Come in!"

The door opened, and a tall old man, dressed in black, stood at the threshold.

"Herr Heinrich Kapff, the painter?" said he.

"At your service, sir."

He bowed his head, and said, introducing himself: "Baron Frederick Von Spreckdahl."

That the rich amateur Von Spreckdahl, who was also Judge of the Criminal Tribunal, should condescend to visit my poor attic, was indeed an unlooked-for event. I cast an embarrassed glance at the mean, scanty furniture, the low ceiling, and the worm-eaten flooring; but my visitor seemed to pay no attention to these details. Seating himself near my small table: "Herr Kapff," he said, "I come——"

At that moment his eyes fell on the unfinished sketch, and he gazed at it fixedly for several moments.

"Are you the author of this drawing?" he asked, looking at me with the same attention which he had bestowed on my work.

"I am, sir."

"What is its price?"

"I do not sell my sketches; it is merely a design for a painting.

"Ah!" said he, taking up the paper delicately with the tips of his long, sallow fingers; and with the aid of his eye-glass he studied the sketch closely.

"And the dimensions of this painting, Herr Kapff?" said he at last, without looking up.

"Four feet by three."

"Its price?"

"Fifty ducats."

My visitor laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a long, well-filled purse of green silk. "Fifty ducats," he repeated; "there they are." And throwing down the pieces, the baron saluted me, and was gone before I had sufficiently recovered from my amazement to utter a word of thanks. I heard his walking-stick strike on each stair as he descended, and I ran down quickly after him. But when I reached the door of the inn he was already gone; I looked up and down the street, but he was not to be seen.

"Well, this is odd enough," I muttered; and having remounted the five flights of stairs I sat down at the table, brightened by the unwonted gleam of gold, and resolved to finish the sketch without delay; a few more touches of the crayon were all that was required. But these few touches, try as I would, I *could not* give. I had lost the clue to the design; the mysterious personage would not come out of the limits of my brain. It was of no use to draw and efface, and draw again and retouch; the creature of my pencil was as discordant with his surroundings as one of Raphael's figures would be in a village ale-house by Teniers. I threw down my crayon in despair, and the perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead.

Confused voices, and heavy steps mounting the stairs: my door was violently shaken.

"In the name of the law, open!"

Trembling, though I scarce knew why, I obeyed. Two muscular hands instantly grasped my collar, and a fat little man in green uniform who smelled strongly of beer, came close to me, and said: "Heinrich Kapff, I arrest you."

"For what crime?" I inquired, as I recognized the chief of police.

"Come along," he cried roughly, and made a sign to one of his men to handcuff me.

Resistance of course was useless. I was effectually secured, and conveyed down stairs by some of the party; while the others ransacked my room in every corner, prodding the furniture, and turning over on the floor my poor wardrobe and other scanty possessions. My captors thrust me into a covered carriage, and two of them entered after me, and took their places one at each side.

"What have I done," I inquired again.

"Hans," said one of them to the other, with a sour smile, "he asks what he has done!"

Soon a dark shadow enveloped us, as the carriage rolled under the gloomy archway which leads to the Raspel Haus, or city prison. The jailor, with a gray woolen cap on his head, and a short pipe between his lips, received me from my conductors, and having silently introduced me into a cell, locked and barred the door, and left me to my reflections.

The room was small, but tolerably clean, and the walls being newly whitewashed, presented no inscriptions or drawings, save a rude sketch of a gibbet, probably executed by my predecessor. It was lighted by a small window, nine or ten feet from the ground, and the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a bucket. I seated myself on the straw, and remained, I know not how long, plunged in a gloomy reverie. Very soon the door grated on its hinges; my jailor appeared, and desired me to follow him.

I was conducted into a gloomy sort of judgment-hall, at the upper end of which were seated two judges, one of them being my late visitor, Von Spreckdahl. A clerk, employed in tickling his ear with the feather of his pen, sat before the table. Von Spreckdahl, raising his voice, addressed me:

"Heinrich Kapff, how did you become possessed of this drawing?"

He showed me the nocturnal sketch: I examined it, and replied:

"It was done by me."

There was a silence, and the clerk wrote down my reply. I thought within myself: "What is the meaning of this? What connection can the sketch have with my pushing Rapp down stairs?"

"It was done by you," repeated Von Spreckdahl. "What is the subject of it?"

"It was fancy sketch."

"You have not copied the details from any painting or engraving?"

"No sir; I invented them all."

"Prisoner," said the judge in a severe tone, "I advise you to reflect. Do not lie."

I reddened with anger, and said, emphatically: "I have spoken the truth."

"Write, clerk," said Von Spreckdahl.

"And this woman," continued he, who is being assassinated at the edge of the well, have you imagined her figure also?"

"Certainly."

"You never saw her?"

"Never."

With an indignant gesture Von Spreckdahl rose from his chair; then resuming his seat, he appeared to consult in a low tone with his colleague.

"What *can* it all be about? What have I done?" murmured I to myself. Addressing my guards, Von Spreckdahl said: "Conduct the prisoner to the carriage. We are going to the Metzger strasse. Heinrich Kapff, you are pursuing a deplorable path. Consider that if the justice of man is inflexible, the mercy of God may be obtained by a full confession of your crimes."

I could not reply. I felt as if under the influence of some horrible dream, and prepared to follow my guards in silence. Two policemen and I entered the carriage, which rolled along through several streets. One of my guards took out his snuff box, and offered a pinch to his companion. Mechanically I also extended my finger and thumb toward the box, but its owner drew it back with a gesture of aversion, and quickly replaced it in his pocket. I felt the hot blood mounting to my forehead, but before I could speak the carriage stopped. One of the policemen got out, while the other held me, fettered as I was, by the collar, until seeing his comrade ready to receive me, he thrust me rudely out.

All these precautions to secure my person augured no good, but just then I was given no time for reflection. My guards hurried me along a narrow, filthy alley, bounded by high walls, and through which trickled a fœtid stream of some thick, dark liquid. Arrived at the end, they opened a door, and pushed me before them into a square court. During our progress a strange horror had taken possession of me, not arising from the uncertainty and mystery of my position, but rather like the effect of nightmare. I seemed to be walking in a frightful dream, seeing and acting without my own volition, and under a haunting conviction of the unreality of all the objects around. But this horror became very tangible and real when I looked around the place where I now found myself. There was the very identical court which I had drawn the night before—the walls furnished with hooks, the broken hen-coop, the rabbit-hutch; not a single detail, not even the most trifling, was wanting!

Beside the well stood the two judges, Von Spreckdahl and Richter. At their feet lay the corpse of the old woman, her long gray hair dishevelled, her face livid, her eyes starting from her head, and her tongue protruding from between her clenched teeth. It was a horrid spectacle.

"Prisoner," said Von Spreckdahl, in a solemn voice, "have you anything to say?" I made no answer.

"Do you acknowledge that you threw this woman, Theresa Becker, into this well, after having strangled her and taken possession of her money?"

"No," I cried; "no! I do not know this woman; I never saw her until now. May God help me!"

"It is enough," said he, in a dry tone; and then, without adding another word, he and his colleague took their leave.

My guards conducted me back to the Raspel Haus, and left me alone in my cell. I fell into a profound stupor, and when but half aroused from it, my conscience awoke to a sort of morbid activity, and I began to ask myself if I had not really assassinated the old woman!

Day dawned, and slowly lighted up my gloomy prison. The window looked on the street. It was a market-day, and I heard the rolling of the carts laden with fruits and vegetables. I could distinguish the cackling of the live poultry, and the animated discourse of the butter-women. As the morning advanced the noise became greater, and the buzz and movement of life around me seemed to restore courage to my heart. I felt an irresistible desire to see what was going on around me, and to look once more on the faces of my fellow men.

My predecessors in the cell, animated, no doubt, by a like desire, had scooped holes in the wall to facilitate their mounting to the window. I climbed up, and holding the bars, managed to seat myself on the narrow ledge. Once there, I gazed entranced on the crowd, the life, the movement; tears flowed down my cheeks; I felt an intense longing for life as life, simply to breathe, and move, and feel the sun. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "to live—only to live! Let them sentence me to hard labor; let them attach a weight to my leg. What does it matter, provided only that I live?"

The quaint old market on which I looked offered a gay and animated spectacle. The peasant-women, in their Bavarian costumes, were seated behind their baskets of eggs, fruit, and vegetables, and their cages filled with poultry; butchers with naked arms were chopping meat on their blocks; peasants, with their large-brimmed felt hats set far back on their heads, leaned on their stout holly-sticks, and smoked their pipes. The changing, animated scene captivated my attention, and, in spite of me, distracted my thoughts from my sad situation. As I continued to gaze on the crowd a butcher passed by, his back bent under an immense quarter of beef which he bore on his shoulders. His arms were bare, his elbows raised, his head bent down in front. His hair falling down in a measure concealed his face, and yet at a first glance I shuddered. "It is he!" I exclaimed inwardly.

All my blood flew back to my heart. I leaped from the window down into my prison, shivering, my teeth chattering, while the rebellious blood flowed back again, and mounted hotly to my cheeks and forehead.

"It is he! He is there—*there*—and I—I must die to expiate his crime. O my God, help me! What am I to do?"

A sudden idea, an inspiration, as I believe, from heaven, darted through my mind. I put my hand into my coat pocket, and found my crayons. Rushing to the clean white-washed wall, I sketched the scence of the murder with marvellous force and rapidity. No more uncertainty, no more wavering attempts. I knew the man who grasped the luckless woman's throat; I saw him as if he were sitting to me for his portrait. At ten o'clock the jailer entered my cell.

"What is this?" he asked with surprise, looking at my sketch.

"Go, ask my judges to come hither," I cried, still pursuing my work with feverish ardor.

"They await you in the Judgment Hall," replied he.

"Tell them to come; I have a disclosure to make," said I, as I put the finishing touch to the murderer's figure. It looked as if it lived and breathed; foreshortened on the wall, the features stood out with wonderful force and reality.

The jailor went out, and in a few minutes the two judges appeared. With my hand extended, and trembling in every limb, I said to them, "Behold the assassin!"

Von Spreckdahl carefully and quietly examined the sketch. "His name?" he inquired.

"I know it not," I replied; "but at this moment he is in the market cutting up meat at the third stall on the left, as you enter from the Trabanten Strasse."

"What do you advise?" said my judge to his colleague.

"That we should instantly send for the man," he replied, in a grave tone.

Stepping out into the corridor, he gave his orders to the policemen stationed there. During their absence the two judges remained standing, contemplating the sketch. Suffering from strong reaction, I sank upon the ground, and buried my head between my knees.

Soon steps resounded from afar along the vaulted passages. Those who have not waited for the hour of deliverance, and counted the minutes, then as long as centuries—those who have not felt the poignant emotions of suspense, terror, hope and doubt—they cannot conceive the sharp agony of that moment. I could have distinguished the footsteps of the murderer, marching between his guards, from a thousand others. They approached; the judges themselves appeared moved. I raised my head, and my heart felt as though it were grasped with an iron hand. My eyes were fixed on the closed door; it opened—the man entered. His cheeks were red and swollen; his large jaws were contracted, causing the muscles to stand out even up to his ears; and his small, restless, tawny-colored eyes sparkled beneath a pair of thick reddish eyebrows.

Von Spreckdahl silently showed him the sketch. Then this powerful, sanguine-complexioned man turned pale—pale as death. Uttering a roar which startled us all, he opened his immense arms, and bounding backward he succeeded in overthrowing two of his guards. There was a terrific struggle in the corridor; we could hear the panting respiration of the butcher, deep imprecations, broken words, and the stamping and shuffling of many feet. At length the assassin was lead in, his head sunk on his breast, and his eyes blood-shot, his limbs firmly fettered. Again he looked fixedly at the drawing on the wall, seemed to reflect, and muttered, as if to himself, "Who, then, could have seen me—at midnight?"

I was saved.

Mrs. Opie—an author and poet as different as possible from Mrs. Barbauld—was an acquaintance of my mother. Her novels were, at this time, very popular, and her husband was equally famous as an historical painter. He had many admirers, but his works were not of a high order. He made all his male faces with large, ugly noses, so that one could always know his pictures by that feature. My mother had such an instinctive appreciation of painting that Mr. West made a point of going with her to the annual exhibition of living artists, that he might hear her natural remarks on the principal pictures. She criticised all Opie's so severely, that Mr. West feared she might be overheard by him and hastened to tell her whose they were. Mr. West's pictures did not wholly escape her criticism, but she generally knew beforehand which were his.

When Mrs. Opie became a gay widow, we often met her at the house of a mutual friend, where her eccentric conduct amused some, and disgusted others. I have seen her astonish a grave circle of elderly people by jumping up and dancing a shawl-dance, then in vogue on the stage, flourishing away to a tune of her own singing, apparently unconscious of the effect she was producing. She used to carry about with her, in all her visits, a pretty little stringed instrument, in the classic form of a lyre, and sing her own songs, with great expression, to that accompaniment. She said she could always find out the secrets of a young girl's heart, if she could sing to her alone. She tried her experiment on me, and I confes, proved right.

Mrs. Opie was fair, with delicate features, and a form of symmetrical beauty. The well-formed hands and arms were always on exhibition, and short and scanty skirts disclosed the prettiest feet and ankles. Her talents and accomplishments, her novels, her poetry, and her singing, made her, for a time, a favorite with the fashionables of London, and she highly enjoyed her popularity; but it did not last long, and, when it failed, she took refuge from the gay world in a circle of wealthy and highly cultivated Quakers. The Gurneys, Barclays, Hoares, Woods, and Frys, were her intimate friends, and, after several years passed among them, she joined the Society of Friends, and adopted their dress and language. I saw her once after her metamorphosis, and could but remark the discrepancy between her costume and her manners, which still savored of the wicked world. The pretty foot was still seen, though the dress was long and ample, and the glove was unnecessarily taken off to show the beautiful hand. Amelia Opie was not changed, only acting a new part.—*Mrs. Farren's Recollections of Seventy Years.*

Notes on Overwork.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or study, and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing. We once heard a man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket, to be used in case of an unoccupied moment—such was his practice. He died early and fatuous.

There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light till their eyes are almost blinded, or till certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by the physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired, he ought to lie down till he is fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, and with a self-sustaining alacrity. The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time much more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary for a healthy body, but if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep; any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires will only hasten his arrival to the mad-house or the grave.

MRS. JAMESON'S COMMONPLACES.

At dinner to-day there was an attempt made by two very clever men to place Theodore Hook above Sydney Smith. I fought with all my might against both. It seems to me that a mind must be strangely warped that could ever place on a par two men with aspirations and purposes so different, whether we consider them merely as individuals, or called before the bar of the public as writers. I do not take to Sydney Smith personally, because my nature feels the want of the artistic and imaginative in *his* nature; but see what he has done for humanity, for society, for liberty, for truth—for us women! What has Theodore Hook done that has not perished with him? Even as wits—and I have been in company with both—I could not compare them; but they say the wit of Theodore Hook was only fitted for the company of men—the strongest proof that it was not genuine of its kind, that when most bearable, it was most superficial. I set aside the other obvious inference, that it required to be excited by stimulants and those of the coarsest, grossest kind. The wit of Sydney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its own sake, as well as worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle: the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond. It is not true, as I have heard it said, that after leaving the society of Sydney Smith you only remembered how much you ha laughed, not the good things at which you had laughed. Few men—wits by profession—ever said so many memorable things as those recorded of Sydney Smith.

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We all remember the famous *bon mot* of Talleyrand. When seated between Madame de Stael and Madame Récamier, and pouring forth gallantry, first at the feet of one then of the other, Madame de Stael suddenly asked him if she and Madame Récamier fell into the river, which of the two he would save first? "Madame," replied Talleyrand, "je crois que vous pouvez nager!" Now we will match this pretty *bon mot* with one far prettier, and founded on it. Prince S., whom I knew formerly, was one day loitering on the banks of the Isar, in the English garden at Munich, by the side of the beautiful Madame de V., then the object of his devoted admiration. For a while he had been speaking to her of his mother, for whom, *vaurien* as he was, he had ever shown the strongest filial love and respect. Afterwards, as they wandered on, he began to pour forth his soul to the lady of his love with all the eloquence of passion. Suddenly she turned and said to him, "If your mother and myself were both to fall into this river, whom would you save first?" "My mother!" he instantly replied; and then, looking at her expressively, immediately added, "To save *you* first would be as if I were to save *myself* first!"

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Once, when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unclaimed or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for this purpose, and they generally carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow. It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's-Brucke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains. I wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man? they who banished the judge of the Areopagus because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom?

—

Carlyle said to me: "I want to see some institution to teach a man the truth, the worth, the beauty, the heroism of which his present existence is capable; where's the use of sending him to study what the Greeks and Romans did, and said, and wrote? Do ye think the Greeks and Romans would have been what they were, if they had just only studied what the Phœnicians did before them?" I should have answered, had I dared: "Yet perhaps the Greeks and Romans would not have been what they were if the Egyptians and Phœnicians had not been before them."

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"I observe," said Sydney Smith, "that *generally* about the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous and men of being honest." This was said and received with a laugh as one of his good things; but, like many of his good things, how dreadfully true! And why? because, *generally*, education has made the virtue of the woman and the honesty of the man a matter of external opinion, not a law of the inward life.

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Joanna Baillie had a great admiration of Macaulay's Roman Ballads. "But," said some one, "do you really account them as poetry?" She replied, "They *are* poetry if the sounds of the trumpet be music!"

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A king or a prince becomes by accident a part of history. A poet or an artist becomes by nature and necessity a part of universal humanity.

(For the Californian.)

THE LETTER "A" AND ITS ASSOCIATES.

We begin our education with a, b in the Primer, and we end it, after years of academic and collegiate training, with A. B. at the end of our names. We thus seem to run in a circular curriculum, and our goal is our starting point; and yet we seldom stop to consider that the alphabet, which is the initial step in our intellectual career, and seeming simplicity itself, is the product of a profound and patient analysis of the vocal sounds, a result achieved only after ages of spoken and yet unwritten language, and after many successive approaches in the way of picture-writing, hieroglyphics, and syllabic alphabets, like the Chinese. What to us contains simply the dry seeds of knowledge is the ripened fruit of centuries of bygone experience and pre-exerted thought and skill.

We have twenty six letters in our alphabet, and yet an alphabet which should have a character for every distinct elementary sound would contain upwards of a hundred different letters. As it is, we make twenty-six suffice, by requiring each to do various duty, having *a*, for instance, to represent seven different sounds, *e* five; and so of the others, both vowels and consonants. But what we thus gain in simplicity we lose in precision and in exactitude, both of orthography and of orthoepy. Thus, by reason of the variable functions of the letter *a*, there never has been any uniformity in its enunciation, and the first word uttered by an American child is either ma, with the sound of *a* as in fat, or ma with the sound of *a* as in marble, according as the child is born in Dixie or in New England. Neither is there any common consent among adults or among scholars as to how the first letter of the alphabet should be pronounced. One sings a *sarm*, another a *sam*; one *larfs*, another *laffs*; one, in telling you the time, says *harf parst*, another says *haf past*.

And there is the same diversity in regard to the short sound and the broad sound of *a* in different parts of France, though, sooth to say, the French have, as a general rule, attained a far greater degree of precision and of uniformity in their pronunciation, particularly of the vowel sounds, than we have.

To illustrate the great diversity in our language in the pronunciation of the letter *a*, it will suffice simply to mention a few words in every-day use, about which we venture to say hardly two persons can be found who agree throughout, and who follow analogy consistently, *e. g.*, *parent, patent, patron, patriot, national, rational, apparatus, Arab, volcano, lava, lama, drama, matron, Java*. In fact, it is very easy to convict almost any one of not following analogy—to ask the man who says *pat*-ron why he does not also say *lat*-ent, or the man who says *pa*-tent why he says *pat*-ronize or *pay*-eantry.

In regard to the pronunciation of words taken directly from foreign languages, usage seems to be about equally divided between giving the foreign or the obvious English force to the syllables; and, where authorities differ, it is courtesy in conversation to adopt for the nonce the pronunciation of your interlocutor, who may chance to first introduce a word which you are obliged to repeat after him, lest a marked or emphatic deviation from his method might seem like an intentional rebuke or an assumption of superior wisdom on your part.

Chancing, one of these late moonlight evenings, to suggest to an acquaintance the propriety of taking a *promenade*, pronouncing the latter word according to Webster, our friend, who is recently from a boarding-school, and knows some French, replied that it was really a delightful evening for a *promenard*.

We rejoined that it would be almost equally agreeable to *parard* under a *collonard*, or to lean over the *balustrard* sipping some *lemonard* and listening to a *serenard*.

And, indeed, if we pronounce one of these French words as the French do, why not all, and so of façade, renegade, and similar words? Though, in point of fact, one of the above methods is about as near the true French as the other.

Rev. John Lord, the somewhat famous historical lecturer, always takes pains to pronounces Versailles *Vayrsahyuh*, and yet he says Paris like other folks; and why do people who would not be caught failing to *pull* the third syllable of Acapulco, say nevertheless Mexico, instead of *Mayheeco?* Is the capital of a country of less consequence than a provincial town?

In regard to the pronunciation of foreign names of persons and of places, great latitude is allowed, even among educated persons; for no one could pronounce all geographical names correctly—*i. e.*, as the natives pronounce them—without being acquainted with all the languages spoken on the globe, and so it has been the custom of the enlightened nations to modify foreign names and adapt them to their own language. Thus—*Wien*, which we call Vienna; *Bourgogne*, which we call Burgundy; *Napoli*, which we call Naples; and a host of other European places are called by a dozen different names in Europe. And so of the names of persons who have passed into history. It was not Christopher Columbus, as we spell the name, who discovered America, or *Americus* Vespucius who christened it: neither was there an astronomer known to his friends by the name of *Copernicus*.

Nothing will ever remedy these anomalies but the prevalence of a universal language, a tendency towards which some may think they discover in the rapid spread of books and journals, and in the increasing intercommunication of all nations.

Two tendencies are observable in our living language: the one, a disposition to harmonize the pronunciation with the spelling; the other, to adapt the spelling to the pronunciation: thus, just as one class of people in New England began to pronounce bouquet *book*-ay, according to the language from which it is taken, another class, with the authority of Webster, began to spell it *boquet*, dropping the *u* from the first syllable to make the spelling conform thus far to the prevailing pronunciation; though this, it is obvious, was only doing the work by halves. And this suggests the vital question not settled by law or custom among scholars, to-wit: whether foreign words, domesticated in our language, shall be allowed to retain the garb and accent of foreigners, or whether they shall conform to the spirit and laws of our language. Shall our mother tongue be a jargon of all tongues, or shall it be a symmetrical whole—drawing supplies from all sources, yet moulding them to new forms, according to its own laws of growth? Shall we encourage a disposition prevalent in certain fashionable circles to Frenchify the English language, or shall we oppose this insidious process of lingual miscegenation?

A striking illustration of the second of the two tendencies above referred to is observable in the vigorous movement inaugurated a few years since in favor of phonetic writing and printing. This system, which aims at the suppression of all silent letters and at spelling words according to their sounds—while increasing the number of characters in the alphabet for greater precision—has met with considerable favor among sensible men. The etymologists have opposed it on the ground that the parentage of words is lost sight of when their salient features are so trimmed down. But in many cases, by retrenching the number of letters we return to the original orthography. This is the case with all such words as *labor, favor, honor, odor*, etc., from which we have dropped the *u*, which the English, with their characteristic tenacity of old customs, still retain.

It is well known that the Norman conquerors introduced into Britain the French language, which then became and for a long time continued to be the language of the realm. During that time our Anglo-Saxon tongue was enriched by many words of Latin derivation not taken immediately from the Latin but mediately through the French. In borrowing these words from the Latin, the French had added letters and otherwise changed their form to adapt them to their use, and we took them from their hands.

By dropping the superfluous *o* in the last syllable of such words as ridiculous, pious, impervious, obvious, odorous, *et id omne genus*, we return to the exact Latin word, and we hope to see the time when this intrusive little *o* shall be banished from the society which it does not adorn.

Two clerks once discoursing of their former greatness in the old country, one boasted that he had belonged to a firm in London where the ink used in keeping the books cost £1,000 a year—to which the other sneeringly replied: "Humph! I was partner in a firm in Liverpool where we instructed the clerks not to dot their *i*'s or cross their *t*'s, and we saved £5.000 a year by that operation."

Now, if the latter individual had claimed such a saving in ink, from the omission of the silent letters, in writing, we would be more inclined to believe him, for it is safe to say that, every year, in England and America, hundreds of thousands of dollars in time, ink, money, and type, are lost by reason of the silent letters. Doubtless, some of the reforms urged by advocates of phonography and phonotypy will be gradually adopted, but the shackles of custom and established usage are very hard to be broken, and old dead limbs stick to the tree long after all sap and life has left them.

When "Libra" gets more leisure—that is to say, when *Arrah-na-Pogue* is "played out," the Atlantic cable laid, the Pacific Railroad completed, and when Washoe mines begin to pay dividends—then he or she, as the case may be, intends to write a very instructive, entertaining, and original article for THE CALIFORNIAN on the subject of pronunciation.

It might begin somewhat thus: The short sound of *u*, as in tub, is probably the simplest and easiest of all the vocal utterances. It is nothing more than a slightly gutteral breathing from the parted lips, in which neither tongue, teeth, lips nor palate take any part. No better evidence is needed of its easy utterance than the fact that careless and indolent speakers invariably substitute it for each of the vowels, when they occur in unaccented syllables, as in ability, society, innocence and partition, very commonly pronounced abil-*uh*-ty, *su*-siety, in-*nuh*-cenee, *pur*-tition. And this gutteral *u*, by universal consent, is allowed to supplant all the other vowels in the last syllables in such words as *friar, sofa, paper, robber, nadir, tapir, actor, satyr, zephyr*, where *a, e, i, o* and *y* all have the sound of the second *u* in sulphur, and also the *y* and *o* in *myrrh* and *myrtle* and *governor*, and so on of other words.

But, without finishing the able article above promised, we wish to call attention to an error quite common in the public papers, in the use of such expressions as *an* uniform rule, *an* United States officer. Writers are misled by the rule about using *an* before a vowel; but *u*, when it forms a syllable by itself at the commencement of a word, has the sound of *yu*, and it is as improper to write *an* unit as to write *an* youth. The case is different with *an uncle, an uncertain*, etc.; but don't, dear, reader, use such expressions as an useful invention, an Unitarian, an united company, even though the *Alta* or THE CALIFORNIAN should set you the example.

There are three principal ways in which the words of the language are mutilated, maltreated, and variously suffer violence at our hands: First, They are often beheaded, and their gory trunks are left, bereft of sense and intelligence. This is the favorite barbarity of our African brethren. Second, They are often dismembered and disemboweled, and their very hearts torn out of them by hasty contractors of speech. Thirdly, Many people have a vile habit of biting the tails off the ends of their words, and retaining them in the mouth, so that the words come forth curtailed of their fair proportions, and the *g's* are dropped from endings in *ing*, just as the frightened lizards are said to drop their caudal appendages in their haste to escape. And so the poor words are born blind, halt, crippled, and deformed. And thus endeth the first lesson on this theme by

LIBRA.

BLIND TOM, THE MUSICAL PHENOMENON.—Blind Tom, the negro boy pianist, gave his first concert at Dodworth Hall. The house was well filled by a very fashionable and critical audience, who listened to the performance and imitations of this wonderful musical phenomenon with the greatest astonishment, enthusiasm, and satisfaction. As a wonder Tom merits all that has been said of him. His power of memory is remarkable; also in execution, touch, and interpretation of some pieces, he exhibits skill and the intelligence of a master, notwithstanding at times his look and motions are like one bereft of all reason. Tom played last evening "Sonete Pathetique," by Beethoven, first movement; Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home;" Gottschalk's "Last Hope;" "Lucretia Borgia" fantasie, and selections from "Norma," "Il Trovatore," and several of his own compositions. After the execution of each piece Tom applauds himself with all the enthusiasm of any member of the audience, and appears just as well pleased and delighted. He is certainly a wonder in his way, and his entertainment will not fail to interest and satisfy any one who may wish to see and hear a wonderful musical prodigy.—*New York Herald, Oct.* 10th.

FROM the Nevada *Transcript*, of the 8th instant, we learn that both flues of the boiler of the Pennsylvania Mill, one mile from Nevada, collapsed on the day previous, throwing the boiler three hundred yards. On its way (at a distance of two hundred yards) it passed through a dwelling house, killing instantly Mrs. Marion Hutchinson, and completely destroying the building and furniture. Several men were within a short distance of the boiler at the time of the explosion, but none were materially injured. The occurrence is attributed to incompetence on the part of the engineer in charge—a "green hand"—who had perhaps been employed because his sort of engineering was cheaper than that of an experienced person.

A SHREWD ASTROLOGER.—An astrologer having predicted the death of a woman with whom Louis XI., of France was in love, and which the chapter of accidents had been so kind as to verify, the prince sent for him, and sternly told him, "You, sir, who foretell everything, pray when shall you die?" The astrologer coolly replied, "I shall die, Sire, three days before your Majesty." This reply so alarmed the king that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his palaces and taken care of.

A fire occurred in Sacramento, on the morning of the 7th instant, commencing in the establishment of C. Allen, wire-worker, east side of Fifth street, between J and K. The building was destroyed, and an adjoining one, used as an arsenal, considerably damaged. Some Government stores, tents, etc., were burned. The *Bee* says the fire was clearly the work of an incendiary.

M. THEIRS.—In a Paris assembly, the Swedish ambassador, Count de Lowenstein, told the assembled company the particulars of the assassination of Charles III. He was present at that bloody scene which furnished M. Scribe the incident on which he built "Gustave III." and "Bertrand et Raton," and gave M. Verdi the "book" of his "Ballo in Maschera." During the narrative M. Theirs said nothing; but when Count de Lowenstein ended the story, the host remarked: "Capitally told, my dear count, and every assertion you have made strictly true; nevertheless, you have forgotten some important particulars." The count exclaimed: "I have forgotten some particulars?" M. Theirs smiled, and began to tell the history. He rejuvenated it, and mentioned new curious, and omitted particulars. The circle were astonished and delighted, and Count de Lowenstein said: "You are right; that is the true history. I had forgotten it, I confess, dear Minister; 'twas you who saw Charles III. assassinated, not I!"

[For the Californian.]

THE VINE.

(VITIS VINIFERA.)

"Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous soils and climes of fair extent,
Where, by the potent sun elated high,
The vineyard swells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increased, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs; the clusters clear
Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew."

Beautiful and glowing as is this description of the vine, we may yet truly say it needs not the poet's pencil to enhance its charms, for when left to follow its own elegant fancies, and to twine its tendrils to any prop which offers itself, it does, indeed,

"Outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind."

Such is its character in many parts of Spain and Italy where it is not cultivated for wine. It is then seen with the most picturesque effect, hanging its gay festoons to neighboring trees, asking support, and giving beauty. Southey has the following beautiful description of it:

"These scenes, profusely blest by Heaven, they lift
Where o'er the hazel and the quince, the vine
Wide mantling spreads; and, clinging round the cork
And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves
Garlands of brightest hue, with reddening fruit
Pendent on clusters cool of glassy green."

In those parts, however, where it is cultivated for wine, all its native gracefulness is lost, and in France and Germany especially, "the pole-clipt vinyards," as Shakspeare rightly designates them, are always disappointing objects to travellers who are unprepared for their appearance under culture. The vines are trained to poles, seldom more than a yard high, and all their wild luxuriance is pruned, the more to enhance the size and flavor of the fruit. In the latter country, they are constantly seen mingling their trellised branches laden with translucent clusters—the very image of plenty—with the ruined fortresses and baronial castles which overhang the Rhine, and there, though still suffering from the pruning knife, they look well from contrast—most assuredly they do so in poetry:

"Above the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves left their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage bowers."

The earliest *authentic* history we have of the cultivation of the vine, is in the book of Genesis, where we are told "Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard." If, however, we might trust to poetry, we should find that it was of yet prior date, for it is described as one of the pleasant pursuits of our first parents to lead

——"The vine,
To wed the elm."

We also learn from the same authority, that in that garden of bliss there were

——"Umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess o'er which the mantling vine
Laid forth her purple grape, and gently crept
Luxuriant."

The next *poetical* intimation we have of its culture, is from Homer:

"Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all th' united labors of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join—
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine;
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolored on the sunny side,
And there in Autumn's richest purple dyed."

Fiction apart, however, the cultivation of the vine was certainly a matter of great moment in the East. The vineyards were most commonly planted on the southern side of a hill, and surrounded by walls or a hedge of thorns, everything being first cleared away which might injure the growth of the plants; a striking commentary this on the first and second verses in the fifth chapter of Isaiah. Like most other choice fruits, the vine migrated from the East to the West.

Some writers affirm it is truly wild in Greece, a circumstance which others doubt, but if not indigenous from a very remote period, it has been completely naturalized both there and in other parts of Southern Europe, where its culture has long formed a chief branch of rural economy.

Virgil, who seems almost as good a naturalist as a poet, discourses very learnedly on the cultivation both of the vine and olive in his second *Georgic*. He informs us *how*, and *when*, and *where* to plant them, and in strains so sweet that the rough labors of husbandry appear no longer a part of the original curse. Speaking of the natural *habitat* of the vine, he says:

"Nor every plant on every soil will grow:
The sallow loves the wat'ry grounds and low;
The marshes alders. Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliffs for the wild ash's reign;
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles and to mounts the vines."

But when under culture he allows the situation to be a matter of choice, recommending only a corresponding difference in the mode of planting:

"Choose next a province for thy vineyard's reign,
On hills above, or in the lowly plain;
If fertile fields or valleys be thy choice,
Plant *thick*, for bounteous Bacchus will rejoice
In *close* plantations *there*. But if the vine
On rising ground be placed, or hills supine,
Extend thy loose battalions largely wide,
Opening thy ranks and files on either side;
But marshall'd all in order as they stand,
And let no soldier straggle from his band."

No plant, perhaps, has so much classical fame as the vine. It has been the favorite theme of poetry in all ages and in all countries. We select the following from Homer's multitudinous store:

"Depending vines the shelving caverns screen,
With purple clusters blushing through the green."

And from Virgil:

"For now the year in brightest glory shines,
Now reddening clusters deck the bending vines."

The magnificent clusters of beautiful fruit which adorn its branches are the produce of a remarkably small, insignificant flower, which possesses, however, in a considerable degree, the redeeming quality of fragrance, a quality for which Lord Bacon greatly commends it.

"Next to the violet," says he, "is the musk rose, then the strawberry leaves dying with a most excellent cordial smell, then the flower of the vine—it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent which grows upon the clusters in the first coming forth." But we can adduce far higher authority than his in praise of the perfume of this little flower; he who spake "of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall," says: "The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell."

It has been known to attain a very great age, even superior to that of the oak itself, and will bear fruit to the last. Its wood is very durable, and it is said that the great doors of the cathedral of Ravenna were made of planks of the vine.

IRIS.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House on Monday evening, Mrs. Harry Jackson, lately arrived from Australia, made her first appearance before a Californian audience. Shakspeare's comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* was performed. Mrs. Jackson made a most favorable impression on all who witnessed her performance of "Beatrice." She showed as fine a conception of the character as Mrs. Charles Kean, by whom the character was last played on the Opera House boards, and being considerably younger than that veteran actress, was by so many years the more perfect a "Beatrice." There is an ease and finish about this actress which is very charming; her reading is unexceptionably good: she has a fine voice and graceful carriage. To set against these advantages, it is hard for the most severe critic to find any failing which he can adduce as an offset. Perhaps a little more power might be desired in some parts—a little more animation—but after the exhibitions of power I have witnessed on the San Francisco stage, when angry stars with lurid glare shot across the theatrical horizon, my soul longs for quiet, and the mild, even lustre of Mrs. Jackson's acting, is perfectly delicious. Mr. George C. Boniface's acting in "Benedick," served one good purpose; his uneven rant and solemn mouthing heightened the effect of Mrs. Jackson's artistic impersonation of "Beatrice." On Tuesday, Mrs. Harry Jackson appeared in the character of "Pauline" in *The Lady of Lyons*, the occasion being the benefit of Senorita Maria, a clever little danseuse, who leaves for the East on the *America* on Monday. Mr. Boniface's "Benedick" was bad enough, but his "Claude Melnotte" was a little the worst of his efforts. I hope if Mr. Boniface is to undertake the leading business at this theatre where there are two actors far better qualified for the position, but who, alas, are "California actors," that he will not, for some time to come, again play "Claude Melnotte." If I were under any obligation to discover something good in so bad a performance, I should say that Mr. Boniface's reading in the scene where he describes to "Pauline" the extent of his estate, was tolerably good, but, taken as a whole, his enaction of "Claude Melnotte" was unutterably bad. Mrs. Harry Jackson in the character of "Pauline," was delightful; there were a thousand beauties to be discerned in it by the close observer. Mrs. Jackson has a most expressive countenance, and evinces great skill in the manner in which she causes it to depict the emotion called for by the text. The facial contortions of many actors and actresses, which they make in their attempts to express love, rage, grief, despair, etc., are painful to witness. Mrs. Jackson's face was a study for a painter as she stood listening to the mock prince's tale of the happiness in store for her; she listened in rapt attention, her eyes looking far off into the future, her hands clasped together; as "Claude" bends his face towards hers, her eyelids droop with maiden modesty, and the hands half unclasp; he proceeds with his story, and again she is all attention, drinking in with greedy eagerness his glowing description. I am well aware that Mrs. Harry Jackson is not a "star"—that is, not a star that was worth much "billing," no "mammoths," or anything of that kind—and I ought not to bestow so much space on her, but she is so sterling an actress, depends so much on having studied her profession, and has never in one single instance—that I have observed—had resort to any meretricious "originality" to trap applause, that I am only too glad to have an opportunity to praise an actress who has not come amongst us as "the world-renowned," the "dramatic genius," "the magnificent," or distinguished by some other high-sounding title—goodness knows when I shall ever have another opportunity; all the "stars," now-a-days, are comets with long flaming tails. On Wednesday evening *Hamlet* was performed once more, Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann impersonating the Danish Prince, and Mrs. Harry Jackson appearing in the character of "Ophelia," which she acted very finely. On Thursday evening *Lady Audley's Secret* was produced, Mrs. Harry Jackson displaying much power in her rendition of the part of "Lady Audley," while Mr. Charles Thorne played "Robert Audley" in a style which left nothing to be desired. Last night Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann took another benefit, appearing in his great impersonation of "Narcisse." To-night, *The Merchant of Venice* will be performed, Mr. Bandmann playing "Shylock," and Mrs. Harry Jackson filling the part of "Portia." This afternoon the bill will consist of *Lady Audley's Secret*, Mrs. Harry Jackson appearing as "Lady Audley." On Monday Mr. Harry Jackson appears in the drama of the *Creole*.

On Monday at the Academy of Music, Miss Emily Thorne made her first appearance in California in the character of "Hester Grazebrook" in Tom Taylor's comedy of the *Unequal Match*. Miss Emily Thorne's style of acting is delightfully natural. Miss Thorne possesses a very sweet and well cultivated voice, and is an accomplished ballad singer: she has, by the talent she has displayed both as an actress and vocalist, firmly established herself in the good graces of the public. Two more first appearances were made on the same occasion: Mr. Harry Wall appeared in the character of "Sir Harry Arncliffe" in the same comedy, and filled it creditably, and George Pardey, a young low comedian of much promise, played "Blinkensop" very cleverly. Miss Thorne was admirably well supported. Mr. Dan Setchell was immensely funny in the character of "Dr. Botcherby;" Miss Belle Land played "Lady Montressor" with considerable animation; Miss Sophie Worrell played "Bessie Hebblethwaite," a pert lady's maid, with much spirit, and all the members of the company filled the parts entrusted to them very satisfactorily. In the afterpiece *Somebody Else*, Miss Thorne acted and sang most charmingly in the character of "Minnie;" Mr. Dan Setchell exhibited much dry humor in his impersonation of "Hans Moritz," and Miss Louise Clarksou, who exhibits gratifying signs of improvement in acting and reading, played the part of "Louise" very pleasingly. The *Unequal Match* was played every evening until last night, when the *Widow's Stratagem* was substituted in its place. On Wednesday, Miss Emily Thorne sang the patriotic ballad "Shout for our Glorious Banner," which was composed expressly for her, appearing in the costume of the Goddess of Liberty; in this she drew the most enthusiastic shouts of applause from the audience, and was vociferously encored. Little Jennie Worrell has received her full share of applause every evening for the clever style in which she has performed a song and dance. A new burlesque entitled *Arrah-na-Poke*, now in rehearsal, is to be produced shortly. *California Diamonds* is also underlined. The Academy has been well filled every evening since the first appearance of Miss Emily Thorne, who is such a good actress and so sweet a singer, that I doubt not she will long retain the high place she has already gained in the estimation of the public. This afternoon the *Unequal Match* will be performed. The performance this evening will consist of the *Widow's Stratagem* and *Somebody Else*.

Arrah-na-Pogue is to be played for the last time at the Metropolitan Theatre on Monday, attaining its fiftieth representation. Mr. Charles Wheatleigh has reserved this last jubilee night, which closes the most successful and longest run ever achieved by any drama presented in this city, for his benefit. On Tuesday, the spectacular, sensational drama of *Savannah* will be produced. The same lavish expenditure of money which contributed so much to the success of *Arrah-na-Pogue* has characterized the preparations for the production of this new sensation. Magnificent new scenery has been painted by Mr. Torning, and grand scenic effects have been prepared under the supervision of Mr. James Dowling. Mr. Shiels, the well known Scotch comedian, an actor who, during his engagement under Mr. Wheatleigh, made rapid advances in popular favor, and whose impersonation of "Major Coffin" in *Arrah na Pogue* was a neatly and finished piece of acting, starts on the *America* on Monday for New York.

TOUCHSTONE.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.—LOVE.

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my own lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
It a step draweth near,
For my love he is late.

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms shine out, and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

'Too deep for swift telling: and yet my one lover
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

[*Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven."*

THE MOUNTAIN GLOOM.

I DO NOT know any district possessing a more pure or uninterrupted fulness of mountain character (and that of the highest order,) or which appears to have been less disturbed by foreign agencies, than that which borders the course of the Trient between Valorsine and Martigny. The paths which lead to it out of the valley of the Rhone, rising at first in steep circles among the walnut trees, like winding stairs among the pillars of a Gothic tower, retire over the shoulders of the hills into a valley almost unknown, but thickly inhabited by an industrious and patient population. Along the ridges of the rocks, smoothed by old glaciers into long, dark, billowy swellings, like the backs of plunging dolphins, the peasant watches the slow coloring of the tufts of moss and roots of herb which, little by little, gather a feeble soil over the iron substance; then, supporting the narrow strip of clinging ground with a few stones, he subdues it to the spade; and in a year or two a little crest of corn is seen waving upon the rocky casque. The irregular meadows run in and out like inlets of lake among these harvested rocks, sweet with perpetual streamlets, that seem always to have chosen the steepest places to come down, for the sake of the leaps, scattering their handfuls of crystal this way and that, as the wind takes them, with all the grace, but with none of the formalism, of fountains: dividing into fanciful change of dash and spring, yet with the seal of their granite channels upon them, as the lightest play of human speech may bear the seal of past toil, and closing back out of their spray to lave the rigid angles, and brighten with silver fringes and glassy films each lower and lower step of sable stone; until at last, gathered altogether again—except, perhaps, some chance drops caught on the apple-blossom, where it has budded a little nearer the cascade than it did last spring—they find their way down to the turf, and lose themselves in that, silently; with quiet depth of clear water furrowing among the grass blades, and looking only like their shadow, but presently emerging again in little startled gushes and laughing hurries, as if they had remembered suddenly that the day was too short for them to get down the hill.

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of the ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight, the stronger torrents thunder down pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

The mountain paths stoop to these glens in forky zigzags, leading to some gray and narrow arch, all fringed under its shuddering curve with the ferns that fear the light; a cross of rough-hewn pine, iron-bound to its parapet, standing dark against the lurid fury of the foam. Far up the glen, as we pause beside the cross, the sky is seen through the openings in the pines, thin with excess of light; and, in its clear, consuming flame of white space, the summits of the rocky mountains are gathered into solemn crowns and circlets, all flushed in that strange, faint silence of possession by the sunshine which has in it so deep a melancholy; full of power, yet as frail as shadows; lifeless, like the veil of some sea spirit, that lives and dies as the foam flashes; fixed on a perpetual throne, stern against all strength, lifted above all sorrow, and yet effaced and melted utterly into the air by that last sunbeam that has crossed to them from between the two golden clouds.

High above all sorrow: yes; but not unwitnessing to it. The traveller on his happy journey, as his foot springs from the deep turf and strikes the pebbles gaily over the edge of the mountain road, sees with a glance of delight the clusters of nut-brown cottages that nestle among those sloping orchards, and glow beneath the boughs of the pines. Here, it may well seem to him, if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along those rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them. Perhaps more. Enter the street of one of those villages, and you will find it foul with that gloomy foulness that suffered only by torpor, or by anguish of soul. Here, it is torpor—not absolute suffering—not starvation or disease, but darkness of calm enduring; the spring known only as the time of the scythe, and the autumn as the time of the sickle, and the sun only as a warmth, the wind as a chill, and the mountains as a danger. They do not understand so much as the name of beauty, or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank, unmurmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low deathbeds a pale figure upon a cross, dying also, patiently; in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones, but in all this unrewarded as far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither hope nor passion of spirit; for them neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest; except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar rails of the dimly gilded chapel, and so back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrents and ruinous stones, and unlightened, even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better thing unknown, mingled with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror—a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense, and, amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurtling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others, with gouts of blood.

Do not let this be thought a darkened picture of the life of these mountaineers. It is a literal fact. No contrast can be more painful than that between the dwelling of any well conducted English cottager, and that of the equally honest Savoyard. The one, set in the midst of its dull flat fields and uninteresting hedgerows, shows in itself the love of brightness and beauty; its daisy-studded garden beds, its smoothly swept brick path to the threshold, its freshly sanded floor and orderly shelves of household furniture, all testify to energy of heart, and happiness in the simple course and simple possessions of daily life. The other cottage, in the midst of an inconceivable, inexpressible beauty, set on some sloping bank of golden sward, with clear fountains flowing beside it, and wild flowers, and noble trees, and goodly rocks gathered round into a perfection as of Paradise, is itself a dark and plague-like stain in the midst of the gentle landscape. Within a certain distance of its threshold the ground is foul and cattle-trampled; its timbers are black with smoke, its garden choked with weeds and nameless refuse, its chambers empty and joyless, the light and wind gleaming and filtering through the crannies of their stones. All testifies that to its inhabitant the world is labor and vanity; that for him neither flowers bloom, nor birds sing, nor fountains glisten; and that his soul hardly differs from the gray cloud that coils and dies upon his hills except in having no fold of it touched by the sunbeams.—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

ETYMOLOGY OF NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—*Europe*, signifies a country of white complexion; so named because the inhabitants there were of a lighter complexion than those of either Asia or Africa.

Asia, signifies between, or in the middle, from the fact that geographers then placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa, signifies the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Spain, a country of rabbits, or conies. This country was once so infested with these animals, that the inhabitants petitioned Augustus for an army to destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch; from its yielding great quantities of black pitch.

Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired; as yellow hair characterized its first inhabitants.

Hibernia, is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians, we are told, never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin; as there were great quantities of lead and tin found on the adjacent island. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue, either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast.

AMIABILITY.—Perhaps no word in the American language is more frequently misapplied than the adjective, amiable. My neighbor tells me that Mrs. Liston is such an amiable, agreeable woman, she is confident I will value her acquaintance highly. That kind of shroud wrapped around Mrs. Liston's character and laid in such a caressing way in my arms, put in a little dash of saltlessness in my pre-opinion. It took the relishable smack away. A day or two later, I met Mrs. Liston. Her conversation amounted in the aggregate to a permutation of "yes," "no," "I think so," "thank you," "indeed!" smiles, simpers, and parlor twaddle. She ventures no new idea, for fear of venturing on somebody's toes. She maintains no point; it would be exhibiting strong-mindedness. Her amiability is of cabbage-leaf texture. One might send a gust of eloquence or a whirlwind of invectives against her in the presence of others, and no difference in the effect be visible.

It is her forte to make people believe she is saturated through and through with sanctified sweetness, and she almost invariably produces the desired result. People wonder how one can help living agreeably with Mrs. Liston. Men with scolding wives call Liston a lucky fellow, and the minister names her as a model of Christian beauty and uniformity. Those who know her in the kitchen as in the parlor call her a termagant, with a slick coating of suavity always on hand for immediate donning. There is a vast difference in seeing Mrs. Liston surrounded by guests and in looking at her through her husband's eyes at a quiet dinner. He finds her pretty, meek "thank you's" metamorphosed into hateful fault-findings; her serene smiles come at the ringing of the door-bell.

I have a settled antipathy against this popular amiability. Give me hail and earthquakes, thunder and lightning, but deliver me from this insipid, hypocritical nothingness. Grant human friends occasionally. They always have some thorns of unlikeness; but they are vastly more agreeable than one continual monotonousness of dead calm, of harmony.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AS A MUSICIAN.—A graphic account is given by Mr. James Melvil, the Scottish Ambassador, of Queen Elizabeth's performance of the Virginal. It is quoted in Dr. Rimboult's work on the piano-forte: "After dinner," writes Melvil, "my Lord of Hudson drew me into a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music (but he durst not avow it)—where I might hear the Queen play on the 'Virginals.' After I had harkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung by the door of the chamber, and stood a pretty space from her, hearing her play excellently well. But she left off immediately as soon as she turned about and saw me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was *solitary, to prevent melancholy*. She asked me how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with Lord Hudson, as we passed by the chamber door I heard such a melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the Court of France, where such freedom was allowed, declaring myself willing to endure what punishment Her Majesty should be pleased to inflict on me for so great an offence, And then she sat down on a low cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She inquired whether my Queen (Mary of Scots) or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise."

A MANUSCRIPT of Gretry, the celebrated musician, has been sold recently, which is not a little singular. It relates, in a letter to a friend, how he had always prayed as a child, before attending his first communion, that he might be killed that day if he were not to be a good man and eminent in his profession. On that day, after the communion, he ascended the belfry to see the bell rung, during which time a block of wood, weighing four hundred pounds, fell on the head of Grétry and stunned him. He recovered, to the astonishment of every one, shortly after, and, remembering his prayer, took it as a proof from Heaven that he should some day succeed in his profession. It is needless to add that he did so.

AN odd sort of bet was decided, a few weeks ago, at Paris, in the Seine, near one of the bridges, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Count de S—— bet Monsieur P——, that he, the count, would swim about for ten minutes, during which time he would read, in a loud and audible voice, from a book, which he agreed to keep, the whole of the time, free from any contact with the water, or even a splash. The count, who is a splendid swimmer, did what he proposed, and was welcomed with vociferous cheers at the end of his arduous undertaking. The wager was for five hundred francs.

THE occupation of mendicity, in Vienna, seems flourishing, as a beggar has just died there, bequeathing 8,000 florins, or £800, to his daughter, the fruits of his savings during nine years that he had followed the profession.

THE BONES OF THE BOURBONS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"NO man," says the Koran, "knows the spot on earth where his grave shall be made." The Bourbons thought they knew, but, like meaner folks, they were out in their reckoning, so far, at least, as related to their final place of sepulture. In vain they built themselves a mighty mausoleum. For eleven hundred years the abbey church consecrated to St. Denis held the bones of Capets, Carlovingians, and descendants of "the good King Dagobert," but the revolntionary storm swept away all before it, and all the other relics, till then held sacred. There are few events of that terrible time more completely demonstratiug the snbversion of the royalty which had endured so long, than the decree of the convention of the 6th of August, 1792, six months after the execution of Louis XVI., which sent the rabid populace of Paris trooping to St. Denis to obliterate the recollection of the kings of France by destroying their very tombs and burying their remains in the common fosse. In the tombs of hollowed stone of the earlier monarchs, little worth notice was found. In that of King Pepin there was a small quantity of gold wire, nothing more, but each coffin bore the simple inscription of the name of its inmate ou a leaden plate, and the greater part of these plates were much oxidized, and in a very bad condition, so that the names were in mauy instances nearly illegible. The plates, however, were not wanted for preservation, bnt together with the leaden coffins of Philippe le Hardi and Isabella of Arragon, and the leaden roof of the abbey church, were taken to the Hotel dc Ville of Paris, aud there uielted down aud cast into musket balls. The most remarkable object discovered was a silver seal, of ogive form, belonging to Constance of Castille, the second wife of Louis VII., who died in 1100. It weighed three ounces and a half, and, silver money being out of fashion, was not converted into either cash or bullets, but found 'ts way to the muuicipal stronghold, and was thence transferred to the caoinet of antiquities of the Natioual (not the Imperial) Library. Though only three days' labor was actually bestowed, the work of demolition was, from various causes, suspended from August till October, but on the 12th of that month, it was resumed, and with renewed vigor the destroyers forced their way into the vaults of the Bourbons.

The first coffiu they met with was one which might have demanded forbearance, had there been any but overbearing spirits in the midst of such unhallowed ruffianism; it was that of Henri Quartre! His body was in a good state of preservation, and his features were perfectly recognizable: the winding sheet was also in a good state of preservatiou. For two days his remains were exposed to public view; and then they were remorselessly cast into the yawuing trench which awaited them. The same fate awaited the bones of Louis XIII. and his descendants. The first-named mouarch was recognized by his moustaches, and Louis XIV. by his prominent features; but his face, that face which had received so much adoration in his lifetime, was now black as ink. To this complexion had it come at last. The bodies of his immediate family, and especially that of the Grand Dauphin—oh, graudeur!—were in a state of liquid putrefaction. The hearts of some of the princes were found nuder the coffins, iucased in lead with enamelled inscriptions! the lead was carefully taken away, the withered hearts were tossed with howls and execrations into the commou fosse. On the fifth day, after having taken all the bodies which were regularly interred in the royal vault, the depredators came, at the further end, to another coffin, placed on a stoue bench about two feet from the ground, in a recess formed in the thickness of the wall. The situation of this coffin showed that it was that of the last king who had died, which always occupied tho recess in question till his successor came to replace him. In this instance the successor never came.

As if open day were uecessary for fully satisfying the vengeauce of the revolutionary mob, eager to wreak their brutal fury on all the Bourbons in the person of the one, ill-called "*Le Bienaime*," the coffin of Louis XV. was dragged from the crypt to the brink of the trench and there opeued. The body was taken out of its leaden case, and swathed like a mummy, appeared to be in a good state of preservation; but the instant the bandages were removed, the royal corpse took its revenge on the surrounding multitude. It was, as might have been expected, considering the disease of which the profligate king died, in a state of direst putrefaction, and from the loathsome carcass came so pernicious an odor that all fled from it in dismay. At length, in order that the Jacobin body-snatchers might complete their purpose, recourse was had to the firing of muskets, and burning of gunpowder, to purify the air, and when the fumigation had lasted long enough, the blackened fragments of royalty were hurried into the pit on a bed of quicklime—somewhat different from the sumptuous couch at Versailles!—aud quickly concealed from human senses.—*All the Year Round.*

BUOYANCY OF JOURNALISM.—A boat made out of old newspapers, rowed several miles by an adventurous youth, is the latest English novelty.

A PLEA FOR TOBACCO.

UNDER this caption, a contributor to the *Round Table* says: "It is a very easy thing for an opponent of tobacco to apparently prove, by statistical evidence, its highly injurious effects upon mankind. For instance, let us snppose he wishes to show that its use leads to insanity. He goes to an insane asylum and ascertaius that of 500 inmates 300 were great smokers. He publishes this fact, and then there is a terrible outcry throughout the civilized world, and even some of those who have smoked on in happiness for years tremble for their reason. It would be perfectly practicable, by like means, to establish the injnrious effects of bread and milk upon the human mind. These statisticians do not thiuk of making their inquiries of tobacco-users who neither become demeuted nor suffer any other inconvenience throngh their devotion to the weed. The fact is, that so far from being deleterious, tobacco is, to the vast majority of those who indulge in it, a positive blessing. The complaints and invectives against it come from those who either have no experience of its benefits, or those who, having feebly attempted to habituate themselves to it, have been frightened before the system had adapted itself to the new order of things. Most of our tastes are acquired. In reality, there is but one in the way of food which is natural, and that is born with us.

The greatest men of modern times have been and are smokers of tobacco. Whether we seek among those who have devoted themselves to art, to science, to literature, or to war, we find this to be the case. The weed disposes the mind to reflection. It brings the brain into that condition most favorable for a calm and philosophical study of the subject before it, dispels the doubts and cares which every-day events are constantly exciting, renders us confident of our own powers, and engenders within us a spirit of universal friendship.

But the influence of tobacco upon the mind is not the only benefit to be derived from its use. It promotes digestion, and is highly conducive to the assimilation of the food to the several purposes and the various wants of the organism. It is a well-ascertained fact in physiology that whatever increases the quantity of saliva likewise angments the amount of gastric juice secreted. This is very beautifully shown in the dog. The experimental physiologist makes an opeuing into the stomach of one of these animals, aud fastens in it a small silver tube capable of being opened or closed at will. When any strongly salival substance, such as vinegar or tobacco is put into the mouth of an animal prepared in this manner, the secretion of gastric juice is at once excited, and the fluid passes through the open tube in quite a stream. The benefit of an affer-dinner cigar is, therefore, not to be despised in these days of indigestible meals.

But for any permaneutly beneficial influence to be derived from the use of tobacco, moderation in its employment is absolutely essential. Over-indnlgence is certain to be prejudicial. No fixed rules can, however, be given on this point. What is excess for one is temperance for another, and thus each individual must find his own standard, and abide by it. Two or three cigars a day may ordiuarily be regarded as the proper amount of tobacco to be smoked, and it is best to indulge only after meals.

All our encomiums apply only to smoking. Chewiug is a filthy habit, and one that is also injurious, on account of the great loss of saliva it occasious. Snuff-taking has almost gone out of fashion, and scarcely, therefore, needs consideration.

"CHRISTOPHER ROMAUNT'S" WORKS.—The S. F. *Bulletin*, of 4th November, amoug several California items, gives the following:

"Another San Frauciscan, James F. Bowman, is engaged in writing books of adventure for juvenile reading, to be published by Gould, Lincoln & Co., of Boston. A little work by Mr. Bowman, called *The Island Home*, published by the same firm several years ago, has had a large sale, gone through several editions iu this country and England, been translated into French aud German, and has made the *nom de plume* of the author—"Christopher Romaunt"—familiar to thousands. His juvenile stories are written in excellent English, aud in their description of scenery, natural objects, and the habits and customs of strange people in strange lands, are truthful, and imbued with a strong local coloring, so that they not only entertain but instruct."

THERE was a deacon in a town in Maine by the nme of Day—by trado a cooper. One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of his house, and he weut out to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them: "Boys do you know what day this is?" "Yes, sir," replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day—the cooper."

NEW BOOK BY AN OLD RESIDENT.—Ticknor & Fields will publish in December *The Life and Public Services of Samuel Adams*, in three volumes octavo, by his great-grandson, William V. Wells, of San Francisco.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.—The following description of things in the last generation is given by Sydney Smith:

"A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his knowledge the following eighteen changes which have taken place since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy-three years:

"Gas was unknown. I groped about the streets of London in all but the darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

"I have been nine hours sailing from Dover to Calais, before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath, before the invention of railroads, aud I now go in six hours from Taunton to London. In going from Tauuton to Bath I snffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions before stone-breaking Macadam was born.

"I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to another without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney coaches were at the begiuning of my life. I had no umbrella; they were little used and very dear. There were no water-proof hats, aud my hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

"I could not keep my small-clothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was uo colchicum. If I was bilious, there was no calomel. If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses, instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bonght. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and, whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post to whisk my complaints for a single penny to the remotest corner of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.

"I forgot to add that, as the baskets of stage-coaches, in which luggage was then carried, had no spring, your clothes were all rubbed to pieces; and that even in the best society one-third of the gentlemen, at least, were always drunk."

SWISS BRIDGES.—The traveller in Switzerland is struck with the peculiarity of their bridges, which are mostly roofed in the same fashion as their chalets, the utility of which practice is not manifested at first, but is doubtlesss for the purpose of protecting them from the snow, which would otherwise block up their transit. There are several very curious specimens of these housed bridges in the antiquated city of Lucerne, which is situated in the midst of the most splendid scenery, aud at the end of one of the most picturesque lakes in all Europe—probably in all the world. They are thrown across the river Reuss, which, although it enters the lake at Altorf as a turbid, puddled stream, resembling milk, having passed through the lake, issues a beautiful sea green, with all the swiftness of a mountain torrent at Lucerne. I know not why the flowing of a peaceful river should not only attract but also rivet one's attention irresistibly: but so it was, that both here and at Geneva, (where the Rhone issues a beautiful azure blue.) I could stand by the hour to look upon it. Against panels which are fastened to the timbers supporting one of the bridges, I think they call it the mill-bridge, you have delineated the Dance of Death, after Holbein's famous picture at Basle. Against the sides of another, which runs in a slanting direction across the mouth of the Reuss, on one side there are upwards of seventy pictures, which describe the feats of the patron saints of Lucerne, while on the opposite there are the same number, describing, historically, various scenes in Swiss history.

DEATH of DR. WORCESTER.—The death of the eminent lexicographer, Joseph E. Worcester, occurred at his residence in Cambridge (Mass.,) October 27th. He was born in Bedford (N. H.,) August 24, 1784, and was over eighty-one years of age at his decease. He graduated at Yale College in 1811. Besides his famous dictionary, he was the author of a geographical dictionary or Universal Gazateer, Gazateer of the United States, Elements of Geography, Ancient and Modern; Epitome of Geography, Sketches of the Earth and its Inhabitants, Elements of History, Ancient and Modern; Spelling-book of the English Language, Remarks on Longevity, and several other valuable works. He received the degree of LL. D. from Dartmouth College and Brown University.—*Sacramento Union.*

A LEARNED and enthusiastic orator recently startled his audience by the following sentence: "Sir, let those beware who would trifle with the popular will. In the langnage of the poet, *Facilis decensus averni*, 'The voice of the people is the voice of God.'" This is nearly as good as the illustration once used by a member of a certain down East Legislature: "Mr. Speaker," said the member, "this matter," referring to the question under debate, "is like Pandora's box, the more you stir it the worse it smells."

NOTICE.

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A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM,

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

POLITICAL "SHEEP WALKERS."

THE public should be thankful that the *Daily Examiner* has offered them, in a contribution signed by "A Democrat and a Secessionist," a sincere statement of those principles of which it is a consistent advocate. They should be grateful that this Democratic-Secessionist avers that all Democrats who are not Secessionists are "sheep that have wandered from the fold." There is a rare felicity in his metaphor, of which he was evidently unconscious. Sydney Smith's famous epithet of "Sheep Walkers," as applied to a certain class of bliud conservatives, accurately portrays the California sham Democracy. They still pursue the same old devious and beaten paths, over which their leaders and ancestors have passed. Progress has availed herself of short cuts, or of steam and electricity on the high road: the "Sheep Walkers" swerve not from their accustomed track. Should an obstacle occur, there is generally a sheep-walk around it, which, after some bleating and the exercise of a blind instinctive faculty, is invariably found.

Rare and instructive instances of "sheep-walking" are afforded in the columns of the *Daily Examiner*, Marysville *Express*, and lately the Downieville *Standard*. It might be imagined that, with slavery dead, the epithet "Abolitionist" had lost some of its terrible keenness as a weapon in the hands of the Democracy. It is still flourished, however, with an air of freshness and originality. A favorite argument that Free Schools and the Landing of the Pilgrims are jointly and somewhat indefinitely connected with the destruction of American Civil liberty, is still offered with every demonstration of novelty. Allusions to the "Resolutions of 98," the Fugitive Slave Law, Amalgamation, etc., are still made. Their columns are protracted into a vast "sheep walk," beaten hard with the successive footprints of past democracy, with the succulent herbage cropped on either side. Perhaps it may be owing to the influence of Spring that the leading bell-wether of the Downieville *Standard* skips and gambols in his accustomed walk. He intimates that if Lincoln be among the hosts of Heaven, "Nero and Caligula are perambulating the streets of New Jerusalem, and the Devil is sitting at the right hand of God." We do not know how it may be with Nero and Caligula, but the indications about Downieville would seem to favor the conclusion that the devil, at least, has *not* yet been translated.

With the exception of these sporadic efforts of the Downieville paper, which might be popularly expressed as "cavorting," the spectacle of this incessant sheep-walking is apt to be dreary. We do not see the necessity for this repetition of well known and by-gone formulæ. We cannot imagine why these gentlemen are so bitter. We are told that General Lee is President of a College, that another Democrat and Secessionist is President of a railroad company, that the ingenuous and high-minded General Hardee has had a dinner given to him by several Union officers, that Davis is shortly to be released, that Wirtz will not be hung, and that, in the words of Mr. Squeers, "all is happiness and joy." We cannot see why, in return for this tacit recognition of the past services of "Democrats and Secessionists," unfortunate Republicans and Union men are to be assailed with the "ancient and fish-like" epithets that have grown mouldy in the vocabulary of the chivalrous Democracy.

When the Revolution which separated the Colonies from the mother country was over, and American Independence achieved, there were yet to be found old loyalists and tories, who secretly drank the health of King George, and, in feeble coteries in the city of New York, bewailed the progress of the young Republic, and reverted fondly to the days when stamped paper and taxed tea were sent from England. We can respect those honest sheep-walkers, whose only fault was their blind *loyalty* to the government that had given them place and protection, and under whose despotic rule they were willing to suffer, rather than rebel. But what shall we think of the modern tory—the Democratic sheep-walker? What shall be said of men who view only with anger the spectacle of their country rising triumphantly from the smoke of a terrible civil war, with the one black stain washed from her escutcheon, with a position and a power among the nations of the globe, until now unknown and unacknowledged? What shall be said of those who would go back to chaos, because the world was not of their forming; who would sow again the seeds that have already ripened to their destruction? It were unfair to the blind instinct which guides the sheep, to elevate the Democratic sheep-walker to their level.

HOME CULTURE.

STRANGERS are very apt to receive a favorable impression of the literary and æsthetic culture of Californians. They look upon the well-filled shelves of the public libraries, on the overflowing counters of Roman and Bancroft, on the quantity of Eastern papers and magazines sold by the newsdealers, on the Art Union and picture galleries, on theatres blazing with theatrical and operatic stars, and, from a hasty generalization of these facts, come to a conclusion extremely flattering to our vanity. Very often this is the result of a previous misconception of the absorbing nature of our business pursuits; more frequently of a total misconstruction of that constant demand for excitement, which is a peculiarity of our temperament.

The capacity for appreciating the gentle arts, and the faculty of creating or fostering them, are two different things. It is a lamentable fact that, while Californians liberally compensate Eastern talent for the pleasure they derive from it, they are totally indifferent to it for its own sake, and ignore its cultivation at home. The best Californian talent is obliged to go abroad for recognition. A young San Francisco artist, hardly remembered by name in his native city, is flattered in European circles, and has his last picture complimented by Bierstadt as one of the best on the New York Academy walls. A soprano singer, of little renown in her adopted State, passes the gauntlet of continental criticism, is honored by an extravagant title, and the chronicle of her success is copied in our papers and read by hundreds who never heard her sing. A California humorist, whose crude, but original sketches have been a feature of our local press, is handsomely recognised by a critical Eastern authority, and the criticism read here by a class who never before heard of the humorist. While there is a disposition abroad to accept anything Californian as an evidence of merit and ability, at home our literature languishes and our talent falls into desuetude. A local satirical monthly paper, whose illustrations compete fairly with the best artistic ability of the East, whose columns often sparkle with a wit and humor so well appreciated abroad as to be plagiarised and appropriated, has barely gained as yet a local habitation and a name.

Various reasons are given for this neglect. It is urged frequently that the competition of Eastern talent keeps down home cultivation. The recognition of our home talent abroad, and the fact that many of the Eastern literary papers taken are often filled with California reprints, shows the fallacy of this reasoning. The argument that our population is not large enough to support profitably local literature is shown to be illogical from the premises assumed in the previous proposition. A more sensible reason may be found in that crude state of our civilization and social organization, which keeps us from seeking pleasure and comfort within ourselves—in the absence of the influences of HOME—in the unsettled, migratory and insincere foundations of our society. Until time shall remove this, we cannot expect to foster and cultivate the gentle arts, or cause them to take root in our soil, nor can we deserve the reputation of a literary and artistic community.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.—The work of reconstruction is making headway rapidly in the Southern States. Georgia has repudiated the Confederate war debt. It is "semi-officially" announced, through Washington correspondents, that seats will be granted in Congress only to the representatives of those States which have repudiated the Southern debt, and adopted the anti-slavery amendment... The State elections show large Republican gains in New York, Massachusetts and Maryland. New Jersey has gone Republican... Lord John Russell had succeeded Palmerston as Prime Minister of England... The English press favor the settlement of the claims for indemnity for damage done by Confederate cruisers... The cholera was raging in Spain and parts of southern Europe. Several deaths from cholera have occurred on a ship in New York harbor.

NEW MUSIC.—M. Gray, Music Publisher and importer, No. 613 Clay street, has laid upon our table a copy of "Maria Dolores," the Cuban song sung so charmingly by Adelaide Phillips. It is a pleasant *souvenir* of the great contralto. The words of this *Cancion Cubana* are left in the original tongue; they are a mere vehicle for the melody, and the song would not be benefitted by their translation.

THE San Francisco Amateurs give their fifth subscription entertainment on Friday evening, November 17th, 1865.

[For the Californian.]

OLD ACQUAINTANCES AMONG BOOKS.

THE first lustrums of one's intellectual life are generally spent in a hungry search after novelty in literature. The fresh youth who once discovers that there is something in the *Arabian Nights* or *Peregrine Pickle* that will while away time not to be devoted to tag or marbles, commences a vacation's race after ideas extending over more books than would quantitatively satisfy the literary appetite of an old student like my friend Ancient during an entire decade. The fields of literature are to the boy much in the same light as are the meadows and baskets of a first country visit to a young cockney. He runs a muck among the green things, tearing up this plant, wrenching off that branch, and loading himself with flowers regardless of his future purposes as to them. Everything is beautiful; everything gratifies his crude taste; and nothing comes amiss to his budget of souvenirs.

But by-and-by, the literary fledgling discovers that there are blossoms in books as worthless from being common as are certain wild flowers that have wearied the eye in its pleasant rest upon the green and unpretending sod. He begins to sneer at more callow admiration than his that may be called up by something which he has outgrown. Those who speak of fairy stories with the most contempt are generally precocious children who have just arrived at a proper skepticism about the supernatural, or more elderly people, who, notwithstanding their years, have hardly penetrated much farther into metaphysics. But this vigorous making of corduroy roads through literature, cannot be the work for a lifetime. The mind finally wearies of the novelty of everything—variety becoming, as a Milesian might say, too commonplace. After the summit of intellectual acquirement has been passed, the patient scholar is pleased to turn back and macadamize. The brain finds difficulty in remembering the hordes of new acquaintances to whom it is introduced; and a feeling of relief is experienced in turning back to old pages thumbed lovingly in the handling of boyhood.

It is too conservative a prejudice of taste perhaps, to find one's self flinging down sentiment glittering in all the blaze of modern adaptation and piping hot from the bookbinder's hands to go back to Tristram Shandy and his relatives, discolored, as their history is, by the fingerings of generations; but—and I fancy that many of my readers will sympathize with me therein—I cannot help turning back affectionately at times to *Captain Tobias*, to re-read old passages, after a futile unsatisfied glance at the shelf where reposes a platoon of the essayists of a raw ten years' service. It may be a mark of mental decay to hanker after certain pothouse ballads of the days of Queen Bess, when sneaking through a volume of late War Lyrics; but I cannot help feeling that I would acknowledge my failing to some future section of posterity with full hope of being shrived by their high priest of taste.

A book that you have read at all sorts of ages and among all sorts of people and scenes, has a sort of visionary commentary settling down upon its white margin, that gives the text a peculiar brilliancy of intelligence in your eyes. What matters it if that verse of Keats is turgid with epithetic honey? It was delightful to you that long winter evening so many years ago, when you stretched yourself before a log fire and read, wishing that you too were only under the spell of St. Agnes. This poem of Shelley's is not to your mental liking now; but when you lay once under the trees far away on some eastern hillside with a friend at your elbow, whose voice seems now to come back to your ears making notes of the words to express itself by, you liked Shelley and everything about him. The books of those days are too holy to call forth your better formed opinions of the cynical present, and you read again with something like a return to mental youth combined with a sadness moved by the contrasts in life's epochs.

There are certain trite bits of Horace which I always gratefully pardon country editors, (and sometimes writers of higher pretensions,) for introducing in a battered grammatical state into their columns, because I am thereby reminded of ancient pleasures, when the halcyon still rested on the quiet flood of student life, and the construing of those same passages was the most arduous labor of the hour. There is nothing perhaps, (the classic earl will pardon me if there is,) particularly beautiful in the story of the arrival of Ulysses among the Phæacians; it may indeed be a passage where Homer took a Horatian nap: but I never can see the name of that island but a throng of pleasing recollections arise, of modern date, for which the bard is nowise responsible. Never call a man pedantic because he airs his "little Latin and less Greek" at inopportune moments. It may be that there is a double pleasure of both memory and association that has called forth the unhappy quotation.

Perhaps, many a man admires and appreciates Shakspeare, because he was a happy lover at the time when he first listened to his plays; and that "Juliet" on the stage and his own Mary by his side, "Jessica" and Jennie are so mixed up in his memory, that he indulgently refuses to decree partition of the pleasing perceptions, and gives them all to the poet. Therefore, thou German actor, be thou cautious about thy new texts; deal gently with the received stage version; and

remove not the landmarks of theatrical tradition, inasmuch as thou mayst disturb thereunder a pleasing lot of mouldy reflections upon the past, and thereby sow dragon's teeth in an audience that may rouse up into ruthless and injudicious critics. The divine William will pardon thee, if thou flingest aside the commentators, and stickest to the deep rooted notions of his corporate representatives of the English stage.

Paul and Virginia, I heard branded the other day as a book "fit only for girls and spoony boys." My indignation has not yet settled into ordinary resentment. Could a book that has had a tender niche in the hearts of father and son, mother and daughter, for so long, ornamenting the literature of so many languages into which it has been translated, have finally come down to be considered in the same sort of light that we would regard a mongrel cross by a Sunday-school story out of a *feuilleton* from the pen of that literary French impropriety with two *k's* in his name?

There is a little poem by Mrs. Norton, entitled the "Dying Hour." It may be beautiful, and it may be nothing more than a sentimental bit of trash by a scribbling woman. I read it carelessly long ago: but the measure somehow kept the verse coherently in my head, in spite of my indifferenee. It came in my mind afterwards, when at the bedside of a young soldier dying among strangers. He wasted by fever until his delirious efforts to move degenerated into a mere waving of the hand, and his voice had become almost unintelligible. He fancied himself at home, where he doubtless had some love, whose eidolon was hovering about his mental vision. There was a beautiful girl bending over him, whom he had never seen until the fever had dethroned his reason. He managed to hold her hand with his failing grasp, and muttered his old vows to her as though she filled the place of the absent one, and talked to her of ancient trysting places, of rides and amusements, until the lady herself was fain to weep for the poor mistaken boy. I never now pick up the book without turning instinctively to what to me is the most touching poem in the language.

Remembrance adds to the value of every book. There is a personal recollection that makes a volume valuable to you or me, for certain currents of thought into which it draws us. There is a gential memory that makes certain authors grow with the race to which they belong. Homer was a nobler man in the days of Plato: he expressed more, was more reaching in his ideas, and absorbed more of Grecian intellect than when his poor personality was sneered to death by the poor fishers' boys, or when first the rude rhapsodies were chaunted at festivals. Shakspeare is a higher creation to-day than when his plays were brought out on his own imperfect stage. Goethe will increase in stature as long as there is a single-hearted German to read him; and that famous sentiment of Terence, so regularly applauded in Rome, becomes more sublime as each new generation of schoolboys learns to scan it. The elegy of the Latin poet upon the death of his mistress' sparrow grows more touching as the lovers of every age sigh in sympathy over the poor little bird. Every man who has flung out a passionate expression of his humanity wins another hold on the rock of mortal life, by reason of the tenacity of his part of the world's memory.

There is one Book which has, century by century, become a better member of the literary assemblage. Here, let me forewarn suspicious orthodoxy that I have no irreverent intentions. The Bible has grown in inspiration, in pathos, and in sublimity with the age. You, my infidel friends, are much mistaken, if you imagine that Colenso, or a faculty of mathematicians as good or better than that troublesome bishop, can break the force of the book. We are indifferent to figures. Let the facts of calculation be what they may, the story of Rebecca, the strife of Jacob, the affection of Ruth, the love of Jonathan for David, and the apologue of the man of Uz, have been subjects too long for admiration and reverence on the part of the world of civilization to be dethroned by a mere rebellion of insurgent arithmetical problems. There is a divinity now in the volume, invited there by the faith of ages, which can never be evicted. The personal, the gential, and the universal memory of humanity has grown about every text, until not one can be wrenched away. There is one psalm which I have heard read by one who opened to it whenever she was in trouble. It commences: "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name." I would not hesitate in granting my faith to everything, lest I should lose my right to a blind reverence for that one chapter.

DIONYSIUS VAGO.

"BUMMER'S" ELEGY.—"Bummer," whilom companion of "Lazarus," whose joint exploits, in the flesh, have been so long a solace to chronicler and reporter, even in death is not forgotten. Jump and "Trem" have, with pen and pencil, apotheosized the defunct canine, and their combined effort, on a letter sheet, is the latest sensation.

A NUMBER of quartz claims have been taken up near Copperopolis, some of which are considered quite valuable. They are large and well defined.

[For the Californian.]

THE BALLAD OF MR. COOKE.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFF HOUSE.

WHERE the sturdy ocean breeze,
Drives the spray of roaring seas
That the Cliff House balconies
Overlook:
There, in spite of rain that balked,
With his sandals duly chalked,
Once upon a tight-rope walked
Mr. Cooke.

But the Jester's lightsome mien,
And his spangles and his sheen,
All had vanished, when the scene
He forsook;
Yet in some delusive hope—
In some vague desire to cope—
One still came to view the rope
Walked by Cooke.

* * * * * *

Amid Beauty's bright array,
On that strange eventful day—
Partly hidden from the spray—
In a nook,
Stood Florinda Vere de Vere,
Who, with wind-dishevelled hair
And a rapt, distracted air,
Gazed on Cooke.

Then she turned and quickly cried
To her lover at her side,
While her form with Love and Pride
Wildly shook:
"Clifford Snook! O hear me now—
Here I break each plighted vow!
There 's but one to whom I bow,
And that's Cooke!"

Haughtily that young man spoke:
"I descend from noble folk—
'Seven Oaks' and then 'Se'mnoak,'
Lastly, Snook,
Is the way my name I trace;
Shall a youth of noble race,
In affairs of Love give place
To a Cooke?"

"Clifford Snook! I know thy claim
To that lineage and name,
And I think I've read the same
In Horne Tooke;
But I swear, by all divine,
Never, never to be thine
'Till thou canst upon yon line
Walk like Cooke."

Though to that gymnastic feat
He no closer might compete
Than to strike a *balance* sheet
In a book,
Yet thenceforward, from that day
He his figure would display
In some wild athlethic way,
After Cooke.

On some household eminence,
On a clothes-line or a fence,
Over ditches, drains and thence
O'er a brook;
He, by high ambition led,
Ever walked and balanced,
Till the people wondering said:
"How like Cooke!"

Step by step did he proceed,
Nerved by valor—not by greed—
And at last the crowning deed
Undertook.
Misty was the midnight air,
And the Cliff was bleak and bare,
When he came, to do and dare,
Just like Cooke.

Through the darkness, o'er the flow,
Stretched the line where he should go
Straight across as flies the crow
Or the rook:
One wild glance around he cast,
Then he faced the ocean blast—
And he strode the cable, last
Touched by Cooke.

Vainly roared the angry seas;
Vainly blew the ocean breeze;
But, alas! the walker's knees
Had a crook;
And before he reached the Rock,
Did they both together knock,
And he stumbled with a shock—
Unlike Cooke!

Downward dropping in the dark—
Like an arrow to its mark,
Or a fish-pole when a shark
Bites the hook—
Dropped the pole he could not save;
Dropped the walker; and the wave
Swift engulfed the rival, brave,
Of J. Cooke!

Came a roar across the sea,
Of sea lions in their glee,
In a tongue remarkably
Like Chinnook;
And the maddened sea-gull seemed
Still to utter, as he screamed:
"Perish thus the wretch who deemed
Himself Cooke!"

But, on misty moonlit nights,
Comes a skeleton in tights;
Walks once more the giddy heights
He mistook:
And, unseen to mortal eyes—
Purged of grosser earthly ties—
Now at last, in spirit guise,
Outdoes Cooke.

* * * * * *

Still the sturdy ocean breeze
Sweeps the spray of roaring seas
Where the Cliff House balconies
Overlook;
And the maidens, in their prime,
Reading of this mournful rhyme,
Weep, where in the olden time,
Walked J. Cooke.

BRET.

CALIFORNIA MINING BUREAU ASSOCIATION.—We have received a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of this association, whose objects, as stated in an introductory article, are to assist in developing the mineral resources of the State, furnish remunerative employment to laboring men, and reduce oppressive taxes by "largely increasing the amount of taxable property." They propose to seek and procure all available information concerning the mineral resources of every country in the State:

"This will embrace all the mines of every description which are being worked, with every particular concerning them that can be obtained; all those which have suspended operations for want of means, of success, or whatever cause, all those which are held by parties unable to develop them, all promising ledges discovered, and placer mines lying unworked for the want of water or other causes. The Petroleum interests of the State will also receive the attention of the Association. Great care will be taken that the information obtained shall be reliable. This will be properly arranged and recorded in the office of the Society, and will be the property of its members; and, from time to time, such facts as may be of general interest, will be given to the public through the press. It is believed that in this way inealculable good can be done. Our immense resources will thus become known both at home and abroad. The inviting opportunities on every hand for profitable investment, must inevitably attract capital and enterprise. The State has sustained immeasurable injury from sales of mines upon fraudulent representations, by unscrupulous speculators. These swindles have been the means of destroying, in a measure, the confidence of capitalists in the value of our mines and in our integrity as a people. The Association will put it out of the power of these public pests to succeed in their attempt at imposition, by furnishing reliable information to those seeking investments. At the same time the value of really meritorious mines, instead of being overlooked, as has been too often the case heretofore, will become known. The distrust now felt will thus be removed as soon as the reliable character of the Association becomes established, and capitalists will first seek information from it before investing."

A recommendation signed by many capitalists, is incorporated in the pamphlet.

THE London *Fun* gives the following answers to correspondents:

An Anxious Inquirer, Covent Garden—We are not in the secret of the Repository, or the repository of the secret. If you want to know more of the mysterious mansion, you had better ring the bell, and then run away, and see if anything follows.

A Rejected One asks how we can have the heart to decline his contributions. Since he is so anatomically particular, we beg to inform him that, besides the heart, we have the waist—paper basket.

A. Ward—You had better apply to our advertising agent. We don't supply puffs, so you must go to our Baker.

A Would-be Peer wishes to know whether he can purchase a title. Of course he can, and a preface and index too, and all for the small charge of one penny. Apply at 80, Fleet street.

Julia is anxious to learn where she can meet with a good looking glass. She had better consult her own mirror, which will no doubt help her to a good looking (g)lass.

Ca. Sa.—You may take a pill without a writ of *habeas corpus*.

A Young Man of Family.—If they only give you a two-pronged steel fork at the eating-house you frequent, you may eat your peas with a knife as a *peas-aller* as the French say, but not otherwise.

A SMALL bed of clams or muscles was lately discovered by a resident of Virginia in Carson river. He brought some to town and enjoyed a chowder. The *Union* says they are rather tough.

THE Assessor's returns show 100,000 sheep in Monterey county, with 1,300 Merino bucks. Their wool crop this year amounted to 402,188 pounds.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

To come to the point at once, I beg to say that I have not the least belief in the Noble Savage. I consider him a prodigious nuisance, and an enormous superstition. His calling rum fire-water, and me a pale-face, wholly fail to reconcile me to him. I don't care what he calls me. I call him a savage, and I call a savage a something highly desirable to be civilized off the face of the earth. I think a mere gent (which I take to be the lowest form of civilization) better than a howling, whistling, clucking, stamping, jumping, tearing savage. It is all one to me, whether he sticks a fishbone through his visage, or bits of trees through the lobes of his ears, or birds' feathers in his head; whether he flattens his hair between two boards, or spreads his nose over the breadth of his face, or drags his lower lip down by great weights, or blackens his teeth, or knocks them out, or paints one cheek red and the other blue, or tattoos himself, or oils himself, or rubs his body with fat, or crimps it with knives. Yielding to whichsoever of these agreeable eccentricities, he is a savage—cruel, false, thievish, murderous; addicted more or less to grease, entrails, and beastly customs; a wild animal with the questionable gift of boasting; a conceited, tiresome, bloodthirsty, monotonous humbug.

Yet it is extraordinary to observe how some people will talk about him, as they talk about the good old times; how they will regret his disappearance, in the course of this world's development, from such and such lands where his absence is a blessed relief and an indispensable preparation for the sowing of the very first seeds of any influence that can exalt humanity; how, even with the evidence of himself before them, they will either be determined to believe, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded into believing, that he is something which their five senses tell them he is not.

There was Mr. Catlin, some few years ago, with his Ojibbeway Indians. Mr. Catlin was an energetic earnest man, who had lived among more tribes of Indians than I need reckon up here, and who had written a picturesque and glowing book about them. With his party of Indians squatting and spitting on the table before him, or dancing their miserable jigs after their own dreary manner, he called, in all good faith, upon his civilized audience to take notice of their symmetry and grace, their perfect limbs, and the exquisite expression of their pantomime; and his civilized audience, in all good faith, complied and admired. Whereas, as mere animals, they were wretched creatures, very low in the scale and very poorly formed; and as men and women possessing any power of truthful dramatic expression by means of action, they were no better than the chorus at an Italian Opera in England—and would have been worse if such a thing were possible.

Mine are no new views of the noble savage. The greatest writers on natural history found him out long ago. Buffon knew what he was, and showed why he is the sulky tyrant that he is to women, and how it happens (Heaven be praised!) that his race is spare in numbers. For evidence of the quality of his moral nature, pass himself for a moment and refer to his "faithful dog." Has he ever improved a dog, or attached a dog, since his nobility first ran wild in woods, and was brought down (at a very long shot) by Pope? Or does the animal that is the friend of man, always degenerate in his low society?

It is not the miserable nature of the new savage that is the new thing; it is the whimpering over him with maudlin admiration, and the affecting to regret him, and the drawing of any comparison of advantage between the blemishes of civilization and the tenor of his swinish life. There may have been a change now and then in those diseased absurdities, but there is none in him.

Think of the Bushmen. Think of the two men and the two women who were exhibited about England for some years. Are the majority of persons—who remember the horrid little leader of that party in his festering bundles of hides, with his filth and his antipathy to water, and his straddled legs, and his odious eyes shaded by his brutal hand, and his cry of "Qu-u-u-n-aaa!" (Bosjesman for something desperately insulting I have no doubt)—conscious of an affectionate yearning towards that noble savage, or is it idiosyncratic in me to abhor, detest, abominate, and abjure him? I have no reserve on this subject, and will frankly state that, setting aside that stage of the entertainment when he counterfeited the death of some creature he had shot, by laying his head on his hand and shaking his left leg—at which time I think it would have been justifiable homicide to slay him—I have never seen that group sleeping, smoking, and expectorating round their brazier, but I have sincerely desired that something might happen to the charcoal smouldering therein, which would cause the immediate suffocation of the whole of the noble strangers.

A party of Zulu Kaffirs have been exhibited at St. George's Gallery, Hyde Park Corner, London. These noble savages are represented in an agreeable manner; they are seen in an elegant theatre, fitted with appropriate scenery of great beauty, and they are described in a very sensible and unpretending lecture, delivered with a modesty which is quite a pattern to all similar exponents. Though extremely ugly, they are much better shaped than such of their predecessors as I have referred to; and they are rather picturesque to the eye, though far from odoriferous to the nose. What a visitor, left to his own interpretings and imaginings, might suppose these noblemen to be about, when they give vent to that pantomimic expression which is quite settled to be the natural gift of the noble savage, I cannot possibly conceive; for it is so much too luminous for my personal civilization, that it conveys no idea to my mind beyond a general stamping, ramping, and raving, remarkable (as everything in savage life is) for its dire uniformity. But let us—with the interpreter's assistance, of which I for one stand so much in need—see what the noble savage does in Zulu Kaffirland.

The noble savage sets a king to reign over him, to whom he submits his life and limbs without a murmur or question, and whose whole life is passed chin deep in a lake of blood; but who, after killing incessantly, is in his turn killed by his relations and friends, the moment a gray hair appears on his head. All the noble savage's wars with his fellow savages (and he takes no pleasure in anything else) are wars of extermination—which is the best thing I know of him, and the most comfortable to my mind when I look at him. He has no moral feelings of any kind, sort, or description; and all his "mission" may be summed up as simply diabolical.

The ceremonies with which he faintly diversifies his life are, of course, of a kindred nature. If he wants a wife, he appears before the kennel of the gentleman whom he has selected for his father-in-law, attended by a party of male friends of a very strong flavor, who screech and whistle and stamp an offer of so many cows for the young lady's hand. The chosen father-in-law—also supported by a high-flavored party of male friends—screeches, whistles and yells (being seated on the ground, he can't stamp) that there never was such a daughter in the market as his daughter, and that he must have six more cows. The son-in-law and his select circle of backers screech, whistle, stamp, and yell in reply that they will give three more cows. The father-in-law (an old deluder, overpaid at the beginning, accepts four, and rises to bind the bargain. The whole party, the young lady included, then falling into epileptic convulsions, and screeching, whistling, stamping, and yelling together—and nobody taking any notice of the young lady (whose charms are not to be thought of without a shudder)—the noble savage is considered married, and his friends make demoniacal leaps at him by way of congratulation.

When the noble savage finds himself a little unwell, and mentions the circumstance to his friends, it is immediately perceived that he is under the influence of witchcraft. A learned personage, called an Imyanger or Witch Doctor, is immediately sent for to Nooker the Umtargartie, or smell out the witch. The male inhabitants of the kraal being seated on the ground, the learned doctor, got up like a grizzly bear, appears, and administers a dance of a most terrific nature, during the exhibition of which remedy he incessantly gnashes his teeth, and howls: "I am the original physician to Nooker the Umtargartie. Yow yow yow! No connexion with any other establishment. Till till till! All other Umtargarties are feigned Umtargarties, Boroo Boroo! but I perceive here a genuine and real Umtargartie, Hoosh Hoosh Hoosh! in whose blood I, the original Imyangerand Nookerer, Blzzerum Boo! will wash these bear's claws of mine. O yow yow yow!" All this time the learned physician is looking out among the attentive faces for some unfortunate man who owes him a cow, or who has given him any small offence, or against whom, without offence, he has conceived a spite. Him he never fails to Nooker as the Umtargartie, and he is instantly killed. In the absence of such an individual, the usual practice is to Nooker the quietest and most gentlemanly person in the company. But the Nookering is invariably followed on the spot by the butchering.

Some of the noble savages in whom Mr. Catlin was so strongly interested, and the diminution of whose numbers, by rum and small-pox, greatly affected him, had a custom not unlike this, though much more appalling and disgusting in its odious details.

The women being at work in the fields, hoeing the Indian corn, and the noble savage being asleep in the shade, the chief has sometimes the condescension to come forth, and lighten the labor by looking at it. On these occasions he seats himself in his own savage chair, and is attended by his shield-bearer: who holds over his head a shield of cowhide—in shape like an immense muscle shell—fearfully and wonderfully, after the manner of a theatrical supernumerary. But lest the great man should forget his greatness in the contemplation of the humble works of agriculture, there suddenly rushes in a poet, retained for the purpose, called a Praiser. This literary gentleman wears a leopard's head over his own, and a dress of tigers' tail; he has the appearance of having come expressly on his hind legs from the Zoological Gardens; and he incontinently strikes up the chief's praises, plunging and tearing all the while. There is a frantic wickedness in this brute's manner of worrying the air, and gnashing out "Oh what a delightful chief he is! O what a delicious quantity of blood he sheds! O how majestically he laps it up! O how charmingly cruel he is! O how he tears the flesh of his enemies and crunches the bones! O how like the tiger and the leopard and the wolf and the bear he is! O, row row row row, how fond I am of him!"—which might tempt the Society of Friends to charge at a hand-gallop into the Swartz-Kop location and exterminate the whole kraal.

When war is afoot among the noble savages—which is always—the chief holds a council to ascertain whether it is the opinion of his brothers and friends in general that the enemy shall be exterminated. On this occasion, after the performance of an Umsebenza, or war song—which is exactly like all the other songs—the chief makes a speech to his brothers and friends, arranged in single file. No particular order is observed during the delivery of this address, but every gentleman who finds himself excited by the subject, instead of crying "Hear, hear!" as is the custom with us, darts from the rank and tramples out the life, or crushes the skull, or mashes the face, or scoops out the eyes, or breaks the limbs, or performs a whirlwind of atrocities on the body, of an imaginary enemy. Several gentlemen becoming thus excited at once, and pounding away without the least regard to the orator, that illustrious person is rather in the position of an orator in an Irish House of Commons.

In all these ceremonies the noble savage holds forth to the utmost possible extent about himself; from which (to turn him to some civilized account) we may learn, I think, that as egotism is one of the most offensive and contemptible littlenesses a civilized man can exhibit, so it is really incompatible with the interchange of ideas; inasmuch as if we all talked about ourselves we should soon have no listeners, and must be all yelling and screeching at once on our own separate accounts: making society hideous. It is my opinion that if we retained in us anything of the noble savage, we could not get rid of it too soon. But the fact is clearly otherwise. Upon the wife and dowry question, substituting coin for cows, we have assuredly nothing of the Zulu Kaffir left. The endurance of despotism is one great distinguishing mark of a savage always. The improving world has quite got the better of that too. In like manner, Paris is a civilized city, and we shall never hear, and never have heard in these later days (of course) of the Praiser there. * * * *

To conclude as I began. My position is, that if we have anything to learn from the Noble Savage, it is what to avoid. His virtues are a fable; his happiness is a delusion; his nobility, nonsense. We have no greater justification for being cruel to the miserable object than for being cruel to a William Shakspeare or an Isaac Newton; but he passes away before an immeasurably better and higher power than ever ran wild in any earthly woods, and the world will be all the better when his place knows him no more.

Subjects for Our Artists.—*Puck*, thinking that the artists of San Francisco may be in want of ideas for subjects, begs to suggest the following:

G. J. Denny—"Strong Tide, July 1st, 1865." We would recommend this talented marine painter to produce, as a companion picture to this, "The Buoy."

Virgil Williams—"The Board of the *Mercury*; a companion picture to The Ford, Yo-semite Valley."

S. M. Brookes—"Illicit Still Life, or The Potheen Manufacturers."

Thomas Hill—"The First Smile; a companion picture to Good Morning."

Charles Nahl—"The Poles Attacked by Indians; a Scene on the Plains."

P. Loomis—"The Wood Cutter."

Mezzara—"A Jolly Bust."

A. K. Kipps—"Scriptural Paintings; Landscapes representing the Hills' skips."

F. A. Butman—"The Fall of the Leaf; a Dinner-Table Sketch."

S. W. Shaw—"A Woman."

E. W. Perry Jr.—"Havana Weeds; a companion picture to California Wild Flowers."

Fortunato Arriola—"The Fat Boy."

L. F. Ireland—"Drawing of a Fenian, after Hanging."

A Startling Announcement.—A few days ago, the inhabitants of a country town were filled with conjecture at the following sign, painted in large capitals on the front of a house recently fitted up and repaired:

"Mrs. Brown, Dealer in all sorts of Ladies'

All was consternation. Inquiry was instantly set on foot as to who this Mrs. Brown might be. But no one could tell. Great anxiety prevailed as to the proclamation of the new establishment; and for two whole days all was surmise and consultation. On the third morning, behold! the mystery was unravelled. The house-painter, who had, it seems, been suddenly attacked with a fit of sickness, returned to finish his work, and concluded by adding,

"And Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel."

Squeaking Boots not Admissable.—The following notice is affixed to the Wesleyan chapel in Chiseldom: "Notice is hereby given, that all persons who wear squeaking boots are requested not to be behind time (ten minutes) of the commencement of divine service on Sundays, to the annoyance of the congregation."

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.

THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIDly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

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HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

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SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

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Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price, $100, at the Factory.

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Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash	$3,500,000
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Surplus accumulated 1864,	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

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THE CALIFORNIAN.

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AND THE

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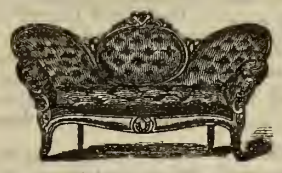

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ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

ON SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY,

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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NOW IS THE TIME!

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New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11:30 P. M

jy26 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

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INTERIOR ITEMS.

The Nevada *Transcript* says it is thonght that about four hundred persons will winter at Summit City. The California Quartz Mill, said to be the finest in the county, will be ready to start in about two weeks. Several other mills are in course of erection, and will soon be ready to start, while a large number of sites have been selected for the erection of mills early next summer. The South Yuba Canal Company are building a substantial dam across the lower end of Fordyce Valley. The work is under the superintendence of Dan Rich, under whose supervision the Yuba dam was built. The latter is said to be the finest piece of work in the State. At the lower end of Fordyce Valley, the Old Man Mountain on one side and the Old Woman on the other, almost touch each other, leaving only a gap wide enough for the waters of the river to pass. This gap closed, and the valley will be one of the largest and best in the world. Nature has built the reservoir, and the South Yuba Company have already commenced to shut the gate. Next spring the whole valley will form a beautiful lake, of an average depth of fifteen or twenty feet.

The *Territorial Enterprise* of the 3d instant says that a lady who arrived in Virginia from Egan Cañon, states that on Saturday night, Oct. 28th, a large force of Pi-Ute Indians surrounded Ione City, Nye county, Nevada, driving all the inhabitants into one of the principal buildings of the place, when a parley ensued. The Indians stated that they did not wish to murder the inhabitants of the town, but that they were in a destitute and starving condition, and they must have the means of procuring food, or they would sack the town. They demanded two hundred dollars, and the people of the place, not being in a position to defend themselves, acceded to to their demand and paid them the sum asked, when the Indians went away without further molesting them. The lady further states that the news reached Austin while she was there, that two men, prospectors, had been murdered in the edge of Death Valley, in San Antonio District, by Indians. S. E. Greeley, with a large party of citizens, intended starting the next day (Sunday) for the purpose of recovering their bodies. The Indians appear to be in a desperate and starving condition. This region of country is just on the line between the Shoshones and Pi-Utes, and it is hard to say which tribe it was that committed the above hostile acts, but at Austin the Pi-Utes are blamed.

On the arrival of the train from Shingle Springs and Folsom, on Monday, says the *Union* of the 8th inst., a woman arrived whose conduct at the cars excited some little attention from the hackmen and runners who were on hand soliciting custom. She stated to the crowd that if she could see "an honest face" among those present she would go with the individual who owned it. On looking around carefully, she picked out Ned Reed, of the What Cheer House, as the individual who "filled the bill," and at once started off with him down the street. He took her to the parlor of the What Cheer House, and proceeded about his business, but she became excited at his absence, and he had to be sent for again before she became pacified. During the day and night she became more violent, and yesterday she was pronounced insane by the examining physician. She will probably be sent to Stockton to-day. The woman gave her name as Miss Ellen Higgins. It is not known whether she came from Shingle Springs, Placerville, Virginia City, or any intermediate point.

By Whittler and Jenks, says the Yreka *Union*, just in from Surprise Valley, we learn that on the morning of the earthquake at San Francisco, Goose Lake, situated a short distance this side of the summit of the Nevada range of mountains, near the northern line of California, was covered with a great number of water spouts, rising at the same time and at short distances from each other over the whole surface of the lake, presenting much the appearance of an immense school of whales "blowing." The fact, with its relation—the earthquake, then unknown to Whittler and Jenks—extends the field of investigation to the scientific.

In mentioning the mills which are being constructed at a foundry in Sonora, the *Herald* says: A mill was sent from there this week, to be used at Stockton in the copper separating process. There are now in process of construction three mills—one of twenty stamps, which is nearly finished; another of ten stamps, which is partly completed, and one of five stamps, just commenced—all intended for different mines in our county.

The Marysville *Express*, of November 6th, states that Harry I. Thornton, formerly State Senator from Sierra county, but now a paroled prisoner from the Confederate service, reached Marysville on the 27th, and left Saturday morning for Austin, Nevada, where he proposes practicing law.

The Calaveras county seat case, on trial at Sacramento last week, resulted in favor of San Andreas. The case now goes to the Supreme Court as a final resort.

J. B. Hangrow, who shot Wm. Watkinson in Mendocino county, 1861, shot Mr. Adams dead, on Navarro river, in a quarrel about land, a few days ago, and escaped.

A CRAZY HUMBUG.

GEORGE JONES, ALIAS "THE COUNT JOANNES," MAKES AN ASS OF HIMSELF AND A FOOL OF GENERAL LEE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 3d.—Midnight.

I hasten to place before your readers—*i. e.* the public—the following correspondence; and even my enemies should cease to envy and malign, when, as a forgiving foe, I can point to so bright a page in my biography as is unfolded by the subjoined autograph letter from General Robert E. Lee, in accepting my proffered legal services against the charge of alleged treason. His remarks in regard to the assassination of President Lincoln will be received throughout the country with interest and belief—and in aid of the Christian policy of reconstruction by President Johnson.

That which I allude to in the latter portion of my subjoined response in reference to my interviews with the Secretary of War and Attorney General, will be transmitted either to-morrow or next day for the public, forming another of my letters from Washington—following this correspondence, and as adjunct to it. Respectfully, THE COUNT JOANNES.

CITY OF NEW YORK, N. Y., August 14, 1865.

To General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia—General: I herewith inclose a copy of my public letter to his Excellency the President of the United States, published in the New York *News*. It is written in patriotic loyalty and knowledge of the laws.

In the latter part I honestly proffer my legal services (gratuitously of course) to defend you and your late chief from the alleged charge of treason as preferred by indictment against each of you at Norfolk and in the District of Columbia.

My legal argument in the letter to the President is regarded here, by learned persons of different politics, as being unanswerable and conclusive upon the subject matter contemplated.

In 1840, I received, in the city of Richmond, Va., the gold medal for my public oration in that capital upon the National Independence (July 4, 1840.) My sentiments of patriotism then enunciated by me still abide, and give me authority to renew the offer of my legal services, as a champion of the Constitution in its full integrity, and in which, politically, in the words of St. Paul, "We live, and move, and have our being." In the forensic sense I write this letter, and shall rejoice to know, by your response, that the Presidential letter and this to yourself are duly appreciated by you, and my legal services accepted, should they be required, or in other words, should you be arraigned on the charge of treason.

My hearted detestation of the murder of the late President Lincoln (though by a monomaniac) does, I am sure, meet the perfect sympathy of every gentleman in the South. A letter from you to that effect, and which I could publish in our chief journals, would have a good result to soften harsh asperities in the North, and thus smooth the way to reconciliation. Soliciting your earliest reply.

Yours respectfully, GEORGE, THE COUNT JOANNES.

ANSWER BY GENERAL LEE.

NEAR CARTERSVILLE Va., Sept. 4, 1865.

Sir: I received, a few days since, your communication of the 14th ultimo, transmitting a copy of your published letter to the President of the United States.

Your arguments and conclusions are duly appreciated, and I am exceedingly obliged to you for the offer of your legal services—to defend me against the charge of treason. Should they become necessary, they will be gratefully accepted. In your letter to me, you do the people of the South but simple justice, in believing that they heartily concur with you in your opinion (and "hearted detestation") in regard to the assassination of the late President Lincoln. It is a crime previously unknown to this country, and one which must be deprecated by every American. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, ROBERT E. LEE.

To George, the Count Joannes, City of N. Y.

RESPONSE.

WASHINGTON D. C., October 2, 1865.

General: Your letter of the 4th ult., postmarked Richmond Va., on the 13th, owing to my temporary absence from New York, in this city, on a mission of peace and reconciliation, has only reached me this evening (from an error in transmission,) and I hasten to acknowledge its receipt.

You have given me true cause for intellectual pride by accepting my legal services to defend General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, against the charge of treason, and that decision, following your attentive perusal of my public letter to the President of the United States upon the theme of "What is Treason," etc.

Free as a mountain eagle, and as aspiring for all honorable and sunlight distinctions, and which I have received in Europe and America, yet I held them as feathers in the scale of honor when compared to the greater distinction which you have bestowed upon me and my intellect; and to have achieved which amply repays me for my many years of laborious practical studies of the Constitution and laws of this country, and of all other nations, ancient and modern.

The spirits of Daniel Webster and Henry Wheaton, my former tutors and friends, are at this moment invoked by me in all their intellectual grandeur and patriotism, to sustain me in my loyal duty and accepted services.

And this extends, also, to the captive in Fortress Monroe, in whose behalf, within the last forty-eight hours, I have had two courteous interviews with the Hon. the Secretary of War, and one of deep interest with the Attorney General, followed by a petition to the President for the action of His Excellency and his Cabinet Council of Administration, the Secretary of War admitting that my loyalty and patriotism were unquestionable.

I could enlarge upon these interviews, but I reserve a description of them for my public letter to the same journal as contained my address to the President.

I have the honor, General, to remain your fellow citizen.

Truly and respectfully, GEORGE, THE COUNT JOHANNES.

To General Robert E. Lee, Virginia.

[*Correspondence of the New York Daily News.*

EXIT "BUMMER."—As we have devoted but little space to an event which has filled our local contemporaries with as much sorrow (judging from the columns of lamentation it has called forth) as would the decease of the best biped in the city, we give "Mark Twain's" view of the occurrence, as recorded in the ENTERPRISE of the 8th. Strangely enough, Mark, who can't stand the "ballad infliction," seems to think there has not been quite enough "Bummer:"

"The old vagrant 'Bummer' is really dead at last; and although he was always more respected than his obsequious vassal, the dog 'Lazarus,' his exit has not made half as much stir in the newspaper world as signalised the departure of the latter. I think it is because he died a natural death: died with friends around him to smooth his pillow and wipe the death-damps from his brow, and receive his last words of love and resignation; because he died full of years, and honor, and disease, and fleas. *He* was permitted to die a natural death, as I have said, but poor Lazarus 'died with his boots on'—which is to say, he lost his life by violence; he gave up the ghost mysteriously, at dead of night, with none to cheer his last moments or soothe his dying pains. So the murdered dog was canonized in the newspapers, his shortcomings excused, and his virtues heralded to the world; but his superior, parting with his life in the fullness of time, and in the due course of nature, sinks as quietly as might the mangiest cur among us. Well, let him go. In earlier days he was courted and caressed; but latterly he had lost his comeliness—his dignity had given place to a want of self-respect, which allowed him to practice mean deceptions to regain for a moment that sympathy and notice which had become necessary to his very existence, and it was evident to all that the dog had had his day: his great popularity was gone forever. In fact, Bummer should have died sooner: there was a time when his death would have left a lasting legacy of fame to his name. Now, however, he will be forgotten in a few days. Bummer's skin is to be stuffed and placed with that of Lazarus."

TO REMOVE A "STY" FROM THE EYELID.—The sty is strictly only a little boil, which projects from the eyelid. It is of a dark red color, much inflamed, and occasionally a great deal more painful than might be expected, considering its small size. It usually disappears of itself after a little time, especially if some purgative medicine be taken. If the sty should be very painful and inflamed, a small warm poultice of linseed meal or bread and milk must be laid over it, and renewed every five or six hours, and the bowels freely acted upon by a purgative draught, such as the following: Take of Epsom salts, half an ounce; best manna, two drachms; infusion of senna, six drachms; tincture of senna, two drachms: spearmint water, one ounce; distilled water, two ounces. Mix, and take three, four or five tablespoonsful. When the sty appears ripe, an opening should be made into it with the point of a large needle, and afterwards a little of the following ointment may be smeared over it once or twice a day. Ointment: Take of spermaceti, six drachms; white wax, ten drachms; olive oil, three ounces. Mix them together over a slow fire, and stir them constantly until they are cold.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS EAT.—The Maldavian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most obscure parts of their houses, and then draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to share his meal, he runs till he meets with one, and however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest. The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plate, knives, or forks; every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. A Kamschatkan kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend.

A MAN by the name of Gillerland was instantly killed, and another one severely wounded by a cave in the Star Spangled Banner claims on the 28th ult., says the Nevada *Transcript*. The *Gazette* says the name of the man killed was S. R. Stevens, and the other, Edwin O'Connor.

CALEB LYON, of Lyonsdale, Governor (re-appointed) of Idaho, arrived at Salt Lake Oct. 28th, *en route* to his Territory, to re-enter on his official labors as Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

CONGRESS HALL.—On Bush street, adjoining the Russ House, a new hall, bearing the above title, has been opened, devoted to Terpsichore; it is under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Cogill. The main hall is 60 by 66 feet, well constructed, has better acoustic properties than any hall in the city, and is connected with a large dining hall, anti] rooms, etc. Congress Hall can be rented for lectures, balls, or private parties when not occupied by the assemblies. Apply to Mr. Cogill, on the premises.

IN WOMAN HOW EXCELLENT, and much to be admired, is a fragrant purity and complexion of the skin! What is more unsightly than a greasy, rough, sallow, bad complexion? Davidson's Circassian Bloom should be on every toilet of fashion and beauty.

Mosgrove & Blakely's new *Dry Goods Store* is in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Boarne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

Dentist Work.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and valcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A Dainty Branch of Art.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Toys.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22 tf 619 Montgomery street.

CARRINGTON & CO'S
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY
Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT
Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,
or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Cameo or a Cashmere; lace or leather,
SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, - - - FIVE PER CENT
Address:

CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,
will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give
PARTICULAR ATTENTION
to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture
THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,
and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade
WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,
The firm of Browster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, Broome street,
NEW YORK.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
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David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
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*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

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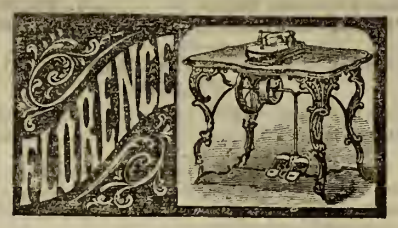

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO
No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.
In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.
First and Highest Premium
TO THE
FLORENCE

STATE FAIR, OREGON.
In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.
First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First-Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,
AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
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A MOUNTAIN
REDUCED TO A
Very Small Molehill!

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM
AT THE
LATE MECHANICS' FAIR!

"TO MRS. JOHN HARDING,
FOR
SKILFUL EMBROIDERY
A SILVER MEDAL."
(THAT WAS ALL.)

The joke in the Chain Stitch Machine claiming a premium will be appreciated when it is understood that all the Sewing Machine Agents who exhibited, signed, at the urgent request of the Managers of the said Fair, a written agreement, precluding any of them from entering their machines or work for a premium.

LET NONE BE DECEIVED!

SAMUEL HILL,
AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,
oc7 111 Montgomery street, San Francisco

NEW DRESS GOODS!
TAAFFE & CO.

WILL OFFER, ON
MONDAY, - - - - NOV. 6th,
☞ 50 CASES ☜
NEW AND SEASONABLE
Dress Goods.
ALSO,
French Cloaks, Sacques, and Talmas;
ALL OF
PARIS FASHIONS FOR FALL, 1865.

TAAFFE & CO.,
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
no4 LICK BLOCK.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
206 Front street, corner of California
ju25-tf

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

☞ 75,000 ☜

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. se30-3m

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS!

BASKET AND WILLOW WARE,
FANCY GOODS, &c.

The Best Selected and Largest Assorted Stock
EVER BEFORE IN CALIFORNIA.

FOR SALE CHEAP BY THE CASE OR DOZEN,
—AT—
THURNAUER & ZINN'S,
320 and 322 Battery street,
Between Commercial and Clay streets,
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DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,
C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

ate Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,
No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES.—Private apartments, with female nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential.

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,
se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

CLOSING OUT SALE
—OF—
Fine Clothing,
TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,* AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,
Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,
San Francisco.

M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 *Market street, near Fourth street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22-tf

BROOKLYN HOTEL,
1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 *Volumes of Standard Works,*

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

JOHN KELLY, Jr.,
my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

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PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE
MECHANICS' FAIR
IN SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,

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No. 321 *Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.*

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
js2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca

jc30 3m

LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16-3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND
MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital,	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865,	11,522,500
Annual Income,	2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law,	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 *California street, - - - San Francisco,*

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

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WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
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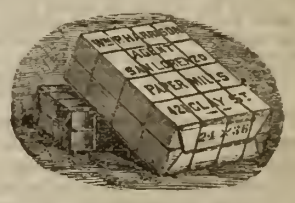

GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may he registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mail able printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

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All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
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PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

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SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 REV. P. I GREY, Presidoot

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	-	-	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do	-	-	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do	-	-	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.	Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.
Phenix	do	do	Security	do	do
Arctic	do	do	Hartford Fire	do	do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford: Assets nearly - - - - - - -	$8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - -	$1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company: Capital - - - - - -	$250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
au29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE

AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
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TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

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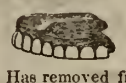
E. F. BUNNELL,



SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curiog aching teeth without extracting still continued. dc3-3m

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NOTICE.

MISSION BAY BRIDGE COMPANY.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, State of California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 2d day of November, 1865, an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable immediately to the Secretary, in United States gold coin, at the office of the Company, No. 24 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d of December, 1865, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 16th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. ALFRED BARSTOW, Secretary,
Office No. 24 Montgomery Block, Southeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets,
no4-4t San Francisco.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*
SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the
FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM
FOR

Furniture,

AND THE
FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM
FOR THE
BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this: also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
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GROVER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES, BAKER'S

GROVER & BAKER

Ahead as Usual!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

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329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

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PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
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STERETT'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, 533 CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

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nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO

(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamor

THE LATEST STYLES

OF

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING.

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.

Complete assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
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ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Tasto.

They are the
BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner *From Pure Old Wheat Whisky, Medicated from* Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
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25 PER CENT. SAVED

IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!

PURCHASERS OF Toys and Fancy Goods, can save 25 per cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their importations o

FALL GOODS,

per steamer and sailing vessels from all parts of the world.

For sale by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDUSH & CO., 307 California street.

RETAIL STORE, 207 Montgomery street, (Russ House Block.) oc28 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, NOV. 11TH,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE.

Lady Audley's Secret!

Lady Audley.....Mrs. Harry Jackson

This Evening, November 11th,

D. E. BANDMANN
AND
MRS. HARRY JACKSON,
IN THE
Merchant of Veniee,

PRODUCED IN FIVE ACTS. FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE MR. KEAN'S ENGAGEMENT.

MR. HARRY JACKSON,

Comedian and Burlesque Actor, from the Principal Theatres of London and Australia, will shortly make his appearance in the sensation play of the

CREOLE!

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOK-SELLERS,
Importers and Publishers,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

BOOKS,
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EMBRACING
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☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

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WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,
BY
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

NOV. 10th, - - - SACRAMENTO,
Captain J. M. Cavarly.
NOVEMBER 18th, - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.
From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,
FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.) Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, Nov. 11th,
Boucicault's great sensation Irish drama entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 11TH,
Boucicault's Great Irish Drama, entitled

ARRAH NA POGUE!

OR, THE WICKLOW WEDDING.

Arrah Meelish (nicknamed by the Peasantry, Arrah Na Pogue).....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Shaun the Post.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Colonel Bagenal O'Grady.....Mr Geo. Pauncefort
Major Coffin.....W. D. Shiels
Beamish McCoul.....J. H. Warwick
Michael Feeny.....H. D. Thompson
Fanny Power.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
Katy Welsh.....Miss Annie Yeamans

MONDAY EVENING,

Benefit of Chas. Wheatleigh.

TUESDAY EVENING, will be produced the grand SPECTACULAR PLAY of

SAVANNAH!

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. Seats can be secured three days in advance.

B. B. MC'DONALD. J. C. SPENCE B

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Importing and Wholesale
DRUGGISTS,
CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
SAN FRANCISCO,
AND
SACRAMENTO CITY.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,
To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
SACRAMENTO AND
SAN FRANCISCO.
IMPORTERS OF

Dental and Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments · Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work · Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short,
EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION
☞ Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.

We have constantly on hand all the
STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.
Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.
The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

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Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
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CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

Stereoscopic and Album Views
OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,

EMBRACING OVER NINE HUNDRED New and Interesting Scenes in this city, and Mining Districts.
Also, Wood's celebrated
VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,
size 18x22—the finest ever published.
Catalogues free. For sale by
LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
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MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Pine street, near Montgomery.

Proprietor.....T. MAGUIRE
Manager.....DAN SETCHELL
Treasurer.....J. R. MITCHELL
Leader of Orchestra.....J. L. SCHMIDT

Engagement of the Beautiful Comedienne and Vocalist,

EMILY THORNE,
Supported by
DAN SETCHELL,
And a Talented Company.

FAMILY MATINEES.....EVERY SATURDAY,
At Half-Prices.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,

THE UNEQUAL MATCH!

Hester Grazebrook.....Miss Emily Thorne

DUET, - - SOPHIE AND IRENE WORRELL

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11TH,

The Widow's Stratagem!

Francine (with a song).....Miss Emily Thorne

SONG AND DANCE, - - LITTLE JENNIE WORRELL

To conclude with
SOMEBODY ELSE.
Minnie (with song).....Miss Emily Thorne

Look out for ARRAH NA POKE.
In Rehearsal—CALIFORNIA DIAMONDS, a petite comedy.

Dress Circle and Parquette.....$1 00
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
No extra charge for reserved seats.

LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA
IODINE
ALTERATIVE,
CURES ALL BLOOD DISEASES,

Rheumatism, Scrofula, Mercury, Hereditary Complaints
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
Eruptions, Hip Disease, Live Complaint, et cetera.
IODINE ALTERNATIVE
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THE BLOOD.

No disease escapes its searching curative agencies

CRANE & BRIGHAM, Agents,
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NEW DANCING ACADEMY,
CONGRESS HALL,
ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS

Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Deportment, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M.; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1/2 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M.

Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

CONGRESS HALL TO RENT.

The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11-3m

COTTON AND LINENS.

100 CASES SUPER COTTON SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS, of all the well-known makes, at COST OF IMPORTATION.

LINEN SHEETINGS and SHIRTINGS, TABLE DAMASKS, and TOWELINGS, of every description, at Great Bargains.

ALSO,
PLAIN, STRIPED, FIGURED and CHECKED and PLAIN CAMBRIC JACONETS, MULL, NAINSOOK and SWISS MUSLINS, of French, English and Scotch Manufacture.
The Largest Stock ever Offered in the California Market.

TAAFFE & CO.,
NO. 9 MONTGOMERY STREET,
no4 LICK BLOCK.

GREAT AMERICAN PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $100 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

BRIGGS, LEMON & CO.,
no11 3m 141 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
NOVEMBER 13, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
AMERICA.
W. L. MERRY, - - - - Commander.

ON MONDAY, - - - - NOVEMBER 13TH
From Mission street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets
Up stairs, San Francisco.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of RICHARD GRAHAM, deceased. Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of ELIZARETH GRAHAM, executrix of the last will and testament of Richard Graham, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Richard Graham, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Monday, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees and devisees of the said Richard Graham, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 8th, 1865. GEO. B. MERRILL.
no11 5t Attorney for Executrix.

The California.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 26.
OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE. 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

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THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"We that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

SINCE Tupper wrote Proverbial Philosophy, a whole pack of scribblers have taken to writing sentimental truisms. There's Thoreau; nice bosh some of his sayings are. Here's a specimen:

"Even the tenderest plants force their way up through the hardest earth, and the crevices of rocks; but a man no material power can resist. What a wedge, what a beetle, what a catapult, is an *earnest* man! What can resist him?"

Fancy calling a man a "beetle." We suppose he would call a negro a "black beetle." Here's another:

"Pursue, keep up with, circle round and round your life, as a dog does his master's chaise. Do what you love. Know your own bone; gnaw at it, bury it, unearth it, and gnaw it still. Do not be too moral. You may cheat yourself out of much life so. Aim above morality. Be not simply good; be good for something."

Bah! Why didn't he say "circle round and round like a dog running after his tail." The advice "Do what you love," is simply abominable. Is a man, if he loves a woman, to "do" her? We suppose the English of this is "Do as you like." Men are very apt to do so when they are able. Thoreau is thoroughly right when he says you may cheat yourself out of much life by being too moral; but then, on the other hand, you may shorten your life considerably by being too immoral. The following will be published in hundreds of newspapers no doubt, as a wonderful bit of wisdom; and what is there in it?

"How shall we earn our bread, is a grave question yet it is a sweet and inviting question." Let us not be content to get our bread in some gross, careless, and hasty manner. Some men go a-hunting, some a-fishing, some a-gaming, some to war; but none have so pleasant a time as they who in earnest seek to earn their bread. Not only the rainbow and sunset are beautiful, but to be fed and clothed, sheltered and warmed aright, are equally beautiful and inspiring."

How shall we earn our bread, is a grave question, and how shall we earn stewed quail, and mushrooms, and oyster omelettes, and *pate de foie gras*, is a precious deal more sweet and inviting. We suppose that Thoreau does not consider that men who go a-hunting, or a-fishing are in earnest. As to going a-gaming, we heard a man say one day this week, that every man had an object in life, and his, for the last ten years, had been to beat faro; *he* said "there is something glorious in raking down a pile of twenties." Every one will agree with Thoreau that, to have a good French dinner every day, with a bottle, or say a bottle and a half of Burgundy, to wear clothes made by a tailor who understands his business, have a handsome suite of rooms, a fast horse, and a rich uncle to pay your debts, is worth a score of rainbows and sunsets, but who didn't know that before Thoreau told him? Thoreau proves himself an idiot by his mode of observing a sun set. He says:

"Now a nights, I go on to the hill to see the sun set, as one would go home at evening."

As if he couldn't see the sun set without climbing a hill. The man doesn't know how to make himself comfortable, and yet pretends to teach other people how to enjoy themselves. We suppose if seeing the sun set from the top of a hill is equal, in his estimation, to going home to bed seeing the moon rise, it is the same as having his supper. Moonshine is quite as substantial as the vaporings which the *Bulletin's* beetle (we mean that as a compliment,) published last Monday under the title of "Thoughts from Thoreau."

We notice in the Auburn *Stars and Stripes*, a poem entitled "Far Away." This is a paraphrase, not to say a parody of "We gather shells." There are eight verses all ending in "far away." It is the prettiest thing we have read since that sweet thing by Andy-Eb. We have room for only three verses:

"Upon the shore
Of evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

"Upon the beach
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say,
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

"At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday;
And pick up no more
Upon that shore
But dream of brighter far away."

"A whisper rolling through a soul," is a strong poetical image, perhaps a little far-fetched like the whisper itself, "that comes to us from far away." The last verse is beautiful. The whisper, it appears, is a hint to shell out. The poet who wrote Far Away, if he tells his own experience, must have been in a lamentable condition:

"We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday."

Good gracious! He was full of shells yesterday. We wonder who wrote this poem. Surely the poet must have been Shelley. He was a confounded fool to go on picking up shells while other people were eating oysters, but that's just like a poet. He gets frightfully ungrammatical, after disgorging those shells:

"And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearning of our souls do stray;
We long to go
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away."

The yearning of our souls do stray, do it? And you long to go, you do not know where it may be, but far away, do you? That's the very best thing you can do. Git! Don't let us catch you dumping any more oyster shells into the columns of innocent country papers that don't know the difference between oyster shells and poetry. We must state that the editor of the Auburn *Stars and Stripes* does not claim this piece of poetical shell-work as original, and it is charitable to suppose that he did not write it himself.

WHAT a blessing the telegraph is! The European news which is sent across the wires is always especially important. For instance:

"The *Star* publishes in large type a letter from a member of Parliament, hinting that no Cabinet will be satisfactory to his party which does not include Bright, and suggesting his appointment to the Secretaryship of State for India."

That's important intelligence, indeed. The *Star* publishes *in large type* a letter from a member of Parliament, *hinting* that no Cabinet will be satisfactory to *his* party which does not include Bright, and suggesting his appointment to the Secretaryship of State for India! Consider it done. Bright is Secretary for India. Who is the member of Parliament who hints that Bright must be included in the Cabinet to please *his* party? The Sacramento *Union* thinks this remarkable fact that "a member of Parliament" wishes John Bright made Secretary for India, of sufficient importance for editorial comment. The *Union*, perhaps, is not aware that this little penny paper is the private property of John Bright—"his goods, his chattels; it is his house, his household stuff, his field, his barn, his horse, his ox, his ass, his anything." Wonderful, indeed, that John Bright's little organ should hint that he, John Bright, ought to have a position in the Cabinet. John Bright can have his effusions printed in any sized type which may please his fancy in his own paper; it may be that the letter in large type, suggesting that John Bright be made Secretary for India, was written by John Bright, M. P. The *Union* thinks the *Alabama* claims will not create any trouble under these circumstances. If John Bright be made Secretary for Indian Affairs, and, of course, he will be, to please the party of the member of Parliament, whose letter was printed in large type in the penny *Star*, he will settle the *Alabama* matter at once. The telegraph has, indeed, brought great news; and the *Union* possesses a wonderful knowledge of English politics.

"AN exchange reckons that there can't be many women in Heaven, because there is no marrying or giving in marriage in that kingdom," says the New York *Leader*. It is very wrong to make jokes on such a subject, extremely wrong. If people are wicked enough to do such a thing as to try to prove that there are no women in Heaven, they need only turn to the Book of Revelations, where they will read: "And there was silence in the Heaven for the space of an hour."

THE moral little *Call* comes out in the new *role* of rigid sabbatarian. It is perfectly horrified at the conduct of a party of wicked young men who, last Sunday afternoon, played ball in Washington Square, "thereby greatly scandalizing the residents of that portion of the city." The virtuous little sheet preaches a sermon on this text:

"Would it not be better for persons, if they desire to engage in such practices, to pay enough respect to the religious sentiment to the community, to seek some less public place to indulge in their games?"

Certainly, it would. Are there not lager beer cellars open, where these profane Sabbath-breakers can sit and play seven-up, without scandalizing the religious sentiment of the community! Cannot they go to the Odeum advertised in the religious little *Call*, and dance at the ball given there every Sunday, or play ten pins in the four new alleys, instead of perilling their immortal souls, by playing ball on Sunday on Washington Square? Cannot they go to the sacred (?) concert given every Sunday at Platt's Hall, as advertised in the *Call?* Can they not, out of the variety of Sunday amusements advertised and puffed as most desirable and praiseworthy in that hypocrical little sheet every Sunday, find one less depraved and abominable than tossing a ball about on a public square on Sunday afternoon, after going to church in the morning? That Sunday's amusement was not advertised in the *Morning Call*. No * notice announced a base ball club would meet on Sunday afternoon on Washington Square. Sunday amusements, which are not advertised, and which afford no revenue to the venders of wines and liquors, must be discouraged.

WE notice in an advertisement in the Virginia *Enterprise* having reference to the estate of a person recently deceased, that his executor is A. Fleshhacker. A pretty state society must be in up there, when they make a flesh-hacker executor of a dead man. He'd be the sort of man to be executioner of a live man; but to trust a dead body to a flesh-hacker is horrible. On looking at the advertisement again, we see that it isn't A. Fleshhacker, but A Fleishhacker who is the executor. We beg to apologize to A. Fleishhacker for knocking his *i* out, but we were in such sad need of a subject for a paragraph, that we felt inclined to destroy his *i*'s or any other man's eyes without any reference to the man's size. We are not afraid of him or any other flesh-hacker. Confound a flesh-hacker, anyhow, whether he be a surgeon or a butcher.

WE hear of Fenian balls all over the United States, but we do not hear of Fenian balls doing much execution in Ireland. It appears, after all, very much as if the Fenian agitation had been got up "just for greens," and that the shamrock will not shake Ireland more severely than the last sham rock of an earthquake shook San Francisco.

"Dogberry," the *Golden Era's* compressed novelist, has gone into a line of business which resembles that pursued by industrious but not over-scrupulous Celestials. They make a swoop on a clothes-line, prig all the clothes, pick out the marks of ownership, and dispose of their stolen goods. We are ashamed of "Dogberry;" he has talent, and might leave such a trick as that of altering the names in Bret Harte's burlesque of "Fantine," and appropriating it to poor scribblers who, not having brains of their own, are driven to avail themselves of other people's. Oh! "Dogberry." The offence was foul.

THE *Flag*, speaking of the Mechanics' Pavilion, says:

"It has furnished a great many families with kindling wood, so there may be a chance for it to rise Phœbus-like from its ashes some day."

Can't see the point. If it did rise from its ashes, after being pulled down and cut up into kindling wood, it wouldn't be like Phœbus. Phœbus isn't the name of the bird you intended to refer to. Get a classical dictionary and hunt it up.

"A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder his mother had prepared for him. 'Powder! powder!!' said he, rising on his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, 'Mother, I ain't a gun.'" *Exchange.*

Funny little boy! We hope his mother charged him and let him off. The ungrammatical little beast ought to have been filled with powder up to the muzzle, and touched off for saying "I ain't," and attempting such an extraordinary gymnastic feat as "rising on his elbow," when he was "writhing under the tortures of the ague."

A NEWSPAPER says: "An almanac for imbeciles, for 1866, has just been published in Paris." It calls this "a French notion." Nonsense! An almanac for imbeciles has been published in England for the last fifty years. What do you call *Moore's Prophetic Almanac?*

TREM.

THE FIRST PATIENT.

HE was not then the great doctor that you know him now. At that time he was neither officer of the Legion of Honor, nor professor of the Faculty of Paris. Hardly was he known to some few companions of his studies. The horses that drew his carriage were not then born; the pole of his landau was flourishing green in the forest.

He had obtained his title of physician, and lived in a poor garret—as one says—as if there were any garrets that are rich; and to accomplish this miserable result, to have his painted bedstead, his table of sham mahogany, two chairs wretchedly stuffed, and his books—what efforts had it not cost him! He was so poor!

Have you ever known any of these indefatigable young students, born in the humblest ranks, who spend upon their arid labor their ten, their twenty best years of life, without a thought or a care for the pleasures of their age or the passing day? youthful stoics who march with firm step, and alone, towards an end which, alas! all do not attain!

You have wept at that old drama, that old eternal scene which is recounted every day—yet not so old, it is renewed also every day: the bare chamber, no better than a loft—the truckle-bed—the broken pitcher—the heap of straw—the sentimental lithographist will not forget the guttering candle stuck into the neck of a bottle. Thus much for the accessories, then for the persons of the scene; a workman, the father who expects to die in the hospital—his four children—always four—who have not broken their fast that day—and the mother is lying-in with her fifth—and it is winter, for these poor people choose winter always for their lying-in.

Oh! all this is very true and piteous—I weep with you at the cry of those suffering children—at the sobs of their mother. Yet there is another poverty which you know not, which it is never intended that you should know. A silent poverty that goes dressed in its black coat, polished, it is true, where polish should not come, and with a slaty hue—produced by the frequent application of ink to its threadbare surface. It is a courageous poverty which resists all aid—even from that fictitious fund, a debt—which dresses itself as you would dress, if your coat were ten years old—which invites no sympathy—which may be seen in the sombre evening stopping a moment before the baker's shop, or the wired windows of the money-changer, but passing on again without a sigh heard. Oh, this poverty in a black coat? And then it enters into its cold and solitary chamber, without even the sad consolation of weeping with another. No Lady Bountiful comes here. In the picture just now described, she would be seen in the background, entering in at the door, her servant behind loaded with raiment and provisions. What should she here? What brings you here, madam? Who could have sent you here? We are rich! If we were poor should we not sell these books? all these books are ours; madam, we want nothing. Carry your amiable charity elsewhere.

Our young doctor had installed himself in the fifth floor of that historic street, La Cloitre-Saint-Mery—a quarter of the town, poor, disinherited, sad as himself. Where else, indeed, could he have carried his mutilated furniture—which in other quarters would have only excited distrust? There was he waiting for fortune—not, be it understood, in his bed, but following science laboriously, uninterruptedly. His life was so retired—so modest—so silent, that hardly was he known in the house. On the day of his arrival, he had said to the porter, or rather porteress, "Madam, I am a doctor—if any one should want me." This was all the publicity of the new doctor—his sole announcement, his only advertisement. As his fellow lodgers could gather nothing of him to gratify or excite curiosity—as his unfrequented door was always strictly closed, they soon ceased to concern themselves about him. His name even was forgotten; they simply called him *the doctor*—and with this title our readers also must be contented, unless their own ingenuity should enable them to discover another.

One night our doctor heard unaccustomed noises in the house, doors slamming, people walking to and fro. Presently some one knocked at his door—verily at *his* door. What was it? Was the patient come at last—that first patient, so anxiously expected? He was dressed in an instant.

"The Countess is dying!" some one cried through the door. "Come directly!"

He was at her bedside in a minute.

The Countess. Such was the title given in derision to precisely the poorest and most miserable old woman in the house. She had been at one period of her life in the service of a noble family as *femme-de-chambre;* and as a woman who had seen something of the great world, she held unqualified strangers at a certain distance, and, to use a common phrase, kept herself to herself. This had procured her the ill-will and ill-opinion of several other old crones inhabiting the same house, who made her the subject of their perpetual scandal. Without doubt she had poisoned her last master, and could not look a Christian in the face; or at very least she had robbed him. Did you ask for proofs? She had a treasure stitched into a mattress. But she was nearly dying with hunger? Yes—the niggard! She starved herself, she could not spend her treasure.

Monstrous inventions! The poverty of the Countess as they called her in mockery was complete. Niggard she was, and had good reason to be so, in order to subsist on the little annuity she had contrived, in the days of her service, to scrape together. For the rest, as we have no wish to disguise the truth, the Countess was by no means an amiable person—bitter and selfish, hostile to all the world, as venomous as her detractors, and without pity for others, as those so often are who have suffered much themselves.

She was now stretched motionless on her bed. The old crones had come about her less from humanity than to discover the secrets of her *den*, the access to which she had hitherto strictly defended. She held in her left hand a small packet wrapped up in half a pocket-handkerchief, which she clutched convulsively. It was the *treasure*, they all exclaimed.

Her case was a grave one—a congestion of the brain. The doctor bled her, and then wrote his prescription—his first! The bleeding brought the Countess to herself. When she heard him tell one of the bystanders to go to the chemist and get the potion—

"Potion!" she exclaimed, laying hold of the paper, "I want no potion—I am not ill. Do you think I have money to pay for your drugs? Go away!—all of you—go!"

She crumpled the prescription in her hand, and was about to throw it on the floor, when something in the paper apparently arrested her. She read the prescription, and, turning to the doctor with a manner quite changed and subdued, asked how much it would cost? She then opened the little packet she had held till then so jealously in her hand. All the old crones stretched forward. A few franc-pieces and some great sous were all the *treasure* it contained.

That first client, so long looked for, was come at last. Our doctor had his patient—that first patient whom one pets and caresses, to whom one is nurse as well as physician. No uncertain diagnostics *there*—no retarded visits, no hasty prescriptions. If this one die, it is verily his fault. He devoted himself, body and soul, to the old woman. Certainly the fees would not be very brilliant, nor would the cure spread his reputation very widely. He thought not of this—but save her he must! He absolutely loved this unamiable Countess. He assembled the *ban et arriere ban* of science, and armed himself *cap-a-pie* in knowledge for her defence.

The object of all this solicitude received his attentions, however, with an increasing ill-humor, for each fresh medicine made a fresh demand upon her purse. "How long will this last!" she said one day; "I must go out—I have no more money—I must go out this very day."

"Do not disturb yourself," began the Doctor.

"Not disturb myself!" she interrupted; "easy to say! Instead of giving me these drinks and draughts, give me something that will put a little strength into me—for I must go out."

"Listen to me! remain tranquil a few days"——She turned round from him with impatience.

"To leave your chamber now would be to expose your life. Give me but four days; and if you have no more money, I will charge myself with the medicines."

"You!" cried the Countess, looking up with astonishment.

"And why not me?" said the young Doctor. "You shall return it to me some time—when you will."

"You! who have not often a dinner for yourself!"

"Who says that?" asked the Doctor, blushing involuntarily.

"All the house says it."

"Miserable stuff!" he replied; "will you accept what I offer? If I promise, you may be sure I can perform."

The old woman looked at him with surprise, and at length consented to accept his offer and take his remedies.

The young Doctor hastened to his chamber, shut fast the door, and looked round him, with his arms folded—"What is there here," said he, "that I can sell?"

What he found to sell I do not know. Enough that he supplied the Countess with a sum sufficient to procure her the necessary medicines, and to relieve her from care as to the wants of life for some short time. The case proceeded favorably.

At night, as he was returning from one of those solitary walks in which he was accustomed to exhale his sadness, and also to gather fresh resolution for the struggle he had undertaken with destiny, and was slowly mounting the long, dark, dilapidated staircase that led up to that fifth floor on which he resided, he stumbled over some obstacle, and, on looking closer, found it was the body of a woman lying outstretched upon the stairs. It was the Countess. In spite of solicitations and her own promise, she had gone out; but her strength had failed her. She had fallen, and now lay insensible.

Our young Doctor, braving all malicious interpretations, carried her to his own room, which was the nearest place of refuge, and there, by the aid of some cordials he administered, restored her to her senses. She opened her eyes, looked around her, and understanding in whose room she was, she said, with a scrutinizing air, "You are miserably lodged here." It was the only observation his amiable patient made, and she repeated it several times—"You must be miserably off." Even when she had returned to her own room, and he had left her for the night, she still said nothing but—"You are miserably lodged!"

The next morning, when the Doctor visited his patient—and you may be sure his visit was an early one—to his surprise, she was on foot, with sleeves tucked up, sweeping, dusting, and *putting to rights* her little abode. He was astonished. The shock which she had received the day before, instead of injuring her, had apparently aided in her restoration. She was quite gay.

"You are resolved to kill yourself, then?" said the Doctor.

"I was never better in my life," she answered.

"Do not be too confident," was his reply. "You must keep your room two or three days; and this time," he added, with a smile, "I shall keep guard over you myself."

The Countess consented with a most childlike docility. She would do what he pleased: only yesterday she was obliged to go out—it was absolutely necessary. There was so much gentleness in her altered manner, that the Doctor was disposed to regard this as an alarming symptom in her case.

However, it was not so. Her health, day by day, improved, and the relation between the patient and her medical attendant became more amicable. She proposed, by way of some return, to assist him in his bachelor housekeeping. It would give her no trouble. An hour in the morning, when he was at his lectures, some of which he still followed; and then she could cook, and she could mend. These offers the young Doctor declined with a sort of alarm. Who but himself could readjust those habiliments, whose strong and whose weak points he so very well knew! What needle could, on this ground, be half so skilful as his own? And cooking! Cooking with him! Cook what? *On* what? *In* what? It was in vain that the Countess insisted; he would hear of no such thing. He kept his poverty veiled—it was his sacred territory.

Some few days after the Countess's health might be said to be quite re-established, our young Doctor, on entering his room, was surprised to see a letter lying on his table. Correspondence, for the mere sake of letter-writing, he had quite foregone as a pure waste of time; and he had no relatives who interested themselves in his fate, or who could have anything to communicate. Nevertheless, there the letter was, addressed duly to himself. He looked at it with an uncomfortable foreboding, assured that it must bring him some new care, or report some strange disaster.

He sat down, and tore open the envelope. He bounded from his seat again with surprise—the letter enclosed fifteen notes of the Bank of France! It is no fairy tale, but simple history; fifteen good notes of one thousand francs each.

Inside the envelope was written: "This treasure belongs to you as your property. Use it without scruple. The hand that transmits it does but accomplish a legitimate restitution. May the gifts of Fortune conduct you to the Temple of Happiness!" There was no signature.

"Why, it is a dream, a hallucination. Am I growing light-headed?" said the Doctor. But no—it was no dream; there they were—before him—on the little table—those fifteen miraculous pieces of paper. He turned his head away from them; but when he looked again, there they were—in the same place—in the same order—motionless. I leave you to guess his agitation and his many mingled emotions. From whom could this godsend have come? He read and re-read, and turned the letter in every direction. He racked his brain to no purpose to discover his anonymous benefactor. He knew, and was known to, scarcely any one. He strode about his chamber—as well as he could stride in it—inventing the wildest suppositions, which were rejected as soon as made. Suddenly he stopped—struck his forehead as a new thought occurred to him—"Bah!" he cried; "absurd!—impossible!—and yet——"

In a moment he was at the door of the Countess. He paused a moment before he knocked. There was from the landing-place a window at right angles to that of the old woman's apartment; and if her window-curtain happened to be drawn aside, which however, was rarely the case, it was easy to see from it into her room. On the present occasion, not only was the curtain drawn aside, but her window was open, and the Doctor could see this fairy, accused of lavishing bank-notes of a thousand francs, kneeling before a wretched stove, striving with her feeble breath to rekindle a few bits of charcoal, on which there stood some indescribable culinary vessel, containing an odious sort of porridge, at once her dinner and her breakfast!

The Doctor shook his head—it could not be the Countess. Yet, completely to satisfy himself, he entered. She gave him her ordinary welcome, neither more nor less—talked, as usual, of her former masters, of the dreadful price of bread, and the wicked scandal of her neighbors. But what most completely set all suspicion at rest was the manner in which she spoke of the debt which she owed him. "I cannot yet repay you what you advanced for my medicines," she said, with all the natural embarrassment of an honest debtor speaking to a creditor. "You will be wanting it, perhaps. Now don't be angry at what I say—one is always in want of one's little money. In a few days I will try and give you at least a little on account."

"No," said the Doctor, when he was alone: "I can make nothing of it. Away with all guesses!" He resolved to profit by the good fortune, be the giver whom it might. And he hoped so to manage matters, that if, at a future day, an opportunity for its restoration should occur, he should be able to avail himself of it.

He was soon installed in a more convenient apartment, better furnished, and supplied, above all, with a more abundant library. The young Doctor was radiant with hope. Yet he did not quit his old quarter of the town. It need not be said that he took formal leave of his first patient the Countess.

From this time everything prospered with him. As it generally happens, the first difficulty conquered, everything succeeded to his wish. It is the first turn of the wheel which costs so much; once out of the rut, and the carriage rolls. By degrees a little circle of clients was formed, which augmented necessarily every day. His name began to spread. Even from his old residence, where he led so solitary a life, the reputation had followed him of a severe and laborious student, and the cure of the Countess was a known proof of his skill.

Like the generality of the profession, he now divided his day into two portions; the morning he devoted to his visits, the afternoon to the reception of his patients. Returning to his home one day a little before the accustomed hour, he perceived a crowd of persons collected in the street through which he was passing. Perhaps some accident had happened, and his presence might be useful. He made his way, therefore, through the crowd. Yet he nowhere discovered any object which could have collected it. He was merely surrounded on every side by groups engaged in earnest yet subdued conversation. The greater part were women, and both men and women were generally of a mature age, and of that sort of physiognomy which one can only describe as *odd*—faces ready made for the pencil of the caricaturist. The Doctor, who had no idle time, was about to make his escape, when a general movement took place in the crowd, and he found himself borne along irresistibly with the rest through a large door, which it seemed had just opened, into a spacious hall or amphitheatre. At the upper end was a stage; on the stage a large, strangely-fashioned wheel was placed; and by the side of the wheel stood a little child, dressed in a sky-blue tunic, with a red girdle round its waist, its hair curled and lying upon its shoulders, and a bandage across its eyes. The wheel and the child formed together a sort of mythological representation of Fortune. They were drawing the lottery.

After amusing himself for some time with the novelty of the spectacle, the Doctor began to make serious efforts to extricate himself. As he was threading his way through the crowd, and looking this way and that to detect the easiest mode of egress, he saw, underneath a small gallery at the side of the amphitheatre, in a place which seemed to be reserved for the more favored or more constant worshippers in that temple of Fortune, a face, the last he should have expected to find there. It was no other than the Countess. She was seated there with all the gravity in the world, inclining with a courteous attention to an old man with grey hairs and smooth brown coat, who was very deferentially addressing her.

Having disengaged himself from the throng, and returned to his own house, this appearance of the Countess recurred very forcibly to his mind. "After all," thought he, "it *was* the Countess!—it was none but she who sent those notes." The enigma was solved. He had made his fortune in the lottery, and without knowing it. He determined to visit his old patient the next morning.

That very evening, however, he was waited on by the same old gentleman in brown coat and grey hairs, who was seen speaking to her at the lottery. He came with a rueful face, requesting him to visit immediately Madame ——, giving the Countess her right name, which it is now too late in our story to introduce. Whatever may have been the ease at some previous time, the wheel of Fortune had that day bitterly disappointed her hopes. She had been carried home insensible. The Doctor hastened to her. It was too late. She had been again attacked by a congestion of the brain, which this time had proved fatal.

There appeared no hopes of a complete solution of the enigma.

"Ah!" said the same old gentleman, as he stood moralizing by his side, "the same luck never comes *twice*—she should have tried other numbers."

The Doctor saw immediately that the old gentleman had been in the confidence of the deceased. He questioned him. There was a look of significance which betrayed plainly that *he knew all.* He was, in fact, one of those who earn their subsistence by writing letters for those who are deficient in the skill of penmanship or epistolary composition. He had written *the very letter itself*; to his pen was owing that sort of *copy book* phrase, "May the gifts of Fortune conduct to the Temple of Happiness!" The Doctor had, in truth, as he often said when alluding to the subject, made his fortune in the lottery.

We wish we could leave the story here, and let the reader suppose that gratitude alone had induced the old woman to act so generous a part. But the whole truth should be honestly told. There was a mixture of superstition in the case. It was *his number* that had won the prize, and she considered it, as expressed in the letter which accompanied the notes, in the light of his property. In all countries where a lottery has been long established, the strangest superstitions grow up concerning what are called lucky numbers. In Italy, where this manner of increasing the public revenue is still resorted to, not only is any number which has presented itself under peculiar circumstances sure to be propitious, but there is a well-known book, of acknowledged authority we believe, containing a list of words, with a special number attached to each word, by the aid of which you can convert into a lucky number any extraordinary event which has occurred to you. Let anything happen of public or private interest—let anything have been dreamt, or even talked of that was at all surprising, you have only to look in this dictionary for the word which may be supposed to contain the essence of the matter; as, for instance, fire, death, birth—and the number that is opposite that word will assuredly win your fortune. When the Countess first saw the prescription of the young Doctor, she was going to throw it angrily on the floor; but her eye was suddenly riveted by the *numbers* in it—the numbers of the grains and *ozs.* in the cabalistic writing—and she felt assured that in these lucky numbers her fortune was made. The first stake she played she played for *him*; and, singularly enough, she won! But, as the old gentleman in the brown coat observed, the virtue of the prescription was exhausted. She should have sought for numbers from some other quarter; the second trial she made ended in a severe loss, and was the immediate occasion of her death.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ARTEMUS WARD ON AGRICULTURE.

THE Barclay County Agricultural Society having seriously invited Artemus Ward to address them on the occasion of their next annual Fair, he wrote the President of that Society as follows:

NEW YORK, June 12, 1865.

DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 5th instant, in which you invite me to deliver an address before your excellent agricultural society. I feel flattered, and I think I will come.

Perhaps, meanwhile, a brief history of my experience as an agriculturist will be acceptable; and as that history no doubt contains suggestions of value to the entire agricultural community, I have concluded to write you through the Press.

I have been an honest old farmer for some four years.

My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately, my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, rye, and oats; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

My farm is more especially a grass farm.

My neighbors told me so at first, and, as an evidence that they were sincere in that opinion, they turned their cows on to it the moment I went off "leeturing."

These cows are now quite fat. I take pride in these cows, in fact, and am glad I own a grass farm.

Two years ago I tried sheep raising.

I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch those innocent little lambs as they danced gaily o'er the hillside. Watching their saucy capers reminded me of caper sauce, and it occurred to me I should have some very fine eating when they grew up to be "muttons."

My gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said: "We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said:

"We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago!"

I wrote to my old friend, Mr. Dexter H. Follet, of Boston, for two shepherd dogs. Mr. F. is not an honest old farmer himself, but I thought he knew something about shepherd dogs. He kindly forsook far more important business to accommodate, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely-jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

"Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

These dogs were not partial to sheep.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed:

"Waal! *did* you ever?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green-sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life-stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist, I was not a success.

Last summer, Mr. Perkins said: "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new-mown hay is very sweet and nice. The brilliant George Arnold sings about it, in beautiful verse, down in Jersey every summer; so does the brilliant Aldrich, at Portsmouth, N. H. And yet I doubt if either of these men knows the price of a ton of hay to-day. But new-mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and led them gaily to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then, in a low, firm voice, he said to his son, who was just ahead of me: "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and terrible gashes in the other or not! But you, John—*you* are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said: "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continner to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h—— out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was perhaps naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours, Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag, and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh no, Nancy," I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say; "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said: "You shan't do so," and he *so-doed.* She also said she would get right up and go away, and, as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins no more is troubled with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on account of no skare krows bein put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got another in. Old Bisbee who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of Ses you bet go and stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way. this made Boys in store larf. no More terday from

"Yours respectful ELI PERKINS,
"his letter."

My friend, Mr. D. T. T. Moore, of the *Rural New Yorker*, thinks if I "keep on," I will get in the Poor House in about two years.

If you think the honest old farmers of Barclay county want me, I will come.

Truly yours, CHARLES F. BROWNE.

THE Booksellers of Paris are about to establish in that city a book fair, similar to that of Leipsic.

(For the Californian.)

THE DOCTOR'S HORSES.

BEING ANOTHER LEAF FROM MY BOOK OF REAL LIFE.

HAVING a little leisure the other afternoon, when going home from the counting house, I passed the door of the house where my old friend S. R. has his chambers. Feeling inclined to see and converse with him, I entered the door and ascended the staircase leading to his room, and, in doing so, passed a gentleman coming down the stairs, whose face was familiar to me, but, at the moment, I could not recollect his name. We bowed to each other, but did not speak, and I went into S. R.'s room. I found him in his private apartment, just recovering from a fit of laughter. He started on seeing me, and said: "Did you meet Dr. Dell, as you came up the stairs?"

I said I had passed a gentleman whom I thought I knew, but I could not recollect his name.

"It is my old friend, Dr. Dell, of New Broad street, in the city," said S. R. "I have been amused by his telling me how he has been swindled out of £150; and he has been to ask me what redress he can have."

"Why," I said, "he is a very clever man—how came to be taken in?"

"Just sit down," said S. R., "and I will tell you."

So I sat down in a chair by the side of his table.

"Dr. Dell," said he, "a few days ago, saw an advertisement in one of the morning papers for the sale of a pair of horses, said to be occasioned by the death of a gentleman whose property they had been, and his widow had no further occasion for them. The family resided about fifty miles in the country, and the horses had been sent up to town for sale in charge of the family coachman; and they were to be seen and tried at certain stables in some mews, near Guildford street, Russell Square. The Doctor seeing this, and being disposed to change his own horses, which he had had in constant use for several years, went, at the beginning of the week, to the stables mentioned in the advertisement. Here he found a very business-like man, who called himself the owner of the stables.

"On the Doctor stating his reason for coming, the other said the horses had been taken out by the old coachman for exercise, and, looking at his watch, he observed it was time he had returned; and he walked up the stable yard to the entrance of the mews, to look if the coachman was coming. 'Here they are, sir,' he cried out; and Dr. Dell went to the place where the man was standing, and, looking down the street, he saw, just turning the corner from Landsdowne Place, Brunswick Square, by the side of the Foundling Hospital, an elderly country looking man, in plain black livery, driving very steadily a pair of fine-looking bright bay horses.

"'Ah, these country chaps don't understand London driving, sir,' the man observed to the Doctor; 'he does not show them off as a gentleman likes to see them.'

"The horses now approached. Dr. Dell took notice of them and the driver. He was an elderly man, dressed as a regular country family coachman would be, in a plain black mourning suit, with long leather gaiters, a sort of Welsh wig, a country-made hat, and altogether very well made up for what he was said to be. The horses were fine-looking animals—such as would be found in the possession of a country gentleman of good fortune: wide nostrils, bright eyes, good color, well-matched in size and color, carefully groomed, and quite superior in appearance to the old horses the Doctor had in his own carriage, which was standing near by in the street.

"The Doctor's wife was in his carriage, and he desired the old coachman just to drive the horses up slowly past the carriage and back, that she might see them. Feeling pretty well satisfied, he talked with the stableman about the price, which he said was rather higher than he had intended to give when he should change his old horses, admitting that the horses seemed a very superior pair, and were well suited for London. The man replied the horses were great favorites in the family, having been bred by the father of the widow lady, and she did not intend to take a less price. The coachman came up at the time this conversation was going on, and, touching his hat respectfully to the Doctor, he, in answer to the observation of the stableman, reiterated the assertion that the horses were great favorites, and *Missus* was not particularly anxious of parting with them, but, as they were to be sold, she would wish them to get into the hands of a gentleman where they would be well cared for. To urge the Doctor on, the stableman remarked that a gentleman living in Grosvenor Square, a colonel in the army, had seen the horses the day before, and was to send his groom next day for the answer whether he could have them. The Doctor asked if he could try them, and being told he might, he got up on to the brake carriage to which they were harnessed; accompanied by the old coachman, they drove round Brunswick Square, and returned to the stables. During the drive, the Doctor spoke to the old coachman and questioned him on several things, and got much the same sort information from him as had been given by the man at the stables. On his return, he told the stable proprietor he would be with him by nine o'clock the next morning, and if, in the meantime, he decided on taking the horses, he would give him his cheque in the morning, for he very much approved of the appearance of the horses and their action.

"The Doctor got into his carriage to go to the city. His wife, who, as I told you, was inside the carriage, and had seen the horses, expressed herself much pleased with their look, quite putting the Doctor's old horses in the shade. Having talked together in their passage to the city, the Doctor made up his mind to have the horses. So, next morning, he was at the stables, punctual to the time he had appointed. He proposed to the stableman that he would give him one hundred guineas and his own pair of horses for the others. The man demurred at first, but, after some little disputation, he yielded. 'But,' he said to the Doctor, 'to show you it is a great favor I am granting you, we will go to the stables, and you will find what I told you yesterday is correct, for the gentleman in Grosvenor Square has sent his groom down with orders to return with the horses; but, as you said you would be here this morning, I would not let them go until I had seen you.'

"On the Doctor going with him to the stable, where the horses had been placed, he there saw a young man dressed in a very smart livery, with a cockade in his hat, implying that he was a servant to some military officer—top boots and spurs and leather breeches, as a first rate groom would appear—and on his left arm a saddle; for the purpose of riding one of the horses and leading the other, to his master. The Doctor, seeing all this, felt a little more reconciled with his bargain. So bidding his own coachman unharness his old horses from his carriage, and put in the others, he went with the stableman into a little room at the side of the stables, and wrote him a cheque for one hundred guineas, taking the man's receipt for the same, and what at the moment he thought was a warranty of the soundness of the horses. He then got into his carriage and drove off to his house in the city.

"When he had got about two-thirds of the way, his coachman drove slowly, and, being asked by the Doctor why he had slackened his pace, the man replied that one of the horses limped, and he was afraid to force him. However, the Doctor got to his house. Getting out of his carriage, he looked at the horse's legs and feet, and then told his man to do what he ought to have done at the first—to take the horses, with his compliments, to Mr. Field of the Veterinary College, in Camden Town, for his opinion of their soundness. This was about ten in the morning. At about two in the afternoon, the coachman returned with the horses. The Doctor asked him if he had seen Mr. Field, and what he said.

"'Ah, sir, said the man,' I was afraid it would be so, for I had some difficulty to get the poor things there; and when Mr. Field saw them, he laughed out and said, Here come my old friends again. So I told him I came from you for his opinion of the horses, and asked him what he meant by calling them his old friends. 'Why, my man,' said he, 'I have had those horses sent to me four times already this year. They are fine-looking creatures, and it is a pity, but they are thoroughly lame, and worth little or nothing as carriage horses for a gentleman,' and he asked me the particulars about them. I told him all I knew. He said he knew you very well, and wished you had sent them to him before you paid the money, and that it was a regular swindle.'

"Dr. Dell felt very vexed that he had been so cheated, and told his coachman to take a cab and drive to his banker and stop the cheque if it had not been paid; and to put the horses in the stable for the present, and he would consider what he would do. So after he had seen a few patients, he took a cab and came up to me.

"I have been amused at his description of the old coachman of the family, so well made up with his Welsh wig, and his appearance altogether just such as you would find in an old family mansion in the country; and then the groom in a stylish uniform, so well got up, standing, booted and spurred, in a sort of theatrical attitude, with whip and saddle, ready to carry off the horses. I was amused, for the scenery was very well arranged. I told Dr. Dell it was a regular loss. Had he proposed at first to have had Mr. Field's certificate before he paid his money, the fellow would not have agreed to it, and the bargain would have been broken off. 'Yes,' said the Doctor, 'I see it now—it is too late. But I liked the appearance of the horses; and my wife was much pleased with them them, and she, being a Dorsetshire lass, always felt an interest in our having good horses. This, with the old family coachman, and the stylish groom, waiting apparently to take them away, quite put me off my guard. So you must pardon my indiscretion. It is now too late.' I suppose I must lose all—money and horses, too.'

"I told him I would get an active skilful police officer to inquire into it, and see if we can frighten the fellow out of some of the money, for the cheque has been paid; and that is all the consolation I could give him, and he has just left me as you came in."

"What shall you do?" I said; "the money is gone, and Dr. Dell will never get a farthing back?"

"I expect so," said S. R. "I shall speak to Inspector Beresford, who lives up by Russell Square, and get him to call at the stables and see and frighten the fellow, if possible, by threatening an indictment for the fraud; but I expect he is too old a hand to care about what Beresford may say, although Beresford will tell him he belongs to the police force. However, Dr. Dell is a rich man, and it will be a lesson to him at the cost of a few of his fees."

"Well," I said, "I will not take up more of your time now, but I will call at the end of the week, at about this hour, to learn the finish of the Doctor's mishap."

And we then parted.

At the end of the week, I called on friend S. R., according to promise. I found him in his office, busy writing a letter. I sat down and waited until he had finished, and given it to his clerk to be copied and posted.

"Well, my friend, I have come, as agreed, to hear the finish of Dr. Dell's affair."

He laughed, and said:

"It is all over. I have seen the Doctor this morning. He sent the horses to the sale-stables in Barbican, and they were sold yesterday, Friday being their sale day; and I fancy Gower, the auctioneer, like Mr. Field, recognized the horses as old acquaintances. However, the Doctor got £20 for the two, out of which he has to pay expenses. And Beresford has been with me. He went to the stables, but no person was there. An old woman living in the mews told him the stables had only been engaged by the man for three or four days, and she knew nothing of him; and several people had been there, making inquiries after him, but all the men had gone away and taken some horses with them. So the worthy Doctor has paid a little smart money for his experience. He has lost his own old horses, which were sound, and would have served him a few years longer. He has lost his one hundred guineas, and he must lay out fifty or one hundred more to get another pair of good working horses, although not so showy in their appearance. And this is what is known among the police as Horse-chanting."

My curiosity regarding Dr. Dell, who is a very worthy and benevolent man, much respected by all who knew him, being satisfied, after a little more general conversation, I took my leave of my old friend, on promise to see him again shortly, when he would be able to tell me a little more of his scenes in real life.

F. H.

(For the Californian.)

INDOOR GARDENING.

THERE are two general ways of enjoying flowers. Some people delight in having them merely for their beauty; others for the real love of them, liking to take care of them, and delighting to see them grow. The first taste is soon satisfied by buying a few plants now and then. The second is still more inexpensive, but here we give time and pains to them, and by noting as we learn to do, the plants that accord together, those that are easily grown, and those that we mostly care for, our enjoyment becomes vastly greater. The poorest and darkest room can thus find some plants to lighten it, and the gayest and gaudiest drawing-room can find some to tone it down and touch it with their refinement.

In Miss Nightingale's *Notes on Nursing*, there is abundant testimony against the popular prejudice which regards growing plants as unwholesome. Remarking on the folly of this ignorant and injurious, but far too prevalent notion, Dr. Lindley wrote in the following terms: "Until the prejudice is entirely removed, the fact cannot be too often repeated, that instead of plants vitiating the air, they do a great deal of good by producing a large quantity of fixed air, and thus play a most important part in the economy of Nature, by purifying and rendering wholesome the deleterious air breathed by animals."

The principal objection against having plants in a sitting-room can only apply to those which have strong-scented flowers—such as the night-scented stock, the Tuberose, the Narcissus, and the deliciously fragrant Hyacinth, if a large number of them are crowded together in a small apartment. When this is rightly understood, there is every probability that, with the increasing taste for flowers, indoor gardening will become a far more popular and fashionable amusement than it is at present.

Now, what *can* people want more? To determine what is good for people, they have Miss Nightingale's testimony, and that of many doctors. And here they have heard the verdict on the side of the plants' own nature, limiting exceedingly their powers of doing harm. The flowers too, to be beautiful, need by no means be numerous, and the more delicate scents are by far the most delightful. A single stand all covered with large, green, heart-shaped leaves, mingled with the drooping bells of the pink and white Ipomea, or Morning Glory flower—a rustic bark-like frame, filled with Red Hyacinths, mixed with the white waxen snowberry—a single Camellia outspreading its beautiful foliage and waxen flowers—any of these will enliven a room. But I do not want to induce my readers to stop short with any of these. Their sitting and drawing-rooms may become brilliant and overflow with flowers. Why do we not see our windows and balconies filled with plants as they are in England and on the Continent? There are quantities of plants which, with a slight protection of this kind, would produce a charm about our houses that is now

wanting. It would be a difficult matter to sum up all the social qualities of plants and flowers. Do we not always feel welcome when, on entering a room, we find a display of flowers on the table and the windows? Where there are flowers about, does not the hostess appear glad, the children pleased, the very parrot is garrulous at our arrival, the whole scene and all the personages more hearty, homely, and beautiful, because of those bewitching roses, fuchsias, heliotropes, and mignonette? Assuredly of all simple domestic ornaments, flowers must have the first place.

"Better hang a wild rose over the toilette than nothing," says Leigh Hunt; "the eye that looks in the glass will see there something besides itself, and acquire something of a religious right to respect itself in thinking by how many objects in the creation the bloom of beauty is shared."

Speaking of breakfast in summer, the same prince of essayists says: "Set flowers on your table, a whole nosegay if you can get it, or but two or three, or a single flower—a rose, a pink, even a daisy. Bring a few daisies and buttercups from your last field walk, and keep them alive in water, and preserve but a bunch of clover or a handful of flowering grass—one of the most elegant as well as cheap of Nature's productions—and you have something on your table that reminds you of the beauty of God's creation, and gives you a link with the poets and sages that have done it most honor. Put but a rose or a lily, or a violet on your table, and *you and Lord Bacon* have a custom in common, for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table, morning, and we believe noon and night, that is to say, at all his meals; for dinner, in his time, was taken at noon, and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now, here is a fashion that shall last you forever if you please, never changing with silks and velvets, nor dependent upon the caprice of some fine gentleman or lady. The fashion of the garments of heaven and earth endures forever, and you may adorn your table with specimens of their drapery, with flowers out of the fields, and golden beams out of the blue ether." Those who have gardens may multiply their enjoyments of them a hundredfold by keeping in mind the genial suggestion of Leigh Hunt. "Make the most of every ray of light that falls out of heaven to bless you at the window; there you may woo beauty and have it nod to you in a hundred forms; with a pair of scissors you may, every morning, cull a posy for the breakfast table, you may make the tables, and the mantel-pieces, and the quiet recesses of your room gay at all times, and the whole atmosphere of the house as odorous of flowers, as it is already morally sweet with the interchange of love's language and the expressions of high emotions of the heart."

"In princely halls and courts of kings,
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings;
Yet few of those who see its beams
Amid the torchlight's dazzling gleams—
As bright as though a meteor shone—
Can call the costly prize their own;
But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew;
Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air."

IRIS.

McARONE.

I USED, in a recent one of these papers, the expression "halcyon days."

It is pretty well understood that the phrase signifies days of happiness, pure and unmitigated. Days of youth, and love, and plenty; of past hopes realized and future hopes strong; days without rheumatism, or biliousness.

Why "halcyon?"

The halcyon is, I believe, the kingfisher; a morose and distraught bird, that sits on a stake, over a swamp, when he can find one, silently looking out for kertoodle-bugs and skipjacks. From time to time he makes a sort of bound from his perch, uttering a very unpleasant shriek, catches his wings, pursues, overtakes, and devours a raw insect, and returns to squat upon his stake, staring creation blankly out of countenance, and giving his mind to skipjacks and kertoodle-bugs once more. Now what, I should like to know, has this dreadful creature to do with happiness? In what way are his dreary "days" connected with youth, and love, and plenty, and hopes realized?

As I have above stated, I am not guiltless of employing the expression "halcyon days," but I used it as I do many other things I know nothing about: patent medicines, for instance, and butcher's sausages.

Birds generally, are a good deal overrated. Lovers liken their mistresses to doves, not infrequently, and fond mothers address their offspring by the well-meant title of "my birdie."

It is not complimentary.

The room where I am writing is a second-floor front in the Riverside Hotel; a charming hostelry that stands on the bank of the charming Navesink river, near the charming village of Red Bank. This in the (shall I say charming?) State of New Jersey. It is my wateriug-place, where I have come for the balance of "the season." My windows overlook a piazza-roof, a narrow grassy plateau, and the blue bend of the river between its warm red ochre-colored bluffs."

On the piazza-roof, three sparrows assemble. They cock their heads about in a variety of positions . . . probably they're cock sparrows . . . stand on the edge of the cornice where the wind ruffles their throat-down all the wrong way; and, when opportunity presents itself, pursue their precarious means of procuring a livelihood.

Just now, a gray miller, driven by adverse breezes, fluttered feebly around the corner, and was cast upon the roof.

The sparrow nearest to this unfortunate insect gave a little hop . . . not at all like the little hops the proprietors of the Riverside used to give . . . and drove his beak quite through the miller's body. This done, he made a swallow of it. Now, this is by no means the least innocent, cunning, or interesting bird in the American fauna.

But what would you think of a human creature who should act in such a barbarous and nasty way? How if a gentleman who had a fancy to breakfast on veal, should pounce upon a live calf and run his nose through it, first?

On the plateau of green grass that fronts the hotel, a small party of late bluebirds are displaying precisely the same degraded tastes. And it is not only the humble sparrow or bluebird that does this thing.

The most mellifluous nightingale that ever drew tears from an Eastern princess' almond eyes, had a natural but depraved hankering after fat little white worms with black shiny heads.

On moral questions, too, birds are extremely obtuse, as a rule. The greater part of them indulge in what are sometimes called "liberal ideas," in matrimonial matters. In fact, the number of kinds that choose and retain a permanent mate, is very small. The great majority make a new match every spring.

I am not informed what the principles of the kingfisher are, regarding this subject. I have never seen him except solitary and alone. If he has a mate, he makes her pass her halcyon days somewhere away from him.

One would no more think of seeing two kingfishers together, than two Sundays . . . which, heaven forbid!

The bird business, then, like many another poetic tradition, has a good deal of nonsense in it.

You say Madame X. is a splendid woman . . . graceful, and "swanlike." The swan is a great splay-footed thing that eats live frogs and newts, and soils the margin of lakes. Perhaps "Chickabiddy" is as inoffensive an ornithological endearment as can be applied to woman.

The domestic hen, though not precisely graceful, and liable to be tempted occasionally by a dead mouse or a bit of raw meat, is, after all, quite as well-behaved as any of her more pretentious sisters.

"Ducky," however, is inadmissible and unpardonable. "Piggy" would be just as flattering.

The idea of comparing your loved one to a creature whose head is all mouth, whose walk is a deformed waddle, whose sweetest note sounds like driving carpet-tacks, and whose food is offal! . . . It is a little too much.

It were far better to call her a cow. The cow has dignity; the duck has none. The cow has strong maternal instincts, and may have beauty: the duck has, and can have, neither.

(But, between you and me, I would like to hear you call your beloved a cow, once, just to try it. I think it would entertain me.)

In some cases, for all that I know, husbands may endow their wives with the *sobriquet* of "ducky," etc., meaningly; having, as it were, a sardonic belief that the vulgar and porcine instincts of the bird could be also found developed in the woman. Such covert sarcasm reminds me of my old derivation of the word "Hippodrome," from two Greek nouns, *hippos*, a hum, and *dromos*, a bug. It is far more true than correct.

It may be that some person possessed of more than the average share of temerity may ask me, with a supercilious air, how it affects me to hear a man call his chosen one a cabbage. It is true that *chou*, in French, is cabbage in English. But does that indicate that Chou-chou means cabbage, too? I guess not: Otherwise, there must be no difference between a bull and a bul-bul!

(O, fetch on your linguists! I haven't read the Astor Library through and committed it to memory for nothing.)

Then again, there's nothing bad about a cabbage. It would have been a rose if it had been red. It is very wholesome food. It is a clean and well-behaved vegetable, in whose sturdy petals the clearest, purest, morning dew loves to linger. Its broad outer leaves have hold Mr. Hall's waxy strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, mulberries, barberries, bilberries, and huckleberries, ever since those things were first put upon a good-natured public.

Nothing shall be said against the cabbage, then; and in case it be decided that two *choux* are only equivalent to one, little harm will be done, after all.

There is, indeed, no mundane production to which I can compare Aimée Chou-chou. Fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables . . . all are but cold and unsympathetic, to reflect her loveliness.

When I see that dear child, I try to call her some caressing name, but she only suggests to me, in a vague and glittering way, a confusion of cream caramels, half opened roses and Heaven, for which there is neither nomenclature nor rationality.—*New York Weekly Review.*

MUSICAL ITEMS.

AT HOME.

THE *New Nation* says: Verdi's music is well suited to Victor Hugo's dramas, as they have many points in common. Both are sensational and exaggerated. "Ernani" belongs to Verdi's earlier manner, when he composed almost entirely in the blood-and-thunder style, and is of his best works at that period. His faults of orchestration and accompaniment, his way of massing brass and wind instruments against violins, and playing them off against each other, are very visible here. There is, however, great power of vocalization shown, and considerable wealth of melody. It is full of brief airs, with short rhythms, which are pleasing to the public because they are vigorous and ardent. The music is better in character than Petrella's, but comes far short of perfection. "Ernani" is not as good an opera as "Trovatore," "Traviata," or "Il Ballo in Maschera," but is much less hackneyed and worn out by repetition, and so we hope that it will be given oftener this winter. If we must hear Verdi, and we are always doomed to half a season of him, let us have something that is a little fresher than what we are accustomed to. It is natural that his music should be popular, for it is suited to our unrest, as it was to Italian political excitement, and those who go to hear operas are too immersed in business and pleasure to consider whether they are getting the best kind of enjoyment, or to ask themselves if the effect of the music on them is the best, as long as they enjoy the hours while they hear it.

THE *Round Table* remarks: Adelaide Phillips reappears before a New York audience this season, after an absence of four years passed in Europe and California. During that time she has not improved. Her noble, rich voice, it is true, is in most points as noble and rich as ever; but there is an effort in her singing—an audible respiration—that is very annoying to the listener. Whenever the accomplished contralto overcomes this, she is as acceptable as when she sang with La Grange and Brignoli.

THE New York *Review* has the following: The effect of the Orphan schools has proved beneficial in many ways. Pupils from them have been engaged as choir-boys in Trinity Church, New York, Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, Lawrence Street Church, Brooklyn, and even in concert troupes. Such an opportunity as offers here should not be allowed to pass by unimproved by the public. Mr. Morgan, the organist, who has returned from his tour through the West, will probably make the "great organ" in Boston resound on the occasion of some of the Parepa concerts. Theodore Formes, the celebrated tenor of Berlin, is among us, and will probably appear in opera. We have not heard the gentleman for about eight years, but are sure that his triumph will be brilliant if he is in possession of at least a part of his former voice. We are assured that Mr. Formes is now better in voice than ever. He is an accomplished artist and dramatic actor, and highly cultivated in art.

FOREIGN.

THE New York *Review* gives the following items: In the Grand Opera *L'Africaine* is continued with laudable energy, and the opera *Masaniello* has made also an ephemeral appearance. Of the very often mentioned new prima donna, Mdlle. Mauduit, much is expected in *Robert*. For the latter part of the season *La Forza del Destino* is expected, all Parisians praying already: "Holy Verdi, give us our yearly opera!"

MISS BATEMAN is fulfilling a successful engagement at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

LETTERS from Vienna announce that *L'Africaine* will shortly be produced in that city.

WE hear that *Crispino e la Comare* will be the opening piece this year for M. Bagier's troupe in Paris.

MR. BENEDICT is at work on a grand opera for the German stage, founded on the exquisite psychological story by Schiller, the *Ghost-Seer*. Pauline Lucca, the personable, the wayward, is kept in eye—or, rather, in ear—for the heroine's *role*.

THE new opera by M. Cherouvrier, in rehearsal at the Theatre Lyrique, is entitled *Les Rois des Mines*.

Two nocturnes, just written by Gounod for pianoforte, will be shortly published.

PROFESSOR NOHL, of Munich, is reported to have discovered a hitherto unknown pianoforte composition by Beethoven. It is a piece in A minor, written in the composer's own hand, and is inscribed "Pour Elisa, April 27."

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S favorite poem, entitled "Mortality," by William Knox, a young Scotch poet who died at Edinburgh in 1825, has been printed in sheet form by Thomas W. Hartley, Philadelphia. It is also to be found, together with some of the poet's other productions, in *Scotia's Bards*, a fine work published by Carter & Brothers, New York, in 1856.

THE FAIRY TUTOR.

"IN days of yore there lived alone in her castle, a maiden named Swanhilda. She was the only child of a proud father, lately deceased. Her mother she had lost when she was but a child, so that the education of the daughter had fallen wholly into the hands of the father.

"During the lifetime even of the old knight, many suitors had offered themselves for Swanhilda; but she seemed to be insensible to every tender emotion, and dismissed with disdainful haughtiness the whole body of wooers. Meanwhile she hunted the stag and the boar, and performed squire's service for her gradually declining parent. This manner of life was so entirely to the taste of the maiden, notwithstanding that in delicacy of frame, and in bewitching gracefulness of figure, she gave place to none of her sex, that when at length her father died, she took upon herself the management of the castle, and lived aloof in pride and independence, in the very fashion of an Amazon. Mangre the many refusals which Swanhilda had already distributed on every side, there still flocked to her loving knights, eager to wed: but, like their predecessors, they were all sent drooping home again. The young nobility could at last bear this treatment no longer; and they, one and all, resolved either to constrain the supercilious damsel to wedlock, or to make her smart for a refusal. An embassy was dispatched, charged with notifying this resolution to the mistress of the castle. Swanhilda heard the speakers quietly to the end: but her answer was tuned as before, or, indeed, rang harsher and more offensive than ever. Turning her back upon the embassy, she left them to depart, scorned and ashamed.

"In the night following the day upon which this happened, Swanhilda was disturbed out of her sleep by a noise which seemed to her to ascend from her chamber floor; but let her strain her eyes as she might, she could for a long while discern nothing. At length she observed, in the middle of the room, a straggling sparkle of light, that threw itself over and over like a tumbler, tittering, at the same time like a human being. Swanhilda for a while kept herself quiet; but as the luminous antic ceased not practising his harlequinade, she peevishly exclaimed: 'What buffoon is carrying on his fooleries here? I desire to be left in peace.' The light vanished instantly, and Swanhilda already had congratulated herself upon gaining her point, when suddenly a loud shrilly sound was heard—the floor of the apartment gave way, and from the gap there arose a table set out with the choicest viands. It rested upon a lucid body of air, upon which the tiny attendants skipped with great agility to and fro, waiting upon seated guests. At first Swanhilda was so amazed that her breath forsook her; but, becoming by degrees somewhat collected, she observed, to her extreme astonishment, that an effigy of herself sat at the strange table, in the midst of the numerous train of suitors, whom she had so haughtily dismissed. The attendants presented to the young knights the daintiest dishes, the savor of which came sweetly-smelling enough to the nostrils of the proud damsel. As often, however, as the knights were helped to meat and drink, the figure of Swanhilda at the board was presented by an ill-favored Dwarf, who stood as her servant behind her, with an empty basket, whereat the suitors broke out into wild laughter. She also soon became aware, that as many courses were served up to the guests as she had heretofore dispensed refusals, and the amount of these was certainly not small.

"Swanhilda, weary of the absurd phantasmagoria, was going to speak again; but, to her horror, she discovered that the power of speech had left her. She had for some time been struck with a kind of whispering and tittering about her. In order to make out whence this proceeded, she leaned out of her bed, and, peering between the silk curtains, perceived two smart diminutive cupbearers, in garments of blue, with green aprons, and small yellow caps. She had scarcely got sight of the little gentleman when their whispering took the character of audible words; and the dumb Swanhilda was enabled to overhear the following discourse:

"'But, I pri'thee, tell me, Sweetflower, how this show shall end?' said one of the two cupbearers—'thou art, we know, the confidant of our queen, and, certes, canst disclose to me somewhat of her plans?'

"'That can I, my small-witted Monsieur Silverfine,' answered Sweetflower. 'Know, therefore, that this sweet and lovely to behold brute of a girl is now beginning to suffer the castigation due to her innumerable offences. Swanhilda has sinned against all maidenly modesty, has borne herself proud and overbearing towards honorable gentlemen, and, besides, has most seriously offended our queen.'

"'How so?' inquired Silverfine.

"'By storming on her Barbary steed, like the devil himself, through the thick of our States' Assembly, pounding the arms and legs of I don't know how many of our sapient representatives. What makes the matter worse is, that this happened at the very opening of the diet, and whilst the grand prelusive symphony of the whole hidden people was in full burst. We were sitting by hundreds of thousands upon blades, stalks, and leaves; some of us still actively busied arranging comfortable seats for the older people in the blue harebells. For this we had stripped the skins of sixty thousand red field spiders, and wrought them into canopies and hangings. All our talented performers had tuned their instruments, scraped, fluted, twanged, jingled and shawmed to their hearts' content, and had resined their fiddlesticks upon the freshet of dewdrops. All at once, tearing out of the wood, with your leave, or without your leave, comes this monster of a girl, plump upon upper house and lower house together. Ah, lack-a-daisy! what a massacre it was! The first hoof struck a thousand of our prime orators dead upon the spot, the other three hoofs scattered the Imperial Diet in all directions, and, what is worse than all, tore to pieces a number of our exquisite caps. Our queen was almost frantic at the breach of the peace—she stamped with her foot, and cried out, "LIGHTNING!" and what that means we all pretty well know. Just at this time, too, she received information of the maiden's arrogant behavior towards her suitors, and on the instant she determined to put the sinner to her prayers. We began by devouring everything clean up, giving her the pleasure of looking on.'

"'Silly, absurd creatures!' *thought* Swanhilda, as the little butler advanced to the table to put on some fresh wine. During his absence she had time to note how perhaps a dozen other Fairies drew up through the floor whole pailfuls of wine and smoking meats, which were conveyed immediately to the table, and there consumed as if by the wind. She was heartily longing for the day to dawn, that the sun might dissipate her dream, when the sprightly little speaker came to his place again.

"'Now we can gossip a little longer,' said Sweetflower 'My guests are provided for, and between this and cock-crow—when house and cellar will be emptied—there's some time yet.'

"Swanhilda uttered *(mentally)* a prodigious imprecation, and turned herself so violently in the bed, that the little gentlemen were absolutely terrified.

"'I verily believe we are going to have an earthquake!' said Silverfine.

"'No such thing!' answered Sweetflower. "The amiable young lady in bed there has seen the sport perhaps, and is very likely not altogether pleased with it.'

"'Don't you think she would speak, if she saw all this wastefulness going on?' asked Silverfine.

"'Yes, if she could!' chuckled Sweetflower. 'But our queen has been cruel enough to strike her dumb, whilst she looks upon this heartbreaking spectacle. If she once wakes, she won't be troubled again with sleep before cock-crow."

"'A pretty business!' *thought* Swanhilda, once more tossing herself about passionately in her bed.

"'Quite right!' said Sweetflower triumphantly. 'The imp of a girl has waked up.'

"'Insolent wretches!' said Swanhilda (internally) 'Brute and imp to me? Oh, if I could only speak!'

"'Why, the whole fun of the thing is,' said Sweetflower, almost bursting with laughter, 'just that that wish won't be gratified. Does the fool of a woman think that she is to trample down our orchestra with impunity, to put our States' Assembly to flight, and to crush our very selves into a jelly?

"'And the unbidden guests divine my very thoughts!' *thought* Swanhilda. 'Upon my life, it looks as if a spice of omniscience had really crept under their caps!'

"'Why, of course!' answered Sweetflower.

"'Then will I think no more!' *resolved* Swanhilda.

"'And there, my prudent damsel, you show a good discretion,' returned Sweetflower, saluting her with an ironical bow.

"'How will it be, then, with our caps?' inquired Silverfine, 'Are they to be repaired?'

"'Oh, certainly,' returned Sweetflower; 'and that will cost our Amazon here more than all. Indeed, the conditions of her punishment are to make good the caps, to pledge her troth to one of her despised suitors, to compensate the rest with magnificent gifts, and, for the future, never to mount hunter more, but to amble upon a gentle palfrey, as a lady should. And, till then, am I to have the teaching of her.'

"'Pretty conditions, truly!' thought Swanhilda. 'I would rather die than keep them.'

"'Just as you please, most worthy madam,' answered Sweetflower; 'but you'll think better of it yet, perhaps.'

"'It will fall heavy enough upon her,' said Silverfine, 'seeing that we have it in command to seize upon all the lady's treasures.'

"'Capital, capital!' shouted Sweetflower. 'That's peppering the punishment truly! For now must this haughty manhating creature go about begging, catching, and carrying fish to market, and so submitting herself to the scorn and laughter of all her former lovers, till her trade makes her rich again. Nothing but lack in fishing will our queen vouchsafe the audacious madam. Three years are allowed her. But, in the interim, she must starve and famish like a white mouse learning to dance.'

"At this moment a monstrous burst of laughter roared from the table. The guests sang aloud:

> "The last flagon we end,
> Swanhilda shall mend;
> Huzza, knights, and drink
> To the last dollar's chink!

"As the song ceased, the table descended, the floor closed up, and stillness was in the room again, as when the lady had first retired to her couch. The cock crowed, and Swanhilda fell into a deep sleep.

"When it left her, the sun already shone high and bright, and played on her silken bed-curtains. She rubbed her eyes, and seeing everything about her in its usual state, she concluded that what had happened was nothing worse than a feverish dream. She now arose, began dressing herself, and would have allayed her waking thirst, but she could find neither glass nor water-pitcher. Angrily she called to her waiting-woman:

"'How came you to forget water, blockhead?' she exclaimed; 'get some quickly, and then—Breakfast!'

"The attendant departed, shaking her head; for she knew well enough that everything had been put in order as usual on the evening before. Very quickly she returned, frightened out of her wits, and hardly able to speak.

"'Oh my lady! my lady! my lady!' she stammered out.

"'Well, where is the water?'

"'Gone! all drained and dried up; Tub, brook, well—all empty and dry!'

"'Is it possible?' said Swanhilda. 'Your eyes have surely deceived you! But never mind—bring up my breakfast. A ham and two Pomeranian geese-breasts.'

"'Alack! gracious lady!' answered the girl, sobbing, 'everything in the house is gone too! The wine-casks lie in pieces on the cellar floor; the stalls are empty; your favorite horse is away—hay and corn rotted through. It is shocking!'

"Swanhilda dismissed her, and broke out at first into words wild and vehement: she checked them; but tears of disappointment and bitter rage forced their way in spite of her. A visit to her cellar, store-rooms, and granaries, convinced her of the horrible transformation which a night had effected in everything that belonged to her. She found nothing everywhere but mould and sickly-smelling mildew; and was too soon aware that the hideous images of the night were nothing less than frightful realities. Her hardened heart stood proof; and since the whole region for leagues around was turned into a blighted brown heath, she at once resolved to die of hunger. Ere noon her few servants had deserted the castle, and Swanhilda herself hungered till her bowels growled again.

"This laudable self-castigation she persevered in for three days long, when her hunger had increased to such a pitch that she could no longer remain quiet in the castle. In a state of half consciousness, she staggered down to the lake, known far and wide by the name of the Castle mere. Here, on the glassy surface, basked the liveliest fishes. Swanhilda for a while watched in silence the disport of the happy creatures, then snatched up a hazel wand lying at her feet, round the end of which a worm had coiled, and half maddened by the joyance of the finny tribe, struck with it into the water. A greedy fish snapped at the switch. The famishing Swanhilda clutched hungeringly at it, but found in her hand a piece of offensive carrion, and nothing more; whilst around, from every side, there rang such a clatter of commingled mockery and laughter, that Swanhilda vented a terrible imprecation, and shed once more—a scorching tear.

"'Oh, we shall soon have you tame enough!" said a voice straight before her, and she recognized it at once for the speaker of that miserable night. Looking about her, she perceived a moss-rose that luxuriated upon the rock. In one of the expanded buds sat a little kicking fellow, with green apron, sky-blue vest, and yellow bonnet. He was laughing right into the face of the angry miss; and, quaffing off one little flower-cup after another, filled them bravely again, and jingled with his tiny bunch of keys, as if he had been grand butler to the universe.

"'A flavor like a nosegay!' said the malicious rogue. 'Wilt hob-nob with me, maiden? What do you say? Are we adepts at sacking a house? 'Twill give thee trouble to fill thy cellars again as we found them. Take heart, girl. If you come to, and take kindly to your angling, and do the thing that's handsome by your wooers, you shall have an eatable dinner yet up at the castle.'

"'Infamous pigmy!' exclaimed Swanhilda, lashing with her rod, as she spoke, at the little rose. The small bufferteer meanwhile had leaped down, and in the turning of a hand, had perched himself upon the lady's nose, where he drummed an animating march with his heels.

"'Thy nose, I do protest, is excellently soft, thou wicked witch!' said the rascal. 'If thou wilt now try thy hand at fishing for the town market, thou shalt be entertained the while with the finest band of music in the world. Be good and pretty, and take up thy angling rod. Trumpets and drums, flutes and clarionets, shall all strike up together.'

"Swanhilda tried hard to shake the jocular tormentor off, but he kept his place on the bridge as if he had grown to it. She made a snatch at him, and he bit her finger.

"'Hark'e, my damsel!' quoth Sweetflower; 'if you are so unmannerly, 'tis time for a lesson. You smarted too little when you were a young one. We must make all that good now;' and forthwith he settled himself properly upon he

nose, dangling a leg on either side, like a cavalier in saddle. 'Come, my pretty, be industrious,' continued he; 'get to work, and follow good counsel.' And then he whistled a blithe and gamesome tune.

"Swanhilda, not needlessly to prolong her own vexation, dipped the rod into the water, and immediately saw another gleaming fish wriggling at its end. A basket, delicately woven of flowers, stood beside her, half filled with clear water. The fish dropped into it of themselves. The wee companion beat meanwhile with his feet upon the wings of the lady's nose, played ten instruments or more at once, and extemporized a slight rambling rhyme, wherein arch gibes and playful derision of her present forlorn estate were not unmingled with auguries of a friendlier future.

"'There, you see! where's the distress?' said the urchin, laughing. 'The basket is as full as it can hold. Off with you to the town, and when your fish are once sold, you may make yourself—some water gruel.' With these words the elf leaped into the fish-basket, crept out again on the other side, plucked a king-cup, took seat in it, and gave the word—'Forwards!' The flower, on the instant, displayed its petals. There appeared sail and rudder to the small and delicate ship, which at once took motion and sailed gaily through the air.

"'A prosperous market to you, Swanhilda!' cried Sweetflower; 'behave discreetly now, and do your tutor justice!'

"Swanhilda, perforce, resigned herself to her destiny. She took her basket, and carried it home, intending to disguise herself as completely as possible before making for the town. But all her clothes lay crumbling in the dust. Needs must she then, harassed by hunger and thirst, begin her weary walk, equipped as she was, in her velvet riding-habit.

"Without fatigue, surprised at her celerity—she was in the market-place. The eyes of all naturally took the direction of the well-born fisherwoman. Still pity held the tongue of scorn in thrall, and Swanhilda speedily saw her basket emptied. Once more within her castle walls, she beheld a running spring in the courtyard, and near it an earthen pitcher. She filled—drank—and carried the remainder to the hall, where she found a small fire burning, a pipkin, and a loaf. She submissively cooked herself a meagre pottage of bread and water, appeased the cravings of nature, and fell into a sound sleep.

"Morning came, and she awoke with thirst burning afresh. She hastened to the spring, but fountain and pitcher were no longer there. In their stead a hoarse laugh greeted her; and in the next instant she perceived the tiny butler, astride upon a cork, galloping before her across the courtyard, and addressing his pupil with another snatch of his derisive song.

"The courage of Swanhilda surmounted her wrath, and she carried her fish-basket to the lake. It was soon filled, and she again on her way to market. An amazing multitude of people were already in motion there, who presently thronged about the market-woman. The basket was nearly emptied, when two of her old suitors approached. Swanhilda was confounded, and a blush of deep shame inflamed her countenance. Curiosity and the pleasure of malice spurred them to accost her; but the sometime-haughty damsel cast her eyes upon the ground, and in answer tendered her fish for sale! The knights bought; mixing, however, ungentle gibes with their good coin. Swanhilda, at the moment, caught sight of her tutor peeping from a daisy—saluting her with his little cap, and nodding approbation.

"'I would you were in the kingdom of pepper!" thought Swanhilda, and in the next instant the fairy was running upon her nose and cheeks, most unmercifully stamping, and tickling her with a little hair till she sneezed again.

"'Stay, stay, I must teach thee courtesy, if I can. What! a profound swearer, too! Wish me in the kingdom of pepper! We'll have pepper growing on thy soft cheeks here. There, there—is that pepper? Thou art rogued, my lady, ready for a ball!'

"Swanhilda turned upon her homeward way, the adhesive Elf still tripping ceaselessly about her face, and bore her infliction with a virtuous patience. In her court and hall she found, as before, the spring, the bread, and the fire. As before, she satisfied hunger, and thirst, and slept—the sweeter already for her punishment and pain.

"And so passed day after day. The tricky Elf became a less severe, still trusty shoolmaster. The profits of her trading, under fairy guardianship, were great to marvelling; and it must be owned that her aversion to angling craft did not increase in proportion. As time ran on, she had encountered all her discarded knights, now singly and now in companies. A year and a half elapsed, and left the relation between suitors and maiden as at the beginning. At length a chivalric and gentle knight, noble in person as in birth, ventured to accost her, loving and reverently as in her brighter days of yore. Abashed, overcome with shame, the maiden was at the mercy of the light-winged, blithe, and watchful god, who seized his hour to enthrone himself upon her heart. She bought the fairy caps and mantles—she made honorable satisfaction to the knights, and to him whose generous constancy had won her heart, she gave a willing and a softened hand.

Upon her wedding day, the QUIET PEOPLE did not fail to adorn the festival with their radiant presence; albeit the merry creatures played a strange cross-game on the occasion. The blissful day over, and the happy bride and bridegroom withdrawing from the banquet and the dance, the well pleased, chirping, able, little tutor hopped before them, and led them to the hymeneal bower with floral lute, and gratulatory song!"

WIT AND FOLLY.

WISE men would be the aristocrats of the world, and govern it as they pleased, if it were not that fools are often more than a match for them. "Life," says an observant writer, "would be too pleasant to men of merit, if they always encountered people who were sensible of it: they would only have to present themselves to command success. They would be almost all kings and rich men, who do and make whatever they please, except rain and fine weather. Honored of all, honored by all, they would be the aristocrats of our society, the privileged class. But Providence, to establish equality, has created fools in the world. They are destined to arrest the progress of the man of merit, and to render his talents useless; for the man most expert in striking sensibility, reason and mind, can do nothing where there is neither mind, reason, nor sensibility.

The artful schemes of the wise man are often defeated by the defects of his inferiors in intellect. For instance, three Englishmen were hunting a thief who was a native of Wiltshire. In going through Brentford, they read a sign, "Wiltshire Inn."

"Let us go in here," said one. "We shall surely find him: that is the inn for Wiltshire folks."

"Nonsense," said another; that's the very reason he won't be there."

"Take care," said the third, who was considered the wisest of the three. "It is possible that he may have chosen that that place precisely because he would be very sure that we shouldn't look for him there."

They went in, and searched from garret to cellar, but did not find the object of their search. The robber had passed the inn without entering; he could not not read, consequently the name of the inn had not influenced him at all; a supposition that had not occurred to either of his pursuers.

An intelligent man is apt to make his combinations and calculations too perfect: he sees too far, and takes too high a range of view: he attributes to others a part of his own wit and information, preparing himself an answer to all the good reasons that can be opposed to him, and is taken in default because he is met by only a bad reason. This is a fact which the experience of almost any practical man of the world will bear testimony to. For instance, a man who was compelled to pass over a certain piece of road haunted by a ferocious dog, which attacked every one that came in his way, laid all his plans for subduing his brute adversary. As soon as the dog should spring upon him, he determined to seize him by the ears, and thus he felt sure he could master him. He therefore marched on sturdily to the encounter; but he was worsted in the skirmish, because the dog's ears had been cropped close to his head.

It is said that the Athenians could not entrap the Bœotians because they spread their nets too high; the Bœotians being the most stupid people of all Greece. They had no conception of intellectual ingenuities; they would believe nothing but downright falsehood, and understood, apparently, nothing but gross absurdity. To tell a man of this sort that the earth revolves on its axis would be but to produce a smile of incredulity or pity; but tell him that the sun rises out of the water every morning, and sets behind the steadfast hills every night, and he agrees with you without a murmur.

"There are some folks, squire," said a worthy agriculturist to the learned magistrate of his town, "that say the sun don't rise, but the airth turns round: but you and I know better, squire, because we get up airly, and *see* it rise."

We remember very well, a few years ago, when a certain spurious mermaid was exhibited, that the showman remarked, very truthfully, that he preferred to talk upon the subject with clergymen and naturalists, because they believed him without question.

A THEATRICAL HERMANN.—An attempt, and a successful one, to mystify a young hair-dresser, was made recently by a conjurer. The latter sat down in the chair, and told the country youth to prepare his brush and comb, and while his back was turned so arranged matters that it seemed to the youth that the customer had disappeared, leaving in his stead a bleeding, grimacing head, denuded of all body, but resting still on the top of the dress which he had put on for hair-cutting. The man fled in dismay, and alarmed the house, but when he returned, in company with others, he was met by the aspect of the customer tranquilly seated, and waiting patiently, as he said, to have his hair cut by the stupid assistant, whose wits must be disordered. The name of the prestidigitateur to whom the credit of this feat is due is Nicolas, of the Grand Theatre Parisien.

POLISH BOOTS.—These boots, it is said, will be worn on the street. They are, however, very expensive, and most ladies will prefer a well-fitting laced or buttoned boot, which is quite as useful, and costs but half as much. For full dress and for home, black satin gaiters and slippers are the most elegant, white being retained for very light robes. An effort is being made to introduce walking boots of the color of the dress; but it will not succeed.—*Tribune.*

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

MADAME WALESKA seems to have been the general belle of Warsaw. On the night when Napoleon first saw this woman, at a ball, General Bertraud and Louis de Perigord appeared as her public admirers. "They both," said he, "kept hovering emulously round her." But Napoleon, Emperor, husband, and mature as he was, chose to play the gallant on this evening also. Finding the two Frenchmen in the way of his attentions, he played the Emperor with effect on the spot. He gave an order to Berthier, then head of his staff, instantly to send off M. Perigord "to obtain news of the Sixth Corps," which was on the Passarge. Thus one inconvenience was got rid of, but Bertrand was still present, and during supper his attentions were so marked that, as he leaned over Madame's chair, his aiguilettes danced on her shoulders. "Upon this," said Napoleon, "my impatience was roused to such a pitch that I touched him on the arm and drew him to the recess of a window, where I gave him orders to set out for the headquarters of Prince Jerome, and without losing an hour to bring me a report of the siege of Breslau." Such it is to come in the way of Emperors. "The poor fellow was scarcely gone," adds Napoleon, "when I repented of my angry impulse; and I should certainly have recalled him had I not remembered at the same minute that his presence with Jerome would have been useful to me."

Napoleon had long lived in dread of poison. "I have escaped posioning," said he, "ten times, if I have once." In St. Helena he never eat or drank anything which had not been tasted first by one of the household! Montholon, during the night, constantly tasted the drink prepared for him. On this subject, Napoleon tole the following anecdote:

He was one day leaving the dinner table with the Empress Josephine and two or three other persons, when, as he was about to put his hand in his pocket for his snuff-box, he perceived it lying on the mantel-piece, in the saloon which he was entering. He was about to open it and take a pinch, when his good star caused him to seat himself. He then felt that his snuff-box was in one of his pockets. This excited inquiry, and on sending the two boxes to be chemically tested, the snuff on the mantel-piece was discovered to be poisoned." After this, (remarks an unfriendly critic, in reviewing M. Monthelon's history,) it is somewhat absurd in the author to give his hero credit for *sang froid*, and say of him that no one could take fewer precautions against such dangers than the Emperor. His whole life seems to have been precautionary; still he sententiously talked the nonsense of fatalism.

"Our last hour is written above," was his frequent remark. He had some absurdities on the subject of medicine, which would very effectually have assisted the fulfillment of this prediction. He had an idea that he should cure himself of his immediate disease, and perhaps of every other, by swallowing orange-flower water, and soup *a la reine.*

TENNYSON AND HIS RHYMES.—Perhaps there is no poet in whom the melody of versification is more strongly marked; and in none of his poems is the melody more beautifully apparent than in "The Dying Swan," which is very music itself. The following lines *paint* most perfectly a fen subject:

"One willow o'er the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh:
Above, in the wind, was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the mariah green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple and green and yellow."

It will be observed that *yellow* is here made to rhyme with *swallow;* a rhyme that is certainly not sanctioned either by "Pronouncing Dictionaries" or delicate ears. Now, how was this? for the laureate's rhymes are as perfect as any other portion of his verse. Doubtless, it arose in this way: Tennyson was an eastern-county man, born (as his biographers tell us) "at his father's parsonage, at Somerby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809," where, most probably, he would hear *yellow* pronounced *yallow* by men of good birth and education, and would so pronounce it himself; and, what more natural, therefore, than for a Lincolnshire poet, in describing a Lincolnshire scene, to make use of a Lincolnshire rhyme? Elsewhere—as, for example, in the "Lotos-Eaters"—he rhymes *yellow* in the customary way, Lincolnshire fens not being in view; just in the same way that Swift, although usually obedient to the laws of Pronouncing Dictionaries, often throws off the yoke, and then, as an Irishman describing Irish scenes, makes use of Irish rhymes—for the Dean wrote with rapidity and national enthusiasm, and, when once carried away with his subject, did not pause to blot the rhyme that made music to the Irish ear. What rhymes could be more Irish than the following, which occur in Swift's brief poem called "The Journal of a Modern Lady," who was, of course, a lady of the Emerald Isle: *Severe* and *air*, *severe* and *share*, *put* and *cut*, *pays* and *keys*, *stays* and *please*, *tears* and *forswears*, *rake well* and *sequel*—which are no rhymes unless they be given with the brogue.—*Cuthbert Bede.*

NOTICE.

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A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1865.

HOUSEHOLD POETRY.

AMONG the peculiar experiences that belong to the editor's profession, is the infliction, at irregular intervals, of old scraps of newspaper poetry, which come to him through the medium of the Post Office, or are deliberately offered at the hands of some valued friend, with the hint that his paper would be benefited by their republication. A cursory examination of these articles usually discloses the fact that they are worn quite illegible, from having been carried in the vest pocket through a long series of years, or that they have acquired a mouldy and metallic flavor, from constant contact with coin in the *port monnaie* of the owner. A closer inspection shows that they invariably bear reference to somebody's mother, daughter, or relative, or contain an enthusiastic eulogium of a baby. Indeed, the amount of baby poetry annually cut out of newspapers, with the intention sooner or later of inflicting them upon some editor, is something that cannot be contemplated with equanimity; but even this, is actually exceeded in quantity by the sum of elegaic and obituary memorials. Most of these excerpts are taken from the columns of country papers; and their bland imbecility of thought and utter lack of application and adaptability, compel the editor to decline their publication, with thanks. It is singular, by the way, how universal is this desire to hoard newspaper poetry. The work-basket of the matron, the secret drawer of the maiden, the desk of the school girl, hold in their recesses some scraps of verse, which have long been carefully preserved and hidden. Nor is the sterner sex free from this weakness. You may chance upon one of these fragments in the pigeon-hole of the banker's desk, or between the leaves of a dusty law book. Every one has, at some time in his or her life, carefully embalmed some one of these poetical effusions. You are conversing with the stern father of your Melissa, and in deference to your proclivities or tastes, the conversation turns upon Tennyson or Longfellow. The stern father is reminded, sir, of some verses which, when a young man—about your own age, sir—he cut from the columns of the *Bungtown Independent*. He does not claim to be a critic, nor does he wish to make invidious comparisons with Tennyson, but, for real sentiment and sublimity, *he* has never seen them surpassed. He is perhaps prejudiced, for he was acquainted with the young man who wrote them. That young person, sir, had no education—was brought up in a saw-mill, and broke both his legs at the age of seventeen—(it is remarkable how some people consider these accidents, which are usually embarrassing, to be peculiarly favorable to poetic development.) He will read them. He fumbles in an old drawer, extracts a discolored slip of newspaper, and begins. But here we pause—perhaps they are "Lines on Immortality," perhaps "Stanzas to an Only Sister," or "On Friendship." At all events, we recoil instinctively from the first line. But it is pleasant to see the water come in the old boy's eyes as he reads, to hear his voice grow tremulous and husky as he winds up each dreary stanza; and the smile which the sentiment suggested is lost in sympathy with the reader's unfeigned sincerity. If you know any young matron, dressed in mourning, avoid approaching her with a poetical quotation. You will be shown "Lines," and will be asked to recognize in some comfortless abstraction, in the mechanical formula of a hard theology—a likeness to some joyous-lived and golden-haired little fellow, whose innocent life was a symbol of flowing goodness and unconscious faith. Should you fail to appreciate the surprising likeness, you will be looked upon as hard-hearted; should you appreciate it, you have profited little by your knowledge of the original.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—In accordance with the recommendation of the President, Gov. Low has appointed Thursday, December 7th, "as a day when the people of California may unite with the people of her sister States in Public Thanksgiving to the Great Ruler of the Universe," for the manifold blessings vouchsafed us during the past year—"above all, and more than all, that peace has been restored to our beloved country."

ANA.

—Next to the real presence of the man, there is something always irresistably attractive in the hand-writing and autograph of those few distinguished literateurs who have won honorable and lasting fame. Whether or not there be any virtue in chiromancy, when we look at the rude symbols traced by the very hand of genius, we are apt to fancy ourselves in closer communion with the spirit of the writer, than when the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" come to us second-hand, through the universal medium of type. The "Autograph Mirror," a recent acquisition of the Mercantile Library, which contains the lithographed *fac similes* of the pen peculiarities of the world's greatest notabilities, offers the public a pleasant opportunity for indulging in this form of hero worship. I do not know of a more felicitous way of passing a half hour than in glancing over those broad pages, which reflect the different chirography of the world's great men. I allude to these excellent imitations as a fitting introduction to a genuine epistle which it is my good fortune to have lying on the desk before me. It is written in that honest, precise and somewhat formal hand which became the historian of Queen Anne's reign, and the man who loved the English of Addison and Steele. Turn to the cover of your latest edition of *Vanity Fair*, and you have a *fac simile* of its half quaint, half precise signature. Turn over the leaves of your "Roundabout Papers," and you will find some allusion to an incident in its contents, albeit it be but a business letter:

ST. LOUIS, March 26, 1856.

MY DEAR ——: Thank you for all your kindness and trouble. I got the letters duly at New Orleans, did a very good business there (1650), and came safely up the river to Cairo on Monday. I caught the chill and fever, and the ship caught fire twice, little incidents wh. served to enliven the long voyage. We travelled with the bearded lady, the infant Esau, Mr. Copeland, the "eminent comedian, and the American giantess, Miss Julia Hayne, 'who is 8 feet high, and requires 154 yards and 3 *quarters* of ordinary dry goods to make her dress,' so that we were a distinguished company. I arrived yesterday and lecture to-night and to-morrow.

The West at this time is a failure. I doubt if I shall have 500 people at my lecture—all the men are busy until 10 at night and do not care a fig for the Georges. Cincinnati would be as bad, and I entered not.

As I was writing this very *not* comes in your friend Phillips (who has had a peck of trouble, poor young man,) and who says he has just come from Cincinnati, where they are in wrath at me for not having been to lecture there. So I am going to let fly a telegraphic, and offer for Saturday and Monday, wh. will be enough for them, I should think. This will suffice for the young gentlemen of Yale (wasn't Newhaven one of the towns wh. offered for the 4 lectures?)—to whom, if Mr. —— will write *one* more letter for me, perhaps he will say that he just heard from Mr. Thackeray at St. Louis, who sincerely regrets that he cannot be at N. H. time enough to lecture before the students of Yale.

And now about the old lectures. If a good, handsome *bona fide* requisition could be got, I am your man immediately for 4 lectures on Thursdays and Saturdays, or on Mondays and Wednesdays, twice a week. They want the same thing at Philadelphia or did, and I could devote other two days in the week to that place. O my stars! how tired I am of the whole house of Hanover! I wish I had gone to Havana, instead of peddling about the petty towns in Georgia, &c., where I did little more than pay expenses, but my friends insisted that great profits were to be made by travelling south, and duty yielded. *Wednesday* 23 April I must keep for the St. George's Society. Couldn't we begin at N. Y. on the 7th.

How glad I shall be to see you and it again!
With 1000 thanks for what you have done for me,
I am yours always my dear ——
W. M. THACKERAY.

—

—And so George Arnold is dead! The telegraph, remarkable for the practical terseness of its obituary notices, speaks of him as the author of the *McArone* papers, and passes on to other news. Only one hour before reading that dispatch, I had laughed over one of his latest *feuilletons* in the New York *Review*, and I now turned back again to its sparkling paragraphs with something of that feeling with which, on the death of a dear friend, we recall those signs and tokens by which we knew and loved him. Although I could claim no closer acquaintanceship than that of being one of his readers (too often, alas! the safest relation to hold to any writer,) I could not help feeling interested both in the strong personality which enlivened his articles, and in finding in his latest effort a suggestiveness both sweet and strange. A single omission of his usual weekly *feuilleton*, and an apologetic line from the editor, had prepared his readers for the light-hearted admission from his own pen, that illness had driven him to the country for rest and retirement. Rest and retirement! Rest that implied the necessity of pleasantly describing it; retirement that consisted in cheerfully keeping his personality fresh in the minds of his readers! What was it to them, to me—reading his graceful and genial chronicle—if the paraphanalia of a sick man surrounded the worn-out chronicler? What was it to us if phials and nauseous mixtures flanked his inkstand, so long as his light, gossipping pen was never dipped in the ugly fluid? And yet, who thinks of the heroism required to control this spasm so that it shall become a graceful salutation: to change this twinge to a pleasant smile? You and I, reader, can afford to go through our little sicknesses sincerely if our old enemy, the neuralgia, gets the upper hand of us, we can grunt at our servants, browbeat our clerks, snub our business associates, and the world pities and pardons us. But the funny scribbler, the comic actor—the two clowns of Vanity Fair, whose business it is to make jokes and faces—ah! that is quite another affair. Who ever sympathized with a sick humorist? Is not the world rather inclined to exult over them, from an ill-defined belief in Providential retribution? "Art thou, too, become like one of us?" Your sick poet sings his consumptive psalm from a pillow smoothed by soft-hearted woman's fingers; it is Jack Falstaff who babbles of green fields in a tapster's upper chamber, surrounded by Nym, Bardolph and Mrs. Quickly.... But, in my digression, I fear I have strayed too far. George Arnold was a poet as well as humorist; a poet who, if not deep and passionate, was saved from futile attempts at sublimity by his quiet good taste and keen sense of the ridiculous. His verse was tender, sparkling and graceful as his prose, and that is too well known to require commendation here. As the burlesque war correspondent of *Vanity Fair*, he early adopted from the French that pithy, curt, epigrammatic, paragraphic style, which Charles Henry Webb, his only successful rival, has introduced to such popularity on this coast in his "Things." A graceful tribute to the memory of his fellow-laborer, Fitz James O'Brien, in a column of personal recollections of that gifted writer, was one of Mr. Arnold's last contributions to literature; let us hope that among his brother journalists there may be found one who, with the will, possesses the ability to as gracefully embalm his memory.

—

—I do not wonder that intelligent actors have not a very exalted opinion of the average taste of an audience, if that opinion is based, as it well might be, on that which most provokes their applause or indifference. In one of the most affecting situations in "Arrah-na-Pogue," when the hero, condemned to a felon's death on the following day, checks his wife, lest she should violate a promise of secrecy given to another, by intimating that he will learn the secret on the morrow, this beautiful expression of homely faith, conveyed in simple and touching language, is usually received with roars of laughter. Whether that sagacious senate, the California audience, look upon this as a felicitous Irish bull, I am unable to divine: it is certainly considered as a masterly witticism. The little bit of Celtic poetry in Shaun's remark, as he takes the handkerchief, wet with his wife's tears, that "his own came out to meet them," is considered in this latitude as a mild and not offensive pleasantry, to be received with gentle, but not boisterous merriment. If, in the domain of satire, the California audience are not strong, they make it up in their appreciation of personalities, equivocal language, and local allusions. Perhaps it may be a rather strong way of putting it, but, if a comically dressed individual were to appear upon any San Francisco stage, and utter significantly, but without any relevancy or coherency whatever, the magical words, "Pixley's Mule," "Gridley's Pork," "Dr. Rowell," "Mayor Coon," there can be little doubt but that the audience would roar with laughter. I have seen a fair play saved from damnation by the saving grace of a local gag in the mouth of an actor. I lately witnessed the first representation of Mr. Webb's clever burlesque—"Arrah-na-Poke." The best scene—the court martial—extremely truthful and correct in its satire, irresistibly absurd in its exaggeration of the accessories of the original, and, as a literary effort, thorough, finished, and complete, scarcely awakened a laugh; the keenest satirical allusion fell on unsympathetic ears: the best hit in the dialogue passed unnoticed. Luckily for the author, he knew his audience well enough to introduce sufficient that was broadly farcical to make his piece a success; but how far Mr. Setchell's pantaloons, in the estimation of the sagacious audience, eclipsed that capital comedian's best acting, or how far Mr. Webb's local allusions surpassed, in their opinion, his neatest sarcasms and puns, the applause of an intelligent and refined audience can best testify. BRET.

A NEW LECTURER.—George Alfred Townsend has lately been gleaning in a new field. His pen-sketches of Washington, immediately after the assassination, and his account of the executions, have gone all over the civilized world. Friendless and a stranger, he worked his way, by individual merit, into the magazines of London. He and "Miles O'Reiley" alone do up the whole of the New York *Citizen*, and a sprightly paper they make of it. George Alfred has, besides, been writing for everything, in the way of journals and magazines, since his return from Europe. Yet, by some miracle of prolific energy, he has found time to prepare a lecture, entitled "Our Special Correspondent in Europe," and "The Four War-Christmases," a narrative poem. These he proposes to deliver to "Lyceum, Library and Lecture Associations," during the season of 1865-66. "Miles O'Reily" (Charles G. Halpine) has placed at Mr. Townsend's disposal another lecture, "The Marching Soldier." It is not the habit of either of these gentlemen to write anything bad, so that the entertainment promised by George Alfred cannot fail to be interesting. We can only wish him more success than he had in a venture of a like kind, so cleverly chronicled in his late article in *Harpers' Magazine*.

[For the Californian.]

"MARK TWAIN"

ON THE LAUNCH OF THE STEAMER "CAPITAL."

I GET MR. MUFF NICKERSON TO GO WITH ME AND ASSSIST IN REPORTING THE GREAT STEAMBOAT LAUNCH. HE RELATES THE INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE TRAVELLING PANORAMIST.

I WAS just starting off to see the launch of the great steamboat *Capital*, on Saturday week, when I came across Mulph, Mulff, Muff, Mumph, Murph, Mumf, Murf, Mumford, Mulford, Murphy Nickerson—(he is well known to the public by all these names, and I cannot say which is the right one)—bound on the same errand. He said that if there was one thing he took more delight in than another, it was a steamboat launch; he would walk miles to see one, any day; he had seen a hundred thousand steamboat launches in his time, and hoped he might live to see a hundred thousand more; he knew all about them; knew everything—*every*thing connected with them—said he "had it all down to a scratch;" he could explain the whole process in minute detail; to the uncultivated eye a steamboat-launch presented nothing grand, nothing startling, nothing beautiful, nothing romantic, or awe-inspiring or sublime—but to an optic like his (which saw not the dull outer coating, but the radiant gem it hid from other eyes,) it presented all these—and behold, he had power to lift the veil and display the vision even unto the uninspired. He could do this by word of mouth—by explanation and illustration. Let a man stand by his side, and to him that launch should seem arrayed in the beauty and the glory of enchantment!

This was the man I wanted. I could see that plainly enough. There would be many reporters present at the launch, and the papers would teem with the inevitable old platitudinal trash which this sort of people have compelled to do duty on every occasion like this since Noah launched his ark—but I aspired to higher things. I wanted to write a report which should astonish and delight the whole intellectual world—which should dissect, analyze, and utterly exhaust the subject—which should serve for a model in this species of literature for all time to come. I dropped alongside of Mr. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. M. Nickerson, and we went to the launch together.

We set out in a steamer whose decks were crowded with persons of all ages, who were happy in their nervous anxiety to behold the novelty of a steamboat launch. I tried not to pity them, but I could not help whispering to myself, "These poor devils will see nothing but some stupid boards and timbers nailed together—a mere soulless hulk—sliding into the water!"

As we approached the spot where the launch was to take place, a gentleman from Reese River, by the name of Thompson, came up, with several friends, and said he had been prospecting on the main deck, and had found an object of interest—a bar. This was all very well, and showed him to be a man of parts—but like many another man who produces a favorable impression by an introductory remark replete with wisdom, he followed it up with a vain and unnecessary question—Would we take a drink? This to me!—This to M. M. M., etc., Nickerson!

We proceeded, two-by-two, arm-in-arm, down to the bar in the nether regions, chatting pleasantly and elbowing the restless multitude. We took pure, cold, health-giving water, with some other things in it, and clinked our glasses together, and were about to drink, when Smith, of Excelsior, drew forth his handkerchief and wiped away a tear; and then, noticing that the action had excited some attention, he explained it by recounting a most affecting incident in the history of a venerated aunt of his—now deceased—and said that, although long years had passed since the touching event he had narrated, he could never take a drink without thinking of the kind-hearted old lady.

Mr. Nickerson blew his nose, and said with deep emotion that it gave him a better opinion of human nature to see a man who had had a good aunt, eternally and forever thinking about her.

This episode reminded Jones, of Mud Springs, of a circumstance which happened many years ago in the home of his childhood, and we held our glasses untouched and rested our elbows on the counter, while we listened with rapt attention to his story.

There was something in it about a good natured, stupid man, and this reminded Thompson of Reese River of a person of the same kind whom he had once fallen in with while travelling through the back-settlements of one of the Atlantic States, and we postponed drinking until he should give us the facts in the case. The hero of the tale had unintentionally created some consternation at a camp-meeting by one of his innocent asinine freaks, and this reminded Mr. M. Nickerson of a reminiscence of his temporary sojourn in the interior of Connecticut some months ago, and again our uplifted glasses were stayed on their way to our lips, and we listened attentively to

THE ENTERTAINING HISTORY OF THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST.

[I give the story in Mr. Nickerson's own language.]

There was a fellow travelling around, in that country, (said Mr. Nickerson,) with a moral religious show—a sort of a scriptural panorama—and he hired a wooden-headed old slab to play the piano for him. After the first night's performance, the showman says:

"My friend, you seem to know pretty much all the tunes there are, and you worry along first rate. But then didn't you notice that sometimes last night the piece you happened to be playing was a little rough on the proprieties so to speak—didn't seem to jibe with the general gait of the picture that was passing at the time, as it were—was a little foreign to the subject, you know—as if you didn't either trump or follow suit, you understand?"

"Well, no," the fellow said; he hadn't noticed, but it might be; he had played along just as it came handy.

So they put it up that the simple old dummy was to keep his eye on the panorama after that, and as soon as a stunning picture was reeled out, he was to fit it to a dot with a piece of music that would help the audience get the idea of the subject, and warm them up like a camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing would corral their sympathies, the showman said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle-aged and old people who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were pretty much young bucks and heifers—*they* always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to taste one another's mugs in the dark.

"Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano and run his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands on his hips, and flung his eye over his shoulder at the scenery, and says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march: note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful."

The mud-dobber was all ready, and the second the speech was finished he struck up:

"Oh, we'll all get blind drunk
When Johnny comes marching home!"

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman couldn't say a word. He looked at the piano sharp, but he was all lovely and serene—*he* didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his grit and started in fresh:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible History—our Savior and his disciples upon the Sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Savior rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!

All around the house they were whispering: "Oh, how lovely! how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again:

"Oh, a life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth and cursed the piano man to himself, but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it, any how, though his confidence was beginning to get mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama to grinding along again, and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Savior. The subject has been handled with rare ability by the artist, and such touching sweetness and tenderness of expression has he thrown into it, that I have known peculiarly sensitive persons to be even affected to tears by looking at it. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look, upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe, also, the attitude and expression of the Savior, who takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up:

"Come rise up, William Ri-l-ey,
And go along with me!"

It was rough on the audience, you bet you. All the solemn old flats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra, and shook him up, and says:

"That let's you out, you know, you chowder-headed old clam! Go to the door-keeper and get your money, and cut your stick!—vamose the ranch! Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances over which I have no control compel me prematurely to dismiss—"

"By George! it was splendid!—come! all hands! let's take a drink!"

It was Phelim O'Flannigan, of San Luis Obispo, who interrupted. I had not seen him before. "What was splendid?" I inquired.

"The launch!"

Our party clinked glasses once more, and drank in respectful silence.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—You will excuse me from making a model report of the great launch. I was with Mulf Nickerson, who was going to "explain the whole thing to me as clear as glass," but, you see, they launched the boat with such indecent haste, that we never got a chance to see it. It was a great pity, because Mulph Nickerson understands launches as well as any man.

THE following is a short synopsis of Liszt's oratorio *St Elizabeth*, which we translate from the *Dresdner Journal:* "In the first part, the arrival of Elizabeth from Hungary is described. She, as well as her intended husband, Landgraf Ludwig, are in the beginning of their youth. The little bride is greeted by the chorus, and embraced by the father of Ludwig, Landgraf Herrmann, and is delivered to him by a Hungarian magnate. Ludwig shows her the country, which will belong to her, and both associate with a party of children, who welcome them with a merry song. In the next scene both are grown up and married. Ludwig is the regent of the country; he comes home from hunting, and sings a merry hunting song. At this moment he sees a person going down the path from the castle through the green bushes. He recognizes Elizabeth, who is frightened when he calls her. 'Why are you frightened and embarrassed?' he asks. She does not want to answer, since she knows that the Landgraf has forbidden her to do what she is just doing, to wit, to carry food to the poor. He wants to see what she carries under her cloak, when the food has been changed by a miracle into roses. At the same time a halo of glory surrounds the head of Elizabeth, and the angels sing a chorus of jubilation: 'The Lord has done a miracle!' The next scene is laid several years later. The Landgraf takes leave of his wife, because he has to go to the holy land on a crusade. The expressions of sorrow on the part of Elizabeth are drowned in the warlike songs of the warriors and knights. Then follows a scene, in which the mother of the Landgraf, a hard-hearted woman, informs his vassals that her son had fallen in the crusade, and that she is the lawful heir to the crown. She orders the 'seneschal' to drive Elizabeth and her children from the country, when in the same moment those enter crying and sobbing. She had come to find consolation, but she is ordered to leave forthwith. She prays in vain to be allowed to stay a little longer, since a thunderstorm is threatening; she is expelled. But now comes the punishment. The thunderstorm commences and rages, the castle is struck by lightning and burnt down. In the last part Elizabeth is at the end of her days. Although her children have been stolen from her, she praises God for his mercy, and lives in pious exercises in a hut. The poor come to her and pray to her as a saint. She offers them her cloak and her last piece of bread. Soon she is freed from earthly sorrows. Death approaches her, while the angels greet the ascension of her soul to heaven. The last part consists of the funeral of the saint." As the reader will see, there are many points for effect in this subject.

THE Opposition steamer days have been changed to the 15th of each month. The *Moses Taylor* will depart on the 15th of December, and will connect, on the Atlantic side, with the new 2,500 ton steamer *Santiago*.

THE "San Francisco Pocket Guide and Business Directory" for November, a neat little pamphlet whose uses are well described by its title, has been received.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."—Mr. Gray, Music Publisher, 613 Clay street, has laid upon our table the original version of the well-known "Wearing of the Green."

NEW BOOKS.—We acknowledge the receipt of new books, per steamer, from A. Roman & Co. Our usual notice is deferred till next week.

THE publishers of the *Cornhill Magazine*, London, having purchased the entire copyright of all works written by W. M. Thackeray and Wilkie Collins, new and uniform editions of these authors may soon be looked for.

HOW GRANDMOTHER STOPPED A THIEF.

I AM a very old lady. I have very often told my grandchildren the story of how I stopped the thief. And now they beg me to write it down, that they may read my story themselves. When I am dead, they meau. And so I write it.

When I was a little girl, I lived alone in an old country farm-house with my father. Your grandmother died, as you have heard, when I was born, and so I was my father's only companion. Dearly I loved him, and tenderly he talked to me of all his labors and of all his pleasures. At the time I write of I was just eleven years old; a merry, boisterous girl, with big fearless eyes and a spirit of achievement that was getting me into mischief. I could fill pages witb my adventures, but I know you only now wish for one.

I must describe our house. It was built in the days of Dutch William, by some one who had learned to love the houses of Holland. The dwelling-house itself was nearly n cube; a great cube of dark red brick. The front door opened into a passage that pierced the block, and ended by another door which led into our farmyard. There were two tall, narrow windows on either side of the principal door, and five tall, narrow windows on the first story. A heavy cornice hung over this row of windows, and from it rose the steep roof, covered with curly red tiles. This roof did not rise to a point. It was surmounted by a kind of summer-house of wood, about seven or eight feet square, with a window in each of its four sides. This was mounted by a big shining vane. The interior of the lighthouse was reached through a small trap door. This trap door was in the ceiling of the great garret formed by the whole roof of the house. The garret could only be entered by one other trap door, which opened into my father's room. There was just space enough in the lighthouse for my father's writing-table. There he kept his accounts, not without some straining of his brain, with scrupulous exactness. There he wrote his letters, on those rare occasions when necessity compelled him to do so. There were bis samples of corn, his rusty pistols, and his dozen drawers of indescribable odds and ends. There he could see the half of his lands, and exercise a distant supervision over his meu.

Four times a year, my father paid the rent for his hired lands. The home-farm, as you know, was his own. On the day before the rent was to be taken to the landlord's steward, the sum was always brought in gold from the bank at the town. Such a proceeding might not be very wise, but it was hallowed by its antiquity. The money was usually kept iu a bag in my father's own room. All these arrangements were well known to me. I shut my eyes now, and I see my father in his clean gaiters and the neat bow that tied his hair. I see him ride off on his roan hack to pay his rent, and I know every crease in the little leatheru bag that carries the gold.

All the tribe of house servants and laborers, who lived on the farm, knew my father's ways as well as I did. But he was unsuspicious to a fault.

One Friday evening my father had ridden to the town, and had come back with his gold. All the maids and the men were sitting at their supper in our great kitchen, and I stood by the noisy fire waiting for my father to come down to them. He always came into their meal, said a hearty word to those who were nearest to him, and then retired with me to his own parlor, his supper, and his pipe of peace.

On the particular evening in question, he walked into the room, swinging something in his hand. It was the leathern bag that carried the money; but it was empty. I knew that its place was in the bureau in my father's room, not empty, but full.

"Father," said I, "where's the money? Why haven't you locked it up in the bag?"

Everybody in the room heard my question, for there was always a hush when the master came among his men, and everybody in the room heard his answer.

"Where's the money, missie? I mounted the lighthouse when I came in to get the keys I left there in the morning, caught tbe bag in the corner of the table, and tumbled all the coin into the drawer. There it may lie. It's safe enough."

In an hour more I had been dismissed with my usual kiss, and was shut close in my own room. I have said that I should describe the house. I have only partly done so. The great range of stables and farm-buildings, at the corner of which the actual house was built, were partly made out of the ruins of an old manor house that had fallen into decay with a fallen family. The only part of the buildings that still showed any signs of architectural beauty was one gable end, where the stables abutted on the modern house. There stood still an old room on a third floor, with great mullioned windows, each in a gable of its own, that stood out to the west; and on the south side, which adjoined the modern house, was a smaller attic window, apparently inserted since the dismantling of the buildiug, for, instead of mullions, it contained a rough sash. The base of this little window (it was some five feet in height) was on the floor of the attic, and nearly level with the projecting cornice of the house. Between the cornice and the sill of the window was a space of about a yard. The staircase of the old house led from what had been the hall (now filled with gardening tools and accumulation of out-door rubbish) into a room on the first floor, and up into the top room with the three windows. At some former time it had been proposed to use both the old and the new building for domestic purposes, and a bridge passage had been built between the first floor landing of the old staircase, and the room to the little passage had been since furnished with many stout locks and bolts, but they were all on my side. It was a special delight to me to escape through my own door and wander about the premises. I had taken possession of the great attic with the great old windows, and there I kept my treasures and did my best-loved work, as my father in his lighthouse. My father condemned my independence, and would only say, as he bade me good night:

"Mind you lock your private front door, little missie. I would uot have thee stolen."

On the night in question I lay not long awake. I heard the servants who slept in the house mount to their rooms. Then I heard my father lock the two doors of the passage and ascend in his turn, pausing a minute to listen at my room, before he retired to his own. Still I lay awake and grew restless in my bed. I began to think of all that I had done in the day and of all of all I meant to do on the morrow. I was going down to fish in the beck with Beriah, the stable-help, and Mary, the dairywoman. I had been cutting a new hazel-top to my rod, up in my sanctum in the old building. And where was my knife that I had been cutting with? My knife that my father had brought me from the town a year ago, and that I loved so very fondly? I had left it in the attic. Of course no one would go there. It was quite safe. But how silly to leave it! Could I go and fetch it? No; certainly not. My father would be very angry with me for going out in the night. I must go to sleep. But I should like to see how the attic looks in the bright moonlight that shines in my room. I cannot do any harm by going out; and I cannot sleep; I hate to lie awake. The Dutch clock on the stairs strikes eleven. The house has been quite still for an hour and a half.

I stepped gently out of my bed and stole to the window. How sharply outlined the shadows were. I remember the whole scene now. Great clouds were coursing over the sky, and presently the moon would be hid. I turned the key in the lock of my own door. It moved so silently and easily, that I could not help pulling back the bolts. In another minute I was in my attic. You may think that I was a very courageous girl and very unlike most of the children you know. Perhaps children now-a-days have more foolish ideas in their heads than those of seventy years ago. I knew nothing to be afraid of. There lay my rod, and there was my cherished knife, its blade looking very blue in the moonlight. I shut it, and vowed never to be so careless again. How strange the room looked. Everything was very black, or very bright, and the broad mullions made great stripes of shadow over the floor. I feasted my eyes at the big window, and then I turned to the little one. Opposite to me rose up the steep tiled roof, and at the top was the lighthouse, its vane shining in the clear light, and its windows looking just as though there were a candle inside.

I had turned to go down to my bed again, for I was beginning to be conscious that it was cold, when I saw the window of the lighthouse that was nearest to me slowly open. I cannot say that I was exactly afraid, even then. I was spell-bound with astonishment, and stood motionless to watch. The sash was raised and a man cautiously got out. He moved awkwardly, and seemed to have his hands tied. Then he began to descend the roof very slowly and very warily. He leaned backed against the tiles, and lodging his feet and elbows in their projections, advanced inch by inch along his perilous journey, with his hands still in front of him. I had just time to recognize him when the great cloud came over the moon, and in the sudden gloom of the comparative darkness I could see little. But I had seen enough now. The man was one James Connor, a laborer on the farm. He had come to the house some weeks ago, and though my father knew nothing of him and he looked like a mere tramp, he had been received. His fellow-servants had complained once or twice that he was a drunkard, but he had promised amendment. He was in the kitchen when my father had indiscreetly answered my indiscreet question. What he was doing was clear enough. He had passed through my father's room before the house was closed for the night, had concealed himself in the garret till all was still, and had then mounted to the lighthouse to steal the money. He could not descend through my father's room without rousing him. Nor was it needful to do so. He knew the premises well, and was aware that if he could descend the roof and gain the little window, he could at once reach the farmyard, and so make his way whithersoever he would.

All this flashed through my mind as the cloud fell over the moon. In a moment I was watching more eagerly through the night, as the dim figure crept heedfully downward. He wore his shirt, stockings, and shoes, and a pair of rough breeches. In his hands he held his spoils, perhaps because he wore no pockets; perhaps, because, as his stupid look showed, he was half drunk, and run the risk of marring his plot and maiming himself for life by his folly. This I could not explain. I only saw him coming lower, lower, with my father's gold clasped in his hands. The bottom sash alone was standing in the window, about a yard from the floor in height, and there was nothing between us but the abyss between the two buildings. I was hidden completely in the dark corner of the window. I thought the man must fall. He reached the cornice in safety and stood up for a second before he stepped across. Then he stepped from roof to roof, and in a moment was leaning over the sash, supporting himself upon it by his arms, and resting his feet on the gutter that ran round the wall outside.

All this time I had simply watched. I had not thought what to do. I could not run away for help. I was chained to the spot. I knew that if the robber was to be baffled, it must be done now. As he paused before he clambered over the sash, and as he held out his hands with their spoil within them, I struck them with all my strength. The suddenness of the shock effected what my weak form could never have done. The man was startled, his hands parted, and the gold rolled all over the floor. With a curse he clutched at my arm as I darted from the window, and caught it with a grasp that I feel to this hour. Had his power not been crippled by his dangerous position, I should have stood but a sorry chance against him. He could only use one urm, for with the other he was compelled to steady himself on the window. With that one arm he held me, and raised his knee to step into the room. I do not know why he did not let me go. He could have caught me long before I could give any serious alarm, and have silenced me effectually. He could not at the same time hold me and enter the room. All this time I did not scream; it seemed to me that the struggle was too serious to be interrupted, and I felt so intense an earnestness in the work of trying to escape, that I was prevented from uttering a sound.

At last the thief contrived to hold my little wrist in his huge hand aud grasp the sash with it at the same time. In a second he would have been in the room. He could have stunned, or perhaps murdered me, in a moment—have re-collected the gold, have descended into the court, and in those days, when as yet there were neither detectives nor telegraphs, have escaped. It was my left arm that was prisoned. In my right I held the knife. I was desperate, then; and though I was but a little, small-boned girl, all the devil in me was roused. I fear I could have slain the man with small compunction, at the instant of the deed I lifted the clasp-knife to my mouth and tore open the blade with my teeth, and then I cut at the wrist of my foe as though I would cut it through. He started back with a cry of pain and fury, lost his hold on the window and fell. I heard the dull, heavy sound of his body as it struck the ground below. My left arm was covered with the hot blood I had shed. Then I turned round to rouse the house. But my young nerves remained strung only while the work was to be done. I staggered, and fell fainting among the broad guineas I had saved. I lay senseless for some hours, and then woke with a strange feeling of having done or suffered something—I hardly knew what. Slowly I remembered what had happened. It was still dark. I went to the window to see what had become of my antagouist. There was light enough for me to see a dark mass below me, which I thought could be nothing else than Connor's body. I turned my head to the left and saw the first faint light of morning breaking through the clouds. In half an hour the whole of the farm would be astir. Slowly I returned to my deserted chamber and passed through it to my father's. It did not take long to assure him of my being whole and unhurt, in spite of my bloody nightdress. Wondering as I told him my tale, he called some of his men, and we went out to see the enemy. He was alive. I felt a thrill of pleasure at knowing that, though I could have taken his life so ruthlessly in my rage. He was alive, but so bruised and injured by his fall that he was perfectly helpless. One of his legs was broken, as we afterwards discovered, and his right arm was out of joint. The gash of my knife had done him no serious harm. It was a bad cut, but no more. He was carried off to jail as soon as he could be moved. I will not tell you the story of his trial and punishment. I remember the judge said that the little girl was more fit to carry the king's colors than many a man of twice her years. And now my story is done. It happened seventy years ago, my children; but I remember it all, and though I own to being proud of my stout heart, I have exaggerated nothing.

English Magazine.

THE *Round Table* is not altogether satisfied with Artemus Ward's last volume, and asks: "Will he ever again produce a melodramatic effect like that of a canal boat's escape from pirates by the exposure of a peck of oats on the path before the pirate's horses? At least, if Artemus Ward never says another good thing, let us remember the remarkable genius which could utter that matchless absurdity, in which the fancy drifts round and round under a spell of perfectly delicious unreason: 'It 'ud been more 'n ten dollars in Jeff. Davis's pocket if he'd never been born.'"

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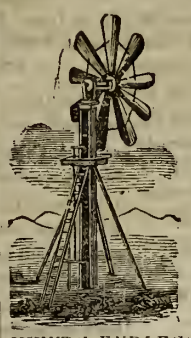

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Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market. Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

E. O. HUNT,

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THE MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash - - -	$3,500,000
Paid claims by death, - - - - -	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864, - - - -	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,

No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.

SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14 3m

OVERSTOCKED!

AND MUST SELL!

Goodwin & Co.,

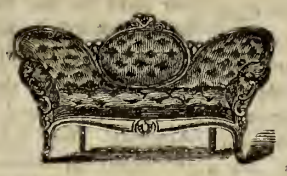
Would advise their patrons and the public THAT THEY WILL NOT ALLOW ANY PERSON TO

UNDERSELL THEM IN THIS MARKET

Our record for the past fourteen years is well known, and we INTEND TO BE WITH YOU ALWAYS.

Our stock of

Furniture.



BEDDING AND MIRRORS,

Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

GUARANTEE

OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

—AT—

LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

GOODWIN & CO.,

mh25 tf Nos. 510 and 528 Washington street.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS

TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

ON SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY,

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

sc23 tf J. WHITNEY, JR., President.

CALEB M. SICKLER,

DEALER IN

Stoves and Tin Ware,

422 *KEARNEY STREET,*

BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

SAN FRANCISCO

AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

my28 624 Clay street, San Francisco.

MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

NATHANIEL GRAY,

UNDERTAKER,

CITY AND COUNTY SEXTON,

641 SACRAMENTO STREET, CORNER OF WEBB,

Sole Agents for BARSTOW'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES and CASKETS.

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TRIAL IS THE BEST

AND

Surest Test of Merit!

OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

(200,000)

HAVE BEEN SOLD

Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

F. L. TILESTON, Agent,

Corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets,

se30 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and Amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st. It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

73 W. D. FARRAND.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,

je10 4 Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House on Monday, Mr. Bandmann essayed the character of "Richelieu." Mr. Bandmann is unfortunate in his attempts to present the characteristics of old age. Daniel E. Bandmann was continually breaking through the transparent disguise of the aged "Cardinal," on Monday evening last. His manifestations of power lost their effect, from the fact that they did not appear to come from an old man roused into animation, and nerving himself for an effort; it rather appeared as if "Cardinal Richelieu" underwent a transformation like that of "Faust;" hey presto! Old "Richelieu" vanishes, and young Mr. Bandmann stands before the audience. Mr. Bandmann failed to sustain the dignity of the character; in one instance he made the "Cardinal" do a little low comedy gesticulating, which was very absurd. If Mr. Bandmann's "conception" of the character of "Cardinal Richelieu" is that he was a low, cunning old man, with a strong will and a bad temper, one who, to regain the lost favor of his king, will, bending low, "and in a bondsman's key, with bated breath and whispering humbleness," *beg* a favor of him whom he was wont to govern, I confess Mr. Bandmann fully carried out his conception; yet that does not debar me from the right to say that this conception is false. How many more characters which have been treated with at least some small show of reverence and respect by his predecessors, are to be placed upon the rack? Mrs. Harry Jackson read and acted the part of "Julie de Mortimer" with admirable fidelity, displaying much power where the text called for it. Mr. C. R. Thorne, Jr., presented the character of "De Mauprat" with the ease and polish which has of late characterized every part he has undertaken. Mr. Louis Aldrich appeared to great advantage as "Baradas," and played the part evenly and well. Mr. Walter Leman made a capital "Joseph," and the play, which was repeated last night, went off well. The ensuing evening *Othello* was performed, Mr. Bandmann as "Othello," Mr. Boniface as "Iago," and Mrs. Harry Jackson as "Desdemona:" as I had witnessed Mr. Bandmann's performance of "Othello," I did not attend on this occasion. On Wednesday, Mr. Harry Jackson made his first appearance as "Isaac Abram Bokes," in *The Creole*. Mr. Jackson impersonated the low Whitechapel Jew to the life: some actors, perhaps, would attempt to turn "Bokes" into an aristocratic usurer; Mr. Jackson played as he found him, and presented to the audience a most perfect specimen of a beast of prey, hundreds of specimens of which are to be found in London, and, unless Colenso succeeds in entirely subverting the authority of the Bible, it is to be believed that the breed will never become extinct. As "Bellona St. Mars," Mrs. Jackson was charmingly vivacious, and proved that, in addition to her talent for such characters as "Pauline" in the *Lady of Lyons*, she possesses much versatility. I cannot describe Mrs. Jackson more fitly than by saying she is a *thorough* actress. In the afterpiece *A Day After the Fair*, Mr. Harry Jackson displayed his powers of mimicry, which are great, by his imitations of Charles Kean, George Coppin, John Gregg, and Joe Jefferson; the imitation of George Coppin was the best; Kean was good, but any one can imitate Kean. Mr. Harry Jackson is a valuable addition to the Opera House company, being a very clever low-comedian, and excellent in character parts. The next sensation at the Opera House is the production of *The Sea of Ice*, which will be played this afternoon and eveuing. This drama is to be produced with novel scenic effects; the stage will be made to represent a sea of ice, with icebergs floating in it.

At the Metropolitan, Mr. Wheatleigh, in spite of the rain, had a crowded house on the occasion of his benefit on Monday, when *Arrah-na Pogue* was played for the fiftieth and last time. On Tuesday, *Savannah* was produced. This piece was put on the stage in magnificent style; a succession of beautifully painted scenes and stage effects, lime lights, red lights, etc., form the attractive features of this play. Why Mr. Wheatleigh should have chosen such a weak production to expend so much money on is a mystery; he had far better have saved his gold and silver leaf, and put it all on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. However, this latter play, which is shortly to be produced, is not to suffer, as Mr. Wheatleigh has realized enough gold and silver out of *Arrah-na-Pogue* spend a large amount on *Savannah* and leave enough for a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I hope will prove another fifty-night reality. When Charles Kean produced it at the Princess' Theatre, London, it ran one hundred and eighty nights. Though *Savannah* is, as a literary production, trash, as a *spectacle* it is a thing of beauty and a joy for a little while. The water-fall scene is very beautiful, but that is eclipsed by the splendors of the scene in the savannah, with its tropical trees, fruits and flowers, a handsome stuffed serpent, which looks even more deadly than the sand-club which the daily newspapers have manufactured for the What Cheer House burglars, and other wonders of the animal and vegetable kingdom. I have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Sedley Brown played "Arrah-na-Pogue" about as well as she can play anything. She attempts to be far too playful and overacts her part in the comedy of *Ladies Beware*, which precedes *Savannah*; in this latter play she has little required of her save to look interesting under the reflection of a lime light, and sing a song; both of which feats she accomplishes satisfactorily. Mr. George Pauncefort h s the best character in the piece, and consequently comes in for the largest share of applause: he plays a light comedy lawyer, "Nick Lively," capitally. Mr. Wheatleigh's part does not suit him, but he makes all that can be made of it. Mr. Leach comes out quite brilliantly as a funny Yorkshireman. There is scarcely a good part in the piece. Miss Sallie Hinckley, Mr. H. D. Thompson, Mr. J. H. Warwick and all the company do what is set down for them well. This afternoon *Savannah* will be played for the accommodation of ladies and children; a prettier sight for the little ones cannot be imagined. After to-night it will be withdrawn. The *Colleen Bawn* will be played on Monday, with new scenery and a strong cast.

On Wednesday the long promised burlesque, *Arrah-na-Poke*, was produced to a densely crowded house at the Academy. There is lots of fun in the piece, and the audience thoroughly appreciated it. Many of the scenes are full of keen satire on the representation of "Ireland *a la* Boucicault," in *Arrah-na-Pogue*. The court-martial scene affords ample opportunity for this; the burlesque "Michael Feeny" deliberately places himself within reach of the mob, who continually belabor him with deadly stuffed-clubs: when he is told to move out of reach of these weapons, with stern conscientiousness he replies that he cannot, he has seen the original play and knows how he ought to sit; another neat point is made by "Colonel O'Gravy," on "Shun the Post's" addressing some particularly insulting remark to "Majority Coughin," rushing up to him and expressing his admiration of his behavior, by shaking him warmly by the hand. Mr. Dan Setchell made the most of the character of "Shun the Post," and kept the audience in a continual roar of laughter during the time he was on the stage. His make-up was infinitely comic and refreshingly new. Mr. Woodhull's "Michael Feeny" was accurately studied from the original at the Metropolitan, and exaggerated to a point of irrisistible absurdity. The Worrell Sisters acquitted themselves well in their respective parts, Little Jennie distinguishing herself by her execution of a barn-door jig, and the burlesque was quite a success. To-night the performance will commence with *Margot, the Poultry Dealer*, and conclude with the burlesque. This afternoon the amusing little farce of *California Diamonds*, and the burlesque will constitute the entertainment.

TOUCHSTONE.

LITERARY NOTES.

FOREIGN.

THE *New Nation* says: "Mr. Richard Grant White's *Memoirs of Shakspeare's Life* meets with a carping notice in the *Athenæum*, written apparently more to ventilate certain crotchets of the writer's than to convey an accurate idea of the book reviewed. While complaining absurdly of "want of originality," (originality on such a well-worn topic!) the critic admits that "the author's enthusiasm for Shakspeare is great, his style crisp and pleasant, and his intention good.' We believe Mr. White has not mentioned in his book a trifling fact that came to light a few years since, when Shakspeare's house at Stratford was being repaired on its coming into possession of the present trustees. In restoring the fireplace to its old position in the birth room of the poet, the beam of the chimney-piece proved to be hollow, and in a carefully concealed cavity a cross and some apparently Catholic relics were found. Unimportant in itself, this incident may have some relation to the religious tendencies of the family of the great dramatist, who has himself been remarked to speak with unvarying respect of the priestly character and attributes. Criticism is so far from being exhausted on these themes that a new work by Mr. Gerald Massey is only just announced. It is entitled '*Shakspeare's Sonnets*, never before Interpreted; with a Retouched Portrait of the man Shakspeare.' It contains a new theory of the sonnets, according to which the greater portion of them—personal or dramatic—were written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakspeare's keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air. This analysis of the work is by no means clear of comprehension, but we must be satisfied with it till the book itself appears."

AT a recent sale, in London, of the splendid library of the late Earl of Charlemont, an Irish peer whose name became celebrated in the struggle for Irish Independence in 1783, some of Shakspeare's works brought high prices. The *editio princeps* of Shakspeare, being the folio of 1623, printed in London by Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount, in the old red morocco binding with tooled borders, brought $1,820. It is one of the purest and finest copies known, measuring 12¼ by 8¼ inches. *Hamlet*, "printed for W. S. by John Smethwicke," 4to, no date, $51 50. *Love's Labor Lost*, published in 1598, first edition, three leaves reprinted, sold for $245; Mr. Geo. Daniel's complete copy sold for $1433. *The Merchant of Venice*, 4to., printed by I. Roberts, 1600, went for $115. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, same date, size, and publisher, $115. *Much Ado About Nothing*, first edition, 4to., first edition, 1600, brought $775. but Mr. Daniel's copy realized $1,339. *King Lear*, 1608, quarto, $60. *Titus Andronicus*, 1611, quarto, $205. *Richard the Third*, 1612, quarto, $56. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1619, quarto, $167.

THE Italians are about to establish a magazine in the style of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which, it is hoped, will equally represent the intelligence and culture of the country. It will be a revival of the *Anthologie Italienne*, to which Vieussenx, Giordiani, Tommasco, Capponi, etc., used to contribute, and which was suppressed thirty-three years ago by the Tuscan government at the instigation of the Russian minister. The *Anthologie*, in its new form, will be edited by Cino Capponi, one of the survivors of the original staff, and a large sum has been subscribed to give the undertaking a fair start.

THE New York *Weekly Review* thinks it must be rather an easy, if a somewhat dishonest labor, to achieve a reputation as a lecturer, in England. Note, for example, the following significant advertisement, clipped from a late London paper: "To Lecturers and Others—Original MS. Lectures, on Topics of General Interest, Literary, Scientific, Historical and Social, written in a popular style, and combining Instruction with Amusement, for disposal. Prices from four shillings to one guinea. Lectures written to order."

TENNYSON is on the banks of the Moselle, very much to the disgust of the many tourists prying about Farringford in the Isle of Wight. Victor Hugo is still on the Rhine. Robert Browning is in Brittany. George H. Lewes, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is travelling in Brittany, and contributing to the London *Pall Mall Gazette*, a series of very pleasing papers, entitled, "The Runaway Contributor."

THE famous African traveller, Dr. Barth, has, according to the *Triester Zeitung*, been treated in a very offensive manner by the Voievode of Montenegro, Mellan. The doctor had attempted to penetrate the mountains of Wassewitch from Albania, and was stopped by the Voievode with a body of armed men, who, after handling him very roughly, sent him back again.

THE Russian government has agreed to exempt from postal charges all statistical publications sent from other countries to the scientific societies of the empire, if transmitted through the Ministry of Public Instruction.

J. S. LE FANU, the author of *Uncle Silas* and *Wylder's Hand*, has just published another novel, entitled *Guy Deverell*. This is good news for novel readers.

HERR MORITZ GEROLD, the head of the firm at Vienna which published the Austrian edition of the *Life of Cæsar*, has been presented with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. In the official letter, sent to him on this occasion, it is stated that the honor has been conferred upon him "*comme un gage de l'intérêt pour votre personne, et comme une marque de la juste et particulière estime que sa Majesté fait de l'état des arts en Autriche.*"

THE continuation of M. Renan's *Life of Jesus* is in the press. It is to appear in two volumes, one of which will be entitled *Les Apotres* and the other *St. Paul*. It is said that this work is much less calculated to provoke criticism than its predecessor, the opinions expressed in it being more in conformity with the generally received views on the subject.

DR. COLENSO, says the *Athenæum*—in closing a review of the fifth part of that writer's work on the Pentateuch, just published in London—is now on his way to the Cape.

IT is an indisputable fact that more disease and suffering is entailed upon children by impure blood in parents than from any other cause. Heads of families owe it their posterity to see to it that their blood is kept free from all poisonous matter that would have a tendency to produce disease, suffering and perhaps death to their offspring. Adams' Blood Purifier, prepared by Samuel Adams, San Francisco, is a strictly vegetable preparation, and is scientifically prepared from the choicest and most efficacious blood purifying remedies known to the vegetable world, and if used according to directions will restore the blood to its proper condition in a very short time.

NEW GOODS.—By the arrival of the last steamer from the East, J. R. Mead & Co., of Montgomery street, corner of Bush, and Washington street, corner of Sansome, are in receipt of the latest Eastern Winter Fashions for Gentlemen's Fine Clothing, in great variety. Their new style of French Walking Coats are tasty in the extreme, and are now first introduced in this city. A large assortment of Gents Underclothing also on hand, from all which the most fastidious can pick to suit, both in style and price, as they are determined to be undersold by none.—*Morning Call.*

THE divine Shakespeare has said of Mercy that "it is twice blessed; blessing him who gives and him who takes." The same is true of Newell's Pulmonary Syrup, that most successful of all remedies for cough and consumption—as one trial will most undeniably prove. For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

A CARD—TO LADIES.—The pearl of beauty, Davidson's Circassian Bloom, is a charming enamel wash for the complexion. As fragrant as it is innocent, when once used, it will prove itself superior in all qualities for the complexion and skin. Sold by all Druggists.

Mosgrove & Blakely's new *Dry Goods Store* s in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Cadiceos.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.

August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M

Dentist Work.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and vulcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A Dainty Branch of Art.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Toys.—Toys can be purchased of Feldhush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

NICHOLSON PAVEMENT.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING PURCHASED THE

PATENT RIGHT,

is prepared to enter into contracts for the construction of this Pavement,

UPON REASONABLE TERMS,

EITHER FOR STREETS OR SIDEWALKS.

JAMES J. ROBBINS,
jy22-tf 619 Montgomery street.

CARRINGTON & CO'S
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THIS AGENCY

Enables Country Residents to make purchases in the City without troubling busy friends, or mere acquaintances.

IF YOU WANT

Books, Prints, Clothing, Instruments, Music, Tools, Weapons, Sporting Implements, Fancy Stock, Jewelry, Silver or Plated Ware, Wines, Cigars, Fine Groceries, Furniture; in short, any Article, large or small, singly or in quantity, for Ladies' or Gentlemen's use or wear,

or for Dealers' Supplies, from a seal-ring to a steam engine—a Canoe or a Cashmere; lace or leather,

SEND ON YOUR ORDERS.

Orders may be given in French, Spanish or German.

COMMISSION CHARGE, FIVE PER CENT.

Address: CARRINGTON & CO.,
40 Broadway, N. Y.

BREWSTER & CO.'S
Carriage Manufactory,
372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it on work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY
ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

G. W. Bell.....President
*C. Wolcott Brooks.....Vice President
H. S Hommns.....Corresponding Secretary
David Wilder.....Recording Secretary
John G. Clark.....Treasurer

J. H. Wildes, A. M. Ebbetts,
J. W. Cox, F. D. Kellogg,
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Geo. Hewston, M. D., *Daniel Rogers,
F. L. Castle.

*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

For the very best Photographs, go to Brudley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

Published

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

532 MERCHANT STREET,

BY THE CALIFORNIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

A. A. STICKNEY. J. P. BOGARDUS. WM. J. BINGHAM.

No effort will be spared to enable The Californian to appeal to the Public for support, not only as the

BEST JOURNAL ON THE PACIFIC COAST,

But also as being

The Equal of any on this Continent!

THE BEST TALENT OF THE STATE

is employed upon The Californian, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

EASTERN AND FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

Its reputation is now fully established. It is not

EXCELLED BY ANY LITERARY JOURNAL

on the Continent.

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No. 532 Merchant street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

Market-street, San José.

A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Continental." House open all night.

GEORGE T. BROMLEY, Proprietor.

TOYS! TOYS! TOYS

BASKET AND WILLOW WARE,

FANCY GOODS, &c.

The Best Selected and Largest Assorted Stock

EVER BEFORE IN CALIFORNIA.

FOR SALE CHEAP BY THE CASE OR DOZEN,

—AT—

THURNAUER & ZINN'S,

320 and 322 Battery street,

Between Commercial and Clay streets,

se16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.

By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.

J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of RICHARD GRAHAM, deceased. Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of ELIZABETH GRAHAM, executrix of the last will and testament of Richard Graham, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled thereto:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Richard Graham, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Monday, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees and devisees of the said Richard Graham, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.

Dated November 8th, 1865. GEO. B. MERRILL, Attorney for Executrix.

no11-5t

CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

Stereoscopic and Album Views

OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,

EMBRACING OVER NINE HUNDRED New and Interesting Scenes in this city, and Mining Districts.

Also, Wood's celebrated

VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,

size 18x22—the finest ever published.

Catalogues free. For sale by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,

oc28 1m Nos. 317 and 319 Montgomery streets.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,

MERCHANDISE,

FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,

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SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Morro—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

☞ 75,000 ☜

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,

General Agent for the Singer

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OCCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.

mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle. v.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge. JOHN KELLY, Jr.,

my6 3m Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,

se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549,

Washington Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

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THREE FIRST PREMIUMS

WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE

MECHANICS' FAIR

IN SAN FRANCISCO,

FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,

TO

I. D. THOMPSON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,

No. 321 *Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.*

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

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LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF

STOVES AND METALS,

Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,

jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO.*

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of

GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

S. W. H. WARD & SON,

NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca

jo30 3m

LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,

UP STAIRS. ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future: on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16-3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - - $10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - - 11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - - 2,827,290
Deposit in California under State law, - $75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 *California street, - - - San Francisco,*

Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.

an19-3m

GREAT TRIUMPH!!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior Instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certified letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

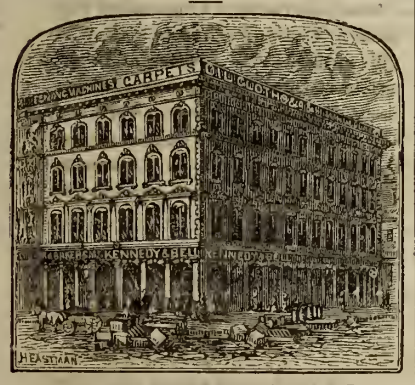
Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL-CLOTHS, ETC.,



KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & CO.,

PRINTERS,

And Blank Book Manufacturers,

517 CLAY STREET,

Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,

SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to
jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., assets	- -	$4,000,000
Security do	do do - -	2,000,000
Phenix do	do do - -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.	
Phenix	do do	Security	do do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford: Assets nearly - - - - - - -	$8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - -	$1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company: Capital - - - - - -	$250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
an29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.
oc14 3m

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED

MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. an5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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NOTICE.

MISSION BAY BRIDGE COMPANY.

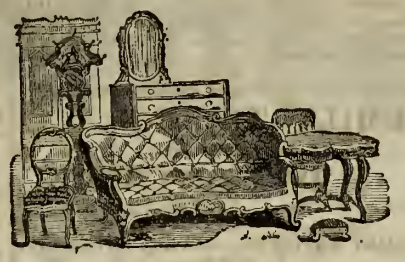
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, } State of California. }

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 2d day of November, 1865, an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable immediately to the Secretary, in United States gold coin, at the office of the Company, No. 24 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d of December, 1865, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 16th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. ALFRED BARSTOW, Secretary,

Office No. 24 Montgomery Block, Southeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets,
no4-4i San Francisco.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!



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415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

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Furniture,

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FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM

FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

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Ahead as Usual!

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SEWING MACHINE.

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JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
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Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

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Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

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Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

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Are Palatable to the Taste.

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BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

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THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their Importations of

FALL GOODS,

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For sale by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDBUSH & CO., 307 California street.

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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, NOV. 18TH,
SAVANNAH!

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 11TH,
The GRAND SPECTACULAR PLAY of
SAVANNAH!
Produced at Drury Lane and in the Atlantic Cities with great success.

Fabricio.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Nick Lively.....Geo. Pauncefort
Don Salvator.....H. D. Thompson
Savreda.....J. H. Warwick
Peter Pickle.....F. Percy
Simon Squeerly.....S. W. Leach
Julia Petralba.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Senora Petralba.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
Piquelta.....Mrs. Yeamans

Previous to the romance, the comedy of
LADIES, BEWARE!

Col. Yavasour.....S. W. Leach
Grace Peabody.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Lady Beauchamp.....Mrs. Judah

In rehearsal:
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

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DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

NOV. 10th, SACRAMENTO,
Captain J. M. Cavarly.
NOVEMBER 18th, - - - - CONSTITUTION,
Captain E. S. Farnsworth.
From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Attest: H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled. } Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.
no11 3m

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Pine street, near Montgomery.

Proprietor.....T. MAGUIRE
Manager.....DAN SETCHELL.
Treasurer.....J. R. MARSHALL.
Leader of Orchestra.....J. L. SCHMIDT

Engagement of the Beautiful Comedienne and Vocalist,
EMILY THORNE,
SUPPORTED BY
DAN SETCHELL,
And a Talented Company.

FAMILY MATINEES.....EVERY SATURDAY,
At Half Prices.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON,
CROWN DIAMONDS,
AND
ARRAH-NA-POKE!

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 18TH,
Margot, the Poultry Dealer!

Margot.....Miss Emily Thorne
Hermann.....Dan Setchell
Count De Newburgh.....Harry Wall

To conclude with the new burlesque of
ARRAH NA POKE!

Shun the Post.....Dan Setchell
Arrah Melissa.....Miss Bridget Clarkson
Squeamish but Cool.....Sophie O'Worrell
Fanny Steampower.....Irene O'Worrell
Majority Coughlin.....Geo. O'Pardee
Shaky Welshrabbit.....Little Jennie O'Worrell

Dress Circle and Parquette.....$1 00
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
No extra charge for reserved seats.

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CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,
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SACRAMENTO CITY.

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To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts.
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
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Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

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San Francisco and Sacramento City.

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SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO.
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Dental and Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments: Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work: Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short, EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION

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FOR SENATOR,
WILLIAM H. SHARP.

T. S. MILLER, President.
G. BACKUS, Secretary. no18

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY,
SATURDAY, NOV. 18TH,
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,
AT HALF PRICES,
Commencing at 2 o'clock,
GRAND MATINEE.
THE SEA OF ICE!

This Evening, November 18th,
MR. HARRY JACKSON
AND
Mr. Geo. E Boniface,
In the Romantic Scenic Drama entitled the
SEA OF ICE!
SUPPORTED BY THE REGULAR COMPANY.

The play will be produced with Costly Scenery, Startling Mechanical Effects, Elegant Properties, etc.

The coming week will be positively the LAST WEEK of the Engagement of
Mr. D. E. Bandmann.
Who will appear, on

Monday Evening.....as.....HAMLET
Wednesday Evening.....as.....NARCISSE
Friday Evening, as "Antonie," in Edward H. House's translation of the grand Military Drama entitled.....THE OLD CORPORAL

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10
Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA
IODINE
ALTERATIVE,
CURES ALL BLOOD DISEASES,

Rheumatism, Scrofula, Mercury, Hereditary Complaints
LE DOYEN'S
SARSAPARILLA,
Eruptions, Hip Disease, Live Complaint, et cetera.
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FOR
THE BLOOD.

No disease escapes its searching curative agencies.

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GREAT AMERICAN
PRIZE CONCERT!
AT
CROSBY'S OPERA HOUSE,
Chicago, Illinois, - - February 22d, 1866.

20,000 VALUABLE GIFTS WORTH $96,800
PRESENTED TO THE TICKET HOLDERS.

100,000 *TICKETS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.*

1 Gift of $10,000 cash	$10,000
1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
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48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

40,000 Tickets already sold. Send in your orders if you wish to secure them.

Tickets ONE DOLLAR each in Greenbacks, or 11 for $10, sent by mail to any address upon receipt of price and Postoffice stamp.

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ANNIVERSARY BALL
OF THE
Mechanics' Institute,
TO BE HELD AT
UNION HALL,

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 14, 1865.

Committee of Arrangements:

C. H. Harrison.....517 Front street.
D. A. Macdonald.....corner Market and Beale.
H. F. Williams.....626 Clay street.
Gardner Elliot.....2 Washington Market.
J. W. Reay.....319 California street.

Of whom Tickets may be had, and also from P. B. DEXTER, the Secretary of the Institute.

WILSON'S CELEBRATED BAND has been engaged for the occasion.

PRICE OF ADMISSION for a Gentleman and Ladies - - $2

☞ The Street Cars will run to and from the Hall during the night. no18 td

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BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

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SAMUEL ADAMS,
AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
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Corner of Bush and Powell streets.

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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,
HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,
VIA NICARAGUA!

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY will despatch the favorite Steamship
MOSES TAYLOR.
ON FRIDAY, - - - - DECEMBER 15TH,
From Mission-street Wharf, at 10 o'clock, A. M., precisely.
Connecting at GREYTOWN with the splendid Steamship
SANTIAGO,
2,500 TONS, FOR NEW YORK.

☞ For Passage and Freight, and Insurance on Treasure, at greatly REDUCED RATES, apply to

I. W. RAYMOND, Agent,
Northwest corner Battery and Pine streets,
Up stairs, San Francisco.

NEW DANCING ACADEMY,
CONGRESS HALL,
ON BUSH STREET, ADJOINING THE RUSS HOUSE.

MR. AND MRS. COGILL AND SONS

Will continue teaching all the Fashionable Dances, Department, etc., at the above New, Splendid and Spacious Hall.

REGULAR CLASSES—Mondays and Wednesdays. Ladies at 2 P. M.; Gentlemen and Ladies at 7 1-2 P. M.

CHILDREN'S CLASSES—Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2 P. M

Private Lessons given separately, or to Classes, in Ball Room and Stage Dances.

SOIREES on Friday Evenings.

CONGRESS HALL TO RENT.

The elegantly furnished Hall, and other convenient rooms, for Balls, Private Parties, Weddings, etc. The Hall is 60 by 66; also, large Dining Room. For particulars, apply at the Academy. no11 3m

The Californian.

"SURELY THERE IS A VEIN FOR THE SILVER AND A PLACE FOR GOLD WHERE THEY FINE IT."

VOLUME III., No. 27. OFFICE, No. 532 MERCHANT STREET. | SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1865. | TERMS, $5 A YEAR, BY MAIL, IN ADVANCE; 50 CENTS A MONTH, BY CARRIER.

CONTENTS:

NO CONTINUED STORIES—EVERY ARTICLE COMPLETED IN THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL:

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Indoor Gardening.—No. 2.—By "Iris."

A Blow on the Cliff—A Sketch.—By "Bret."

POETRY:

Sweetheart.—By Charles Warren Stoddard.

The Pleiades.—By Chas. G. Ames.

THE MOUSE-TRAP: {By "Trem."

THEATRICAL TALK: {By "Touchstone."

NEW BOOKS:

A Review of Recent Publications.

SELECTED:

The Haunted Castle.

Travelling in Switzerland.

Matrimonial Infelicities.

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How the Davenports were Exposed.

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The Volunteer Counsel.

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POETRY:

The Spirit Caravan.

A Farewell to Agassiz.

EDITORIALS:

The Latest Views of an Honest Miner.

Editorial Paragraphs.

(For the Californian.)

PLEIADES.

BY CHAS. G. AMES.

I.

A GENTLE Sisterhood, that nightly walk,
Handed, the shady pathway of the skies!
I hear soft murmurs of your maiden talk,
I read soft love-light in your maiden eyes.

II.

A flock of Lambs, that stroll the fields of blue,
And camp beside the silver stream of heaven!
Nor Wolf nor Bear can hurrass such as you;
To you all space for a safe fold is given.

III.

Seven Lamps, that burn before the throne of God!
Why hung out nightly to the gaze of men?
Blest stars! ye light for us the upward road;
Ye lead lost children to their home again.

THE MOUSE-TRAP.

"WE that have free souls, it touches us not."

HAMLET—Act III., Scene 2.

THE *Call* is perfectly miserable at the idea of 1,000 women being added to the population of the Pacific coast. It calls Mercer, the philanthropist, "Humbug Mercer," and begs Governor Andrew to advise the "deluded females" to return to New England, instead of letting them come to "a country where they are not wanted." We don't believe the cruel little *Call* would be at all distressed if the whole ship-load went to the bottom. It had the brutality to say that, for all practical purposes, they might as well be thrown into the Bay as landed on the Pacific coast. We expect Mercer knows what he is about. In a letter to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, dated October 23d, he gives the reasons which induced him to look up 1,000 women for Washington Territory. He makes out a very good case. He says that, on visiting the Territory, he found there a good climate, good soil, lumber, minerals, fish, wool, fruit, grass, grain, and lots of fine young men. His philanthropic soul bled for these young men. They were far from their sisters and mothers. It was a pitiable spectacle to see nice young men wandering about without buttons on their shirts. His great mind grasped the situation. He saw what was wanted. He determined to supply the want. He was convinced that a thousand women would go off like hot cakes among so many single young men. He proceeded East, and at infinite labor procured a cargo of ladies. He says he has a really superior article; an assorted cargo. Is the man who procures 1,000 ladies, each one of whom he can *warrant* as a desirable wife for a young man, to be sneered at as a humbug by a little paper which at this very day contains an advertisement setting forth that "a young man of sober, steady, and industrious habits, is desirous of forming the acquaintance of a young woman with a view to matrimony," and desires to be addressed on the subject for one week? Let that young man wait until A. S. Mercer's assorted cargo of wives arrive. Think of a thousand to choose from, every one of whom is warranted as good as another! Mercer a humbug! Does he induce these ladies to accompany him under false pretences? Not he; he says:

"Those who accompany me must not expect to occupy a flower garden or to live upon sweet perfume, but must calculate that they are going into the vineyard to labor, and that their labor will be rewarded."

Can a man speak fairer? He expressly states that they "must not expect to occupy a flower garden or to live on sweet perfume." We don't know that we should ourselves object to a wife who could live on sweet perfume, provided that a little sweet perfume would last her a long time. A bottle of eau de cologne a month would be cheap board, and a hammock slung in a flower garden would be cheaper than rooms at the Cosmopolitan. We hope the *Call* will desist from its endeavors to bear Mercer's stock, and cause it to depreciate in value. If he in the generosity of his nature allows us to have a first view, we ought to be grateful: we could pick out a few wives—the most desirable—and pass the rest on to our neighbors in Washington Territory. We do not believe that we can have too much of a good thing, and that female population is a good thing no one can deny. Finally, as Mr. Mercer does not intend to bring 1,000 women to San Francisco, but has procured them in the Eastern States to supply a pressing want which he honestly believes to exist in Washington Territory, it is not the *Call's* business, and that paper has no right to stigmatize A. S. Mercer as "Humbug Mercer," or term these ladies deluded before it knows whether they are deluded or not.

THE *Bulletin* ought to have more consideration for the feelings of "respectable" people than it has shown of late. It is well enough, if Ah Gee steals a chicken, or a greasy mechanic gets drunk, and is arrested for fighting, to let the public know all about it; but it ought really to conceal the little failings of rich and respectable people. In Thursday's issue, the local reporter talks of Samuel Brannan's being arrested and locked up in the station house for being drunk, just as coolly as if he was speaking of some poor devil without a cent; he hasn't enough consideration to say "Samuel Brannan, Esq.," or even Mr. Brannan. This sort of thing won't do. If this is a republican country, a newspaper reporter who, perhaps, never had more than two or three hundred dollars in his possession at one time in the whole course of his life, isn't to call a man worth hundreds of thousands of dollars "Brannan," even if he does get drunk! It is decidedly wrong to talk of a man who owns so much money being "put in the calaboose;" "placed under temporary restraint" was the term to use. That reporter will make the *Bulletin* unpopular. In the same issue, he gives an account of a star performer being whipped on the stage by a stock actor, and in his description he could not be more disrespectful if he were talking of a "supe," instead of an Anglo-German tragedian. He might have known that Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann wouldn't like to have that innocent little peculiarity of his—spitting at people he doesn't like—exposed in print, and it was inconsiderate, to use a very mild term, to say anything about the matter. It's all bosh to talk about the duty a journalist owes the public; no "smart" newspaper writer thinks of that. If the *Bulletin* reporter had suppressed those paragraphs relating to the rich man who got drunk, and the star performer who got whipped, he might have had the honor of counting Samuel Brannan, Esq., the capitalist, and Daniel E. Bandmann, Esquire, the Anglo-German tragedian, among his personal friends; and the public would not have known that he was delinquent in the duty he owed it. As it is, both the capitalist and the "star" will, no doubt, cherish a deadly hatred for the reporter, will tell the public he has a personal spite against them, and the public will believe them. If the reporter of the *Bulletin* wishes to make friends, he will oblige individuals, and let the public whistle for news which it will pay him better to keep from them.

"EARL RUSSELL throws himself on the mercy of the country." The above sensation "head line" appears in the telegraphic column of the *Alta*. The same paper makes the same statement in its editorial comments on the "singular speech" reported to have been made by Lord Russell. On referring to the dispatch, we cannot perceive anything in the report of Lord Russell's speech to warrant the statement made by the *Alta*. He stated that "he should abide by the principles of his life;" he requested for his colleagues time to decide upon momentous questions, and said, as every Prime Minister before him has said, and probably all his successors will say:

"The Government deemed it its duty to consult the wishes of the people, and it would be for Parliament to consider how far these wishes were based on justice."

The *Alta*, after this effort of genius, will next make an attempt to find "a singular and highly important statement" in a Queen's speech.

FIVE wealthy farmers, charged with being engaged in manufacturing counterfeits of United States silver coin, have been arrested near Sterling, Canada.

So says an exchange. We do not believe that these men can be punished for manufacturing sterling coin.

NEWSPAPERS publish intensely interesting intelligence. We shall probably read in a hundred papers that "A citizen of Washington named his dog Wirtz, and shot him;" also, that "A little girl in Boston asked the parson 'how much he would charge to christen her doll baby.'" This last statement is false. No little girl in Boston asked the parson how much he would charge to christen her doll baby. *Punch* represents a little heathen English girl as thus addressing a clergyman. Here is another wonderfully interesting paragraph:

"A man named Samuel Taylor, thirty-six years of age, residing in Finsbury, hanged himself, and at the inquest, his father, who gave evidence, attributed the act to his son's partiality for smoking, which he thought had affected his brain."

Samuel Taylor's father *thought* smoking had affected his son's brain, did he? The opinion of the father of Samuel Taylor, of Finsbury, on the subject of tobacco smoking, should certainly be published in every paper in the civilized world. This does not prove that smoking causes people to commit suicide; but it does prove the father of Samuel Taylor, of Finsbury, to be an idiot, who has a prejudice against tobacco. The chances are that Samuel Taylor would, had he not eased his mind by smoking, never have reached the age of thirty-six years, but would have become deranged at nineteen or twenty. The use of tobacco probably preserved that young man's sanity, and yet, because his wickedly prejudiced parent chooses to say at the inquest that he *thought* his son's partiality for smoking had affected his brain, to make which statement he may have been handsomely bribed by the Anti-Tobacco League, his imbecile remark is published and republished, and perhaps may put out the pipes of many weak-minded persons, who will probably commit suicide. Smoking has saved many a poor wretch from committing suicide. Many a young man, who has in a fit of despondency determined on self-destruction, has put off the commission of the impious act until his meerschaum was colored, and by the time he accomplished that, as he fondly imagined, sole remaining object of his existence, has, by the soothing influence of the heavenly weed, been brought into a healthier frame of mind, become reconciled to life, and lived to a good old age, at length dying loved and respected by all who knew him, and leaving behind him an exquisitely colored meerschaum as a costly legacy to his children.

A NEWSPAPER editor says:

"Queen Victoria is in a towering passion at an article in the London *Times* about her prolonged sorrow for her husband."

It is a mistake. The good Queen of England never gets into a "towering passion." There was a time when a monarch, whose conduct was as freely commented on by the editor of a newspaper as Queen Victoria's has been, would have put himself into a towering passion, and the editor in the Tower.

THE notion that departed spirits trouble themselves about what becomes of their bodies must be completely exploded. All the stories about ghosts requesting that their bodies may be decently buried, and others haunting medical students who have stolen their bones, are magnificently false. This is comforting to ladies who wear false hair; and, in these days, what lady does not? It would be very unpleasant for a lady, after honestly becoming the possessor of a magnificent waterfall, by right of purchase, to be visited by a feminine bald-headed ghost, who would demand the restoration of her hair.

THE dramatic "critic" of the *Call* informs the public that Mr. Boniface is "repairing rapidly many of those faults in elocution, which had to do unsurably with the lack of warmth in his first reception by the San Francisco public." Truly, it is never too late to learn. Mr. Boniface will doubtless be much flattered, after some fifteen years' experience on the stage, to be told by the "critic" of the *Call* that two or three weeks on the San Francisco stage has much improved his elocution! San Francisco will, if this be true, soon acquire a reputation for finishing actors

AN Eastern paper commenting on the fact that a lady who was injured by being run over received $4,000 damages, she having lost her leg through the carelessness of a Broadway stage driver, says:

"Estimating an arm to be worth one-fourth as much, we have an element of wealth beside which the National debt looks like an instalment of pin-money."

That $4,000 was only "an instalment of pin-money." The lady lost one of her pins and got paid for it.

THE telegraph tells us that President Johnson positively refuses to grant a pardon to Clement C. Clay, though Mrs. Clay has made many appeals for Clement C. The President, however, in this case, prefers justice to clemency.

[TREM.

THE SPIRIT CARAVAN.

[The descriptive power and fidelity of Arabic poetry, in setting forth both the life of the people and the scenery of the cline, are remarkable. It conjures up visions of tawny brows, flowing beards, soft eyes, picturesque turbans, pawing chargers, and patient dromedaries. We seem to be there. It is the land of the date tree and the fountain, the ostrich and the giraffe, the tent and the caravan. It is the home of the simoon and the mirage. It is the world of the desert and the stars. Hospitality waves her torch through the night to win the wanderer to be a guest. Reeking vengeance, with bloodshot eyes and dripping blade, dashes by "on a stallion shod with fire." The very picture, embodiment, breath, blaze, of all this is in the lyrics of the Bedouin bards. The richness of their language, and something of the character of the people who use it, are shown in the fact that it has eighty names for honey, five hundred for the lion, and a thousand for the sword!]

ON the desert sand bivouacked and silent lay our motley throng;
My Bedouin Arabs slumbered the unbridled steeds among;
Far away the moonlight quivered o'er old Nilus' mountain clmin,
Dromedary-bones lay bleaching, scattered o'er the sandy plain.

Wide-awake I lay: my caftan's ample folds were o'er me spread,
Covering breast and feet; my saddle formed a pillow for my head;
There I thrust my purse, together with the date-tree's fruit; and near
I had placed my naked sabre, with my musket and my spear.

All was silent, save the rustle by the dying embers made,
Save the wheeling of the vulture, from its distant eyrie strayed;
Save when an impatient charger, firmly tethered, pawed the ground,
Or a rider snatched his weapons, dreaming in his sleep profound.

Lo! the firm earth trembles! yonder, ghastly shapes are gliding by
Through the moonlight; o'er the desert savage beasts in terror fly!
Snorting rear the frightened chargers; grasps his flag our leader bold,
"Lo! the spirit caravan," he murmurs, and lets go his hold.

Ay, they come! Before the camels see the spectral drivers glide;
Seated on their stately saddles, unveiled women proudly ride;
By their side appear young maidens, bearing pitchers, like Rebecca;
Troops of phantom riders follow—on they rush with speed to Mecca.

Still they come! the train is endless—who can count the number o'er?
See, the scattered bones of camels rise, instinct with life once more;
And the whirling sand, whose masses o'er the desert darkly rolled,
Changes into dusky drivers, who the camel-bridles hold.

This the night when all the creatures, swallowed by the sandy main,
Whose storm-driven dust distressed us as we crossed the burning plain,
And whose mouldering skulls were trodden 'neath our horses' hoofs to-day,
Come to life, and in procession haste at Mecca's shrine to pray.

More, still more! not yet have passed us those who close the ghastly train;
And the first appear already, flying back with slackened rein;
From the mountains, lying yonder, whirling with the lightning's speed,
They have passed to Babelmandib, ere I could unloose my steed.

Now make ready! loose the chargers—every rider in his seat!
Tremble not as the distracted herd, when they the lion meet!
Let the spectres' flowing garments touch you as they rustle by;
Allah call! and on their camels let the phantom riders fly!

Wait until the morning breezes in your turbans wave the plumes,
Morning red and morning breezes will consign them to their tombs;
Back to dust these nightly pilgrims will return at break of day;
Lo! it glimmers, and my charger greets it with a joyous neigh."

[*Alger's Poetry of the Orient.*

Tricks of Travellers.—A Baden correspondent, referring to the difficulty experienced just now in getting accommodation at the hotels of the German towns, observes: "There is an artful dodge, it is true, by which you may force a landlord to take you in with the utmost sincerity against any chance of a 'take in;' but it has been tried again and again with such amazing success, that it has at last been taken up by mere bunglers, and rendered now of comparatively little avail. There was a traveller who went about clad in very commonplace attire, and with most unpretending luggage; he never gave himself the airs of a prince or affected the bustle of a queen's messenger. He simply wrote the name 'Bædeker' in large white letters on his black leather portmanteau; and, oh! the talismanic powers of that name! '*Une chamcre pour Monsieur; mais comment? Si ce n'est bien difficile, c'est fait. Si c'est impossible, celu se ferra.*' Bædeker, if the stay-at-home reader knows nothing about him, is, or rather was, the name of the clever author of the Continental guide-books—a man who could pull down a hotel or build it up in three days."

Saratoga Promotions.—Opposite me, in the ball-room, to-night, sits a stout woman, in a wide-striped silk dress. She is the wife of a legal notability, and was, when young, a circus rider of great repute, renowned chiefly for leaping, unaided, upon a running horse, in the ring. Another fine-looking couple graduated from Fulton Market—the husband still sells bivalves in that famed locality.—*Saratoga Letter.*

MATRIMONIAL INFELICITIES.

AFTER MIDNIGHT.

"DO you hear that child cough, my dear?" I asked the mother of my children, as I raised myself on one elbow in bed, and listened.

"No," she said, awaking from her sleep, "I do not."

"Then, you must be deaf," I cried. "Hark!"

The interesting woman lifted her head from the pillow, untied the strings of her *bonnet de nuit*, brushed back a lock of hair from her right ear, and listened attentively.

"There," I said, as a harsh, discordant sound broke the silence, "do you hear it now?"

"I hear a singular noise," she replied, "but it is not a cough."

"Then I should like to know what it is," I exclaimed.

"I am sure I cannot tell," she replied; "but it isn't a cough, that is very certain."

"I am not so certain, however," I said.

"I can't help it," she answered; "I am a mother, and am presumed to know the sound of a child's cough when I hear one."

"Well," I said, "I am a father, I suppose, and I don't see why I can't tell a cough when I hear it. Listen!"

"My dear," and my wife grasped my arm nervously, as she spoke, "it proceeds from some one trying to get into the house. That noise comes from a file!"

"Nonsense!" I replied; "burglars wouldn't think of breaking in here."

"Hark!" she cried; "I hear some one on the stairs."

We both sat up in bed, with our eyes fixed upon the door. Again we heard the hard, harsh notes that first aroused me. There was no mistaking the sound this time, and my wife said:

"It is the little boy; he was out too much to-day, and though I tried hard to do so, I couldn't keep him in."

The door opened at this moment, and Katy entered.

"Oh, ma'am, the little boy coughs so, and I don't know what to give him. I think he has the croup, ma'am."

"Go back to the nursery immediately," my wife said, "and I will be there in a minute."

My wife rose, went to the closet, selected the proper remedies, and opened the door to depart."

"Well," she asked, turning to me, "are you not going with me?"

"What good can I do?" I replied. "I don't see why I should get up in the middle of the night, and go trotting around the house because you do. If I could be of any possible service, I would go, of course."

"Well, it would only look fatherly in you to do it," she answered. "Will you go?"

"My dear," I said, "if there be anything I dislike more another, it is to get up in the middle of the night. I'll go if it be necessary; but don't wait for me, for it will take me some time to dress, and the little fellow needs you there at once."

My wife departed.

I laid down, deciding to remain where I was, rather than go where I knew I should be in the way. Ten minutes passed, during which time the little boy coughed occasionally, but each time it was looser and more natural. Then, satisfied that he was improving under his mother's treatment, I resolved to go asleep. Scarcely were my eyes closed, when Katy tapped at the door.

"Come in," I cried.

"The mistress would like to have you come to the nursery to see the little boy."

"How is he?" I asked. "Is he awake or asleep?"

"Oh, he is just sleeping nicely, and he looks so purty, the mistress thought you'd like to see him."

"Not to-night, Katy. Tell your mistress I'll see him in the morning."

Then I turned over and closed my eyes again. I had gone a little distance into the land of Nod, when my wife touched me on the shoulder.

"You are a humane, affectionate father, aren't you?" she said, regarding me with a severe look.

"I don't know anything to the contrary," I replied. "Do you?"

"Yes, I do," she answered. "And I must say I think your conduct to-night was atrocious. Not only did you let me go alone to the nursery, but when I sent for you to come and see the little boy, who, for aught you knew, was dying, you refused. You men are just as cruel and hard-hearted as you can be. We women must get up in the night and attend to the children if they be sick, while you sleep as soundly as if there were no cares in the world."

"But, my dear," I answered, "I was very weary and wanted to sleep."

"So did I," she replied; "but no, I had to keep awake. If I hadn't, I don't know where that dear little boy would have been by this time. It is n't owing to you that he is now alive."

"Well, I should just like to know," I said, maliciously, "to whom it is owing, if not to me?"

"Well, I will tell you," said my wife; "it is to me and—"

"Who?" I asked, raising myself on one elbow, and regarding her closely, as she paused a moment before uttering the final name.

"Katy, to be sure," she continued. "Were n't we obliged, I should like to know, to soak the little fellow's feet, and rub sweet oil upon his chest, and put flannels, dipped into hot vinegar and pepper, around his throat, and coax him to take medicine?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, as I sunk down among the pillows, "I thought—"

"Never mind what you thought," my wife interposed. "The truth is, you only think of your own ease and comfort, and never care whether I enjoy myself or not."

"My dear," I said, "you must excuse me, but I wish to go to sleep. I will hear the remainder of what you have to say in the morning; because if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to listen to a curtain lecture at night."

"For a married man of your experience," she said, "it seems to me that you are very particular. Now, it appears to me that if I wished to lecture you—which, thank fortune, I do not—that the present time would be the most appropriate, and also the least liable to interruption. You cannot say, though, that I have ever condescended to lecture you. I trust I have more respect for my husband than to utter a word to him which would have the effect of lowering him in my own estimation. I do think, however, that you sometimes deserve a reprimand, although you do not get it."

"Will you oblige me, my love," I said, tenderly, "by going to sleep?"

"Certainly," she answered.

There was a silence for three minutes and a half. I sunk into a doze. My wife startled me by exclaiming:

"I do think you treat me too badly. I am not allowed to express an opinion of my own, and when I try to speak you endeavor to stop me by telling me to go to sleep. It was not so once. I have seen the time when you were only too glad to listen to whatever I had to say, and would willingly sit up all night, to hear me talk, if I would only let you. I don't understand why you men change so after marriage. I'm certain I have not altered in the least. What I was, in disposition and feelings, when a girl, I am now; but no one would recognize you for the amiable, smooth-spoken young man of — how many years ago were we married?"

"I am sure I don't know, and, what is more, I don't care," I replied. "Now, will you be quiet, and let me go to sleep or not?"

"Oh, yes, go to sleep if you want to," she answered; and another brief silence ensued, broken by my wife's sobbingly exclaiming:

"Only fifteen years next June since we were married, and to hear you say now that you don't know nor care when it took place, is perfectly horrible, and something I never expected to hear from your lips."

"Well, now that you have heard it," I exclaimed, "I trust you will be able to go to sleep, for I tell you positively, that if there be one thing I dislike more than another, it is to hear you talk after midnight."

Having uttered this, I drew the bedclothes closer about me, shut my eyes firmly, and went to sleep—almost.

"Husband!" somebody said close by me.

"Well, wife, what is it?" I inquired.

"I didn't mean everything I said to you to-night," she continued.

"Nor I," I added, "everything I said to you. Good night!"

"Are you sleepy?" she inquired.

"Yes; good night!" I replied.

"Good night!" she answered.—*Barry Gray.*

Letters Brought to Grief.—Her Majesty's mail came to grief at Wigan on the 9th ult., in strange fashion. The letters are all dropped and taken up—during the full career of train—by mechanical appliances; but the defect of these, or of the manual labor necessary to guard them, produced a singular accident. The bags from Wigan for the north had been slung in their accustomed position, prior to the mail coming up, and the post-office officials were in waiting to receive those from the south intended for Wigan, when by some defect in the mechanism, or default of those in the train, the long leathern envelope containing half-a-dozen different bags of letters for distribution in the district, missed the catch, fell on the line, was caught by the wheels of the carriage, and was cut, ripped and slashed in a thousand directions. As may be expected, the letters forming the freight were sadly-mutilated and dispersed, tattered envelopes, newspapers, note-sheets, invoices, funeral cards, etc., being strewn along the line for a distance of a mile or two. Many hundred letters were recovered intact, but a vast quantity are so totally defaced and torn as to render their contents or address totally undecipherable.

LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON returning to England from his embassy at the Court of Naples, determined to visit his large estate on the bank of Milford Haven, and to see the new town which had grown up so suddenly under the good management of his nephew, the Hon. Charles Greville. Lady Hamilton chose to accompany her husband. On hearing this Lord Nelson became very desirous of examining the celebrated harbor of Milford: so a party was formed for a tour in Wales. Lady Nelson was left behind, and her faithless husband devoted himself to the notorious Lady Hamilton, as if he had been her affianced lover.

Lady Hamilton began her career as a poor girl, selling matches in the streets of London. Happening to pass under the window of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was so struck with her beauty that he called her in, and engaged her to sit for her likeness the next day. Having made a charming picture of her in that character, he found her form so faultless that he made her his model for other pictures, and at last exhibited her to his fellow artists, and even to amateurs and patrons of art, in chosen attitudes of his arranging, and great was the admiration she excited. One of the spectators fell in love with her beauty and made her his mistress. Intoxicated by the change from poverty to luxury, she became very extravagant, and the income of her lover would not suffice for her expensive pleasures. He was therefore well pleased when she left him for Sir William Hamilton, then Minister to Naples.

The beautiful match girl now became a very fine lady, and was delighted with the idea of going to Naples and living with a titled embassador. She had not been long there, when she persuaded her infatuated lover to make her his lawful wife. After this she was presented at the corrupt court and became the intimate friend of the licentious Queen of Naples. During her residence there Lord Nelson came with the English fleet into that bay, so famous for its beauty. The naval hero soon became violently enamored of the charming Lady Hamilton; she too was in love, and for the first time.

* * * * * *

Her amiable old husband had neither eyes nor ears for her intrigues, and always behaved as if he considered her intimacy with Lord Nelson as an affair of pure friendship, in which he participated. He certainly did share in the love-letters written to Lady Hamilton by Lord Nelson, when he was fighting the French, for he read some of them to my father, and I well remember his repeating the first sentence in one of them, written the day after a sea-fight. It ran thus: "My dearest, dearest, dearest Emma! last night we sent five hundred Frenchmen's souls to hell." I am not certain of the number specified, but every other word I am sure of. Such was the style of correspondence between the match-girl and the sailor.

When Sir William Hamilton and his party arrived in Milford, accompanied by the great naval commander, the nobility and gentry for miles round flocked to see him, and pay their respects to the hero of the Nile.

A public dinner was given Nelson, at which Lady Hamilton chose to be present; she sat next to him, cut up his meat, which the loss of an arm prevented him from doing, and fed him with tit-bits from her own plate. She had a fine voice and would sing sailor's songs and verses written in praise of the great admiral, at public dinners, whilst her doting old husband sat by admiring her. When I saw her in 1802, her face was still beautiful; but she had grown fat and her figure was spoiled. Short waists and narrow skirts were then in fashion. The French had introduced the custom of wearing as little clothing as possible, and making that little look like the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. The weather was very warm when Lady Hamilton was in Milford, and she walked about the town in two garments only, showing her shape most indecently.

My mother had resolved to take no notice of Lady Hamilton, and, being on the eve of her confinement, she excused herself from calling on her. But that bold woman was resolved that it should not be said that Mrs. Rotch *would not* receive her; so, one very warm day, when all our doors and windows stood open, she walked into our drawing-room, where my mother and I were sitting, and greeted us very familiarly. Though I was but a child, I was struck with the coldness of my mother's reception, and wondered that she was not more cordial to such a lovely and fascinating guest.

Lord Nelson was very ordinary in his appearance; lean and sallow, his face much wrinkled and his hair very thin. He was proud of the loss of his arm, and always wore his coat sleeve empty. When I was one day standing by him, at our house, with my eyes fixed on that empty sleeve, he said, "Look at it well, and then you will always remember me by my one arm."

Sir William's estates all descended to his nephews, whether by entail or his own choice I do not know; but he left very little to his widow, and Nelson did not add to her income, but made himself ridiculous by a request in his will that the government would grant her a pension. The public could see no reason why the mistress of Lord Nelson should be so provided for, but the friends of the admiral said she deserved it for having obtained, through her intimacy with the Queen of Naples, some valuable political information for Lord Nelson when he was commanding a fleet in the Mediterranean. Whether this was true or not, her services were never recognized, and she died in great poverty in France.—*From Mrs. Farrar's "Recollections."*

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

WHEN Mrs. Caxton innocently made her wiser-half the father of an anachronism, that worthy scholar was much troubled in consequence. His anachronism was a living one, or he might have comforted himself by reflecting that greater authors than he had stood in the same paternal predicament. Our old English dramatists took tremendous liberties this way, never allowing considerations of time and place to stand in the way of any allusion likely to tell with their audience. Shakspeare would have been slow to appreciate a modern manager's anxiety for archæological fidelity. His Greeks and Romans talk about cannons and pistols, and his Italian clowns are thorough cockneys, familiar with every nook and corner of London. And so it is with other caterers for the stage. Nat Lee talks about cards in his tragedy of *Hannibal;* Otway makes Spartan notables carouse and drink deep; Mrs. Cowley's Lacedæmonian king speaks of the night's still *sabbath;* D'Urfey's ancient Britons are familiar with Puritans and packet-boats; and Rymer (though he set himself up for a critic) supplies a stage direction for the representative of his Saxon heroine to pull off her patches, when her lover desires her to lay aside her ornaments.

When Coleman read "Inkle and Yarico" to Dr. Moseley, the latter exclaimed: "It won't do. Stuff! Nonsense!" "Why?" asked the alarmed dramatist. "Why, you say in the finale:

> Come, let us dance and sing,
> While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring!

It won't do; there is but one bell in the island!" This mistake was excusable enough; but when Milton described

> A green mantling vine,
> That crawls along the side of you small hill,

he must certainly have forgotten he had laid the scene of "Comus" in North Wales. Ernest Jones, describing a battle in his poem, "The Lost Army," says:

> Delay and doubt did more that hour
> Than bayonet charge or carnage shower;

and some lines further on pictures his hero

> All worn with wounds, when day was low,
> With severed sword and shattered shield;

thus making his battle rather a trial of the respective powers of ancient and modern weapons than a conflict between equally armed foes. Mr. Thackeray perpetrates a nice little anachronism in *The Newcomes*, when he makes Clive, in a letter dated 183—, quoting an Academy Exhibition critique, ask: "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Smee's brush?"—the author, in his anxiety to compliment the artist, forgetting that there was no consort till 1840.

A bull in a china-shop is scarcely more out of place than a bull in a serious poem, but accidents will happen to the most regular of writers. Thus, Milton's pen slipped when he wrote:

> The sea-girt isles
> That like to rich and various gems *inlay*
> The *unadorned* bosom of the deep;

a quotation reminding us that the favorite citation,

> Beauty when unadorned, 's adorned the most,

is but a splendid bull, beautiful for its boldness. Thomas was an adept at making pretty bulls; here is another:

> He saw her charming, but he saw not half
> The charms her downcast modesty concealed;

as if it were possible to see some of them, although they were concealed. Pope, correct Pope, actually tells us:

> Young Mars in his boundless mind,
> A work t' *outlast immortal* Rome designed,

The author of *The Spanish Rogue* makes "a silent noise" invade the ear of his hero. General Taylor immortalized himself by perpetrating one of the grandest bulls on record, in which he attained what a certain literary professor calls "a *perfection* hardly to be surpassed." In his Presidential address, he announced to the American Congress that the United States were at peace *with all the world*, and continued to cherish relations of amity with the *rest* of mankind. Much simpler was the blunder of an English officer, during the Indian Mutiny, who informed the public, through the *Times*, that thanks to the prompt measures of Colonel Edwardes, the sepoys at Fort Machison "were all unarmed and taken aback, and being called upon, laid down their arms." There was nothing very astonishing in an Irish newspaper stating that Robespierre "left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time;" but it was startling to have an English journal assure us, that Her Majesty Queen Victoria was "the last person to wear *another man's* crown."

A single ill-chosen word often suffices, by the suggestion of incongruous ideas, to render what should be sublime, utterly ridiculous. One can hardly believe that a poet like Dryden could write:

> My soul is packing up, and just on wing.

Such a line would have come with better grace from the author of *The Courageous Turk*, a play containing the following curious passage:

> How now, ye Heavens! grow you
> So proud, that you must needs put on curled locks,
> And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?

Nearly equalled in absurdity by this from Nat Lee's *Œdipus:*

> Each trembling ghost shall rise,
> And leave their grizly king without a waiter.

When the news of Captain Cook's death at Owyhee came to England, the poetasters, of course, hastened to improvo the occasion, and one of the results of their enthusiasm was a Monody commencing:

> Minerva in heaven disconsolate mourned
> The loss of her Cook;

an opening sufficient to upset the gravity of the great navigator's dearest friend.

Addison lays it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Fillibuster Henningsen seems to have agreed with the essayist, or he would hardly have informed General Walker in one of his dispatches, that "Doctors Rice and Wolfe died of the cholera, and Dr. Lindley sickened, *after which the health of the camp visibly improved.* Intentionally or not, the stout-hearted soldier suggests that the best way of getting rid of the cholera is to make short work of the doctors. Among the obituary notices in a weekly paper, not many months ago, there appeared the name of a certain publican, with the following eulogium appended to it: "He was greatly esteemed for his strict probity and steady conduct through life, he having been a subscriber to the *Sunday Times* from its first number." This is a worthy pendent to Miss Hawkins's story of the undertaker writing to the Corporation of London, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill;" and not far short, in point of absurdity, is Madame Tussaud's announcement of the exhibition of the effigy of the notorious Palmer, "who was executed at Stafford with two hundred other celebrities." The modern fashion of naming "florists" flowers, must be held responsible for the very dubious paragraph we extract from a gardening paper: "Mrs. Legge will be looked after; she may not be so certain as some, but she was nevertheless very fine in the early part of the season. Lady Popham is useful, one of the old fashioned build, not quite round in the outline, but makes up well."

Thackeray seems to have had an intense dislike to the trouble of revision, for his popular works, especially those published periodically, abound in trivial mistakes, arising from haste, forgetfulness, and want of care. The novelist mortally wounds an old lady with a candle instead of candlestick, and afterwards attributes her death to a stone staircase. Newcome senior is colonel and major at one and the same time; Jack Belsize is Jack on one page, and Charles on another; Mrs. Raymond Gray, introduced as Emily, is suddenly rechristened Fanny; and Philip Fermor on one occasion becomes transformed into the author's old hero, Clive. With respect to the last-mentioned gentleman, author and artist seem to have differed, for while Mr. Thackeray jests about Clive's beautiful whiskers and handsome moustaches, Mr. Doyle persists to the end in denying young Newcome's possession of those tokens of manhood.

It is not often that an author is satirical upon his own productions; but Charles Dickens has contrived to be so. Describing the old inns of the Borough, in his *Pickwick Papers*, he says they are queer places, with galleries, passages, and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough "to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories, *supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any.*" How little could "Boz" have anticipated certain charming Christmas books witching the world a few years later! So also *American Notes*, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the trans-Atlantic Eden lay unsuspected in the future, when he made Old Weller suggest Mr. Pickwick's absconding to America till Dodson and Fogg were hung, and then returning to his native land and writing "a book about the 'Merrikens as 'ill pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough!"

STREET CRIES OF CAIRO.—"The lupins of Nubali are sweeter than diamonds!" a blue captain, with a sack on his back, announces. Soon after is heard a cry of a water-carrier, "May God requite it to me!" accompanied by the clatter of cups. Almost at the same moment I heard the cries, "May God grant that I easily get rid of them, oh lemons!" and "Fragrance of Paradise," with which the leader in henna blossoms tries to induce the passer-by to purchase. "Oh, arouser of compassion, oh Lord!" a beggar grunts, and a member of the same guild, possessed of greater self-respect, shouts almost simultaneously "I am the guest of God and of the Prophet!"—*Wraxall.*

[For the Californian.]

INDOOR GARDENING.—No. 2.

TO the true lover of flowers, it is the *life displayed* in them which he loves as much as the dazzing splendor of their appearance when in bloom. The feeliogs engendered by observing the tender green of the plantlet, as it raises itself above the soil and spreads into leaves, or by eontemplating the frond of the fern, as it rises like a bishop's erosier and expands into feathered being, or by noting the dicotyledonous lifting up their capsuled heads into the light, can only be excelled by those of the mother, as she watches her offspring —life of her life, almost soul of her soul—laugh, and play, and grow into manhood or womanhood : a pleasure to look at and a result to be proud of.

Flowers are like children : in order to bring them up well, we must love them. The pleasure of providing for their wants will be as agreeable as that of seeing them flower. Their bloom will be the fruit of our labor : it will have been merited by the act of cultivating them. They will have for us a hundred times the value that most beautiful plants would have which are bought in bloom, and which again, in their turn, are replaced by others, without our having assisted in their productiou.

For business, we go to the ends of the earth. We quarrel with China, we coeree Japan ; but from these distant regions we bring more than goods. China lays claim to being the mother of gardens and gardening ; and truly she had the art, now earried to perfection in Japan, of growing oak or elm, larch or beech, fir or willow, with every appearanee of age and of any size, from two feet high, with leaves and flowers and sud, to a huudred feet or more, and with shade for a regiment of soldiers. Alike the sun, life and heat, letters and religion, civilization and gardeniug, come from the east and travel westerly.

If China did not teach Babylon gardening, she was coeval with that long defunct empire. Persia taught Greece ; Greece carried the art to Rome ; and Rome brought it to England. But flower-gardeniug, properly speaking, did not commence until the Tulipomania in Holland, when the turban-headed flower in many instanees fetehed its weight in diamonds. For, flower-gardening is not merely transplantation : it is the production of rarity and the development of bloom under every possibility of form and untoward circumstances.

Years ago, to maintain that ferns would grow in air-tight cases, or to attempt to cultivate plauts in close rooms, would bave been laughed at by gardeners ; but observation and experiment have made both plans triumph, and suffieient laws have been discovered and rules laid down to lead to success by any one who will spare a little time for the essay. But there is much to resolve—those who begin as learners may end as discoverers.

Nor is the cultivation of plants in close rooms injurious to health, for, by the law of compensation, plauts imbibe what animals reject (carbonic acid,) giving out iu return what is the soul of life to the latter (oxygen.) Only under certaiu circumstances are they injurious, such as when in ill health and decay, and to some extent during the hours of darkuess, but they do not equal gas burners, lamps and candles, which take away the oxygeu, and give nothing in return but soot, carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen. The folly and ignorance which reign too often supreme over the sick room cannot be better exemplified than by this : while the nurse will leave the patient stewing in a corrupting atmosphere, the best ingredient of which is carbonic acid, she will deny him, on the plea of unhealthiuess, a glass of cut-flowers or a growing plant. Now, no one ever saw "overcrowding" by plants in a room or ward ; and the carbonic acid they give off at night would not poison a fly. Nay, in overcrowded rooms, they actually absorb carbouic acid, and give off oxygeu. Cut flowers also decompose water and produce oxygen gas. (Florence Nightingale in *Notes on Nursing*, page 84.)

Perhaps there is no pleasanter way of beginning indoor gardening than settiug up a range of Hyacinth bulbs in glasses. The time of year for beginniug—just iu the closing autumu—the easy and cleanly work, the absence of blight and iusects, and the really magnificent flowers, which are by all attainable, combine to make it really attractive, so that perhaps more than half of those who praetice it, become thenceforth 'plant-fanciers.'

Few flowers have become more popular, and deservedly so, than this. Its easy culture, its adaptability to the dwelling room, its graceful habit,its fragrance, and its variety of color, are traits we can scarcely hope to find equalled in any other favorito. Several modes of cultivation offer themselves, all valuable, according to situation aud circumstances.

When cultivated in glasses and water, the single-flowered varieties are to be pr ferred. Fill the glass with rain or soft water to about the eighth of an inch from the bowl of the glass, and plaee in it a small piece of charcoal, which has beeu previously soaked in water, and which, in consequence of having imbibed moisture, will be sufficiently heavy to sink to the bottom. Then carefully wipe away all moisture which may have been deposited on the glass in pouring the water in; then plaee the bulb earefully in the bowl so as to nearly touch the water. They should be placed in a dark closet for a month, when they will have nearly filled the glasses with their roots ; they ean then be brought out and placed on the window, where they will soon throw up their bloom stems, and reward the possessor for the care and attention bestowed upon them, by their beauty of color and sweet perfume. The hyacinth, so celebrated in the songs of the poets, from the time of Homer to the present day, is made emblamatical of games or play, in allusion to the fabulous origin of this flower, which, aceording to mythologists, sprung from the blood of Hyacinthus. who was killed by a quoit, through the agency of Zephyr, who blew it from its course as it passed from the hand of Apollo, and smote the unfortunate youth on the head.

Hurd mentions

> "The melancholy hyacinth that weeps
> All night, and never lifts an eye all day,"

probably in allusion to the melancholy fate of Hyacinthus.

The following lines were sent to *Tait's Magazine* in allusion to the above :

> "Oh! mournful, graceful, sapphire-colored flower,
> That keep'st thine eye forever fix'd on earth!
> Gentle and sad, a foe thou seem'st to mirth—
> What secret sorrow makes thee thus to lower?
>
> "Perhaps 'tis that the place thou canst not change,
> And thou art pining at thy prison'd lot;
> But oh! where couldst thou find a sweeter spot,
> Wert thou permitted earth's wide bounds to range?
>
> "In pensive grove, meet temple for thy form,
> Where, with her silvery music, doth intrude
> The lucid stream, where nought unkind or rude
> Durst break of harmony the hallow'd charm."
>
> IRIS.

[For the Californian.]

SWEETHEART.

OH, this love of mine!
Never artist's dream
Was as fair as she;
Jetty locks that seem
Glossy as can be
Night, before the day
Hath streaked it through with gray.

Oh, this love of mine!
Brow as white as sands
On a tropic shore;
Eyes as deep as seas,
And darker than before
Dawn hath turned them blue;
Cheeks of richest hue,
Pink as pinkest shell
That ever mermaid bore
From enchanted lands,
Home where she did dwell.
Sometimes if I please
That she blossom more—
Her beauty is so fine—
Rosy as red wine.

Oh, this love of mine!
Mouth a ripened fruit,
If the maid is mute
Tempting me to sin.
In delicious greed,
If a smile I win,
Then with charming speed
It is cleft indeed,
Showing pearly seed.

Oh, this love of mine!
Such a witching curl,
Such a cunning chin,
Like a single pearl
With a dimple in.
Parian carved throat,
All of curved lines,
Such as Psyché shows
When she sad reclines
In some isle remote,
Mourning Cupid's boat
Fading out of view:
Is the picture true?
Then her bosoms' snows
In twin drifts—but hush!
All that I have shown
Could not bid her blush—
The rest's for me alone.
If you are a maid
Quite too much is said,
Unless you are as fair;
If you are a man,
Mate her if you can:
Never was a pair
Of such beauties known.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

"MASSA," said a black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homeward-bound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to the ole woman, 'cause I can't write." The good-natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated. As the captain was about to seal up the letter, Pompey reminded him that he omitted to say, "Please 'scuse de bad writin' and spellin'."

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

I WAS travelling in France, and one night was overtaken by a storm, and I could find no place of refuge excepting a deserted chateau that had the reputation of being haunted. I cared nothing for ghosts, so into the chateau I went, stabled my horse in the parlor, and then, with the help of a box of matches and a newspaper I happened to have in my pocket, set to work at the half burned logs on the hearth, got up a feeble fire, lit my pipe, and drawing one of the chairs up in front of the fireplace, under the combined soothing influences of the fire and the "bacey," fell into a reverie, and finally, I suspect, a sleep. How long it lasted I don't the least know, but I suddenly became aware that the fire had died out, and that thick darkness was all around me. The thunder and rain appeared to have ceased, for not a sound broke the complete silence, which came to feel so oppressive that at last I got up and groped my way into the passage to look out on the night. Feeling my way by the wall, I slowly progressed along till I reached the hall door, but it was shut. Shut? How odd. I had certainly left it open. Perhaps I was at the wrong door. But soon I convinced myself that this was not the case by striking a match—my last, I was sorry to perceive.

"Very odd," I said to myself ; "the door was so firmly driven back by the passage of the horse, it couldn't have been shut without considerable force and noise. I wonder I didn't hear it clap, but at all events I'll go out a bit."

That was easier said than done. I put out my right hand, as a matter of course, but it was very strange, I couldn't grasp the handle. I saw well enough where it was, by the match, yet, somehow, my fingers couldn't take hold of it.

"What nonsense," I said to myself, as I perforce dropped the burning end of the match on the floor ; "what can have come over me?" and I put out my left hand. A strange twinge ran through it the moment it touched the handle, and it dropped numb and powerless by my side ; I felt I couldn't raise it, couldn't move a muscle of it.

A slight mocking laugh sounded suddenly behind me, and I am afraid I lost my temper.

"Confound you!" I involuntarily burst out ; "what do you mean by that idiotic titter? Open the door."

Dead silence—perfect unbroken silence. Had the darkness wrapped round me, and enveloped me in a thick fog? There was an oppression, a weight in the atmosphere, and I felt an indescribable *something* that seemed to make it an impossibility either to speak or move. Yet my senses seemed at the same time strained to an unnatural degree of expectation ; I felt as if my hearing, for example, was become unnaturally acute ; and yet I knew there was nothing to hear. Utter, complete silence—silence, indeed, that "could be felt."

With a strong effort I raised myself from the wall against which I had been leaning, and determined to make my way back to the sofa. Instantly I felt I had gained power over my arms, and made a dash at the door. Quite in vain. Again my hands trembled and fell powerless to my side ; and again that aggravating laugh was heard as if mocking my puny efforts. Restraining my anger, I got up a laugh myself, not to be out of the fashion, but I could not help knowing that it sounded forced and strange.

"How charmingly hospitable you are!" I exclaimed in French. "Really, your affection for my company is quite touching ; what a pity I can't reciprocate it!"

I thought involuntarily, as a gibbering titter again sounded close to my ear, "If I had but a light!"

The thought had hardly crossed my mind before I felt a curious conviction that there was a light in the room I had not long since left. By some irresistible impulse I felt myself attracted thither. I turned round. Why, I could see a light shining through the doorway from where I stood—there was no doubt about that.

I strode rapidly down the hall, and rushed into the room. No wonder I had seen a light, for an immense wood fire burned brightly on the hearth. I could hardly believe my senses. Where had the great pile of wood come from? How was it I heard no signs of fire-kindling through the open door? It was certainly very strange—decidedly comfortable, though, all the same, for it made the dusty old room look wonderfully cheery ; so I felt quite grateful for the attention, and mentally revoked all the abuse I had levelled at my invisible companions.

Drawing my chair again in front of the fire, I sat for some time enjoying the warmth, and gazing on the blazing logs ; then I tried the old piano, a wonderful instrument frightfully out of tune, that would have made Thalberg shiver ; and finally stretched myself on the vast sofa, which protested against my weight by many infernal groans.

Turning my face from the glare of the fire, I lay for some time in a dreamy reverie, till a slight stir made me involuntarily turn my head. What was that, a living form or a shapeless mass, that the leaping, flickering flames showed me in the arm chair opposite?

Certainly there was something there—a greyish thing—huddled up rather back in the shadow of the chimney-piece. Stay, it moves ; a head, with the long, dishevelled dark hair of a woman, emerges gradually from under the grey wrapping.

"Was this the nymph who laughed in the hall, and who noiselessly lighted the fire, I wonder?" thought I to myself, as I watched the silent surging of the drapery. "I think I ought to thank her for the fire, at all events."

So with a preliminary "Hem!" to attract the attention of my Phillis, I began a polite speech. Rapidly and noiselessly, as I spoke, the contents of the chair glided shapelessly out of sight, melted gradually and imperceptibly away, dissolving before my stupefied gaze into nothingness. There stood the empty arm chair, the firelight playing on its faded chintz cover.

I could hardly believe my eyes. Could it have been a dream? A titter seemed to come from under the sofa. I snatched one of the burning logs from the hearth and peered underneath. Of course there was nothing there except dust, and of that there was any amount. Surprised and bewildered, I stood for a moment log in hand.

"There's not much chance of finding any one, I suppose," I thought to myself; "but at any rate I'll search the house." So, taking a flaming stick in each hand, to light me as a torch on my way, I set out on my travels.

First I explored the nest of rooms opposite. They were all perfectly empty except the kitchen, where I found my old Rosinante, who had apparently betaken himself there in the vain hope that a kitchen might furnish food, and now looked more woebegone and out of sorts than ever from his disappointment.

Upstairs I tramped, looked into every room, curiously examined the turned-up bedstead in the small room, and came to the conclusion that it was a decidedly disreputable old relic; discovered an unlocked wall press, which, however, contained nothing but a horrible damp mouldy smell, and returned to my fire as I set out. No sign of a living thing was to be seen in the house, and pitching my improvised torches back on the hearth, I threw myself with disgust on the sofa, and revolved the mysterious riddle in my mind. I always was immensely worried by difficult problems, and this was one I couldn't solve, try as I would.

I leaned back on the sofa still pondering, and as I lay there I felt a consciousness creeping over me that there was something coming stealthily behind my back. Involuntarily I turned my head. Close to me, the soft brown-bearded chin leaning on the back of the sofa, was a man's head. I felt his breath on my cheek as I turned my face, and his strange, sad, grey eyes seemed to look me through and through. I started up and faced him. He was gone, gone—utterly vanished. Where had he gone to? That was the mystery; unless he had sunk down through the floor, which seemed as firm as strong boards could make it.

"Well," I thought to myself, "certainly this is a chateau of odd inmates. If the fellow had only told me his story before he disappeared in that absurd way"—and rousing up the fire, which was beginning to get low, I half expected to see him back when I had completed a scientific arrangement of the logs. But there was nothing. I went over to the window. The night was dark and cloudy, and the wind sighed a plaintive lament now and then. I tried to open the sash, but I found that it had been nailed down; so, as it was but stupid work staring out at the elements, I sauntered presently back to my sofa, determined to woo old Morpheus as the last resource of *ennui*.

"If it were only morning," I thought, "I would make another effort at that confounded hall-door."

"Ah, you will never leave this chateau," slowly whispered a low, sad voice in startling proximity to my ear.

"Indeed," I said, not caring at the time to take the trouble to move (you see I had got to consider the unusual quite as a matter of course.) "may I ask why?" but there was no answer.

As I lay there on the sofa, with closed eyes, I knew there was a form close to me, that if I looked I should see some shape, but I struggled against it, and forced myself to look. For an instant I got a glimpse of the bearded face and sad gray eyes I had seen leaning over me; then, I felt stifling, powerless; I knew that pitiless torso was slowly, surely, smotheringly, crushing down upon me, and that there was no escape. Closer and closer still it came stealthily on, and gasping for breath I—awoke from my dream, to find myself lying on my back on the sofa, the old brown horse snuffling at my face, and the bright May sun shining in through the opposite window.

INDIANS ATTACK THE SOLDIERS.—A correspondent writes to the Red Bluff *Independent*, from the head of Oak Run, that the Indians, in large force, attacked Captain Sprague's company, of the First Oregon Cavalry, in Warner's Valley, and drove him into Fort Bidwell. Captain Sprague was on his way to Camp Alvord in Stein's Valley, when the Indians surrounded him and tried to cut him off at every point, but he succeeded in saving his company and making good his escape to Fort Bidwell. The correspondent also states that Captain Starr, now stationed at Fort Bidwell, will join with Captain Sprague and take the field against these red-skins. A little "coercive persuasion" will not be lost on them.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

JOHN TAYLOR was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty who afterward deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was about to be tried. General Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced a great excitement; and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against Mrs. Ellison's character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending, for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants.

The slander suit was for the 19th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as excitement; public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had produced witnesses who served as powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, sir, they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the bar volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing round the bar.

Thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your Honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet, and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the Court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a defiant sneer. "Here is my license, from the highest tribunal in America!" and he handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defence to lead off. Ashley spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down with cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn; he stood before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashley, which melted away at his touch like frosts before the sunbeam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lips grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer; but vivid as the lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. His whole soul was in the eye; and his full heart beamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short round on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into shreds, and hurled into their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the Court house. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang on the burning tongue of the stranger; he inspired them with the power of his malignant passion; he seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was yet to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed in the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held the slanderer up to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself for the massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with the crash of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet under-song of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace; his countenance was haggard, like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison hell itself might be considered beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster; and then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience nearly amounted to madness.

At once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment, as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised them, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment to God." This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward Hopkins was taken out of bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger said: "John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candlelight." He did preach—and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—to Dwight, Baseomb and Beecher—but never heard anything, in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

[For the Californian.]

A BLOW ON THE CLIFF.

WHEN the fierce southwester of the past week was at its height, and the Oakland ferry-boat failed to make a landing at its accustomed wharf; when tall ships dragged their anchors, and umbrellas flew from the excited grasp of pedestrians; when signboards were loosed, tin roofs stripped off, and the "storm-wind Euroclydon" swept resistlessly through the deserted streets of San Francisco, two travellers in a buggy might have been seen breasting the blast on the desolate sandhills toward the ocean beach. But as at this point all resemblance to the opening chapters of a once popular novel ceased, I may as well admit that the two mysterious travellers were the present writer, and a companion, on their way to the Cliff House. The style of conveyance—whoever heard of a hero in a buggy?—the style of garment—India-rubber overcoats—were alone sufficient to unfit them for that romantic narrative which aims rather at the picturesque than the comfortable.

As we crept along, at times making scarcely any headway against the gale, which tore furiously across the road, charged with spray, that left upon our lips an ominous foretaste of the ocean, miles away, we noticed that the roar of the surf, at first quite perceptible, seemed to decrease as we approached the shore. The rain, mixed with flying particles of sand from the adjacent hills, stung our faces like the Lilliputian arrows discharged at Gulliver, and our "water-proofs"—alas! for the ingenuity of man—succumbed at last to the incessant beating of the storm. We finally sat in a douche bath, while from every angle of our garments the water poured in gentle rivulets, or from our hats dropped in a continuous "waterfall" behind. Our horse, the dauntless "Macadamizer"—albeit he had his own suspicions of the sanity of the two occupants of the buggy—butted away the storm from his broad shoulders, and, at last, "in the very tempest and whirlwind" of this elemental passion, we stood upon the balcony of the Cliff House.

Far as the eye could reach, or where the southerly trend of the beach mingled with the storm, and sky and shore line were blotted out by the driving scud, the whole vast expanse seemed to undulate with yawning caverns and toppling cliffs of water. Although the "yeasty surges" swept far up the beach, there was but little foam to seaward; the level gale sheared their white plumes almost as quickly as they heaved into sight, and drove them inland like the scattered down from some wild sea bird. The sand was covered with clinging patches of viscid spume thrown from the racing waves, as the foam is cast from the tossing bit of a thoroughbred. The lesser rocks, where the sea-lions were wont to bask in the sunlight, were scarcely ever free from the surging of tumultuous seas that boiled hissed and seethed around them. At times a wave, larger than its fellows, charging upon the single peak known as "Seal Rock," and breaking halfway up its summit, would fling half its volume in snowy foam twenty feet above the crest, to fall and fill with a leaping torrent each ravine in the rocky flanks of the lonely peak. Far out to sea, wave after wave heaved their huge leaden sides like the dull scales of some undulating monster. Nearer in shore the billows were cleanly cut, but the fierce breeze dulled their edges, and they broke unevenly upon the sand.

The view was unsurpassed in grandeur. Whether from the windows of the parlor of the Cliff House, where but a single piece of plate-glass seemed to separate the comforts and refinements of civilization and peace from the rude jarring of elemental discord, and Nature in her rudest aspect, beyond. Whether from the cliff above, where we leaned against the wind, and looked down upon the gathering surf beneath our feet and the rollers hastening with impatient strides toward the Golden Gate, or whether from the beach itself, where huge trunks of spars were rolled and tossed like straws upon the sand, and where the waves raced like ravenous wolves, and it was perilous to venture. It was with a feeling of regret that we at last turned our faces—our cheeks buffeted by the elements into a healthy glow—once more toward the city, and exchanged the rough but hearty welcome of sea and shore for the blazing "sea-coal" and close windows of the town.

BRET.

ARTEMUS WARD—HIS TRAVELS.

IN BOSTON.

A. W. TO HIS WIFE.—Dear Betsy: I write you this from Boston, "the Modern Athins," as it is denomynated, altho' I skarcely know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headins, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority, the Washiuton correspongdents:

Copps' Hill.—The winder of my room commands a exileratin view of Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the futher of the Reformers and sich, lies berrid. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I aint goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naberhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day and weeps Bitturly because he haint got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, *he* is.

Bunker Hill.—Bunker Hill is over yonder in Charleston. In 1776 a thrillin' dramy was acted out over there, in which the "Warren Combination" played star parts.

Mr. Fanuel.—Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my Dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin' the past few years, and the num'rus quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who nnderstands their bisness. Major-generally speakin', and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old time.

The Common.—It is here, as ushil; and the low cuss who called it a Wacant Lot, and wanted to know why they didn't ornament it with snm Bil'ins', is a onhappy Outcast in Naponsit.

The Legislatur.—The State Honse is filled with Statesmen, but snm of 'em wear qneer hats. They buy 'em, I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores down stairs in Dock Sqnare, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevalin' stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasnre of talkin' with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin?

Harvard College.—This celebrated institootion of learnin' is pleasantly situated in the Bar-room of Parker's, in School street, and has poopils from all over the country.

I had a letter, yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son. Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College in Maine. He writes that he's a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nnrtered with a P'arent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin' to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travellin' Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my Father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commeuced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drnm, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 Summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (he ment, "knock em," but the old man was allus a little given to slaug.) He put his withered han' tremblinly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thonght I saw tears tricklin' down his venerable chin, hut it might hav' been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd.

Literatoor.—The *Atlantic Monthly*, Betsy, is a reg'lar visitor to our westnn home. I like it because it has got sense. It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots; but it gives us good square American literatoor. The chaps that write for the *Atlantic*, Betsy, understand their bisness. They can sling ink, they can. I went in and saw 'em. I told 'em that theirs was a high and holy mission. They seemed quite gratified, and asked me if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

Where the Fust Blud was Spilt.—I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hove with sollum emotions. "& this," I said to a man who was drivin' a yoke of oxen, "this is where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," the man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, t'ain't worth a dam. But hav' you seen the Grate Orgin?"

The Pooty Girl in Spectacles.—I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin' a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out, and, smilin' in a seductiv' manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she said, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin' a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin' the remainder of the jerney. Turnin' to a respectable lookin' female ol advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

We old chaps, my dear, air apt to forget that it is sum time since we was infants, and et lite food. Nothin' of lnrther int'rist took place on the cars excep' a colored gentleman, a total stranger to me, asked if I'd lend him my diamond Brestpin to wear to a funeral in Sonth Boston. I told him I wouldn't—not a *purpuss*.

Wild Game.—Altho' fur from the prabayries, there is abundans of wild game in Boston, such as quails, snipes, plover, and Props.

Common Skools.—A excellent skool sistim is in vogy here. John Slurk, my old pardner, has a little son who has only bin to skool two months, and yet he exhibertid his father's performin' Bear in the show all last summer. I hope they pay partic'lar 'tenlion to Spelin' in these Skools, because if a man can't Spel wel he's of no 'kount.

Summin' up.—I ment to have allooded to the Grate Orgin in this letter, but I haven't seen it. Mr. Revcer, whose tavern I stop at, informed me that it can be distinctly heard through a smoked glass in his nativ town in New Hampshire, any clear day. Bnt settin' the Grate Orgin aside (and indeed, I don't think I heard it mentioned all the time I was there.) Boston is one of the grandest, sure-footedest, clear-headedest, comfortablest cities on the globe. Onlike ev'ry other large city I was ever in, the most of the hackmen don't seem to hav' bin speshully intended by natur for the Burglery perfession, and it's about the only large city I know of where you don't enjoy a brilliant opportunity of bein' swindled in sum way, from the Risin of the sun to the goin down thereof. There4 I say, loud and continnered applaus' for Boston!

Domestic Matters.—Kiss the children for me. What you tell me 'bout the Twins greeves me sorely. When I sent 'em that Toy Enjine I had not contempyulated that they would so far forgit what was doo the dignity of our house as to squirt dish-water on the Incum Tax Collector. It is a disloyal act, and shows a prematoor leanin' tords cussedness that alarms me. I send to Amelia Ann, our oldest dawter, sum new music, viz: "I am Lonely sints My Mother-in-law Died;" "Dear Mother, What tho' the Hand that Spanked me in my Childhood's Hour is withered now?" &c. These song writers, by the way, air doin' the Mother Bisiness rather too muchly.

Your Own Troo husband, ARTEMUS WARD.

IN WASHOE.

WE reach Carson City about nine o'clock in the morning. It is the capital of the Silver-producing territory of Nevada.

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visit the territorial Prison, and the Warden points ont the prominent convicts to me, thus:

"This man's crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

"This man is in for murder. He is here for three years."

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he snpposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks! What'll yer poison yourself with?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into the St. Nicholas drinking-house he asked the company present to join him in a North American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said, "Good God! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson?" and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. Bnt this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own dooryard.

A SALT LAKE AUDIENCE.

THE curtain goes up, and I stand before a Salt Lake of upturned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box office this night were—

20 bushels of wheat; 5 do. corn; 4 do. potatoes; 2 do. oats; 4 do. salt; 2 hams; 1 live pig (Dr. Hingston chained him in the box-office;) 1 wolf-skin; 5 pounds honey in the comb; 16 strings of sansages—2 pounds to the string; 1 cat-skin; 1 churn (two families wont in on this; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding;) 1 set children's under-garments, embroidered; 1 firkin of butter; 1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another presented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the Doctor very justly repulsed them both.

AN INGENIOUS DEFENCE.

MANY years ago a gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the west of England one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amnsements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of time. The landlord replied that it was their assize week, and he would, therefore, be at no loss to pass away his leisure hours. On the gentleman's making answer that this was fortunate, for he was very fond of hearing trials, the other said that a very interesting case of robbery would come on the next day, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner, but the man himself persisted resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

The guest manifested considerable anxiety to hear the trial, bnt as the conrt would probably be crowded, expressed some doubt of getting a place. The landlord told him there could be no difficulty in a gentleman of his appearance getting a seat, bnt that to prevent any accident, he would himself go with him and speak to one of the beagles. Accordingly they went into court next morning, and through the landlord's influence with the officers of the court, the gentleman was shown to a seat on the bench. Presently the trial began.

While the evidence was proceeding against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the floor, seemingly very much depressed; till being called upon for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he snddenly fainted. This excited some surprise, and it seemed at first like a trick to gain time. As soon as he came to himself, being asked by the judge the canse of his behavior, he said:

"Oh, my lord, I see a person who can save my life; that gentleman," pointing to the stranger, "can prove I am innocent; might I only have leave to put a few questions to him?"

The eyes of the whole court were now turned upon the gentleman, who said he felt in a very awkward situation to be called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before, but that he would answer any question that was asked him."

"Well, then," said the man, "don't you recollect landing at Dover at such a time?"

To this the gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but he could not tell whether it was on the day mentioned or not.

"Well," said the prisoner, "but don't you recollect that a person in blue jacket and trowsers carried your trunk to the inn?"

To this he answered that of course some person had carried his trunk for him, but that he did not know what dress he wore.

"But," said the prisoner, "don't you remember that the person who went with you from the boat told you a story of his being in the service, and that he showed you a scar on one side of his forehead?"

During this last question the face of the stranger underwent a considerable change. He said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's pushing his hair aside and showing the scar, he became quite sure that he saw the same person. A buzz of satisfaction now ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, the gentleman had met him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a distant part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said that he sometimes made a memorandum of dates in his pocket book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On turning to his pocket-book, he found a memorandum of the time he landed, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion. This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court.

Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by the servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all three brought back together for robbing the mail!

It turned out that this clever defence at the trial was a scheme skilfully arranged by the thief's confederates to obtain the release of their accomplice.

IT is said that the keeper of an old curiosity shop in the Rue de Grevelle, Paris, has found in the secret drawer of an old bureau seventeen inedited letters addressed to the famous Marin Delorme, by Cardinal Richelieu. So many literary treasures have lately turned up, in odd ways and places, that the public have become suspicious of every new announcement.

HOW THE DAVENPORTS WERE EXPOSED.

SPIRIDION, in a Paris letter to the Boston *Saturday Gazette*, says: Although the feats and failures of the Davenports are fatiguing to your ears as thrice-told tales, yet I must touch them. A correspondent must sometimes consent to be fatiguing, prepense. Their names are in everybody's mouth here; our daily papers give them one or two columns every morning. I am consequently obliged to chronicle their adventures. They came here with a great reputation, and, as they placed themselves in adroit hands the moment they reached Paris, they seemed in a fair way to make a good deal of money. Their chief patron or agent here is Mons. Bernard Derosne. He is the husband of Mlle. Judith, of the French comedy. He and she have translated a whole library of works from the English, and he has extensive relations with all the agents of publicity of Paris. Besides, Mons. Didier, our well-known publisher, is a fervent believer in mediums and all such stuff, and he aided the Davenports with all of his influence. They seemed, as I have said, to be in a fair way to make a great deal of money, when they stumbled into an unfortunate discussion with one of our sleight-of-hand men. They raised a good deal of antipathy by their bearing in this debate. The audience which assembled at their first performance was thoroughly hostile. Here let me add a curious instance of the inaccuracy of rough guesses at numbers, that while all the newspapers state the audience was composed of 800 persons, the receipts at the door showed there were but 450 present. The proceedings began with a musical prelude, which proved distasteful to the audience, and it was curtailed amid great uproar. Then Mons. Bernard Derosne appeared and attempted to state the pretension of the Davenports: they were merely passive agents, the spirits did everything. This speech, too, was cut short by the uproar of the audience, who came there determined—as one of the morning papers here stated—"to expose the Yankee humbugs." Silence, however, was restored when the Davenports appeared. They asked the audience to appoint persons to tie them. Two young men who belonged to the Davenports' orchestra volunteered their services, but the audience challenged them so unanimously and energetically, they made their retreat. Count Clary and Mons. Henri de Pesne then went on the platform (the performance took place in Salle Herz) to examine the box and watch the course of proceedings. A volunteer went on the platform with them: it was the man who conquered Rigolo, the donkey that nobody could ride; he is a dealer in stoves, a sweeper of chimneys, etc. He examined everything carefully, to the delight of the audience, and lashed the Davenports; then he turned to the audience and said: "Gentlemen, it is impossible to untie the knots I have made; they cannot be undone except with a sharp instrument," which declaration the audience lustily cheered. The doors of the box were closed and the gas on the stage lowered. No phenomenon appeared. The musical instruments remained in their places. No white hand waved at the door's aperture. The audience murmured, then screamed, next hissed. At last the doors were opened, and one of the Davenports was seen free from the gyves and manacles of hemp with which he had been bound. The rope with which he had been tied was at his feet. The conqueror of the donkey exclaimed: "'Tis impossible! Let me see the rope." It was handed him and he declared it was not the rope he had used. This declaration threw the assembly into great tumult. The doors of the box were again closed, and after a considerable interval of time (during which the greatest uproar prevailed) the second brother succeeded in getting loose. After some time, the semblance of order being restored, Mons. Bernard Derosne said: "Gentlemen, the brothers Davenport will tie themselves." This created another tumult, during which the Davenports entered the box, closed the doors, and after a brief interval of time reopened the doors and exhibited themselves tied. Thereupon the conqueror of the donkey mounted the stage, went to the box, and seizing the bar to which the Davenports were tied, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, here is the cheat; this bar is moveable;" he drew it easily out of its grooves, and the Davenports were instantly free from the ropes. Instantly sixty or eighty persons leaped on the stage; the Davenports disappeared and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Then the Commissary of Police appeared and restored order; he said the money would be returned at the door. Then occurred another incident which has produced a great deal of excitement here. Mons. Bernard Derosne distributed eighty free tickets among literary men here. The receipts at the door were 3700f.; the amount paid back to the audience was 4400f., consequently 70 of the 80 literary men had stolen 10f. each from the Davenports! making the Davenports' loss from this source 700f. This has raised a storm of indignation here, and Mons. Bernard Derosne has been summoned to give the public the names of the literary men who defrauded the Davenports. He is attempting to evade the question; but I think he will be obliged to tell the names of the black sheep.

The evening before the Davenports' exhibition the sleight-of-hand man named Robin, with whom they had the discussion to which I have alluded, gave a performance in which he pretended to expose the Davenports' tricks. He attracted an immense crowd. At the beginning of his performance he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to produce before you the phenomena of spiritism. I want spirits Are there any in this hall?" Immediately raps began to be heard on the stage, in the ceiling—everywhere. He added: "Very well. I see I have a good supply, and we may be sure of success. One of his attendants brought in the box and instruments of music, bell and doll, which the Davenports use. The medium next came in. Robin tied him securely with a hempen rope fourteen yards long, closed the doors of the box and immediately the doll was thrown out. music was heard, fingers, hands, a gloved hand appeared at the aperture. The doors were suddenly opened and the medium appeared calm and securely tied on his seat. The doors were again closed; the concert began; a coat, a waistcoat were thrown out and the concert was deafening. The door opened, and the medium appeared standing, and free from his bonds. Now Robin exhibited the same feats with the doors of the box open (which the Davenports have not yet done.) The medium tied himself; with his fist he threw the doll into the audience; he untied the knots with one hand, while with the other he played on all the instruments near him, took off his coat and waistcoat, and threw them among the audience: the hands appeared in one of the apertures of the box: in fine, all the tricks of the Davenports were exposed. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good—the failure of the Davenports is throwing a river of gold into Robin's purse. He turns off hundreds, nights, from his door. The Davenports have begun to give performances to which fifty people are admitted at six dollars apiece. Efforts are made to force the police to arrest them as swindlers, but I scarcely think they will prove successful.

TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND.

AN INCIDENT OF BRUNIG PASS.

[The following incident of mountain stage riding, sketched in the September *Blackwood*, will awaken a sympathetic echo in the experience of most California travellers:]

AT the top of the pass I had overheard a conversation between the conducteur and the Kutscher, or driver, as to the state of the drag—the latter functionary swearing that it was sure to give way, while the former gentleman asserted that it would do perfectly well. The dispute ended by the man in authority—who, be it observed, travelled not in the diligence, but in one of the supplementary carriages behind—saying "Probiren sie ein streich," and by his shouting out "Fort," or "away," after the vehicle had gone three or four yards in safety. "Ein streich" of that length on the almost level ground at the top of the pass, was rather an unsatisfactory proof of the soundness of the drag; and looking at the face of the conducteur and the set of the driver, I instinctively came to the conclusion that the drag would certainly give way before we got to the bottom. The only subject open for speculation was as to what particular stage of the downward progress the event would happen at. The old English mailcoachman, arguing against railways, is said to have remarked, "When a coach overturns, there you are; but when a railway accident happens, where are you?" Now, the beauty of this proposition on the Brunig was, that it combined the pleasures both of a coach and a railway accident. There you were, certainly, seated in the banquette; but where you might possibly be when the motion of the diligence ceased, was one of those problems on which the most experienced coachman in the world could throw no light whatever. It may be asked why, entertaining these views, I did not immediately stop the coach and insist on the drag being put right. However indifferent or secure I might feel as to my own fate, had I no consideration for the dozen other travellers who were in the same boat? I had, but what could be done? A pretty figure I should have cut, had I stopped the diligence and insisted on its being in danger, because I had seen the driver grind his teeth. Not being a connoisseur in rusty iron and rotten leather, it was impossible for me to advance any intelligible reason why the diligence was in danger. Anything I had said could have no effect, and probably the Kutscher, being to some extent dependent on the conducteur, would have turned round and utterly denied that he had ever felt a doubt concerning the state of the drag. Besides, one often helplessly sees much more important things going to ruin—what are a dozen people in a Swiss diligence? Having carefully diagnosed my two companions in the banquette, who were a German student and a dilapidated Frenchman, I saw they were not worthy of being intrusted with the secret, so I resolved on the only practical course open—that of watching the drag, and giving the alarm when it broke.

But it is not so easy to concentrate the mind upon a drag. The Eastern ascetic is sometimes able to do so upon his *omphalos*, but I am not aware that he ever succeeds with a drag, and the probability is, that if asked to do so he would reject the proposition as *infra dig.* So, before anything happened, the picturesque mountains on the other side of the Lake of Brienz engaged my attention. Suddenly it occurred to my mind that the diligence was going down the pass rather faster than prudence dictated. We were descending 1600 feet on a very steep corkscrew road, with sharp turnings, and so a certain moderation of progress was advisable. Instead of that, however, the diligence was advancing with a rapidity which drove the air about my face, and, on looking down, I saw a chain trailing on the ground, and perceived that, the drag had given way, the hind wheels were revolving rapidly. Immediately before was a luckily rather obtuse turn, which the diligence managed to get round with a tremendous lurch.

Then came excitement. Never before have I seen the *facilus descensus Averni* so finely illustrated. On the one side was a rock wall: on the other, a precipice; someway beneath there was a sharp turn, which by no possibility we could get round; and beyond that, a precipice. Down that steep road the huge vehicle went like a whirlwind. It was an immense weight, loaded with luggage, and it forced down the horses before it, so that they had to gallop at full speed in order to keep on their feet. The muscles on the haunch of one white mare stood out like twisted cables. The driver swore, but never relinquished his seat—indeed he could not to any perceivable advantage. The women inside screamed with terror. The German student placed himself in the only position where was a chance of escape. The Frenchman rose, and then stood paralysed. As for my part, I had resolved from the outset to stick by the ship so long as the ship stuck by me. Down the enormous mass went, quivering with human life, apparently to inevitable destruction.

I had great faith that if anything could be done, that driver would do it; and I thank him for not convincing me of an error of judgment. At the sharp turn to which we were hurrying there rose a bank of grass, about four feet high, which extended itself into a ledge that gradually dwindled into the side of a precipice. Keeping the horses so far as possible in hand, he drove them on and over this bank, the two leaders falling over the brink of the precipice, where they hung in the traces, and the two wheelers standing with their backs at an angle of about sixty-five degrees. The weight of the diligence, which before had been a source of danger, was what now saved us, for the wheels cut into the bank, and at the last moment their motion stopped. A foot more, and the coach, with all its living freight, would have gone over. The whole affair, as a Frenchman remarked who came up in one of the carriages behind, would have been like mashed *pommes de terre*. I was especially struck with the face of one man, a Swiss commercial traveller, who came out of the *coupé*, where he had an excellent opportunity of witnessing the danger without being able to escape. Some time afterwards I met him in the Rhone valley, and he seemed annoyed and even hurt that he was not immediately recognized; for, no doubt, the event had made an indelible impression on his mind; and I could not well explain to him that, whereas his countenance on our second meeting had a tolerably healthy, ruddy complexion, it had resembled the snows of Mount Blanc when he emerged from the *coupé*, which was truly a very nasty place to be in during the descent, for any one who had not a mission or two and an unfulfilled destiny in his pocket.

Of course the whole train, comprising at least half a dozen other carriages, was stopped by this accident, and many were the congratulations we received from the people who assisted in drawing back the coach and putting matters to rights. When it was ready for a new start, the conducteur invited the people to enter; but the way in which they fell back and began walking down the hill, showed how very much their faith had been shaken. In the first part of the journey, the seats beside me in the banquette had been occupied by newly-married German couple, who had afterwards exchanged with inside passengers; and I had been amused with the ingenuousness of the lady, who, on being called upon by her spouse to admire the scenery, naively remarked, "Oh ya, Liber! es wurde sehr schon sein wenn es nicht so heiss war"—It would be very beautiful if it were not so hot. When the conducteur proposed to return to his vehicle, this fraulein turned quite pale, and taking her husband's arm, walked him down the hill without uttering a word—an example which was generally followed. Perhaps she had found married life not quite the paradise which her maiden fancy had depictured; but what was this horrible spectre of a violent death that suddenly looked in at the window of her young life? Having walked as much that day as I thought beneficial, I swung myself up to my place, and lighted a cigar in case of the worst. Thinking himself challenged, the German student followed; and the Frenchman, deeming the honor of his nation at stake, came up too, muttering, "Pas possible une autre fois." This was good logic on his part; but before we got down very far it became evident that something else was wrong. One of the reins had broke; but, fortunately, it was that on the precipice side; we were not going fast; and by grinding the horses' noses against the wall, the Kutscher was able to stop them and get the rein repaired. This incident, however, was too much for the Gaul, who descended, *tout tremblant*, as he was bold enough to confess. The German remained, saying he would as soon die to-day as to-morrow; and we drove down triumphantly, without further mishap.

NOTICE.

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☞ *All letters relating to the Business, Editorial or other Departments of the paper should be addressed to the Publishers of* The Californian, *No. 532 Merchant street, San Francisco.*

A. A. STICKNEY,
J. P. BOGARDUS, } *Publishers.*
WM. J. BINGHAM.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

THE LATEST VIEWS OF AN HONEST MINER.

WE have permitted ourselves to indulge in the fond hope that the "Honest Miner," like the "Noble Savage" and the "Intelligent Contraband," had long since passed away. It might be humbly submitted that, at any time during the past ten years, he could have retired from public view without violence to public sentiment. In point of fact, this hard-working and conscientious sage had sat heavily and stolidly upon us. By a pleasant fiction of journalism, he had devoted those intervals of rest not preoccupied in masticating the esculent and nutritious bean, or in the festive delights of poker and "seven-up," in giving us his somewhat prolix opinions on social, political, and moral topics. In feeble imitation of Poor Richard, but without his brevity, he had paraded his honesty upon the slightest provocation. It might have been fairly questioned whether a gentleman who fried his beefsteaks and devoured saleratus bread was authority in matters of taste, whether a citizen who hanged horse-thieves and acquitted murderers was particularly sound as a politician, and whether the individual who contributed a fund of impious slang to the national vocabulary was peculiarly estimable as a moral teacher. But we never questioned the fact; we were satisfied in accepting the sentimental "Honest Miner;" in receiving the wisdom of this red-shirted and long-booted philosopher as the utterance of the ages. The constant and daily recurrence of this unwashed and irreverent sage in ballad, in drama, and literature during the last fifteen years, had, however, something of sameness—became, as it were, monotonous—that was all. As the Athenians grew tired of hearing Aristides called "The Just," we began to weary somewhat of the "Honesty" of our noble excavator.

But it seems that the Honest Miner still lives, and has turned his attention to Religion. A communication to the *Evening Bulletin* containing a savage onslaught on the fashionable churches, reveals his familiar signature and his equally well-known opinions. He seems to have been incensed, primarily, that handsome, well-appointed churches are built for divine worship; secondarily, that those who build them are thereby enabled to enjoy superior privileges. Here is the old, bold barbarian breadth of logic which we at once recognize as the masterly style of our ancient friend. He objects that the sexton who was engaged in showing other people to a seat, did not accord to him that immediate attention which his literary position as an Honest Miner demanded. He is severe upon two young ladies, partly because they were well dressed, chiefly because they drew their skirts away from him. He objects to the fine interior of the church, to the well-dressed congregation, to the finely-finished sermon of the preacher, "*paid* for by rich people." He prefaces those objections by a sentimental allusion to the memory of his mother, and the "unpretending old white frame church" of his boyhood, in a style which vividly recalls to the mind the most popular and pathetic ballads of negro minstrelsy, and renders "Dear Mother I've Come Home to Die," and the "Cottage by the Sea," feeble and ineffective by comparison. It may be generally observed that the parents of the Honest Miner are fully equal in lugubrious interest to those of the most sentimental soldier, and that the "old white cottage" of other days is a habitation quite as pathetic in its associations as any "Old Farm-House" ever erected in ballad minstrelsy.

But it is perhaps unfortunate for the Honest Miner that "the well-read and educated," who are weak enough to be tickled by a logical sermon, and who, with the wealthy, are supposed to be the natural enemies of the poor, might wickedly charge that he had advanced no argument, and that his logic was defective. That if he really was in a Christian frame of mind, he would not have spent the interval devoted to worship, in indulging in ill-concealed "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," as his own confession shows. That in every church there are free seats, for obvious reasons more plainly furnished than others, and that if he were really sincere in wishing that God would put it in the heart of rich men to build "a great church—as big as the Pavilion, even though the walls were unplastered, and the seats unCushioned, and the floor unearpeted—and *give* it to the city of San Francisco, with the proviso that clergymen of every denomination should be free to preach therein, and the poor equally with the rich should find seats without money and without price,' he would nevertheless by his own showing, be uncomfortable "on the uncarpeted floor," if some rich man should choose to fit up *his* pew with a carpet. That his shoes might have been in such a condition as to make contact with the white skirts of his fair neighbor anything but pleasant. That even if the "two young and pretty ladies did eye him crossly," he should have remembered that, in ancient days, the humblest Christians were subject to even greater indignities, and rather exulted over it. These, and other cruel charges might have been directed at the Honest Miner, instead of those two Christianlike and amicable replies to his article which the same paper has lately printed, and in which some honest-hearted but simple-minded respondent has offered him the freedom of sundry Bethel churches. We can appreciate the intense disgust of the "Honest Miner" at such a reply. The fact that there *are* churches for humble people, is of little importance so long as rich folk enjoy superior facilities in finer churches.

The peroration of the Honest Miner's article is too remarkable to omit from this hasty review:

"Do not think that I am alone in these ideas. Two young women that I know, told me they did not attend church in San Francisco, because they could not afford it. They were not like many, indifferent to those things, for I have found the Bible lying open amid their work, their constant companion."

We may be mistaken, but we think the spectacle of these two innocent and pious young females staying away from church, because they couldn't afford to dress so as to outshine their richer sisters, is one that cannot be dwelt upon without considerable emotion. We do not wonder that our Honest Miner is lashed into virtuous indignation, but, like many prejudiced and ignorant people, he seems to have mistaken the cause. But we must confess that we are a little astonished that the *Bulletin* should have permitted itself to be the medium of an appeal to the baser qualities of humanity as selfish and illogical as this last senile drivel of the decaying "Honest Miner."

NEW BOOKS.

IN anticipation of the holidays, our booksellers' counters are already beginning to glow with brightly-tinted and bravely-bound Christmas annuals and keepsakes. That superior taste in binding, which we have once before enlarged upon in these columns, and which is so characteristic of the latest style of bookwork, is shown nowhere as pleasantly as in these familiar household volumes. The old glaring colors and over-laden ornament which used to unpleasantly distinguish them, has given way to exquisite taste and artistic finish. Better still, their literary quality has been elevated. In glancing over Roman's counters, we notice among their gilt books choice collections of quaint and rare ballads, judicious selections from standard poets and prose writers, exquisitely embalmed in tinted and enameled sheets, between beautifully colored and chastely ornamented covers. Books of well culled excerpts, illuminated like old missals, with rare initial letters, quaint type, and broad, liberal margin; dainty editions of dainty poets; classical volumes of the classics—serenely tasteful; complete library series of standard authors; and the newest edition of the newest and most popular author, make up the assortment, from which the most critical customer may select his holiday presents.

Notwithstanding the attention given to this particular branch of the trade, Messrs. A. Roman & Co. are still enabled to meet the demand for the latest novelties and the more recent literary, critical and scientific publications. Selections from their importations by the latest steamer, lie upon our desk:

The Poetry of the Orient. By William Ronnseville Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

As Professor Draper has shown us how much we are indebted to the East for our scientific knowledge, Mr. Alger, in his present volume, demonstrates how greatly the Orient has contributed to Poetry. A small edition of this work, published in 1856, being out of print, the author has added to the present edition considerable introductory matter, additional specimens, and an appendix, consisting of poems not strictly Oriental. Many of these specimens have been translated by Mr. Alger; although in gleaning over the whole field of Oriental poetry, he has been indebted to Latin, French, and German translators. "The larger proportion of the specimens," says Mr. Alger, "are faithful representations of Hindu, Persian and Arab thoughts and sentiments, which I have met with in the voluminous records of the different Asiatic societies, in prose versions from the Vedas and Puránas, and in a thousand scattered sources. Of the rest, the originating hint and impulse alone, or merely the character and style, are Oriental." "The Introduction to Oriental Poetry," an historical dissertation, occupying nearly one-third of the volume, is a most instructive and well written essay, and is in itself a most important contribution to Oriental literature. The metrical specimens are tastefully arranged, and varied in style and thought. The volume is neatly bound and plainly printed.

Artemus Ward; His Travels. Part I.—Miscellaneous. Part II.—Among the Mormons. With Comic Illustrations by Mullen. New York: Carleton.

The publication of Artemus Ward's second volume is rather an evidence of that humorist's popularity than of its intrinsic merit. It contains half a dozen articles that equal, if not surpass, the broad rollicking humor of his earlier papers, but much of the work is made up of *disjecta membra facetiæ*, and concludes with a dreary synopsis of the Mormon Revelations, thrown in apparently to fill up the volume. The most fervent admirer of Mr. Brown must confess that the *Travels* are somewhat thin, spasmodic in effort, and sketchy in detail, and lack even that ordinary literary finish necessary to the humblest publication. Possibly, this playing at book-making may be one of the eccentricities of Artemus; possibly, its production may have been simply an advertisement for his lectures in England, but we would have preferred, for the permanent reputation of this genial humorist, which must be based on his books rather than his lectures, that his volume had been less hasty and premature. Those portions which are written in the showman's irresistible dialect and manner are better than the incidents sketched in the ordinary vernacular. We are reminded of the critical analysis of "Mufti" in the *California Leader*, who, in speaking of this burlesque English, says: "The fact is, there is a distinct style of humor, characteristic of every class and condition in life, and the various styles cannot be expressed in the same kind of language. If Mr. Brown is in fault for the eccentric spelling of the proprietor of the 'wax figgers,' there is fault back of that, which is the real one, viz: the choosing of such a character as the showman for his hero. If he may be permitted to speak and write in the name and person at all, he must be permitted to speak consistently with the character. The orthography belongs to the man; it does not *constitute* the humor of the character, but is an incident of it, though a necessary one." The volume is genially dedicated to the comedian, Dan Setchell—a warm personal friend of the author.

Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveller, during the Winter of 1864-5. By Geo. W. Carleton. New York: Carleton.

Many authors have been their own publishers, but the instances of publisher turning author are comparatively few, and consequently the temptation to criticize them might be irresistible to those literary reviewers who had experienced real or fancied injustice at their hands. Mr. Carleton, however, has estopped any severe judgment on his little fledgling, by appearing rather as an artist than an author, and by wresting from the most dyspeptic censor the confession that his sketches at least are *graphic*. The story of the volume is soon told. While recruiting his health in the island of Cuba, a year or two ago, Mr. Carleton chose to record his impressions of travel and adventure, by certain humorous drawings in his note-book, which later reflection, and the critical counsel of his friends, impelled him to preserve in the present permanent form. The illustrations are fifty in number, very funnily conceived and carefully executed, and (here the resources of the publisher-author are drawn upon) exquisitely printed on tinted paper. A modest preface explains the work. Altogether it is a charming little volume, and a pleasant advertisement (were one needed) of the publisher.

Matrimonial Infelicities. With an Occasional Felicity, by Way of Contrast. By Barry Gray. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

The author of *Married Life at Hillside* has portrayed in this volume a few of these lesser matrimonial infelicities, which, from the days of "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle" to "Mr. and Mrs. Naggleton," have been a favorite theme for satire. Barry Gray's humor is quiet and subdued. Through the medium of Mr. and Mrs. Gray, he has depicted with considerable skill and fidelity those mild misunderstandings, contradictions, misconstructions and trials of temper, which sometimes lend a piquancy to domestic intercourse, and keep the honey of married life from cloying. We give a characteristic extract in another column.

Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery as it Should Be. A new Manual of the Dining Room and Kitchen. Containing Original Receipts on Every Branch of Cookery; Rules on Carving, with full Illustrations of the Same; Bills of Fare, for Every Day in the Year, etc. Philadelphia: Peterson Bros.

Match-Making, or Family Manœuvres. By the Author of "The Hen-Pecked Husband," "The Jilt," etc. Paper binding. New York: Frederick A. Brady.

Rose Douglas. A companion to "Family Pride," and "Self-Sacrifice." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

AN AUTHOR'S NIGHT.—Mr. C. H. Webb, the author of the clever burlesque now running at the Academy of Music, entitled *Arrah-na-Poke*, will take an author's night on Monday, the 27th instant. This is Mr. Webb's second contribution to California dramatic literature, and the propriety of encouraging home talent, as well as the merit of the piece, should give him a full house.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN BREEZY.

A NAVAL NOVEL.

BY CAPTAIN M—RRY—T, R N.

[BY "BRET," THE CALIFORNIAN'S CONDENSED NOVELIST.]

CHAPTER I.

MY father was a North-country surgeon. He had retired, a widower, from her Majesty's navy many years before, and had a small practice in his native village. When I was seven years old he employed me to carry medicines to his patients. Being of a lively disposition, I sometimes amused myself, during my daily rounds, by mixing the contents of the different phials. Although I have no reason to doubt that the general result of this practice was beneficial, yet, as the death of a consumptive curate followed the addition of a strong mercurial lotion to his expectorant, my father concluded to withdraw me from the profession and send me to school.

Grubbins, the schoolmaster, was a tyrant, and it was not long before my impetuous and self-willed nature rebelled against his authority. I soon began to form plans of revenge. In this I was assisted by Tom Snaffle—a schoolfellow. One day Tom suggested :

"Suppose we blow him up. I've got two pounds of powder!"

"No, that's too noisy," I replied.

Tom was silent for a minute, and again spoke :

"You remember how you flattened out the curate, Pills! Couldn't you give Grubbins something—something to make him leathery sick—eh?"

A flash of inspiration crossed my mind. I went to the shop of the village apothecary. He knew me ; I had often purchased vitrol, which I poured into Grubbins' inkstand to corrode his pens and burn up his coat-tail, on which he was in the habit of wiping them. I boldly asked for an ounce of chloroform. The young apothecary winked and handed me the bottle.

It was Grubbins' custom to throw his handkerchief over his head, recline in his chair and take a short nap during recess. Watching my opportunity, as he dozed, I managed to slip his handkerchief from his face and substitute my own, moistened in chloroform. In a few minutes he was insensible. Tom and I then quickly shaved his head, beard and eyebrows, blackened his face with a mixture of vitriol and burnt cork, and fled. There was a row and scandal the next day. My father always excused me by asserting that Grubbins had got drunk—but somehow found it convenient to procure me an appointment in Her Majesty's navy at an early day.

CHAPTER II.

AN official letter, with the Admiralty seal, informed me that I was expected to join H. M. ship *Belcher*, Captain Boltrope, at Portsmouth, without delay. In a few days I presented myself to a tall, stern-visaged man, who was slowly pacing the leeward side of the quarter-deck. As I touched my hat he eyed me sternly :

"So ho! Another young suckling. The service is going to the devil. Nothing but babes in the cockpit and grannies in the Board. Boatswain's mate, pass the word for Mr. Cheek!"

Mr. Cheek, the steward appeared and touched his hat.

"Introduce Mr. Breezy to the young gentlemen. Stop! Where's Mr. Swizzle?"

"At the masthead, sir."

"Where's Mr. Lankey?"

"At the masthead, sir.

"Mr. Briggs?"

"Mastheaded, too, sir."

"And the rest of the young gentlemen?" roared the enraged officer.

"All mastheaded, sir.

"Ah!" said Captain Boltrope, as he smiled grimly, "under the circumstances, Mr. Breezy, you had better go the mast head too."

CHAPTER III.

AT the masthead I made the acquaintance of two youngsters of about my own age, one of whom informed me that he had been there 332 days out of the year.

"In rough weather, when the old cock is out of sorts, you know, we never come down," added a young gentleman of nine years, with a dirk nearly as long as himself, who had been introduced to me as Mr. Briggs. "By the way, Pills," he continued, "how did you come to omit giving the captain a naval salute?"

"Why, I touched my hat," I said innocently.

"Yes, but that isn't enough, you know. That will do very well at other times. He expects the naval salute when you first come on board—greeny!"

I began to feel alarmed, and begged him to explain.

"Why, you see, after touching your hat, you should have touched him lightly with your forefinger in his waistcoat, so, and asked 'How's his nibs?'—you see?"

"How's his nibs?" I repeated.

"Exactly. He would have drawn back a little and then you should have repeated the salute, remarking 'How's his royal nibs,' asking cautiously after his wife and family, and requesting to be introduced to the gunner's daughter."

"The gunner's daughter?"

"The same ; you know she takes care of us young gentlemen ; now don't forget, Pillsy!"

When we were called down to the deck I thought it a good chance to profit by this instruction. I approached Captain Boltrope and repeated the salute without conscientiously omitting a single detail. He remained, for a moment, livid and speechless. At length he gasped out :

"Boatswain's mate!"

"If you please, sir," I asked, tremulously, "I should like to be introduced to the gunner's daughter!"

"O, very good, sir!" screamed Captain Boltrope, rubbing his hands and absolutely capering about the deck with rage. "O d—n you! Of course you shall! O ho! the gunner's daughter! O, h—ll! this is too much! Boatswain's mate!"

Before I well knew where I was, I was seized, borne to an eight-pounder, tied upon it and flogged!

CHAPTER IV.

As we sat together in the cockpit, picking the weevils out of our biscuit, Briggs consoled me for my late mishap, adding that the "naval salute," as a custom, seemed just then to be honored more in the *breach* than the observance. I joined in the hilarity occasioned by the witticism and in a few moments we were all friends. Presently Swizzle turned to me :

"We have been just planning how to confiscate a keg of claret which Nips, the purser, keeps under his bunk. The old nipcheese lies there drunk half the day, and there's no getting at it."

"Let's get beneath his stateroom and bore up through the deck, and so tap it," said Lankey.

The proposition was received with a shout of applause. A long half-inch auger and bit was procured from Chips, the carpenter's mate, and Swizzle, after a careful examination of the timbers beneath the wardroom, commenced operations. The auger at last disappeared, when suddenly there was a slight disturbance on the deck above. Swizzle withdrew the auger hurriedly ; from its point a few bright red drops trickled.

"Huzza! send her up again!" cried Lankey.

The auger was again applied. This time a shriek was heard from the purser's cabin. Instantly the light was doused, and the party retreated hurriedly to the cockpit. A sound of snoring was heard as the sentry stuck his head into the door. "All right, sir," he replied in answer to the voice of the officer of the deck.

The next morning we heard that Nips was in the surgeon's hands, with a bad wound in the fleshy part of his leg, and that the auger had *not* struck claret.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, Pills, you'll have a chance to smell powder," said Briggs, as he entered the cockpit and buckled around his waist an enormous cutlass. "We have just sighted a French ship."

We went on deck. Captain Boltrope grinned as we touched our hats. He hated the purser. "Come, young gentlemen, if you're boring for French claret, yonder's a good quality. Mind your cou, sir," he added, turning to the quartermaster, who was grinning.

The ship was already cleared for action. The men, in their eagerness, had started the coffee from the tubs and filled them with shot. Presently the Frenchman yawed, and a shot from a long thirty-two came skipping over the water. It killed the quartermaster and took off both of Lanky's legs. "Tell the purser our account is squared," said the dying boy, with a feeble smile.

The fight raged fiercely for two hours. I remember killing the French Admiral, as we boarded, but on looking around for Briggs, after the smoke had cleared away, I was intensely amused at witnessing the following novel sight :

Briggs had pinned the French captain against the mast with his cutlass, and was now engaged, with all the hilarity of youth, in pulling the captain's coat-tails between his legs, in imitation of a dancing-jack. As the Frenchman lifted his legs and arms, at each jerk of Briggs', I could not help participating in the general mirth.

"You young devil, what are you doing," said a stifled voice behind me. I looked up and beheld Captain Boltrope, endeavoring to calm his stern features, but the twitching around his mouth betrayed his intense enjoyment of the scene. "Go to the masthead—up with you, sir!" he repeated sternly to Briggs.

"Very good, sir," said the boy, coolly preparing to mount the shrouds. "Good-by, Johnny Crapaud. Humph!" he added, in a tone intended for my ear, "A pretty way to treat a hero—the service is going to the devil!"

I thought so too.

CHAPTER VI.

WE were ordered to the West Indies. Although Captain Boltrope's manner toward me was still severe and even harsh, I understood that my name had been favorably mentioned in the despatches.

Reader were you ever at Jamaica. If so, you remember the negresses, the oranges, Port Royal Tom—the yellow fever. After being two weeks at the station, I was taken sick of the fever. In a month I was delirious. During my paroxysms, I had a wild distempered dream of a stern face bending anxiously over my pillow, a rough hand smoothing my hair, and a kind voice saying :

"Bess his 'ittle heart! Did he have the naughty fever." This face seemed again to change to the well-known stern features of Captain Boltrope.

When I was convalescent, a packet edged in black was put into my hand. It contained the news of my father's death, and a sealed letter which he had requested to be given to me on his decease. I opened it tremblingly. It read thus :

"*My dear Boy.*—I regret to inform you that in all probability you are not my son. Your mother, I am grieved to say, was a highly improper person. Who your father may be, I really cannot say, but perhaps the Honorable Henry Boltrope, Captain R. N., may be able to inform you. Circumstances over which I have no control, have deterred this important disclosure. YOUR STRICKEN PARENT."

And so Captain Boltrope was my father. Heavens! Was it a dream? I recalled his stern manner, his observant eye ; his ill-concealed uneasiness when in my presence. I longed to embrace him. Staggering to my feet I rushed in my scanty apparel to the deck where Captain Boltrope was just then engaged in receiving the Governor's wife and daughter. The ladies shrieked : the youngest, a beautiful girl, blushed deeply. Heeding them not, I sank at his feet and embracing them, cried :

"My Father!"

"Chuck him overboard!" roared Captain Boltrope.

"Stay," pleaded the soft voice of Clara Maitland, the Governor's daughter.

"Shave his head! he's a wretched lunatic!" continued Captain Boltrope, while his voice trembled with excitement.

"No, let me nurse and take care of him," said the lovely girl, blushing as she spoke. "Mamma, can't we take him home?"

The daughter's pleading was not without effect. In the meantime I had fainted. When I recovered my senses I found myself in Governor Maitland's mansion.

CHAPTER VII.

THE reader will guess what followed. I fell deeply in love with Clara Maitland, to whom I confided the secret of my birth. The generous girl asserted that she had detected the superiority of my manner at once. We plighted our troth, and resolved to wait upon events.

Briggs called to see me a few days afterward. He said that the purser had insulted the whole cockpit, and all the midshipmen had called him out. But he added thoughtfully : "I don't see how we can arrange the duel. You see there are six of us to fight him."

"Very easily," I replied. "Let your fellows all stand in a row, and take his fire ; that, you see, gives him six chances to one, and he must be a bad shot if he can't hit one of you ; while, on the other hand, you see, he gets a volley from you six, and one of you'll be certain to fetch him."

"Exactly ;" and away Briggs went, but soon returned to say that the purser had declined—"like a d—d coward," he added.

But the news of the sudden and serious illness of Captain Boltrope put off the duel. I hastened to his bedside, but too late—an hour previous he had given up the ghost.

I resolved to return to England. I made known the secret of my birth, and exhibited my adopted father's letter to Lady Maitland, who at once suggested my marriage with her daughter, before I returned to claim the property. We were married, and took our departure next day.

I made no delay in posting at once, in company with my wife and my friend Briggs, to my native village. Judge of my horror and surprise when my late adopted father came out of his shop to welcome me.

"Then you are not dead!" I gasped.

"No, my dear boy."

"And this letter?"

My father—as I must still call him—glanced on the paper, and pronounced it a forgery. Briggs roared with laughter. I turned to him and demanded an explanation.

"Why, don't you see, Greeny, it's all a joke—a midshipman's joke!"

"But—" I asked.

"Don't be a fool. You've got a good wife—be satisfied."

I turned to Clara, and was satisfied. Although Mrs. Maitland never forgave me, the jolly old Governor laughed heartily over the joke, and so well used his influence that I soon became, dear reader, Admiral Breezy, K. C. B.

RUNNING-A-MUCK.

THE Javanese are naturally a very mild and timid people. Accordingly, whenever the idea of committing a crime takes possession of them, they feel the need of some stimulant to create an artificial courage, so as to be able to perpetrate their design. The stimulant to which they generally resort on such occasions is the most terrible of all—namely, opium. Once under the influence of this fatal drug, they rush, dagger in hand, upon the victim who may have excited their ire, and butcher him or her without compunction.

There are two causes which generally incite a Malay to the commission of crime—jealousy and fanaticism.

"One day," says a recent traveller in Java, "as we were on the point of taking our seats at the table at Schmidt's Hotel, we heard from without frightful cries of Amok! Amok! which made us all shiver with terror, for 'Amok' in the Malay language means 'murder,' and it has been Anglicized into 'a-muck.' We all rushed out from the dining-room, and were just in time to see a man, a native, pass by like an arrow, a naked dagger in hand, and with an expression of countenance perfectly frantic.

"'Amok! Amok!' was still the cry which reverberated through the air, but the man was gone, and out of sight. At the same moment, while many others were running after the fugitive, a woman all in tears made her appearance, with her hair cropped to the nape of her neck. I saw no more, for Schmidt hurried me into the carriage and drove off in full pursuit.

"All along the road there seemed to be the utmost terror, frightened people escaping in every direction, or entering their houses with the greatest precipitation. For, once under the influence of opium, one murder does not content these miserable creatures; they rush on wildly, killing every one they meet. It often happens that these Orientals, Hindoos, and Malays, intoxicated with opium, assassinate from fifteen to twenty persons. This is what is termed 'running-a-muck.'

"The streets consequently were instantly deserted, with the exception only of men armed with pikes and pitchforks. At a turn of the street I perceived afar off the infuriated man, half-naked, with his hair flying in every direction, running with all his might, closely followed by a troop of armed men. They all passed like a whirlwind. We were soon informed that he was captured, and returned to our hotel.

'The next day I learned the history of this Amok; the name of the unfortunate maniac; the cause of his crime; and the number of his victims.

"Aali, the cook of Schmidt's Hotel, was a good servant, whose zeal and honesty made him appreciated and esteemed by every one. Well paid, and respected both by his companions and his employer, Aali had everything he needed to be happy. But he loved Leda, his little cousin, who was as beautiful as she was indifferent. In vain he had given the most valuable presents; malachite rings and silver bracelets of exquisite workmanship. In vain he sang the charms of the cruel young girl—her black teeth, her bronzed cheeks, her coal-black eyes, and her arched eyebrows. Leda persisted in refusing to give him her dusky hand. Suddenly, Aali learnt that Leda, scorning his sincere attachment, had married Meddinn, his unworthy rival; a rival who had no other attraction than certain beautiful new rupees which he had amassed in his camphor-wood box. Outraged by such ingratitude, Aali swore to be revenged in the most bloody manner; so he 'ran-a-muck'—that is, he intoxicated himself with opium, rushed to his mistress, brandishing his *kriss*, the terrible Malay dagger in the shape of a flame, and attempted to cut off the head of Leda, who only escaped death by means of her thick hair, which served her for an armor to her doomed neck. Aali, perfectly frantic, rushed through the streets of Saerabaija, stabbing, more or less seriously, many of the innocent passers-by who chanced to come in his way.

"Aali was arrested by the city guards and put into prison. He was afterwards tried and condemned by a mixed tribunal, composed, according to custom, of Javanese and Dutch."

AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—An officer on duty in Berwick-street, Sunderland, was called to a public-house, the landlady being in an awkward predicament. It appeared that the hostess and her spouse had been quarrelling in an upstairs room, and, threatening to commit suicide, she raised the window and jumped out. Her husband caught her by the dress, just as she got outside, and prevented her from falling; but the heavy weight of his better half rendered it impossible to drag her back again. The officer on the beat was summoned, but the united strength of the two men was unable to raise her up. The distance to the ground was about fifteen feet, and to let her go would probably involve a broken limb. There the landlady hung suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, betwixt heaven and earth, unable to go backward, and afraid to drop. At last, two feather-beds were brought out, and the woman was allowed to fall, alighting, without any damage, and, probably, deterred by her fright from attempting another leap of the same kind.—*Newcastle Journal.*

CARLYLE, according to the *Fortnightly Review*, proposes to write a Life of Washington. The *Queen*, however, denies this, on "the best authority."

A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

HOW the mountains talked together,
Looking down upon the weather,
When they heard our friend had planned his
Little trip among the Andes!
How they'll bare their snowy scalps
To the climber of the Alps,
When the cry goes through their passes,
"Here comes the great Agassiz!"
"Yes, I'm told,' says Chimborazo,
"But I wait for him to say so—
That's the only thing that lacks—he
Must see me, Cotopaxi!"
"Ay! ay!" the fire-peak thunders,
"And he must view my wonders!
I'm but a lonely crater,
Till I have him for spectator!"
The mountain hearts are yearning,
The lava torches burning,
The rivers bend to meet him,
The forests bow to greet him,
It thrills the spinal column
Of fossil fishes solemn,
And glaciers crawl the faster
To the feet of their old master!
Heaven keep him well and hearty,
Both him and all his party!
From the sun that broils and smites,
From the centipede that bites,
From the hail-storm and the thunder,
From the vampire and the condor,
From the gust upon the river,
From the sudden earthquake shiver,
From the trip of mule or donkey,
From the midnight howling monkey,
From the stroke of knife or dagger,
From the puma and the jaguar,
From the horrid boa-constrictor
That has scared us in the picture,
From the Indians of the Pampas,
Who would dine upon their grampus,
From every beast and vermin
That to think of sets us squirming,
From every snake that tries on
The traveller his p'ison,
From every pest of Natur',
Likewise the alligator,
And from two things left behind him,
(Be sure they'll try to find him)—
The tax-bill and assessor—
Heaven keep the great Professor!
May he find, with his apostles,
That the land is full of fossils,
That the waters swarm with fishes
Shaped according to his wishes,
That every pool is fertile
In fancy kinds of turtle,
New birds around him singing,
New insects, never stinging,
With a million data
About the articulata,
And facts that strip off all husks
From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud Te Deum,
He returns to his Museum,
May he find the monstrous reptile
That so long the land has kept ill,
By Grant and Sherman throttled,
And by Father Abraham bottled
(All specked and streaked and mottled
With the scars of murderous battles,
Where he clashed the iron rattles
That gods and men he shook at,)
For all the world to look at!

God bless the great Professor!
And Madam, too, God bless her!
Bless him and all his band,
On the sea and on the land,
As they sail, ride, walk and stand—
Bless them head and heart and hand,
Till their glorious raid is o'er,
And they tone'h our ransomed shore!
Then the welcome of a nation,
With its shout of exultation,
Shall awake the dumb creation,
And the shapes of buried æons
Join the living creatures' pæns,
While the mighty megalosaurus
Leads the palæozoic chorus—
God bless the great Professor,
And the land his proud possessor—
Bless them now and evermore!

MAZZINI has published a circular, with the obvious purpose of stirring up the flames of sedition in Italy. He charges the Government of Victor Emmanuel with selling afresh the rights of the country, and obeying imperial orders from France; and again he peals forth the old revolutionary watchwords—"Rome for Capital," "Venice for Italy," and "War to Austria." An English writer asks: "Why does not Mazzini come out boldly from his retreat? He would be perfectly safe in England or Belgium. So long as he maintains this secrecy, he must not be surprised if the British public, for instance, look on these revolutionary manifestoes with suspicion. It looks very much as if Mazzini were the monkey, the revolutionary party the cat, and Rome and Venice the chestnuts."

MIGRATION OF SEEDS.—The lonely island of St. Helena, for example, at the time of its discovery, in 1501, produced about sixty vegetable species. Its flora now comprises seven hundred and fifty species. The faculty of spontaneous reproduction supposes a greater power of accommodation than we find in most domesticated plants. Although very wild species affect a habitat of a peculiar character, it will grow under conditions extremely unlike those of its birthplace. The seven hundred new species which have found their way to St. Helena within three centuries and a half, were probably, not in very large proportion, designedly introduced there by human art. As a general rule, it may be assumed that man has intentionally transferred fewer plants than he has accidentally into countries foreign to them. Tares follow the wheat. The weeds that grow among the cereal grains, and form the pest of the kitchen garden, are the same in America as in Europe.

Some years ago, the author made a collection of weeds in the wheat fields of Upper Egypt, and another in the gardens on the Bosphorus. Nearly all the plants were identical with those that grow under the same conditions in New England. The change from one locality to another is effected by a thousand casual circumstances. The upsetting of the wagon of an emigrant in his journey across the western plains, may scatter upon the ground the seeds he designed for his garden. The herbs which fill so important a place in the rustic *materia medica* of the Eastern States, spring up along the prairie paths just opened by the caravan of the settler. The *hortus siccus* of a botanist may accidentally sow seeds from the foot of the Himalayas on the plains that skirt the Alps. It is frequently observed that exotics, transplanted to foreign climates suited to their growth, escape from the flower garden, and neutralize themselves among the spontaneous vegetation of the pastures. The straw and grass employed in packing the sculptures of Thorwaldsen were scattered in the court-yard of the museum in Copenhagen, where they are deposited, and the next season there sprang from the seeds no less than twenty-five species of plants belonging to the Roman Campagna.

In the campaign of 1814, the Russian troops brought in the stuffing of their saddles, seeds from the Dnieper to the valley of the Rhine, and even introduced the plants of the steppes into the environs of Paris.

The Turkish armies, in their incursions into Europe, brought Eastern vegetables in their train, and left the seeds of Oriental wall plants to grow upon the ramparts of Buda and Vienna.

The Canada thistle is said to have sprung up in Europe two hundred years ago, from a seed which dropped out of the stuffed skin of a bird.

THE poisonous effect of lime upon some reptiles, and particularly upon the alligator, is a singular phenomenon. In *Trifles from Ceylon* the following account is given: "A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Matara river, and I went to see it. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the island, about a remarkable effect of lime upon the alligator, I asked a man to bring me some, on which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunamb, or lime prepared from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the areca palm, and the leaves of the betel creeper. The lime had previously been moistened with water. Having opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim, we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunamb, about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its sides, and then on its back, and appeared paralyzed; soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been experimented on, when I found that it was dead, and learnt that it had died within two hours of my leaving. On examining its mouth, I found that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I have, since making the experiment related above, been told that it is not uncommon for the Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, and to place it near the alligator's haunts, knowing that if he swallowed the lime, death would ensue."

NEW TRAJAN'S COLUMN.—A celebrated pork contractor for the Federal army presented himself a short time ago at a sculptor's *atelier* in Rome, and stated his intention of sending a durable memento of himself to adorn his native place in America. With an amiable candor he explained to the artist that he had began life as a poor boy selling matches, and by lucky speculations had attained his present gigantic greatness. "Now," he continued, "I've seen a muniment in this city as suits my views to a nicety. A kinder column with little figgers runnin' up all round it, and a chap at the top." "Trajan's column," suggest the artist. "P'r'aps it may be; an' I wish you to sculp me jes such another, a workin' out the whole o' my biagraff, beginning at the bottom with a boy a-selling matches, and then keep on winding it up till it ends with me in an easy attitood at the top!"—*Exchange.*

RATES OF POSTAGE.

Valuable letters may be registered on application at the office of mailing, and the payment of 20 cents registration fee.

Transient newspapers, periodicals, blanks, proof-sheets, book manuscripts, pamphlets, and all mailable printed matter, except circulars and books, 2 cents for each and every 4 ounces. Double these rates are charged for books.

Unsealed circulars, to one address, not exceeding three in number, 2 cents, and in the same proportion for a greater number.

Seeds, cuttings, roots, etc., 2 cents for each 4 ounces or less quantity.

All packages of mail matter not charged with letter postage must be so arranged that the same can be *conveniently* examined by Postmasters; if not, letter postage will be charged.

No package will be forwarded by mail which weighs over 4 pounds.

All postage matter, for delivery within the United States, must be prepaid by stamps (except duly certificd letters of soldiers and sailors;) otherwise, double the above rates will be charged on delivery.

Weekly newspapers (one copy only) sent to actual subscribers within the county where printed and published, free.

Letters to Canada and other British North American Provinces, when not over 3,000 miles, 10 cents for each ½ ounce. When over 3,000 miles, 15 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to Great Britain or Ireland, 24 cents. Prepayment optional.

Letters to France, 15 cents for each ½ ounce. Prepayment optional.

Letters to other foreign countries vary in rate according to the route by which they are sent.

Letters to any part of the United States, 3 cents for each ½ ounce or part thereof.

Advertised letters, 1 cent in addition to the regular rates.

"SHOW THEM UP!"

Sewing Machine Premiums

AT THE

FAIRS OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON, 1865:

MECHANICS' FAIR, SAN FRANCISCO

No premium on Sewing Machines awarded.

STATE FAIR, CALIFORNIA.

In competition, Grover & Baker and Florence.

First and Highest Premium

TO THE

FLORENCE

STATE FAIR, OREGON.

In competition, New England, (single thread,) Wilcox & Gibbs, (single thread,) and Grover & Baker.

First Premium to Grover & Baker.

THE FLORENCE has taken the only First Premium awarded to any First Class Machine over any other Double Thread Machine at the Fairs held on the Pacific Coast in 1865.

SAMUEL HILL,

AGENT FLORENCE SEWING MACHINES,

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GOOD NEWS! GOOD NEWS!

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TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

$100,000 *WORTH OF FINE CLOTHING TO BE SOLD,*

AT PRICES THAT WILL SUIT THE BUYER.

If you want Clothing that will prove what it is represented to be, call on

J. R. MEAD & CO.,

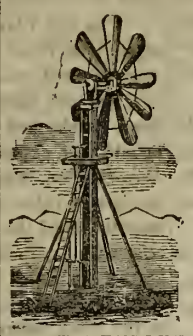
Corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, and Corner of Sansome and Washington streets,

San Francisco.

NEW MUSIC.

THE "WEARING OF THE GREEN," as sung in the popular drama of *ARRAH NA POGUE*, just published by (oc28) M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

HUNT'S IMPROVED WIND-MILL.



THIS WIND-MILL IS RAPIdly taking the place of all other Mills on the Pacific Coast. These Mills are so simple in their construction that, when once built, they can be put in order by almost any person; and when once in order they will run for years without repairs.

Prices, from $50 to $1,000.

ROUND AND SQUARE WATER TANKS BUILT TO ORDER.

HUNT'S PUMPS

Are admitted to be the best in the Market for Wind-Mills, being built expressly for that purpose. They can be set and taken apart with a common wrench, and are easily repaired.

HUNT'S ENDLESS CHAIN

HORSE-POWER

FOR SAWING WOOD.

Also, the

SELF-REGULATING HORSE-POWER

Is so arranged as to give a steady motion, and is calculated to be used for turning Wood, Iron or Brass, also for Scroll or Circular Sawing, and is fully equally to Steam for any light Work. The above Machines are built of the best materials, and made as durable as Wood and Iron will make them.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

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RADICAL CURE OF Rupture by the application of the Anatomical Truss of Elastic and empossessing pressure, by A. FOLLEAU, Pupil of Charriere of Paris Anatomical, Orthopedical and Surgical Machinist of the French Benevolent Society.

Orthopedic Instruments for Physical Deformities made to order.

Spinal Apparatus; Shoes for Club feet; Bow Legs, etc. Trusses of all kinds. Artificial Legs and Arms, Crutches, etc. Surgical Instruments.

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Circular Sweep Horse-Powers,

For running Churns, Washing Machines, Grindstones, pumping water, sawing wood, and other light machinery. Price $100, at the Factory.

HUNT'S PATENT SELF-REGULATING TREAD HORSE-POWER

Is superior to any machine of the kind in the market Price, with Governor, all complete to set at work, at the Factory, $300. Manufactured by

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THE MUTUAL

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT.

CASH ASSETS, JULY 1, 1865,

$13,500,000!

Income for current year, all cash	$3 500,000
Paid claims by death,	6,500,000
Surplus accumulated 1864,	1,770,090

All the surplus belongs to the assured, and is equitably divided among them annually.

The Dividends of THE MUTUAL LIFE are simply the RESTITUTION OF SURPLUS PREMIUMS to Policy Holders in the proportion overpaid by each.

Hon. Elizur Wright, Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, in a letter commendatory of this new plan of dividing surplus, (by the "Mutual Life") July 11, 1862, says: "This method of applying its own experience is an element of popularity and stability which can hardly fail to make the LEADING Life Assurance Association of this Continent also the MODEL one of the World."

Dividends can be applied IMMEDIATELY towards payment of premiums, or added to policy, at option.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

Persons desiring to insure are requested to obtain a circular recently issued by the Company, entitled "Facts and Comparisons, showing the immense advantage of the Cash over the Note system, and by which it will be shown that in the Cash system less money is required in a term of years than in the Note plan.

Applications by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and persons wishing to be called upon by an Agent of this Company will please send their address to the office of the General Agent.

The entire business of the Company for the States of California and Oregon is now under the charge and supervision of

H. S. HOMANS, General Agent,

No. 609 Clay street.

W. K. VAN ALEN, Local Agent.

SOLICITORS—S. T. KING and J. G. KNAPP. oc14 3m

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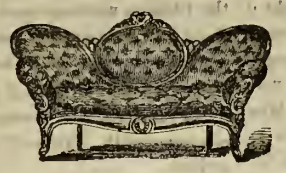

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Consisting in part of PARLOR, CHAMBER, DINING ROOM and LIBRARY SUITS, is unusually large, and will be sold with a

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OF SATISFACTION TO ALL PARTIES!

Our increased facilities for furnishing Hotels and Steamships are acknowledged superior to any other house.

TWELVE THOUSAND CASES ASSORTED GOODS

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LESS THAN NEW YORK PRICES!

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TO

Red Bluff.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th, the steamers of the California Steam Navigation Company

WILL LEAVE SACRAMENTO

FOR RED BLUFF,

ON SATURDAY MORNINGS ONLY,

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

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Stoves and Tin Ware,

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BETWEEN CALIFORNIA AND PINE,

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AGENCY FOR STEWART'S STOVES.

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BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!

NOW IS THE TIME!

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

New No. 624) CLAY STREET, (Old No 17

Have received a Large Stock of

GENTS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNISHING GOODS,

Which they are selling

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Every Garment warranted. All are invited to call and examine our goods.

H. M. LOCKWOOD & CO.,

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MARKET STREET RAILROAD

CHANGE OF TIME TABLE.

ON AND AFTER AUGUST 1, 1865, Trains will start from the City and the Mission every hour instead of every forty minutes, as heretofore.

Trains from the City will start at the odd hour, commencing at 6:30 A. M. and every hour thereafter until 11.30 P. M

jy25 F. McCOPPIN, Superintendent.

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TRIAL IS THE BEST

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OVER TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND

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Since they were Introduced to Public Notice.

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FARRAND'S OSCILLATING

Amalgamator.

THIS UNRIVALLED IMPROVEMENT FOR THE REduction and amalgamation of Gold and Silver Ores, is now running daily at No. 206 Commercial street, between Front and Davis.

THIS AMALGAMATOR INVOLVES

NO COMPLICATED MACHINERY

And possesses the following advantages over all others now in use:

1st It is capable of doing double the amount of work of the ordinary Pans, at a saving of more than one-half the power.

2d. It reduces the pulp finer, thereby producing a better result.

3d. It requires less quicksilver by one-half at a charge, whilst the loss by trituration is comparatively nothing.

4th. As an Amalgamator for gold contained in sulphurets, as also for very fine or flour gold, it has no equal.

5th. This Amalgamator involves no complicated machinery, and is less liable to get out of order than any of the pans.

DESCRIPTION OF FARRAND'S AMALGAMATOR.

In offering this Amalgamator to the public the inventor does not claim any new or scientific method of extracting the precious metals from the ores; he merely claims a new and simple combination of mechanical principles, whereby a great saving of power (full one-half in amount) is effected. The capacity of the machine varies with its size. The smallest, or prospecting size, will reduce 400 lbs. in three hours, and can be easily worked by the power of one man. The largest size will work 1,500 lbs in three hours, or six tons in 24 hours, with an application of a trifle more than one-horse power. This saving of power, as all mill-men are aware, is an important consideration particularly where fuel is scarce. The power so saved in running the Amalgamators may be advantageously employed to an increase of stamps, and thus proportionally increasing the work of the mill. This machine consists of a semi-cylindrical, trough-shaped vessel, in the interior of which is furnished with moveable concave dies, to be replaced when worn out, as in ordinary pans. The mullers are convex, and attached to a substantial rock shaft, by which they are moved back and forward by crank or eccentric motion. The mullers are held to their places by springs of moderate strength, the pressure of which may be easily regulated. The oscillating motion of the mullers serves to keep the pulp in a constant state of agitation, thoroughly mixing it, and passing it under the mullers without resort to any of the various expedients employed in Pans where a circular motion is maintained. The peculiar construction of this machine admits of its being worked with a much smaller charge of quicksilver, to any given amount of pulp than the flat-bottomed Pans. The spiral springs greatly assist in the work of reduction, by allowing the free admission of the pulp between the mullers and dies, so that the pulp is made to actually work upon itself—as the dust of the diamond is made to reduce the gem itself. The advantage derived of thus avoiding all trituration in the presence of quicksilver, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with gold or silver amalgamating.

Trials made with this machine in the presence of experts, during the last six months, have been pronounced highly satisfactory. It is peculiarly well adapted to employment by small mining operators in distant localities, as it can readily be taken to pieces and packed upon mules.

A large size machine is constructed without dies or mullers, but simply with arms to act as stirrers, to be used in connection with several of the Amalgamators as a "Separator," as it is found that the peculiar motion given to these arms, in connection with the concave shape of the body of the machine, renders it most effectual for such a purpose.

I CHALLENGE COMPETITION.

CALL AND SEE THE MACHINES WORK!

W. D. FARRAND.

STRAIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

FOR HORSES.

A Certain, Safe and Sure Cure for all Diseases of the Horse—superior to any article of the kind now in use

For sale by R. H. McDONALD & CO., Sole Agents,

je10-§ Corner of Pine and Sansome street.

THEATRICAL TALK.

AT Maguire's Opera House the *Sea of Ice*, beautifully put on the stage, with fine scenic effects, was played every evening until Thursday night, when *Camilla's Husband* was produced. Mrs. Jackson was very effective in the character of "Lady Camilla Hailstone," and Mr. Jackson made an excellent "Dogberry." Last night Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann took a benefit. The entertainment consisted of the third act of *Hamlet*, the third and fourth acts of *Narcisse*, and the fourth act of the *Merchant of Venice*. This afternoon the *Sea of Ice* will be produced. In the evening, *Camille's Husband*, and the *Quiet Family*.

The Metropolitan Theatre commenced the week with the *Colleen Bawn*, with a capital cast. On Thursday night it was played for the last time, in conjunction with the comedy of *A Bull in a China Shop*, for the benefit of the Ellsworth Rifles, when the house was crammed. Both plays were admirably performed. Last night the *Octoroon*, with Miss Sallie Hinckley in the character of "Zoe," Wheatleigh as "Salem Scudder," Mrs. Sedley Brown as "Dora Sunnyside," Mr. Pauncefort as "Wahnotee," Mr. Thompson as "Jacob McCloskey," and the other parts equally well filled was produced. It will be repeated this afternoon and evening.

At the Academy of Music the comedies of *Nine Points of the Law*, and *How to Make Home Happy* have been produced in conjunction with *Arrah-na-Poke*. Last night Mrs. C. R. Saunders took a benefit, on which occasion the *Babes in the Wood* was performed, Mrs. Saunders playing "Mrs. Beetle;" the performance concluded with the farce of *A Day After the Fair*, in which Mr. Harry Jackson gave his popular imitations. Monday night Mr. Webb, the author of *Arrah-na-Poke*, announces as "Author's Night." This burlesque has been improved since its first production, new points, business and songs have been produced, and it has, on every evening, been received with shouts of laughter. It will be played to-night.

Business has been dull during the week.

TOUCHSTONE.

INTERIOR ITEMS.

A few days ago, Victor Thurston, aged twelve years, son of Nelson Thurston, of Sutter county, was bitten by a black spider, from the effects of which he barely escaped with his life. The boy was bitten twice—under the right arm and on the stomach—and although suffering from a stinging pain, the cause was not detected until his clothes were taken off and the spider discovered. The boy was three miles from home when bitten, and by the time he arrived the venom of the spider had become pretty generally diffused through his system. Red streaks marked the course of the bite from point to point on the body; his limbs bloated, his eyes became bloodshot, and his lips turned blue. There was no time to send for a physician, and the lad's father first turned a pint of oil down him, soon following it with a quart of whisky. These heavy doses, though administered late, saved the boy's life. He remained ill two or three days, but finally recovered his health.—*Appeal.*

The Marysville *Appeal* says: "The rainy season opens promisingly. The dry diggings are likely to be well supplied with water, and we may look for a prosperous season. The farmers, too, can start their ploughs, and get in their crops early, thus securing an abundant yield." * * * "There are no apprehensions of a flood [Wednesday.] The rivers will fall before night, and we shall be left the satisfaction of a bountiful rain—beneficial both to the miner and farmer. Old citizens tell us this is the greatest rise in the rivers since 1852, from rain alone. The overflows and floods are generally from late rains, bringing down the snow from the mountains."

The Nevada *Transcript* states that prospecting at Summit City has been suspended in consequence of the storm, but many of the claims upon which work was commenced during the summer and fall, will be worked without interruption. Strong frame buildings have been erected on several of the mines, and rock will be taken out during the entire winter. The snow is now several feet deep at Summit City. It is thought between three and four hundred people will winter there. Tibbetts, the expressman, has made arrangements to communicate with the outside world by means of snow-shoes.

Colfax, says the Dutch Flat *Enquirer*, at present has a very lively business appearance. Cars running back and forth: stages arriving and departing; forwarding merchants bustling around; truckmen wheeling tremendous loads; teamsters tumbling in great bales and boxes of merchandise for "all parts of the mines and the State of Nevada;" speculators, merchants, miners and bummers running to and fro, (the latter mostly to the whisky mills,) impart to this place an air of activity, business and stability not dreamed of by the denizens of that locality ten years ago, and but little expected by the most far-seeing quidnunc six months since.

At Idaho City, lately, in the case of F. J. Patterson, indicted for killing Sumner Pinkham, late of Marysville, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

While Hiram Robbins and James Miller were sleeping in a house at Eagleville, in Yuba county, on the 18th inst., a large sugar pine tree fell across the cabin, killing Rollins instantly. Miller escaped uninjured, although badly scared, his feet being only two feet from where the tree struck. Several persons narrowly escaped with their lives during the wind storm on the night mentioned, from falling trees.

The San Jose *Mercury* says: San Jose presents a lively appearance about these days. Our farmers, lumbermen, miners, etc., are laying in their winter supply of goods. On Saturdays, our wide streets are crowded with teams, and are sometimes literally blocked up therewith.

The *Placer Herald* says the recent heavy rains have caused the Chinese working upon the Pacific Railroad to take something like a stampede to engage in mining in the surface diggings for the winter, in the lower part of the county.

The amount of coal oil shipped from San Buenaventura to San Francisco, now averages about two hundred and fifty barrels per month. This oil is all the natural flow from the oil springs.

The tules between the Butte and Colusa are a vast lake, from the overflow of Butte creek.

THE PIONEER BALL.

MARK TWAIN, in the Virginia *Enterprise*, gives the following characteristic description of "noticeable costumes" at the Pioneer Ball. It is a clever satire on Jenkins:

Mrs. W. M. was attired in an elegant *pate de foigras*, made expressly for her, and was greatly admired.

Miss S. had her hair done up. She was the centre of attraction for the gentlemen, and the envy of all the ladies.

Miss G. W. was tastefully dressed in a *tout ensemble*, and was greeted with deafening applause wherever she went.

Mrs. C. N. was superbly arrayed in white kid gloves. Her modest and engaging manner accorded well with the unpretending simplicity of her costume, and caused her to be regarded with absorbing interest by every one.

The charming Miss M. M. B. appeared in a thrilling waterfall, whose exceeding grace and volume compelled the homage of pioneers and emigrants alike. How beautiful she was!

The queenly Mrs. L. R. was attractively attired in her new and beautiful false teeth, and the *bon jour* effect they naturally produced was heightened by her enchanting and well sustained smile. The manner of the lady is charmingly pensive and melancholy, and her troops of admirers desired no greater happiness than to get on the scent of her sozodont sweetened sighs and track her through her sinuous course among the gay and restless multitude.

Miss R. P., with that repugnance to ostentation in dress, which is so peculiar to her, was attired in a simple white lace collar, fastened with a neat pearl-button solitaire. The fine contrast between the sparkling vivacity of her natural optic and the steadfast attentiveness of her placid glass eye was the subject of general and enthusiastic remark.

The radiant and sylph-like Mrs. T., late of your State, wore hoops. She showed to good advantage, and created a sensation wherever she appeared. She was the gayest of the gay.

Miss C. L. B. had her fine nose elegantly enameled, and the easy grace with which she blew it from time to time, marked her as a cultivated and accomplished woman of the world; its exquisitely modulated tone excited the admiration of all who had the happiness to hear it.

Being offended with Miss X., and our acquaintance having ceased permanently, I will take this opportunity of observing to her that it is of no use for her to be slopping off to every ball that takes place, and flourishing around with a brass oyster-knife skewered through her waterfall, and smiling her sickly smile through her decayed teeth, with her dismal pug nose in the air. There is no use in it—she don't fool anybody. Everybody knows she is old; everybody knows she is repaired (you might almost say built) with artificial bones and hair and muscles and things, from the ground up—put together scrap by scrap—and everybody knows, also, that all one would have to do would be to pull out her key-pin and she would go to pieces like a Chinese puzzle. There, now, my faded flower, take that paragraph home with you and amuse yourself with it; and if ever you turn your wart of a nose up at me again I will sit down and write something that will just make you rise up and howl.

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M. P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school; and among the advocates of Reform his resolute opposition to all change gave him a reputation for folly and obstinacy which was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in presence of numerous friends, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied:

"I'd vote for ye, Sir Henry, as usual, only you're such a fool."

"Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then I'm the very man to represent you."

This shaft of wit penetrated the farmer's sconce, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

"Mark Twain," in summing up the facts and theories of the What Cheer House robbery, says (correspondence Virginia *Enterprise*, Nov. 18th:

"*The Old Thing.*—As usual, the *Alta* reporter fastens the mysterious What Cheer robbery on the same horrible person who knocked young Myers in the head with a slung-shot a year ago and robbed his father's pawnbroker shop of some brass jewelry and crippled revolvers, in broad daylight; and he laid that exploit on the horrible wretch who robbed the Mayor's Clerk, who half-murdered detective officer Rose in a lonely spot below Santa Clara; and he proved that this same monster killed the lone woman in a secluded house up a dark alley with a carpenter's chisel, months before; and he demonstrated by inspired argument that the same villain who chiselled the woman tomahawked a couple of defenceless women in the most mysterious manner up another dark alley a few months before that. Now, the perpetrator of these veiled crimes has never been discovered, yet this wicked reporter has taken the whole batch and piled them coolly and relentlessly upon the shoulders of one imaginary scoundrel, with a comfortable, 'Here, these are yours,' and with an air that says plainly that no denial, and no argument in the case, will be entertained. And every time anything happens that is unlawful and dreadful, and has a spice of mystery about it, this reporter, without waiting to see if maybe somebody else didn't do it, goes off at once and jams it on top of the old pile, as much as to say, 'Here—here's some more of your work.' Now this isn't right, you know. It is all well enough for Mr. Smythe to divert suspicion from himself—nobody objects to that—but it is not right for him to lay every solitary thing on this mysterious stranger, whoever he is—it is not right, you know. He ought to give the poor devil a show. The idea of accusing 'The Mysterious' of the What Cheer burglary, considering who was the last boarder to bed and the first one up!

"Smythe is endeavoring to get on the detective police force. I think it will be wronging the community to give this man such a position as that—now you know that yourself, don't you? He would settle down on some particular fellow, and every time there was a rape committed, or a steamship stolen, or an oyster cellar rifled, or a church burned down, or a family massacred, or a black-and-tan pup stolen, he would march off with portentous mein and snatch that fellow and say, 'Here, you are at it again, you know,' and snake him off to the Station House."

Madame Malibran.—The *Autographic Mirror*, published in London, reproduces some curious relics. A late number gives the following letter of the celebrated *cantatrice*, Madame Malibran: "My Der Mr. Bunn,—I cannot promise to play the part of cont Belino. The music is exceedingly week, and, after the *sunnambula* I am not capable of singing *baby's music* However, I don't say *positively no* until I have seen both the *music* and the *pice* again, for it is about 8 years I have not even herd of the part. Therefore, be so good as to send the whole to me, and I shall give you a *conscientious* answer quite *a la* Malibran."

Mr. Bethell, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, like other junior barristers, published a pamphlet on the subject. He was complimented by Mr. Lysaght, with the remark: "The copy I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject." "I am very proud you think so," said the delighted author; "and pray what are the things that pleased you so much?" "Why," replied Lysaght, "as I passed by a pastry-cook's shop, I saw a girl come out with three mince-pies wrapped up in one of your works."

Life Insurance.—The importance of this most commendable method of Investment, by those who would secure their families a guarantee of immunity from want in case of their sudden death, is is becoming more fully recognized by our citizens, and the Life Insurance business is greatly on the increase in our city. Messrs. Bigelow & Brother, local Agents for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, issue a circular showing the rates of insurance for seven years, and for life, with other matters of interest, which should receive the careful attention of all persons who would make proper provision for those near and dear to them, in case death should deprive their loved ones of their protection and support.

How frightful are the annals of Consumption, and how painful the reflection that half its victims might have been saved by a timely use of that best of all family remedies, "Newell's Pulmonary Syrup." Look to your health in time. At the first manifestation of a slight cough or cold, take the "Syrup." You will find that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

For sale by all Druggists: Redington & Co., Sole Agents, 416 and 418 Front street, San Francisco.

For all diseases of the Skin, use Adams' Blood Purifier. It is strictly a Vegetable Preparation, and does not contain mercury or other mineral poisons in any shape. Prepared only by Samuel Adams, corner of Powell and Bush streets, San Francisco, and for sale by all Druggists.

Ladies: Freckles, Tan and Pimples removed, and a greasy, shining skin corrected, by that fashionable and delicate toilet enamel, Davidson's Circassian Bloom. Sold by all Druggists.

Mosgrove & Blakely's new *Dry Goods Store* s in Colton's building, 222 Third street, between Howard and Tehama. Their stock consists in part of the following goods, all of which will be found to be of the very best materials, and at prices which must command the notice of purchasers:

Dress Goods—A large assortment tastefully selected. Their Empress Cloths, Poplins, Melanges, Chenes, and particularly that rich new fabric, "Moonlight on the Lake," cannot be surpassed for Ladies' Fall and Winter Suits.

Hoyle's genuine English Calicoes.

Irish Linen Goods—All from the celebrated manufacturers, Richardson Sons & Owden, Belfast.

Mission and *Eastern* Blankets and Flannels.

Ladies and *Gents'* Furnishing Goods; and a large assortment of all goods usually kept by a first class Dry Goods Store.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

Very few persons, even among physicians, would have been willing upon any terms to have been in the condition of the writer of the following letter on the 14th of February last. I will anticipate somewhat his report of the facts, by saying that on the 15th August, 1865, he made me a visit, "the very picture of health." Time, which tries and proves all things, has sufficiently tested this case, and shown that neither relapse or collapse having followed, the cure is perfect, and can be cited among the scores of similar cases, the result of my improved mode of treating disease without medicine.

G. M. BOURNE,
Water Cure Physician,
No. 10, Masonic Temple, Post street.
August 27, 1865.

Sacramento, April 30, 1865.

Dr. G. M. Bourne—Dear Sir: It is with pleasure and satisfaction that I now let you know of my good health. Looking back on what I have passed through, it seems as if I was lifted from the grave, and I think it my duty to acknowledge to you and the world the benefit I derived from water treatment as administered by you in your celebrated baths. It was in August, 1864, when disease developed itself with a severe cough. I then took medicines, getting worse, with chills, fevers, loss of strength, and was pronounced consumptive. This set me to thinking, and finally I determined to leave my business and go to the Sandwich Islands, having been informed that I could not be cured here. I went to San Francisco, and while waiting for a ship, called upon Dr. Bourne, who stated that a trip to the Sandwich Islands would probably result disastrously, was wholly unnecessary, as I could then be speedily cured at his establishment. I placed myself under his treatment, and in one week was so much improved that I thought I could risk returning home and to my duty as Engineer on the Central Pacific Railroad. The doctor objected; but I thought I knew better, and returned to my duty. In about two weeks my cough returned, and I kept getting worse, and, contrary to Dr. Bourne's injunction never to take medicine again, committed that folly, and soon was so completely run down that I could scarcely walk; so, as a last resort, I concluded once more to try the Water Cure. I went to San Francisco—few of my friends expected me to return; in fact, I thought my return doubtful. On arriving at Dr. Bourne's establishment (February 14, 1865,) I was not able to get into the bath without assistance, but in a few days I began to gain. I remained with him only six weeks, when I left, "a wiser and a better man," without the aid of medicine. I have now been at work several weeks, and find that I am gaining every day, and at present bid fair to be stouter than ever before. Persons visiting the Doctor's establishment will find it just what it should be, in both Ladies' and Gentlemen's Departments, and I cannot say too much in praise of the Doctor's kind attention to his patients.

This letter I write for the benefit of the afflicted, to be used as the Doctor decides, and should it be the means of directing any one to his care and treatment who (as they assuredly will) find relief, I will be paid for my trouble. Your obedient servant,

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Engineer Central Pacific Railroad.

San Francisco, August 25, 1865.

Advised by the undersigned, Mr. James Campbell, of the Central Pacific Railroad (who was then in a most deplorable state of ill health,) placed himself under the care of Dr. Bourne, the Water Cure Physician. Some six months or more afterward he visited this city, when I accidentally met him at Dr. Bourne's establishment, and, I am happy to say, restored to the enjoyment of good health and in fine spirits. JOHN SULLIVAN.

☞ Dr. Bourne treats all diseases of the throat, chest, and lungs—which includes diptheria, bronchitis, incipient consumption, pleurisy, croup, etc.—with the greatest success. Great relief is afforded in advanced stages of consumption. Rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, fever and ague, dropsy, etc., etc., are also cured quickly, pleasantly, and economically. No medicine whatever.

Visit Haskell's Mammoth Tea Store, and examine the splendid display of choicest Teas, Wines and Groceries, now selling at greatly reduced prices, at Wholesale and Retail.

Store fronts on Market and Sutter streets, below the Market House. Open every evening until seven o'clock, and on Saturdays until ten P. M.

Dentist Work.—Messrs. Knowles & Clark have an improved method of combining their gold and valcanite material in the manufacture of dentistry, which renders the work superior in finish and durability. The samples of their handiwork on exhibition at the late Fair were much admired, and we observe that they were awarded a special premium silver medal.—*Mining and Scientific Press.*

MEDICAL ADVICE.

Dr. Wm. K. Doherty's Medical and Surgical Institute is becoming a *sine qua non* to the welfare of our State and health of our citizens; and his rapidly spreading reputation, although it may excite surprise, is but the signal of skill, and follows as the natural effect of such a cause. We are personally acquainted with gentlemen who had suffered for years under chronic disease, and who had taken advantage of every available means that promised relief, but without success, until they called upon Dr. Doherty, who, in an incredibly short space of time, has given them entire relief. It is gratifying to announce this fact, because the Doctor is a gentleman who seeks, not by defamation of others, to establish his reputation, or to rear the superstructure of his own upon the ruin of another's fame. The Doctor conducts his Institute in a manner that must be gratifying to all his patients. He examines, hears, advises, and recommends, without charge, and the patient, after hearing his terms for treatment, can accept or reject at pleasure. In no case does the Doctor make a charge unless he effects a cure. This he is able to do, because he feels the confidence which long experience has given, and no doubt the consolation which appertains to that confidence. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic disease, would do well to consult the Doctor; at all events, it can do no harm, as for consultation he asks no fee; nor does he insist on obedience to his advice unless the patient places himself under his care. His offices are on Sacramento street, opposite the Pacific Mail Steamship office.—*San Francisco News.*

A TRUE STORY.

DEDICATED TO THE SICK.

There dwelt in Sacramento a pale, bilious mechanic,
His muscles were strengthless, his blood it was chill;
And the wife of his bosom believed, in her panic,
The husband she worshipped was hopelessly ill.
Seeking daily for help, in her wifely devotion,
All vainly she tried pill, powder and potion—
Till at last, when a prey to grief's wildest emotion,
Of HOSTETTER'S BITTERS she heard from a friend.

She purchased the cordial, half hoping, half fearing,
A prayer on her lip and a tear in her eye;
And taking his hand, with words kindly and cheering,
Besought him the tonic for her sake to try.
As he drank, a new life through his system seemed stealing,
Each following draft did its mission of healing,
Until, strong in health and most grateful in feeling,
He told the "true story" here twined into song.

It is also proper to state that the Bitters are sold exclusively in glass, and never, under any circumstances, by the gallon or barrel. Imposters and imitators are abroad, and the only safeguard the public have against them is to see that the Bitters they buy have the engraved label and note of hand of Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, and their proprietary stamp over the cork of the bottle.

A Dainty Branch of Art.—A high reputation awaits Mrs. Read for the exquisite workmanship and general adaptability to their purpose of the Ladies' Skirt Supporters and Chest Expanders, of which she made such fine display at the late Fair. Her "Lady's Bust" is another aid to feminine beauty, which confers perfection on the wearer. Mrs. Read's establishment, 109 Montgomery street, is richly worth a visit.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

Many of the Diseases which hitherto baffled and defied the highest medical skill, are now speedily cured by Dr. H. A. Benton, whose processes of applying electricity receive the approbation of all prominent physicians. The nerves are directly reached, and patients suffering from chronic complaints find almost immediate relief, and rapidly recover their former healthy condition. Dr. Benton is a physician of excellent reputation, and as a Medical Electrician occupies the front rank in his profession.—*Golden Era.*

Trimmings.—Mrs. Norcross, No. 5 Masonic Temple, Montgomery street, is prepared to fill orders for civic and military at the shortest notice; also, invites the ladies to call and examine trimmings for Opera Cloaks received per steamer from New York. Mrs. Norcross has a Show Case on exhibition at the Fair, containing goods which for elegance and taste are not surpassed by any other establishment on the Pacific coast.—*San Francisco Leader, Sept. 16th.*

Toys.—Toys can be purchased of Feldbush & Co., 307 California street, at 25 per cent. below the usual rates. Call and examine stock and prices.

Dr. C. W. Moore's Medical and Surgical Institute.—In speaking of this Institution, the *Sunday Mercury* says: "Aside from the most skilful treatment and nursing, the large, airy and elegantly-furnished rooms, will enable the patients to enjoy all the comforts and luxuries of a home. All in all, we regard Dr. Moore and his Institute a most valuable acquisition to the Pacific Coast—the need of which we have long since felt." See advertisement.

MONEY TO LOAN.—$5,000 to loan, in small sums, on City Property, for a term of years; repayments received in monthly instalments. Deposits received at 1 per cent per month from month to month. Apply to the California Building and Loan Society, 406 Montgomery street, opposite Wells, Fargo & Co's.

ADAMS'

BLOOD PURIFIER!

FOR DISEASES HAVING THEIR ORIGIN FROM THE IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD AND DERANGEMENT OF THE SYSTEM.

This Blood Purifier is a concentrated compound of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, with Iodide of Potass, and several other of the most efficacious remedies known in the vegetable world, and will exert an immediate effect on the system, and if persisted in for a reasonable length of time, will eradicate all latent poison from the blood.

IT CONTAINS NO MERCURY OR MINERAL POISON.

Prepared only by

SAMUEL ADAMS,

AT THE UNITED STATES DRUG STORE,
SAN FRANCISCO

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN THE STATE.

no18 3m

BREWSTER & CO.'S

Carriage Manufactory,

372 *Broome street, New York.*

We desire to announce to our California friends that we have made extensive arrangements by increasing our works for the coming season, and with a view to

SUPPLYING THE
WANTS OF CALIFORNIA,

will manufacture a style of work particularly adapted to city and country use, and in view of the destructive effects of city railroads on all light work, will give

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

to remedying the evil, and guard against it in work shipped to California.

We will continue to manufacture

THE BEST WORK THAT CAN BE MADE,

and solicit the continued patronage of our California friends, which branch of trade

WILL BE MADE A SPECIALITY.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, COUPES, and Vehicles of every description, of our own manufacture, on hand and made to order.

Orders or communications should be addressed to
BREWSTER & CO.,
Of Broome street,

The firm of Brewster & Baldwin not being in any way connected with

BREWSTER & CO.,
Of No. 372, *Broome street,*
NEW YORK.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Building Fund.

AT A MEETING OF THE BOAD OF TRUSTEES of the Mercantile Library Association, held October 10th, 1865, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Trustees form themselves into a Committee of the Whole, to obtain Life Memberships and Donations, with a view of purchasing a lot and erecting a building thereon for the use of the Association.

The payment of one hundred dollars in gold coin secures a Life Membership, and it is hoped that the sum of twenty thousand dollars may be subscribed in this way alone. No subscriptions are binding unless the above sum shall be raised by Life Memberships and Donations before February 1, 1866. Subscription books may be found at the Library, or with any of the following members of the

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

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*On leave of absence. oc21-tf

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This Dye is superior to anything now in use, being easily applied, and imparting a natural brown or black color to the hair. For sale by

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson (Vance's old stand.) First premium for the best card pictures, and large photographs.

THE CALIFORNIAN.

A PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

DEVOTED TO LIVE TOPICS,

THE DISSEMINATION OF A PURE LITERATURE, DEVELOPMENT OF HOME TALENT,

AND THE

BEST INTERESTS OF CALIFORNIA

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The Equal of any on this Continent!

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Is employed upon The Californian, and arrangements have been made with contributors abroad for

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The voluntary notices bestowed by the press of the Eastern cities have been no less warm and congratulatory than those which we have received at the hands of our cotemporaries of the Pacific. Their verdict is unanimously in favor of

THE CALIFORNIAN,

and all join in pronouncing their unqualified approval of its unequalled merits.

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A FIRST CLASS HOTEL

In every respect where the personal supervision of the proprietor guarantees prompt and civil attention to all the requirements of his guests.

Stages on all the Routes Leading out of San Jose

Take their departure from the "Coutinental." House open all night.

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TOYS! TOYS! TOYS

BASKET AND WILLOW WARE,
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The Best Selected and Largest Assorted Stock
EVER BEFORE IN CALIFORNIA.
FOR SALE CHEAP BY THE CASE OR DOZEN,
—AT—
THURNAUER & ZINN'S,
320 and 322 Battery street,
Between Commercial and Clay streets,
se16-3m SAN FRANCISCO.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

KATE ROCKFORD, Plaintiff, vs. FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant.—Action brought in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to FRANCIS ROCKFORD, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within Ten Days, (exclusive of the day of service,) after the Service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or, if served out of this County, but in this District, within Twenty Days; otherwise, within Forty Days—or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of this honorable Court, dissolving the Bonds of Matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, and allowing Plaintiff to resume her maiden name of Kate Fossit, for costs of suit, and general relief.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the District Court of the Fifteenth Judicial District of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23d day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

Seal and Int. Rev. Stamp. WM. LOEWY, Clerk.
By H. LETCHER, Deputy Clerk.
J. D. STEVENSON, Attorney for Plaintiff. no11-3m

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the matter of the estate of RICHARD GRAHAM, deceased. Order to show cause why order of distribution should not be made.

On reading and filing the petition of ELIZABETH GRAHAM, executrix of the last will and testament of Richard Graham, deceased, setting forth that she has filed her final account of her administration of the estate of said deceased, in this Court, and that the same has been duly settled and allowed; that all the debts and expenses of administration have been duly paid; and that a portion of said estate remains to be divided among the legatees and devisees of said deceased, and praying among other things for an order of distribution of the residue of said estate among the persons entitled:

IT IS ORDERED, That all persons interested in the estate of the said Richard Graham, deceased, be and appear before the Probate Court of the city and county of San Francisco, at the court-room of said Court, in the City Hall in said city and county, on Monday, the eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, at eleven o'clock A. M., then and there to show cause why an order of distribution should not be made of the residue of said estate among the legatees and devisees of the said Richard Graham, deceased, according to law:

It is further ordered, That a copy of this order be published for four successive weeks, before the said eleventh day of December, A. D. 1865, in THE CALIFORNIAN, a newspaper printed and published in the said city and county.

M. C. BLAKE, Probate Judge.
Dated November 8th, 1865. GEO. B. MERRILL.
no11-5t Attorney for Executrix.

CALIFORNIA VIEWS.

Stereoscopic and Album Views

OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA,

EMBRACING OVER NINE HUNDRED New and Interesting Scenes in this city, and Mining Districts.

Also, Wood's celebrated

VIEWS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY,

size 18x22—the finest ever published.

Catalogues free. For sale by

LAWRENCE & HOUSEWORTH,
o28 1m Nos. 317 and 319 Montgomery streets.

MANHATTAN FIRE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$750,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

COLUMBIA FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

OF NEW YORK.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....$600,000
Deposit in San Francisco.....$75,000

THE ABOVE MENTIONED WELL-KNOWN and responsible Companies, having complied with the law enacted at the last session of the Legislature, and deposited with Messrs. Donohoe, Ralston & Co.

$75,000 EACH,

As additional security to Policy-holders, will continue to insure

BUILDINGS,
MERCHANDISE,
FURNITURE,

And other property in California, Oregon and Nevada Territory, against Loss or Damage by Fire, upon the most favorable terms.

All Losses promptly paid in United States Gold Coin.

R. B. SWAIN & CO., Agents,
ju25-tf 206 Front street, corner of California

SINGER MANUACTURING CO.

SEWING MACHINES,

139

MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

MOTTO—"The Singer Machines are the only Machines that can Sew all kinds of Cloth, and with all kinds of thread."

☞ 75,000 ☜

MACHINES SOLD IN TWO YEARS!

The almost incredible increase in the sale of the Singer Machine during the past two years is owing to the popularity of the LETTER A TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE Family Machine, which was introduced in 1860, since which time it has earned and established a reputation for family uses equal to the celebrated manufacturing machines of this firm, which are generally acknowledged even by dealers in other sewing machines, to be unequalled for such purposes.

WILLIAM BRODERICK,
General Agent for the Singer
au19-3m Manufacturing Co.

OCCIDENTAL
INSURANCE COMPANY,
S. W. Cor. MONTGOMERY and CALIFORNIA STREETS.

INDIVIDUAL LIABILITY.

CAPITAL STOCK, - - - - - $300,000

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN.

THIS COMPANY will insure against loss by Fire on any Dwelling House, Buildings, Merchandise or other property, situated in the State of California. The largest sum they will take on any one risk is thirty thousand dollars.

HENRY B. PLATT, President.
J. GREENEBAUM, Vice President.
R. N. VAN BRUNT, Secretary.
S. ROTHSCHILD, Actuary.
mh25-3m

TO THE LADIES OF CALIFORNIA.

IT IS A FACT, which all should know, that

Washing may be Done for Half the Cost,

and in half the time, required by pursuing the method now in use. An enormous waste of time and materials attends the old and ordinary process. And this is not because a better method is not known, but because housewives persist in treading in the beaten track followed by their mothers and grandmothers before them, opposing every change, and refusing even TO MAKE A FAIR TRIAL of those new inventions which scientific research has produced.

If the housekeepers of San Francisco and of the State will try the

California Washing Extract,

simply by way of experiment, they will be amazed to find how much unnecessary labor may be saved by its use. It may be obtained at all the principal Groceries of the city, or in quantities of the Agents, HOSTETTER, SMITH & DEAN.

The use of the EXTRACT renders "rubbing," "pounding," "washboards," and all the severe drudgery of the usual method quite unnecessary. It thoroughly cleanses, without injuring the clothes. In short, it works such wonders as no one will credit without witnessing them. All that the inventor asks of any doubting housewife is

A SINGLE TRIAL.

The following certificate from the State Assayer, furnished after an analysis of the EXTRACT, speaks for itself:

A. ENQUOIS—Dear Sir: I have examined the sample of liquid handed me, and find it free from acid or any substance that would be injurious to clothing.

Very respectfully, B. B. THAYER.

FULL DIRECTIONS accompany each Bottle.

BROOKLYN HOTEL,

1852. SAN FRANCISCO. 1865.

The Proprietor of the above-named Hotel wishes to inform his patrons and the Travelling Public that he has opened that elegant Brick Fireproof Hotel, situated on the

S. E. Corner of Pine and Sansome streets,

SAN FRANCISCO.

It was built expressly for a Hotel, with all the modern conveniences attached to it.

Gas and water are supplied throughout the House. Rooms are well ventilated, and the Public will find Hotel all the comforts of a home. The Hotel is spacious, and well adapted for the use of Families. Suits of Rooms can be had on reasonable terms.

LARGE READING ROOM

Attached to the Hotel,

Containing 500 Volumes of Standard Works,

Which is entirely for the use of patrons.

THE CITY COACH, with the name of the Hotel on it, will be in readiness at the Wharf, on the arrival of each steamer, to convey passengers and baggage to the Hotel, free of charge.

my6 3m JOHN KELLY, Jr., Proprietor.

T. RODGERS JOHNSON,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, 329 Montgomery street,
se30 3m San Francisco.

CLOTHING MADE FROM CALIFORNIA CLOTH,

For Wholesale and Retail Trade,

ALSO, MADE TO ORDER,

AT QUINCY HALL,

NOS. 545, 547, 549, *Washington Street,*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

se30 3m

PREMIUM LIQUORS.

THREE FIRST PREMIUMS
WERE AWARDED AT THE LATE
MECHANICS' FAIR
IN SAN FRANCISCO,
FOR FINE WHISKIES, BOURBON BITTERS, NATIVE CLARET, ETC.,
TO
I. D. THOMPSON,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN FINE WINES AND LIQUORS,
No. 321 *Montgomery street, Odd Fellows' Building.*

Gentlemen who use Fine Wines and Liquors in their Families, should not fail to call and examine for themselves.

☞ Orders solicited from Families, Parties and Clubs, which will be promptly attended to, and goods delivered free. se30-1m

LOCKE & MONTAGUE,

IMPORTERS OF
STOVES AND METALS,
Nos. 112 and 114 Battery street,
jy2 *SAN FRANCISCO*

WARD'S SHIRTS

THESE SHIRTS are too well known to need any comments. A trial will convince the most fastidious.

A full assortment of
GENTS' FINE FURNISHING GOODS.
S. W. H. WARD & SON,
NEW YORK, 387 Broadway. } 323 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Ca
je30-3m

LADIES, ATTENTION!

MRS. READ'S

NEW IMPROVED

Skirt Supporters and Chest

EXPANDERS,

Also, GENTLEMEN'S BRACES, with Suspenders attached; ABDOMINAL SUPPORTERS, BANDAGES, BUSTS, etc

NO. 109 MONTGOMERY STREET,
UP STAIRS, ROOMS 3 AND 4.

Physicians are respectfully invited to call and examine her articles.

All orders promptly attended to. my27 tf

THE ONLY LIVING

ASTROLOGER.

Go and see the Natural Gifted Astrologer, Prof. Cohen, 530 California street. He only can give you true information as to the Past, Present and Future; on Business Affairs, Law Suits, Matrimony, Love, Absent Friends, Sickness, etc. He tells the events of your whole life, and how to avoid trouble.

A large number of people have been benefited by his knowledge. As an evidence of his reputation, he has received upwards of 18,000 consultations here since his residence of five years in San Francisco.

N. B.—When consultation is had it will not be necessary to give the age. Office hours from 8 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 11 P. M. Consultation fee, $2; by letter, $3, with chart.

☞ Sickness will be discovered and cured through his science, only known by himself. se16 3m.

THE NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO

OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED, 1809.

Capital, - - - - - -	$10,000,000.
Accumulated Funds, March 6, 1865, - -	11,522,500
Annual Income, - - - -	2,8.7,290
Deposit in California under State law, -	$75,000

GENERAL AGENCY FOR THE PACIFIC STATES AND TERRITORIES,

No. 414 *California street, - - - San Francisco,*

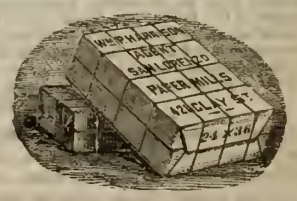
Insurances effected at the lowest rates on buildings of both Brick and Wood, throughout the State, whether occupied as Stores, Dwellings, or Warehouses, together with their contents.

Also, VESSELS in port, with or without their Cargoes.

Also, QUARTZ MILLS and MACHINERY.

LOSSES PAID IN UNITED STATES GOLD COIN immediately on adjustment.

WM. H. TILLINGHAST, Agent.
au19-3m



GREAT TRIUMPH!!

STEINWAY & SONS

Were awarded the FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late great INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION AT LONDON, over the two hundred and sixty-nine Pianos entered for competition from all parts of the world.

The Special Correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "Messrs. Steinway & Sons' indorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

A constant supply of the above superior instruments can be found at the Agent's,

M. GRAY, 613 Clay street.

PIANO TUNING done by a first-class Workman, from Steinway & Son's Factory, New York. my25

CARPETS, PAPER-HANGINGS, OIL CLOTHS, ETC.,

KENNEDY & BELL,

COR. MONTGOMERY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS,

HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND ARE NOW OPENING,

NEW STYLES WILTON, VELVET, BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, AND INGRAIN CARPETS;

Also, Oil Cloths Manufactured expressly for this Market, of very superior quality and styles.

Curtain Goods of every variety, and at the LOWEST PRICES.

KENNEDY & BELL,
Corner Montgomery and California streets,
au12-3m San Francisco.

DR. C. W. MOORE'S
Medical and Surgical Institute,

COMMERCIAL STREET,

A few doors below Kearny, - - - San Francisco.

ATTENDING AND RESIDING PHYSICIAN,

C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

Late Surgeon U. S. A., Quarantine Physician at New Orleans and Boston, Lecturer on Morbid Anatomy and Diseases of Women and Children, Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, etc., etc.

FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES,
WHETHER ACUTE OR CHRONIC,

No. 641 *Commercial street,*

A few doors below Kearny, where he can be consulted at all hours.

Especial attention paid to all Diseases of the UTERINE and SEXUAL ORGANS, SECONDARY and HEREDITARY AFFLICTIONS in their manifold form,

NERVOUS AFFICTIONS, ETC.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS, of whatever nature, performed scientifically, and the patient boarded at the Institute.

TO THE LADIES—Private apartments, with female-nurses, for those who desire them. CONSULTATIONS FREE.

Parties in the Country may consult the Doctor by letter, and receive, in return, a full description of their disease and its means of cure. All communications strictly confidential. C. W. MOORE, M. D.,

se16-3m 641 Commercial street, San Francisco.

EDWARD BOSQUI & Co.,
PRINTERS,
And Blank Book Manufacturers,
517 CLAY STREET,
Between Montgomery and Sansome Sts.,
SAN FRANCISCO.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

San Francisco, Cal.

THE OBJECT OF THIS INSTITUTION IS TO IMPART a sound practical education at the lowest possible cost, thereby placing its advantages within the reach of all. The Course of Instruction, besides the usual English Branches, comprises Mathematics, Book Keeping, Ancient and Modern Languages, so that boys, whether destined for Mechanical, Commercial or Professional Pursuits, can select such studies as will best fit them for their future avocation.

TERMS.

Board and Tuition per session, (of 10 to 11 months) $175
Washing, Mending of Linen, etc., for same period, 25

No extra charges, save for Music and Drawing, which are three dollars a month each.

In case of withdrawal, (except for sickness or parents leaving the country,) the party will forfeit a quarter session, or the remaining portion of the half term.

The Pension to be paid at least half-yearly in advance with a deposit for current expenses, books, etc. *No Student will be received without such deposit.*

For further information, application may be made to any of the Catholic Clergymen of the State, or to

jy1 REV. P. I GREY, President

M. H. GARLAND, & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Confectioners,

No. 765 *Market street, near Fourth street,*

SAN FRANCISCO.

ap22 tf

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

WE would respectfully call the attention of property owners to the increased facilities for Insurance which we are now prepared to offer, surpassing any agency in the world.

MARINE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Capital, - - - $7,000,000

Home Insurance Co., of N. Y., nssets				- -	$4,000,000
Security	do	do	do	- -	2,000,000
Phenix	do	do	do	- -	1,000,000

War Risks and partial loss covered on the most favorable terms. Liberal rebates paid parties bringing business to this office. All losses paid in gold coin without any deduction.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Aggregate Assets, - - - $10,000,000

Home Insurance Co., N. Y.		Washington Ins. Co., N. Y.		
Phenix	do do	Security	do	do
Arctic	do do	Hartford Fire	do	do

LIFE INSURANCE.

Connecticut Mutual Life Ins. of Hartford:
Assets nearly - - - - - - - $8,000,000
Equitable Life Assurance Society of United States: Assets - - - - - - - $1,000,000

ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

New York Accident Insurance Company:
Capital - - - - - - - $250,000

In the Fire Department we issue participation policies on all hazardous and not hazardous property, entitling the assured to 60 per cent. in the profits of the company, thereby lessening their premiums at least 30 per cent.

In the Life Department, the companies we represent are the best and cheapest in the world. Manuals descriptive of the various plans issued gratis to the public. No charge for physicians' examinations.

Agents in all the principal towns on this coast.

BIGELOW & BROTHER,
nu29 GENERAL AGENTS.

CHARLES BERNARD,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

FAMILY CHARTRES COFFEE AND SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

No. 707 *Sansome-st., cor. of Gold,*

Between Jackson and Pacific.

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, FOR THE BEST COFFEE AND SPICES.

THE PROPRIETOR having introduced Steam Power in his Manufactory, has now increased facilities to supply the trade and the public in general. All articles from his establishment are guaranteed to be sure and unadulterated. The public are respectfully invited to call and convince themselves. Country orders promptly attended to.

oc14 3m

THE PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY, HAVING ADDED
MARINE INSURANCE

TO THEIR BUSINESS, ARE NOW PREPARED TO ISSUE POLICIES ON

Marine, Inland Navigation, and Fire Risks,

ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

Office, 436 California street.

J. HUNT, President.
A. J. RALSTON, Secretary. au5-3m

REMOVAL! REMOVAL

E. F. BUNNELL,

SURGEON DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 51 Second street, to No. 611 CLAY STREET, two doors above Montgomery. Persons desiring the best Dental Work at reasonable prices, can secure the same at this office.

☞ The specialty of curing aching teeth without extracting still continued. de3-3m

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NOTICE.

MISSION BAY BRIDGE COMPANY.

CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, State of California.

NOTICE is hereby given, that at a meeting of the Trustees of said Company, held on the 2d day of November, 1865, an assessment of two dollars and fifty cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of said company, payable immediately to the Secretary, in United States gold coin, at the office of the Company, No. 24 Montgomery Block, in the city and county of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the 2d of December, 1865, will be advertised on that day as delinquent, and unless payment shall be made before, will be sold on the 16th day of December, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with costs of advertising and expenses of sale. ALFRED BARSTOW, Secretary,

Office No. 24 Montgomery Block, Southeast corner of Montgomery and Washington streets,
no4-4t San Francisco.

PREMIUM FURNITURE!

AT THE LATE FAIR OF THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

J. PEIRCE,

415, 417, *and* 419 *California street,*

SAN FRANCISCO,

Was awarded the FIRST AND ONLY PREMIUM FOR

Furniture,

AND THE FIRST AND HIGHEST PREMIUM FOR THE

BEST UPHOLSTERY.

The attention of the public is respectfully called to this; also to the FACT that we have the LARGEST and FINEST stock on the PACIFIC COAST: Comprising a full assortment of FURNITURE AND BEDDING; all of which is offered at rates GUARANTEED to be less than those of any other house in the city.

Nearly 15,000 cases of Goods packed suitable for home and distant markets, to which the

ATTENTION OF THE TRADE IS INVITED.

A full assortment of Cabinet Makers', Hardware, and Upholsterers' materials ALWAYS ON HAND.

J. PEIRCE,
Ware-rooms 415, 417 and 419 California street,
se16 3m SAN FRANCISCO.

GROVER & BAKER CELEBRATED ELASTIC STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

GROVER & BAKER

Ahead as Usual!

THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

HAVE

Awarded a Silver Medal

For work done on the

GROVER & BAKER

SEWING MACHINE.

J. W. J. PIERSO,

AGENT,

329 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO.

se16 2m

PISCO!

G. & F. MARTELL'S COGNAC;
JAMES HENNESSY'S Cognac;
STEAMBOAT GIN;
OLD TOM GIN;
IRISH WHISKY,
from Bond direct.

For sale by V. SQARZA,
a28 44 Llodesdorff street, San Francisco.

STERETT'S
STEAM
PRINTING HOUSE,
533
CLAY STREET.

NEW TYPE.

A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW FONTS OF *FANCY, PLAIN, MODERN AND OTHER TYPE, JUST INTRODUCED.*

FRANKLIN PRINTING OFFICE,

415 *WASHINGTON STREET,*

nearly opposite the Post Office,

SAN FRANCIS

"The oldest and most complete Book and Job printing establishment in California. All descriptions of work neatly executed at low rates."

my27tf FRANK EASTMAN, Proprietor.

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMSHIP *SACRAMENTO.*

CLOTHING BAZAAR,

431 *Montgomery Street,*

THREE DOORS SOUTH OF SACRAMENTO

(Opposite Donohoe, Kelly & Co.'s Bank.)

We are receiving by every steamer

THE LATEST STYLES

OF

FASHIONABLE CLOTHING

AN ELEGANT STOCK OF

Gents' Furnishing Goods

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

[ALEXANDRE'S KID GLOVES.]

Complete assortment of

TRUNKS, VALISES, CARPET BAGS, ETC.

☞ Call and examine them.
au12-3m GEO. J. S. HYAMS.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS

CREATE A HEALTHY APPETITE!

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa and Constipation.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Invigorate the System and enliven the mind.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Overcome the effects of Drunkenness and Late Hours.

ROSENBAUM'S BITTERS
Cure all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

ROSENBAUM'S BITEERS
Are Palatable to the Taste.

They are the

BEST BITTERS IN THE MARKET,

And when once used will always be called for again.

They are made in the most careful manner *From Pure Old Wheat Whisky. Medicated from* Roots and Herbs

Especially adapted for the cure of all Stomachic Diseases and Liver Complaints.

Try Them and You will be Satisfied.

For sale everywhere by Druggists and Liquor Dealers or by

N. B. JACOBS & CO.,
423 Front street,
fe11-6m San Francisco.

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25 PER CENT. SAVED

IS 50 PER CENT. MADE!

PURCHASERS OF Toys and Fancy Goods, can save 25 per cent. by buying of

Feldbush & Co.,

307 CALIFORNIA STREET.

THEY ARE NOW RECEIVING their importations of

FALL GOODS,

per steamer and sailing vessels from all parts of the world.

For sale by the case or dozen. Also 100 cases of assorted Toys. FIELDUSH & CO., 307 California street.

RETAIL STORE, 207 Montgomery street, (Russ House Block.) oc28 3m

MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Pine street, near Montgomery.

Proprietor.....T. MAGUIRE
Manager.....DAN SETCHELL
Treasurer.....J. R. MARSHALL
Leader of Orchestra.....J. L. SCHMIDT

Engagement of the Beautiful Comedienne and Vocalist,

EMILY THORNE,

SUPPORTED BY

DAN SETCHELL,

And a Talented Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25TH,

ARRAH NA POKE!

Shun the Post.....Dan Setchell
Arrah Melissa.....Miss Bridget Clarkson
Squeamish but Cool.....Sophie O'Worrell
Funny Steampower.....Irene O'Worrell
Majority Coughlin.....Geo. O'Pardee
Snaty Welshrabbit.....Little Jennie O'Worrell

Dress Circle and Parquette.....$1 00
Family Circle.....50 cents
Gallery.....25 cents
No extra charge for reserved seats.

A. ROMAN & CO.,

BOOK-SELLERS,

Importers and Publishers,

417 AND 419 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO,

DESIRE TO INVITE THE ATTENTION of the Public generally, to their extensive and complete stock of

BOOKS,

In Every Department of Literature,

EMBRACING

Standard, Miscellaneous,
Mining, Scientific,
Medical, Military,
Theological, Religious,
Juvenile, Toy Books,

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,
MAPS, GLOBES, CHARTS, ETC.

☞ All the New Publications of the day received as soon as issued from the press.

FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
WHOLSALE AND RETAIL,
BY
A. ROMAN & CO.

se2-tf

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

The following steamships will be despatched from San Francisco on the date given:

NOV. 30TH, - - - - - - GOLDEN CITY,
Captain George Bradbury.

DEC. 9TH, - - - - - - - COLORADO,
Captain Watkins.

From Folsom-street Wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., punctually,

FOR PANAMA.

Passengers will be conveyed from Panama to Aspinwall by the PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY, and from Aspinwall to New York by the splendid Steamships of the PACIFIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

Steamers of this line will be despatched on the 10th, 19th, and 30th of each month. When these dates fall on Sunday, the steamer will leave on Saturday preceding.

A Baggage Master will be sent through each trip.

Cabin Passengers will be berthed through.

The steamer will positively leave at 11 o'clock. Passengers are requested to have their baggage on board before 10 o'clock.

OLIVER ELDRIDGE, Agent,
jy24 Cor. Sacramento and Leidesdorff sts.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.—IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT of the Second Township, in and for the city and county of San Francisco.

The People of the State of California, to S. B. THOMPSON, greeting:

You are hereby summoned to appear before me, at my office in the Second township of the city and county of San Francisco, on the 13th day of February, A. D. 1866, at 12 o'clock M., to answer unto the complaint of CHARLES M. PECK, who claims to recover from you the sum of two hundred and fifty-three dollars, and interest on one hundred and seventy-five dollars of said sum at two per cent. per month from June 22d, 1865, and on seventy-eight dollars of said sum at the same rate from April 20th, 1865, due on two promissory notes made by you, dated February 17th, 1865, and June 22d, 1865, the same claimed to be recovered in United States gold and silver coin, as per copies of said notes on file in this office, when judgment will be taken against you, for the said amount and interest due, together with costs and damages, if you fail to appear and answer.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of the city and county of San Francisco greeting: Make legal service and due return hereof. Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1865.

Alias U. S. Revenue stamp, 50c., cancelled.

H. J. WELLS, (SEAL.)
Justice of the Peace Second Township, City and County of San Francisco. Office, No. 623 Merchant street.

no11 3m

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE.

T. MAGUIRE - - - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.
C. L. GRAVES - - - - - - - STAGE MANAGER.
W. STEVENSON - - - - - - TREASURER.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY.

SATURDAY, NOV. 25TH,

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN,

AT HALF PRICES,

Commencing at 2 o'clock,

GRAND MATINEE.

THE SEA OF ICE!

This Evening, November 25th,

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jackson,

AND

MR. GEORGE E. BONIFACE,

SUPPORTED BY THE LEGITIMATE COMPANY,

In the Life Drama entitled

CAMILLA'S HUSBAND!

And the Farce of

THE QUIET FAMILY,

MONDAY NIGHT,

Mr. D. E. Bandmann.

Will appear, as

ANTOINE,

In Edward H. House's translation of the Grand Military Drama entitled

THE OLD CORPORAL.

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats - - - - - $1 00
Parquet - - - - - - - - - - - 50
Gallery - - - - - - - - - - 25 cents
Private Boxes, - - - - - - - $5 and $10

Doors open at 7; performance to commence at 8 o'clock

R. H. McDONALD. J. C. SPENCER

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Importing and Wholesale DRUGGISTS,

CORNER SANSOME AND PINE STREETS,

SAN FRANCISCO,

AND

SACRAMENTO CITY.

WE MOST RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of DRUGGISTS, DENTISTS, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MERCHANTS, MILL-MEN, ASSAYERS, BREWERS, SODA WATER MANUFACTURERS, AND OTHERS,

To our well-assorted stock of articles in their line:

Drugs and Medicines,	Herbs and Fluid Extracts,
Paints and Oils,	Corks, every variety,
Dental Goods,	Acids, Marble Dust,
Elastic Stockings,	Plaster, Blue Stone,
Trusses and Supporters,	Sal Ammoniac,
Druggists' Glassware,	Copperas,
Leeches,	Irish Moss,
Surgical Instruments,	Retorts and Crucibles,

Together with a Complete Assortment of Drugs.

Our senior partner is now residing at the East, giving his personal attention to the purchasing and shipping of supplies. We are thereby enabled to furnish goods of the First Quality at very Low Prices. We will not be undersold by any house in California.

We would respectfully solicit those dealing in our line to examine and price our stock before dealing elsewhere. Goods shipped to any part of the coast.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
San Francisco and Sacramento City.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
SACRAMENTO AND SAN FRANCISCO.
IMPORTERS OF

Dental and Surgical Instruments,

Teeth, Gold Foil, Forceps of all kinds, Dental Cases, all sizes, with and without Instruments - Vulcanizers, and all materials for doing Vulcanite work - Burrs, Drills and Excavators; Anatomical Preparations. In short, EVERYTHING USED BY THE DENTAL PROFESSION

☞ Our Stock was never better than at present.

BOOKS.

We have constantly on hand all the

STANDARD WORKS ON DENTISTRY.

Are Agents for the "DENTAL COSMOS," published in Philadelphia, which is the best monthly work on Dentistry published.

The Dental Profession can rely upon having their orders filled in the best possible manner, and with dispatch.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Corner Sansome and Pine streets, San Francisco,
oe28 and Sacramento City.

UNION NOMINATION.

FOR SENATOR,

WILLIAM H. SHARP.

T. S. MILLER, President.
G. BACKUS, Secretary. no18

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,

Montgomery street.

CHAS. WHEATLEIGH.....Lessee and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.

GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY,
FOR FAMILIES!
ADMISSION, 50 cents. Children half-price.

AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, NOV. 25TH,

THE OCTOROON!

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 25TH,

Will be presented Boucicault's great American Sensation Drama, entitled

THE OCTOROON!

Salem Scudder.....Mr. Charles Wheatleigh
Wahnotee.....Geo. Punncefort
Jacob McClosky.....H. D. Thompson
George Peyton.....F. Percy
Pete.....J. H. Warwick
Mr. Sunnyside.....S. W. Lench
Dora Sunnyside.....Mrs. Sedley Brown
Zoe.....Miss Sallie Hinckley
Mrs. Peyton.....Mrs. Judah
Dida.....Mrs. Yeamans

MONDAY EVENING—First night of the engagement of

M'LLE VESTVALI,

Who will appear as

GAMEA!

In rehearsal:
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Dress Circle and Orchestra seats, $1; Parquet, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Private Boxes, $5 and $10.

No extra price for Reserved Seats. Doors open at 7 o'clock; Performance to commence at 8 o'clock.
Seats can be secured three days in advance.

LE DOYEN'S

SARSAPARILLA

IODINE

ALTERATIVE,

CURES ALL BLOOD DISEASES,

Rheumatism, Scrofula, Mercury, Hereditary Complaints Eruptions, Hip Disease, Live Complaint, et cetera.

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SARSAPARILLA,
IODINE ALTERNATIVE
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1 Gift of $5,000 cash	5,000
50 Gifts, 50 English Patent Lever Gold Watches, valued at $400 each	20,000
100 Gifts, 100 Amer. Silver Lever Watches valued at $100 each	10,000
48 Gifts 48 Silver Lever Watches valued at $50 each	2,400
5,000 Gifts, 5,000 Turkey Morocco, gold clasp Albums, valued at $5 each	25,000
4,800 Gifts, 4,800 gold clasp Albums, valued at $3 each	14,400
10,000 Gifts, 10,000 cash at $1 each	10,000

All the above Goods are genuine, as represented, and are listed at a fair valuation.

Each ticket is registered before being sent out.

Parties will be notified by mail of the result of the drawing.

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ANNIVERSARY BALL

OF THE

Mechanics' Institute,

TO BE HELD AT

UNION HALL,

ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 14, 1865.

Committee of Arrangements:

C. H. Harrison.....517 Front street.
D. A. Macdonald.....corner Market and Beale.
H. F. Williams.....626 Clay street.
Gardner Elliot.....2 Washington Market.
J. W. Reay.....319 California street.

Of whom Tickets may be had, and also from P. B. DEXTER, the Secretary of the Institute.

WILSON'S CELEBRATED BAND has been engaged for the occasion.

PRICE OF ADMISSION for a Gentleman and Ladies - - $2

☞ The Street Cars will run to and from the Hall during the night. no18-4d

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OPPOSITION STEAMER-DAY,

HEREAFTER, 15TH OF EVERY MONTH.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1865.

GREAT REDUCTION IN RATES,

VIA NICARAGUA!

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ON FRIDAY, - - - - DECEMBER 15TH,

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KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, BRIDGET STANNAH, wife of WILLIAM STANNAH, intend to make application to the Twelfth District Court of the State of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, on the

23d day of December, A. D. 1865, at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day,

or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, at the court room of said Court, in said city and county, for an order of said Court permitting her to carry on business in her own name and on her own account—the nature of the business to be carried on by virtue of such order being that of keeping a boarding and lodging house, and purchasing lots and houses to be used and occupied in that business, and erecting houses therefor. That for this purpose I am desirous of availing myself of the benefit of An Act to authorize married women to transact business in their own name as sole traders, approved April 12th, 1852, and of the acts amendatory thereof.

BRIDGET STANNAH.

W. C. BURNETT, Attorney for petitioner—Office, 636 Clay street. nov25-5t